

Charles Fuller: Sorry, Charlie, but giving your gun a “cute” name steeped in science-fiction lore does nothing to endear it to me. Your love affair with revolvers strikes me as mainly pathological. I’m aware that some of them are marvels of engineering, but the bottom line for me is “So what?” They’re still all about killing things no matter how much they’re romanticized.

On the other hand I’m in full agreement with your observation that “Hollywood Cemetery is indeed an interesting place,” and look forward to your semi-promise that “Perhaps one of these days

I’ll do a Tirade on Hollywood Cemetery.”

Chris Garcia: By geographic default I’m part of Bay Area fandom, but I don’t get involved in it for the most part. So when you write that CostumeCon was “probably the most important thing to happen in BArea fandom this decade...and that includes the San Jose WorldCon!” my eyes roll and then glaze over. It’s all in the mind, y’know. That said, I can see that given the opportunity to meet “so many folks there who I know only from mentions on mailing lists and in zines” why you made the choice not to attend Corflu. (Certainly that was a big reason I attended my first conventions back in the day.) And I look forward to attending “your” Corflu in 2011.

Shelby Vick: I enjoyed reading your Corflu report, and am wondering if you might have more of those Puffin teeshirts available. I’m a size large. Of Jack Speer you wrote, “Seems he’s not really into online stuff, except for things like the Egoboo Poll. He prefers paper.” Indeed, I have an e-mail address for Jack but I’m under strict orders not to give it out—a request I have stringently observed. Most of the time I use it only to send him the FAPA egoboo poll and officer election ballot (as part of a “group” of all FAPAns), but at other times when I’ve dropped him a line he’s responded with a paper letter.

I’m glad that you got one of those copies of *Fanorama*, the 100-page book I did ten years ago collecting Walt’s columns from the Scottish SF zine *Nebula*. I regard it as the companion volume to *Warhoon* No. 28. That copy was bought for donation to the auction by our fellow SNAPSter James Taylor, by the way. And it’s low-numbered because way back when I published it I set aside copies 11-20 with an eye towards later having them be desirable collectibles. Of the 150 copies, I



have only three left and it won't be reprinted. For those who missed it, check out the HTML version at <http://efanzines.com/Willis/index.htm>.

Perhaps you were lucky at Hush Puppy. You wrote, "I ordered Seafood Gumbo and was served. . .well, an interesting dish. Tasted good – but I could detect no seafood, no okra, no tomatoes." Given that a number of people came down ill during the convention and traced the cause to seafood, it was probably a good thing that your gumbo was, er, so defective.

Thanks for reconfirming (since you'd told me before a few years ago) that the print run of your '50s fanzine *Confusion* was only about sixty copies. That makes me even more grateful that over the years I've managed to obtain half a dozen of them. (I would have one more, but my negotiations with the guy who's offered me a copy of the first issue continue to stall.)

A little PS: I play Solitaire while fanning, too. When I have a momentary lack of inspiration while composing mailing comments, for instance, I'll pull up my Solitaire screen and whip through a game or two. (Just won one!)

Teresa Cochran: I enjoyed reading about the Vegas folk scene, and look forward to your Corflu report. It was good to finally meet you after cohabiting this apa together for so long.

Bryan Follins: You wrote, "The first person I met, whom I had never met was Robert Lichtman. However, I read a lot of Lichtman's fanzines, so I felt like I was not a stranger to him. He had read a lot of my writings as well. He was frank and to the point, which is the impression I got from his writings. He also seems to be a very well read person." From my point of view I could be much better read, but it's all relative. What I lack in reading, say, "the classics" I make up for in full measure by having read many, many fanzines from all eras of the subculture. I was sorry you weren't able to attend more of Corflu other than the Thursday night Vegrants party. I enjoyed our conversation and was looking forward to more of it.

Of Art Widner you write, "I could only imagine the changes in sci-fi and fandom he has seen over the years." Indeed, it's been a long time since he got his B.Stf. (1934, I think) and published his first fanzine (1940). I used to enjoy having lunch with Art now and then when we both lived in Sonoma County and he'd come down to





Santa Rosa for doctor's appointments. We'd talk about fandom of long ago and Art would fantist me with his stories.

