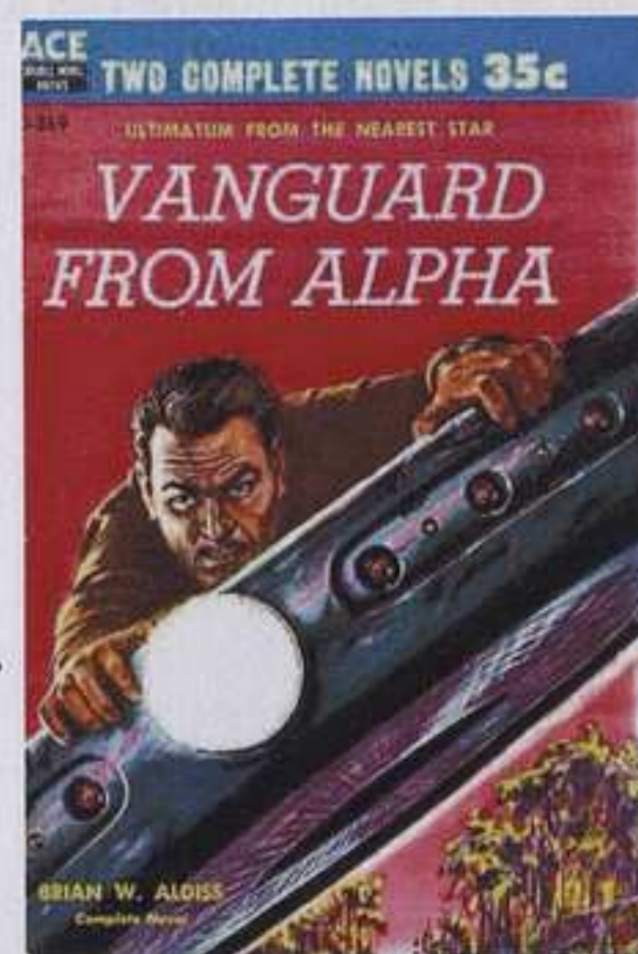


Dian Crayne: The garden tour you went on sounds delightful, but I'm sorry to read of your slipping on pine needles and having to wear an ankle brace for three weeks. Our equivalent of this is to go occasionally to the University of California Botanical Garden (<http://botanicalgarden.berkeley.edu/>) in the hills above the main part of campus, where there are nice seasonal changes. One has to be careful there, too, though more often for muddy terrain due to the automatic sprinklers.

I remember Ron Ellik, Lee Jacobs and all the other fans you mention in your paragraphs entitled "Thinking about Fans I Used to Know," and find it very sad that with the exception of John & Bjo and Len Moffatt all of them are long gone. You wrote, "Bjo and John Trimble edited a special fanzine in her honor called 'Olé Chavela' (the latter being Spanish for Isabel), which included her recipe for chili plus various appreciative comments from local fans.)" Isabel died on Halloween Day 2003, and I commemorated her passing in the 23rd issue of my fanzine, *Trap Door*, where I reprinted her chili recipe from *Olé Chavela* along with some of the things people wrote about her in the oneshot (such as F.M. Busby, Terry Carr, Bill Donaho, Ron Ellik, Edmond Hamilton, Fritz Leiber and Elmer Perdue), and also published her son Ed's short eulogy delivered at her funeral. You can check it out at <http://www.efanzines.com/TrapDoor/TD23.pdf> (and go upstream from there to see three other issues if you're interested).

