



John Purcell: Thanks for the updates. Glad you're going to be a legal member of Corflu Vegas when you show up there next month. As for your waiting to join FAPA until after you attain your doctorate—it's a slow and sleepy organization, but will rouse its collective head from its paper pillow to welcome your eventual arrival. In the meantime, if you're interested in checking out some FAPA mailings there are some available from the OE, Milt Stevens. Drop me a line if interested. (This offer extends to all SNAPS members, of course.)

You're right about the affordability of those Fredric Brown books." Well, now that you're not joining FAPA for another year or so, perhaps you can swing the necessary funds to get some of the ones I mentioned in January. Or maybe you already did—checking just now, I see the \$13.95 copy of

Hunter & Hunted is gone (though perhaps Shelby got it, judging from his enthusiastic comments about it). The cheapest *Night of the Jabberwock* is now \$16.45 (up from \$16.02) including shipping and there are still plenty of *Here Comes A Candle* for just over \$12 postpaid. But if you get suddenly flush, why not blow off \$890 for a copy of his rarest and priciest book, *Sex Life on the Planet Mars*, with an introduction by (and autograph from) Charles Willeford? This one is extra-expensive because of the confluence of Brown and Willeford fans *and* that it exists only in a hardcover edition of 400 copies. It's part of a 20-book series of these signed, limited-edition hardcovers collecting Brown's otherwise uncollected fiction, essays, poetry, etc., in editions ranging from 300 to 450 copies. Seven of the earliest ones were also done in trade paperback and can be bought fairly cheaply.

Charles Fuller: "Within the first week or two of my joining the LASFS I met two individuals who have remained friends ever since. While both Barry (Sarge) Workman and Diane Lipson have since pretty much gafiated from fandom, as friends we have seen each other through all sorts of the trials of life since." That parallels the experience of a lot of fans, including me. Also, for a good number of people on the mailing list for my fanzine *Trap Door* it's the only fanzine they receive. I would never cut



them off, and I regard it as a miracle if they respond. It's part of my continuing efforts at time-binding.

"Of course no exploration of fond fandom memories would be complete without describing a few encounters with authors of note." This is sort of a mixed bag for me, since many "authors of note" are people I first knew when we were fellow fans back in the day. Of the ones you mention, I've met Poul Anderson and Jerry Pournelle. As a young fan living in the Bay Area, on more than one occasion I was at parties at Anderson's house in Orinda. And I remember Pournelle as a typical obnoxious neofan at LASFS meetings in the early '60s.

"I am quite aware that the name of the place has been changed to *Hollywood Forever Cemetery*. However, at the time of this conversation, not to mention the interment of assorted of my ancestors, it was *Hollywood Memorial Park*, often shortened to just "*Hollywood Cemetery*." I have a reason to go there, other than just the usual tourist interest. My father's family has a family plot there, and assorted of my ancestors are buried there." What a coincidence! My parents are both buried there, although "buried" isn't the correct term since they're in one of the mausoleum buildings. And it was already Hollywood Forever Cemetery at the time they were, um, installed. I haven't been there in a few years so don't recall just which one, but it's the same hallway in which "Iron Eyes Cody" is interred. And I've seen Mel Blanc's headstone, too.



Forry & Kenneth Anger

Chris Garcia: Wow! By the time you read this you'll be *back* from your TAFF trip, since the next SNAPS deadline is Easter Sunday itself, at which point you'll be partying like crazy at the Eastercon. Hope you had a good time, and look forward to reading your report.

"And after the trip, the real work starts. It's looking like I'll be spending around 2000 bucks of Fund Money, so I gotta make at least 3k for the fund or I'll feel like I failed the Fund!" That's a good goal. Looking back at my own TAFF financial records, I see that when I got the TAFF treasury from my predecessor, Jeanne Gomoll, there was a balance of \$3,523.34. At the time my administration ended and I turned the funds over to my successor, Jeanne Bowman, the fund was about \$1,200 higher.