Ross Chamberlain: Good to have you back in the SNAPS fold—please don't leave again! Because I'd previously been happily ignorant of the Iron Man comic books, I was able to approach seeing the movie with a completely open mind as to considerations of "accuracy" and the like. To me it was a fairly standard comic

book sort of plot, albeit well-done and with good CGI, but what really carried the movie was Robert Downey Jr.'s superb performance. If someone else had been playing Iron Man—for instance, say, Keanu Reeves or (gak!) Tom Cruise—I probably wouldn't have wanted to see it at all. Jeff Bridges was good, too, but it was Downey who took it out of the pedestrian realm.

I loved your Corflu Silver teeshirt design!

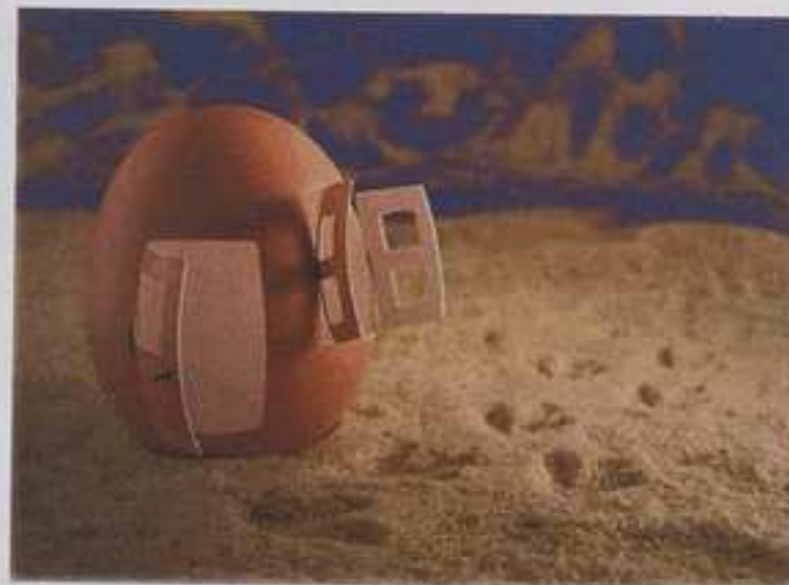
John Nielsen Hall: Of Corflu Silver you write, "I find myself apologising for not having spoken more to all sorts of people." I know the feeling, including not getting to spend more time with you and Audrey. I enjoyed meeting the man behind the e-mails, list posts and fanzines, to be sure, but somehow we didn't either of us find time to really Get Down. Part of the reason, no doubt for both of us, was that there were so many people we wanted to visit on a more personal level than standing around in the con suite that it was virtually impossible to do justice to them all. As I've been saying, "Next year in Seattle?"

"I feel my long whinge last ish about the bleak outlook for fanzine fandom was a tad premature. We may not be many, and many of us are very old, but boy are we productive." Like you, I had many a fanzine thrust into my hands at Corflu Silver. According to my ledger there were nearly twenty altogether, and like you some of them were limited editions (or in some cases, back issues not previously sent). I have barely cracked the pile weeks later.

I could use a strimmer around here, too, to attack the seasonal tall weeds that grow all around the house. We're on an extreme hillside and thus have no lawn nor much in the way of landscaping other than between the front and the road. So during the rainy season a hearty crop of assorted wild plants (some are too pretty for a short time to call them weeds) makes itself known. I do some work by hand, filling paper shopping bags to the brim with compacted vegetation and putting them in our green bin, but in the end we call on our faithful Rubio to come around with his gas strimmer, his branch lopper, and his commodious pickup truck to deal with the rest.



Ken Forman: Welcome—a great first issue, Ken! I very much enjoyed the tour and the accompanying photographs—terrain, roads and houses very familiar to me as former resident of the more rural part of southern middle Tennessee back in the '70s. It's great to see that stand of "oak, hickory, cedar, and a handful of other hardwoods thrown in for spice," which were the same trees we had there. And is that chert surfacing those roads? Your house looks great. Hope you stick around here in our electronic back woods.