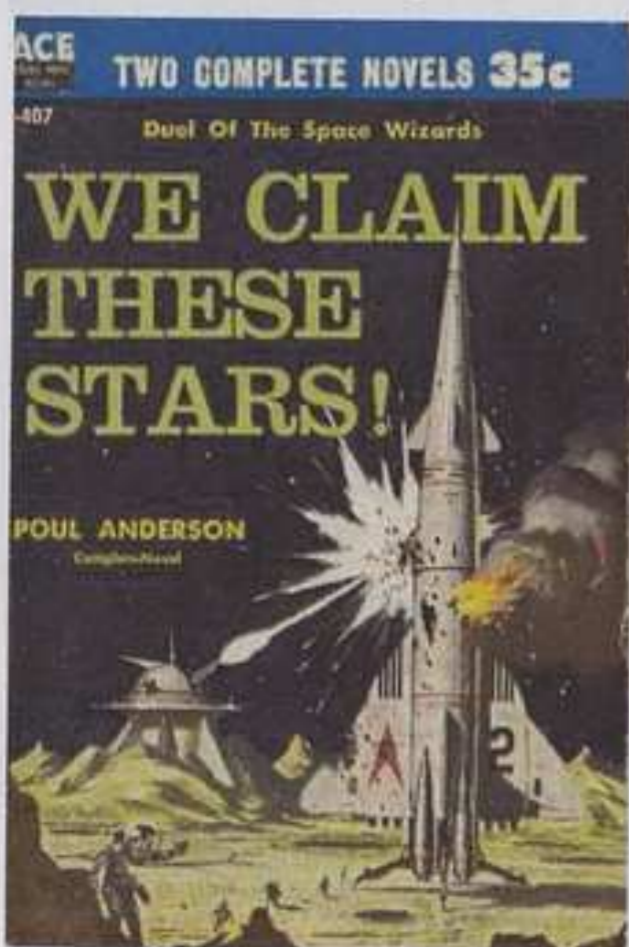
It was interesting to read your introduction since I was there at the time you got into fandom and remember the Fan Hilton and its cast of characters very well. However, I don't recall that "Forry Ackerman used to address the club every week." I remember him being there fairly frequently and mumbling his mumbles, but not that often. And I laughed over, "I was initially denounced as unreal—a figment of the ARBM imagination—by Redd Boggs, who was still smarting over the Carl Brandon hoax." When I got into fandom in late 1958, the coeditor of my first fanzine was a high school friend, Arv Underman, who got the job largely because his father (a paper salesman) had an old ditto machine and (more significantly) a huge quantity of various types of paper samples, most of them book quality coated stock. He gave us permission to use as much as we wanted, so the first half dozen issues of *Psi-Phi* were dittoed on slick paper and had 11x17 cover



stock that had to be run through the ditto machine four times (refolding halfway through) in order to print in all the blank sides. We made lots of crudsheets that way! But what I was getting at before I digressed is that with a last name like "Underman" Arv was immediately suspected of being a hoax perpetrated by me, the total neofan, and it took some convincing (and Arv's turning up at a few LASFS meetings when—ignorant of the club's existence although living in L.A.—I had a call from George W. Fields inviting us to meetings, which were at Zeke Leppin's house at that time) to make some suspicious fans happy. This was less than four months after the Brandon hoax was revealed at South Gate in '58.

You exclaimed to me, "What? You never read westerns?" I think you were confusing my quoting John Hardin saying that just before my comment that in recent years I've read some of Lee Hoffman's wonderful western novels and want to make time one of these days to read more. I have them all, every one (and all her published SF, too).