R-Laurraine Tutihasi: About your California house you write, "There have been a lot of potential buyers seeing the house, but they all seem to be waiting for the economy to bottom. There is also a move to raise the ceiling on conventional mortgages until the end of the year. Some potential buyers may be waiting for that as well, since all the houses in the neighbourhood are jumbo loan price." That ceiling has happened, and I hope it helps; but I don't believe the economy has reached its full depths yet and that may not help.

To me you note, "Bruce Pelz was sure thin in the photo you ran, but his face is still recognizable." Yes, it was a younger, skinnier fandom forty years ago!

Bryan Follins: Cosmic, man, cosmic!

John Nielsen Hall: "My restless spirit (ahem!) craves new sounds. Often, I hear them on a digital radio station called Chill – its on the internet, too. No deejays, no ads, just the repeated ident (the station is in beta test mode at present – this could change). It does play stuff I don't care for much – folky stuff, latin stuff, worst of all ersatz 1950's swing, but when it plays the right track, it really has my attention." I haven't bought any new music in ages, and get my New Sounds fix off a radio station, too. It's KPIG, which is available on both AM and FM radio around here in the Bay Area, and also on the Web at www.kpig.com (a log-in is required, but it doesn't want the entire story of your life). Because I don't buy music nor do I download much of it, I pay little attention to who's singing what—but I generally enjoy what's there (with some minor exceptions different from yours for the most part).

After expressing your surprise that I and other members of FAPA would prefer to retain it as a paper apa and your general dismay at the concept of "duplicating and posting" you write, "I can only say that now I can produce a fanzine without winding up looking like I just finished an old time minstrel show, I am ten times more interested in doing the fanzine, and I cannot think why the same would not be true of APAs." That being the case, I'm glad that we have you here among us strumming your verbal banjo. If this was yet another paper apa (I'm in three of them), I wouldn't be here, either. And I deeply enjoy the ease with which I can festoon this fanzine with color and graphics.

"Occasionally my lovely but Luddite wife will exclaim 'How did we manage before we had computers and mobile phones!'" I remember typewriters with a





Phone booth at Burning Man

certain nostalgia at first, but I get over it quickly when I go on to recall what a hassle it was to change ribbons and how before correction tape it was a big drag to produce a neat page of copy (and those teachers who insisted that there be no corrections made, that *all* text must be letter-perfect, the sadistic bastards!). As for mobile phones, I resisted them for a long time but as pay phones gradually disappeared they began to make more and more sense. I finally got one when I was in the process of moving from Glen Ellen to Oakland, and wanted to be able to easily stay in touch with Carol while on the road. Since then it's come in handy for all sorts of things, and I feel naked when I don't take it along.

Further on computers you write, "I think the problem lies in the computer being a tool that has many uses, but we have to figure out what the uses are first." You have no desire to muck around with images; I have no urge to deal with music. We average out.

Shelby Vick: Although I correctly guessed it was you from the mention "all my mimeo stuff went when I sold my business," I had to scroll forward many pages to confirm it. Please consider giving your pages a name or at least identifying yourself on top of the first one.

"If the Musquite Kid ever resurfaces, I'm certain it'll be a smash at any Corflu!" I sure hope we get to experience that smash. I'd love to see more of me on the silver screen than the still shot I ran last time.

"I have some old programs I've clung to like...Adobe Photoshop Elements. I've heard different ones brag about the new Photoshop programs and other similar ones – but I can't get them to stand up and whistle the way I can Elements." I have Elements, too, and it's one of the early versions (2.0). It does everything I need it to do, and if I have something that requires more sophisticated tweaking I put it on a disk or e-mail it to Carol, who has the very latest version of the full Photoshop on her computer and is willing to help. Between Elements and my scanner, though, I can do about 95% of what I need/want.

That's an attractive house you live in with Diane, but I have to admit to some surprise at how open the floor plan is—especially after reading "Right now the inside rooms are still cluttered from moving." Looks like one great big inside room to me other than those bedrooms. Which bedroom is yours?