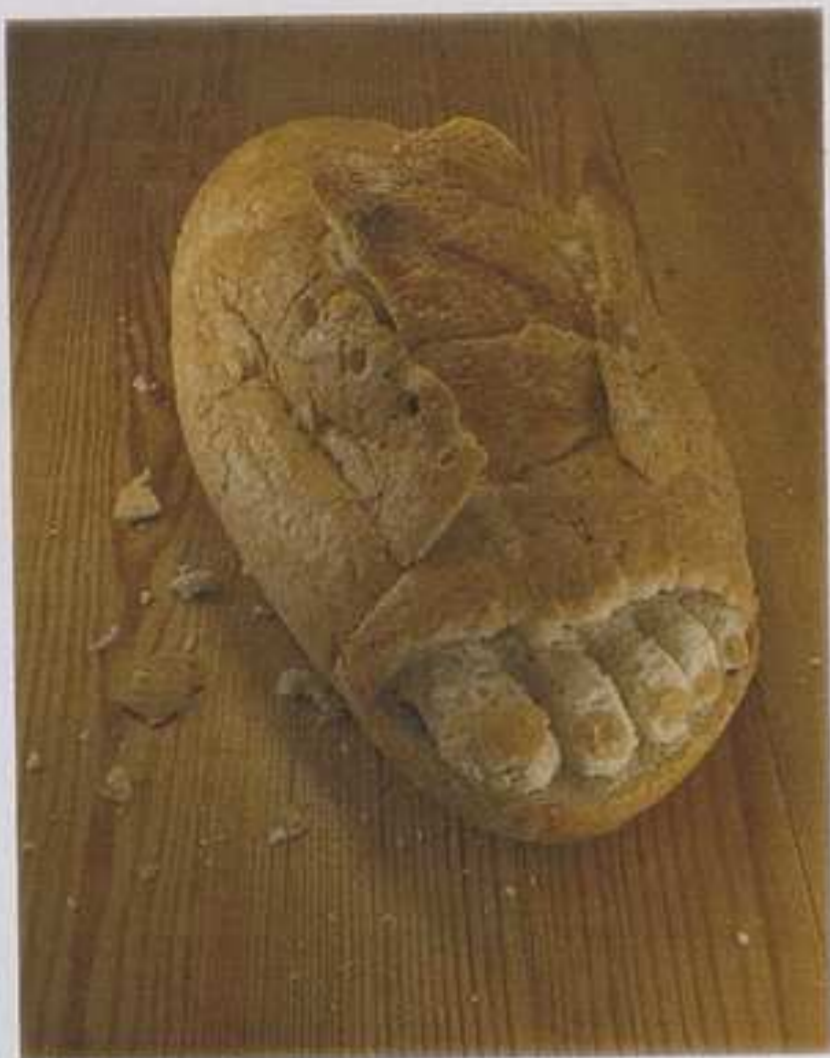


Bill Mills: Welcome aboard, Bill. I barely recognize you without a set of headphones. Your Corflu report is amazingly detailed—a level of interesting minutiae that may approach the eventual account Arnie's working on—and a few comment hooks emerged. Regarding "Nic Farey performing two original fanzine filk songs" I recall that one of them contained the refrain, "Roll over, Bob Lichtman," but I wasn't around to hear it. Did it get recorded? If so, would you please send me an MP3? You wrote that "...by the time we were able to get the Turf Club's doors locked up and get up to the con suite...there wasn't a single piece of pizza left for us. It was disappointing." What made the quick disappearance all the more annoying was having to hear a certain female fan complain loudly about the quality of the fare, all the while carrying around a plate with three pieces on it and stuffing her face between her criticism. That left a sour taste, for sure.

Roxanne Mills: Welcome back to the land of SNAPS! A few comments on *your* Corflu report: "The greatest advantages of electronic zines are, of course, ease of storage, portability, and ease of access. I can carry hundreds of fanzines around on my little jump drive – no larger than a disposable cigarette lighter – which I couldn't do with paper zines unless I drove around cons in a golf cart with a wagon attached." That is a nice thing about electronic fanzines! I don't download everything available at Bill Burns's Website, but on my hard drive I have 631 downloaded fanzines taking up 963MB of space. That would easily fit on a small portable drive. On the other side of the coin, I have about 90 lineal feet of file drawer space that's about 90% full of paper fanzines. Sometimes I wonder how that would boil down if I had the time and energy to scan all and turn them into PDFs.