Mike Hinge

James Taylor: To me you express amazement: “Have to say I’m kind of surprised that you don’t keep complete copies of APAs; for some reason I thought you would. I’m willing to bet though that you have a system for deciding what to keep and what not to keep. And I’ll go a step further and guess it has to do with comments.” Where the apa is a “combozine” with everyone’s contributions all stapled together—as SNAPS would be if it wasn’t electronic—I do keep the entire mailing. But I don’t keep complete copies of the FAPA and SAPS mailings, they being the ones where the contents are individual fanzines. There’s simply no room to do so, and from my point of view not everything in a mailing is worth retaining. I do have a system, but it has more to do with *who* the zines I keep are by rather than comments (as some of the zines I keep are mostly or completely comments).



Again to me: “Do you call the heat spell in the fall ‘Indian Summer’? I picked that up from my parents when we lived in San Jose but they were from the mid-west and may have brought it out with them from there.” Yes, I do—and I think that’s a pretty universal term here in the U.S. (and perhaps elsewhere) because I’ve heard it everywhere I’ve lived. Recently we had an early patch of very warm weather here that caused the wildflowers and some of the flowering trees to blossom forth in a riot of color—and I whimsically referred to that as Indian Winter and got a smile.

And more: “The still from the movie *The Musquite Kid* stumped me completely. If I looked closely I could recognize Bruce Pelz but I could only guess that you were the one in the middle. Maybe after we meet I will see the resemblance but right now I just don’t.” I’m not the one in the middle—that would be Ernie Wheatley, a long-disappeared L.A. fan who was responsible for coining the phrase, “Death will not release you, even if you die.” I’m the guy in the red plaid shirt on the right.



Arnie Katz: If you’re hyperfannish enough to want a *third* term as OE of this virtual construct, you certainly have my vote!

“I’ve survived both a major Gafiation. After more than 13 years as an active and highly visible fan, one married to a BNF besides, I gafiated totally and completely. Even Walt Willis’ request that I contribute to *Hyphen* couldn’t rouse me from my non-fannish state.” Wow, that is extreme

INNUENDO



gafiation! Even though I was largely absent from fandom during the period 1971-1980 when I was living on The Farm, I considered myself more fafia than gafia and was still getting the occasional fanzine from John D. Berry—and two of the three letters of comment by me that were published during that decade were in his *Hitchhike* (the other was in Ray Nelson's *Garden Library*).

“When I was still essentially a neofan, my Mt. Everest was having contributions in *Void*, *Innuendo* and *Hyphen*. Not only did those three fanzines represent the epitome of fannishness to me, but all had already folded when I conceived this goal.” You never did make it into *Hyphen*, Meyer, but you are far too modest about your actually having achieved publication in the other two. After all, you're listed

as a fabled coeditor of *Void* in the 29th issue back in 1969—and in a way that's even more of an achievement than having a contribution in the issue. But of course you did: your “Kosher Soul” joining the parade of editorials by the numerous other coeditors. And you got into *Innuendo*, too, around the same time you began re-engaging with fandom, with your article, “Just the Other Day, John D. Berry and I Divided Fandom,” in the posthumous twelfth issue. (I half think you wrote the above just to get me to refute you!)

“There are very few living gafiates who end their connection to Fandom so unequivocally that there is not at least one lifeline, one tenuous link, to Core Fandom. Often, that link is Robert Lichtman. For all I know, Robert can contact the dead ones, too, at need.” That's true, and it's by judicious application of Ernie Wheatley's coinage, as above. But all humor aside, I did find myself in the position a while back of being the only fan still in contact with Bob Leman. As his health declined, his letters went from neatly typed to poorly handwritten, but still the link was there—and the last letter I received from him was just months before I heard of his passing. I don't recall how, but early in *Trap Door's* run I learned that his address in Bethel Park, Pennsylvania, had gone unchanged from his last one back when he was still doing *The Vinegar Worm* for FAPA. I began sending him fanzines, and every now and then I'd hear from him. As you may recall, Bob was fandom's bright new humorist for a year or so before Calvin Demmon came along to supplant him.