Reactions to the Sunday banquet food are certainly mixed. You write, "I thought the banquet food on Sunday was quite good," while Bill wrote, "The food was pretty good for this type of an affair, but it was nothing to write home about." And in my opinion you're both right. I



never have any great expectations concerning banquet food, but it seemed to me that this was well presented, tasty, and certainly in ample quantities. (Of course, I heard later that the same people who complained about the pizza also had no good words for it.) And thanks for this: "Robert Lichtman – always fun to be with." We didn't get to spend much time together because of your and Bill's unceasing efforts to make things work smoothly, making me doubly glad you're back here in SNAPS.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: Good that you've "signed up with a building consultant to help us build a house as energy efficient as we can afford." You don't go into specifics, but I would assume you'd have solar collectors for power and water

heating—certainly a means of saving energy costs that will work well where you're building. I look forward to hearing more as the plans develop and the house is actually built.

John Hardin: Glad you've come home to SNAPS, where you belong! You wrote that Earl Kemp "gave me a copy of Larry McMurtry's *Streets of Laredo*, which apparently features a character named John Wesley Hardin. I don't believe I've read a western since I went through a Louis L'Amour phase when I was 12 years old." I never read Westerns when I was young, but I did see my share of Western movies at those Saturday afternoon movie matinees that came with a dozen or two cartoons (at the beginning of which we would all scream) and an installment of "Flash Gordon and the Mole Men." In recent years I read a couple of Westerns by the late Lee Hoffman and enjoyed them a lot. She is anything but "a little dry" (as you say of McMurtry's prose) and I have *all* her Westerns. One of these days I've got to make time to read more of them.

You wrote that during the opening ceremonies "Ken and I sat in the audience with his laptop and confabulated an issue of *Nine Lines Each*, with an emailed entry from Ben Wilson." I saw the first and third of this series of new issues, but only the first one made it home with me. I'm hoping that you or Ken will have spares so I can add them to my collection (and read them!).

You're one of the many it was a delight to see and with whom I wish I'd been able to spend more time. Next year in Seattle....



John Purcell: You *were* missed at Corflu. My closing line to John above applies to you as well. You wrote, "The most mysterious member of the virtual fan lounge was 'The Spirit of Perdue'; Curt Phillips led the guessing game of who this unknown LA-fan lurking in the virtual lounge really was. My guess is that it might have been Larry Niven, but there is no physical proof of this being true. We may never know." As you may have noticed from reading her Corflu report, Roxanne Mills believes it was Gary Farber. It is to shudder, if so.

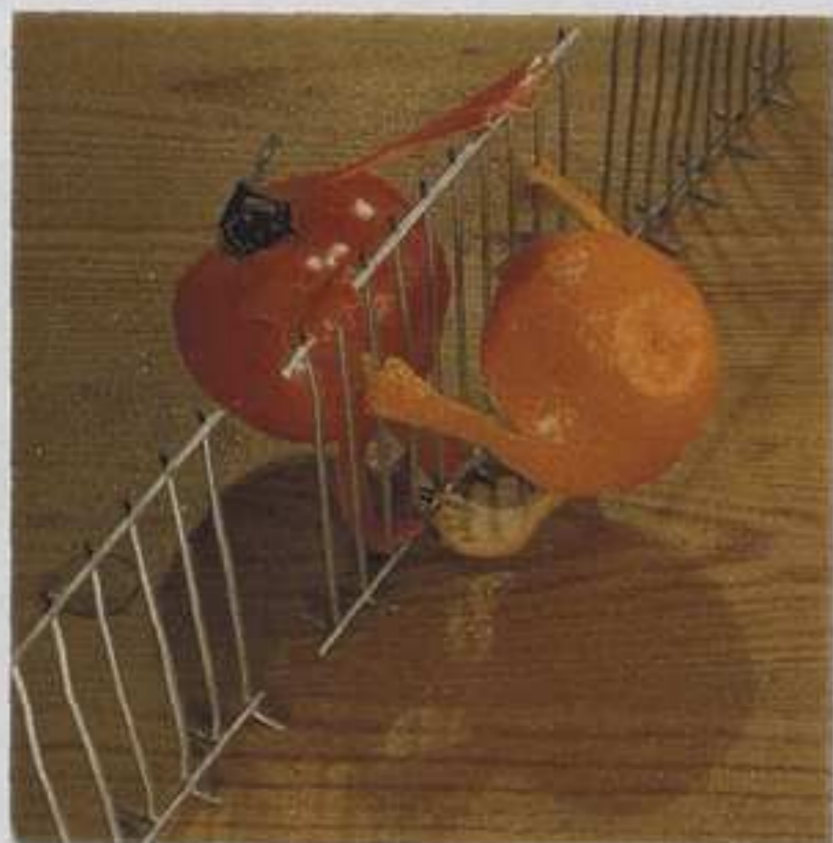
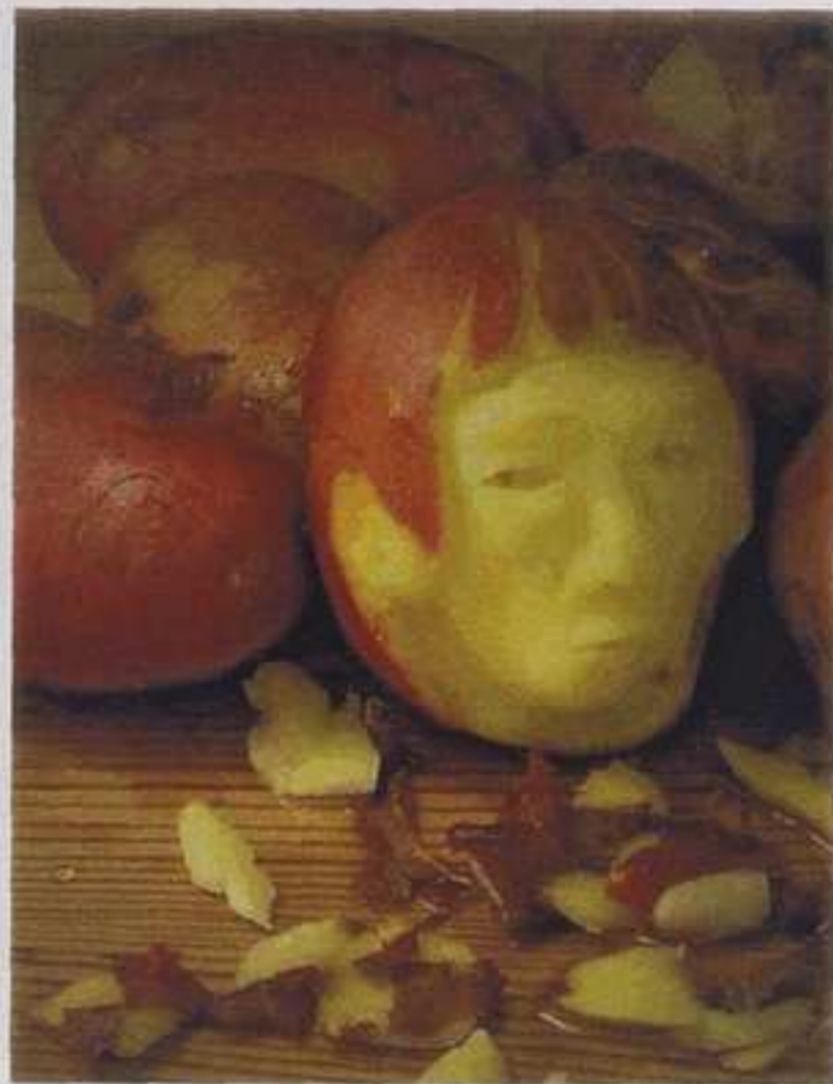
Joyce Katz: It was very interesting reading your post mortem of Corflu Silver from the chair's point of view. Like you, I was astounded at the sheer quantity of the food that flowed through the con suite nonstop over the weekend.