“Your comment to Charles Fuller set me to



Bob Leman - 1960

thinking about the concept of the arch enemy. I've often thought it would be torture to go through life butting heads with the same period over and over, like Ted White and Dick Eney did for about 50 years. I've never had a nemesis in Fandom, though I did have one when I was a kid in New Hyde Park." I've never had one in fandom, either, although when I was TAFF delegate and then administrator I was subject to the same crap that frequently afflicts whoever holds that position. Time has mercifully erased the details, but for some reason a certain Detroit fan made a stab at tarring me with his attitude about "sixth fandom fandom" with a TAFF twist. I ignored him, while others stepped in to defend me, and he slunk back into the dark corner from whence he came. (Never had a childhood nemesis like your Bruce Verdrager, although in high school there were some creeps I had to deal with now and then.)

In our ongoing commentary about fonts, you note, "These days, I tend to favor 12-, 11- and 10-point type and don't generally use anything smaller." Those are my favored sizes as well, although I still make an exception for the *Trap Door* letter column and run it in 9-point type. Because I can tweak my fonts in WordPerfect to the quarter-point, I find myself fairly frequently adjusting size once I've finished one of my apazines so that it comes out neatly at or near the end of a page. When I do this I remember how the late Harry Warner Jr. used to manage to end *his* zines on the final line of the last page, but what he had in writing to size from years as a newspaperman I have as a closet typographer.

I agree with all three items on your wish list for SNAPS's further

improvement: more regular participation (really dislike seeing people on the roster with "L" after their name that we retain in hopes they'll come around), more mailing comments (though we do pretty well and have vastly improved), and more of what you call "fanzine'ness. On the latter point I concede that perhaps some members don't have access to the toys we do, but still neatness and decent layout count in my book.

To Shelby you write, "And speaking of Taral Wayne, maybe you could coax him into joining SNAPS, Shelby. He's a man with opinions—and I like a lot of his art, too." I definitely second this. I think that Taral's one of a number of fans who don't have the financial wherewithal or proper equipment to participate in a traditional paper apa, but who





Bjo at Pittcon - 1960

would potentially flourish in this electronic forum. I won't name names, but I'm slowly working on a few other prospects.

Joyce Katz: To me you write, "You spoke (in your remarks to Alan White about his Los-Con report) about Bjo. I'm rather curious, too, about where and how she is. I believe someone told me that she and John returned to the Los Angeles Area a few years back, but I've completely lost track of her." It might well have been me who told you about their return to L.A. At the time they did, I put them back on the *Trap Door* mailing list but never got any response and cut them off after a handful of issues. They live in Monrovia, one of the inner suburbs east of Los Angeles, and Bjo is involved in this business:

<http://griffindyeworks.com/>

"The reselling of the Vietnam war is one of the most unpleasant facts of the past decade... I guess it is human nature to recast the past to be more acceptable... Now tell me, is our glorification of fandom's past, and the exalting of our fancestors, not a similar act? By smothering our memories of the various hurts and wrongs in fandom's past, and concentrating on the more amusing times, are we not doing the very same thing that we criticize in the nation?" Yes, a case could be made that's what we're doing, but as you point out no one has been killed in fandom's name. Perhaps it's nihilistic of me, but I'd rather look back on fandom's past and my participation in it and dwell only on the good times—and not the ones that made me feel at the time like finding the nearest exit and taking up some other activity. And you?

"Have you ever eaten a hickory nut? There's an awful lot of wood to crack away, to get at a very small kernel." Living in the woods of Tennessee I ate my share of hickory nuts. You're right that they're a lot of work to get to—what else would you expect from a tree that produces the densest hardwood in North America?—but they seemed to me worth the effort.

"My admiration goes to people like Laurraine, who a month after her move has 'only a few boxes of videos' to be put away." I'm pretty efficient, but not that much. After living here over two years I still have some odd boxes around the fringes that aren't unpacked. Maybe someday, I keep thinking...but when "someday" will come is an open topic.



What's in a name...!?