"I was particularly fond of the cake walk." It was a terrific idea and I agree that "the cakes were beautiful," but it was an event I had to let go by for the most part because it came on top of a high-calorie dinner earlier that evening. Still, I did manage to judiciously sample a number of the wide variety of cake offerings and found them tasty for the most part. (But I'll admit that when it comes to this sort of thing my palate is perhaps over-refined. I limit my consumption of such sweets in general and focus on more exotic, higher-end fare as a way to set limits.)

"Marty Cantor's Chocolate Fantasy also went well — a lot of people seemed to like the idea of a taste of something wonderful just before bedtime." Despite what I wrote above, I'm a sucker for chocolate—and especially dark, nut-free chocolate—so ignoring the late hour I had a few pieces. That it was See's assortments took me back to my former workplace where around the holidays various vendors would drop off huge boxes of See's that would circulate around the office. I

got very good at identifying the specific shapes of my favorites among the dark ones, and I found at the Chocolate Fantasy that my memory for such details (unlike some other aspects of my memory) remains intact.

As you point out, it wasn't all a bed of roses. "There were two ladies who complained about our choices of foods to serve, and in general made our lives miserable. But, if you come right down to it, there were only those two. And they are known for being unpleasant in nearly every circumstance." Indeed, they are legendary for their bad vibes around food—which seems an odd choice to





make for going down in fanhistory.

To me you note, "You know, I almost got to live in San Francisco in the 1960s." It certainly would have led to a different life if you and Ray had heeded the advice of your friend who made wooden flutes and lived in the Big Trees. (Where is that, exactly?) Moving there in 1963 would have put you on the lead end of the scene that developed starting in 1964 and in full flower by 1966. I feel fortunate that thanks to fandom I made my own move to the Bay Area immediately upon graduating from UCLA in January 1965. I'd been coming up for fan parties on the weekends whenever possible—zipping up old Highway 99 (before I-5 was built) or 101 in record time,

breaking all the speed limits and miraculously never getting caught—and I enjoyed the scene up there a lot more than in L.A. (although I liked individual fans like for instance Burbee and Rotsler). That I was also into the poetry scene and thus loved hanging out in the basement of City Lights Bookstore was also a huge draw. If I hadn't moved there, I probably would never have ended up living for a decade in Tennessee. And so on—it's always a source of fascination and speculation to wonder what might have happened if a different fork in one's personal road had been followed.

"It's hard to believe in zero. It seems, when I run out of flour, there's always a trace left over in the tin." I know what you mean when it comes to the material plane, but in the world of mathematics there's a definite and absolute zero. Thank gopod for that!

How great that Ken and Aileen were able to fix you up with a mess of poke! And how sad that not even the canned version is apparently available anymore. Good luck with your search.

In your comments to me you wrote, "I've always wished I could go back to see the Al Jolson Memorial." I didn't mention it in the issue on which you're commenting, but as it happens my fancstral home was less than two miles away from the Jolson Memorial and I drove by it hundreds of times—on my bike as a kid and in various cars later on—but in all those years I only visited it once.

I checked out the photos at Griffin Dye Works' Website, too, and didn't see Bjo in any of them. However, here's a link to a photo of her from circa 2004:

http://memory-alpha.org/en/wiki/Bjo_Trimble

And if you click on the photo itself, it will get larger. This is how I remember her looking the last time I saw her, which was at the 2002 San Jose Westercon.





To Shelby you wrote, "A fanzine editor was once upon a time expected to, and certainly allowed to edit the pieces that he was publishing. Nowadays, you might be reproached for correcting grammar or even changing capitalizations. And ghu forbid you actually make substantial alterations in the text! It is not permitted." As you noticed in reading my response to Shelby, this is not something I've encountered. Have you? If this was indeed the case, I wouldn't want to put out a genzine at all. I consider myself an editor, not an accumulator.

It is amazing—and very stfnal!—that although as you predict fanzine fandom as we know it is likely to fade away and perhaps even disappear over the course of time our "footprints" (as you put it) will be preserved forever on the internet. Because we are true amateurs and write of ourselves and of the world around us in a way that's unfiltered (unlike much of "the media"), it's likely that those future historians will want to check out our fanzines for a candid look at life in our times. They'll even have our reference works to help parse fanspeak!

"Two more wonderful pieces of art by Ditmar! I really do admire his work, but know little or nothing about him. Is he fan or pro? Where does he live? Why doesn't he send me these wonderful paintings?" I can help with some of the information you're seeking. Ditmar's real name is Dick Jenssen. He's a fan who lives in Australia and is sufficiently popular—and who wouldn't be popular, creating all that marvelous artwork!—that the Australian Science Fiction Achievement Award, which has been awarded at their national convention since 1969, is named after him. As for why he doesn't send you some of his artwork, you'd have to ask him. I have hundreds of them, though, and would be glad to lend you a cup of Ditmar.

Regarding your and Arnie's long gafiation, you wrote, "It is a great sorrow to me that we did that once, and if you showed signs of it again, I believe I would coax you through it to keep the rest of our fannish years intact." Your '75 gafiation came when I was also off the fannish scene and so I didn't notice, but I'm glad to read you would beat Arnie into submission if he ever tried to take you down that path again.

Arnie Katz: Hear that, Meyer! Don't get any ideas! Meanwhile you write, "Many fine things happened at Corflu Silver. I know there are many moments that I will play back in memory. The one with the greatest potential to impact Core Fandom was the debut of the Virtual Consuite." I have mixed feelings about this, especially after having received three issues of Peter Sullivan's *Virtual Tucker Hotel* setting up schedules for how the Virtual Consuite is to play out and with



comments from participants and excerpts of the chat. Even though I'm retired and getting to play out my neohood dream of All Fandom All The Time, my time for fanac isn't limitless and choices must be made. I'm on seven fannish e-lists, in three other apas besides this one (all of which are of the print variety), maintain correspondence with a fair number of people (including yourself) and—oh, yeah!—like to publish an issue of *Trap Door* now and then. That seems sufficient to validate me as part of "Core Fandom." And then, of course, there's also Real Life. As of this writing it's my best guess that participating in the Virtual Consuite would be one thing too many, and with all due respect to you, Bill, Peter and everyone else who's behind this idea, I'm going to opt out. (I will be checking out Peter's fanzine, though, to see what I'm missing.)

To me you wrote, "I am sort of being stalked, in a nice way, by FAPA member Sue Ogden." There is no Sue Ogden, but there is a FAPA couple named Steve and Vickie Ogden. They are in FAPA because of my eBay connections. Steve was a frequent competitor for various fanzine offerings, and we eventually fell into correspondence because I felt bad about beating him out so often. I've never met them, although they used to live in the Bay Area, but they seem like nice people.

That was an interesting anecdote you spun for me about the nameless Vegas fan who went to a convention and bored the crap out of a nameless SF writer by trying to "launch into an analysis of one of his books." Assuming said writer was one of the people we both know through our longtime fannish connections, you're undoubtedly right that if he'd identified himself as a friend of yours he might well have been invited to dinner. A loss for both parties!

Was the fan who wanted Joyce to buy her favorite deodorant and give it to her at Corflu one of the same women who made such a fuss about Corflu's "failure" to cater to her eclectic food preferences? (Answer off-apa if this would be too revealing.) Gopod, what a lame thing for her to do!

Regarding our discussion about the variance in members' access to software, you wrote that it would be good for everyone "to at least give the publication a name and number and include within its pages a colophon." I certainly agree, and would note that a single line such as I employ would do the job. This is an occasional problem in some of my other apas, mitigated only by such visual cues as recognition of typeface, fanzine title, etc. It's not so much a problem in the here and now, but a plague for future indexers and historians.

You asked Uncle Johnny if he would "care to comment on the differences you saw between Eastercon and Corflu, if any? I've never been to a British convention and have heard that they are a bit more tribal and fannish than the US equivalent, but I would like your first-hand comparison." No doubt in retrospect you realize that asking someone for whom Corflu Silver was his first convention in any country in thirty years was a minor slip of the tongue. But I would suggest that a comparison between Corflu and Novacon would be more apt.

About this issue's artwork: I have no idea of the provenance of any of it. A friend of Carol's sent them embedded in an e-mail with no information about their creator. Hope you find them as oddly compelling as we did!