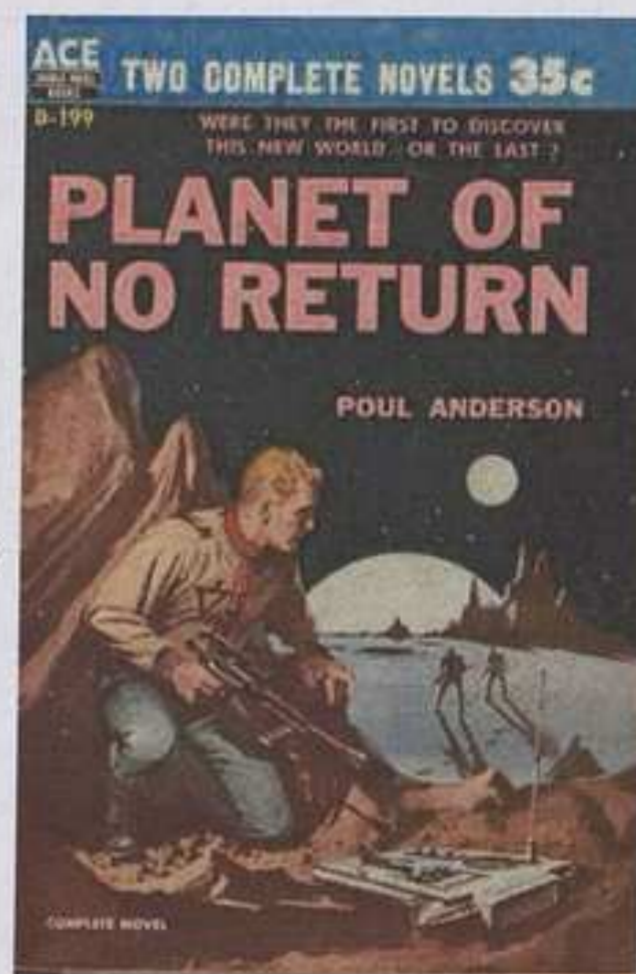
"The purple thistles have thorns that will even pierce leather gloves. I've learned that they have to be chopped off at the base. I tried, late one season, to just whack off the blossoms. They regrow with two or more tops, like some kind of wretched vegetable hydra." You're right about those thorns. We had lots of these noxious plants growing on the hillside that passes for our front yard, and I've managed to eradicate them completely by being very aggressive about pulling them up by the roots—before they can flower if possible, but definitely before the flowers start to dry and toss off their seeds. The first year I worked on this there were a couple dozen of them, and this year only two or three that might have gotten there via bird droppings or the wind.

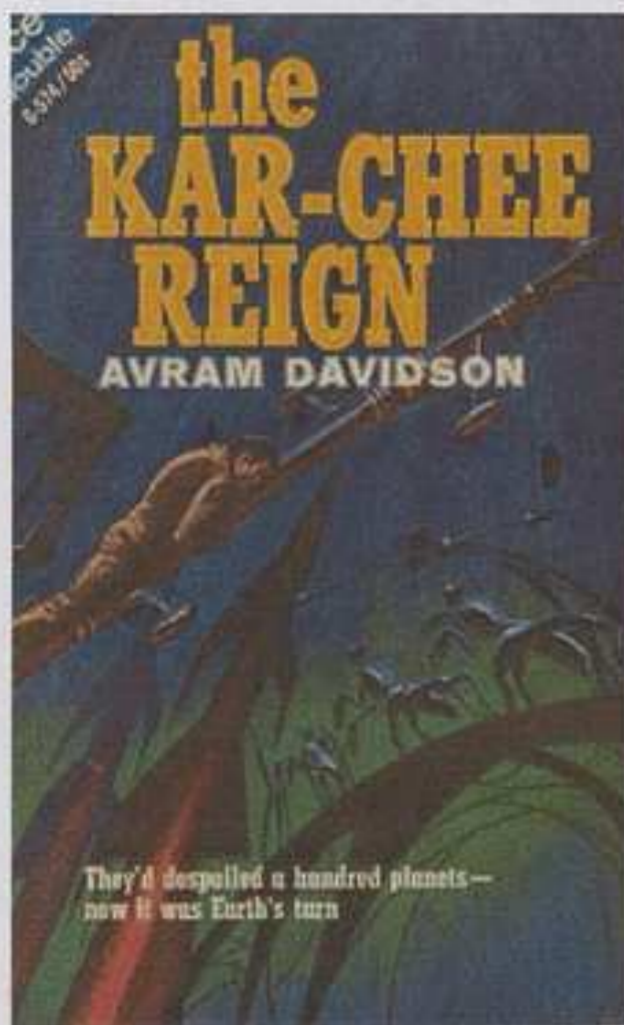


Thanks for including the PDF I made for you of that Lovecraft letter to Art Widner, which I'm sure has completely mystified everyone but me by its presence since neither you nor anyone else makes any reference to it. I still haven't taken the time to decipher his famously "crabbed" handwriting.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: To me you wrote, "Your feelings about wild plants seem to be similar to mine. After we build our new house, I plan to keep most of the land as it is now." A good thing, since having extensive non-native landscaping in an area such as yours isn't really practical over the long run (i.e., as water shortages become more common and deeper).

"We have hired a solar consultant to do the solar hot water system and the photovoltaic system. On the





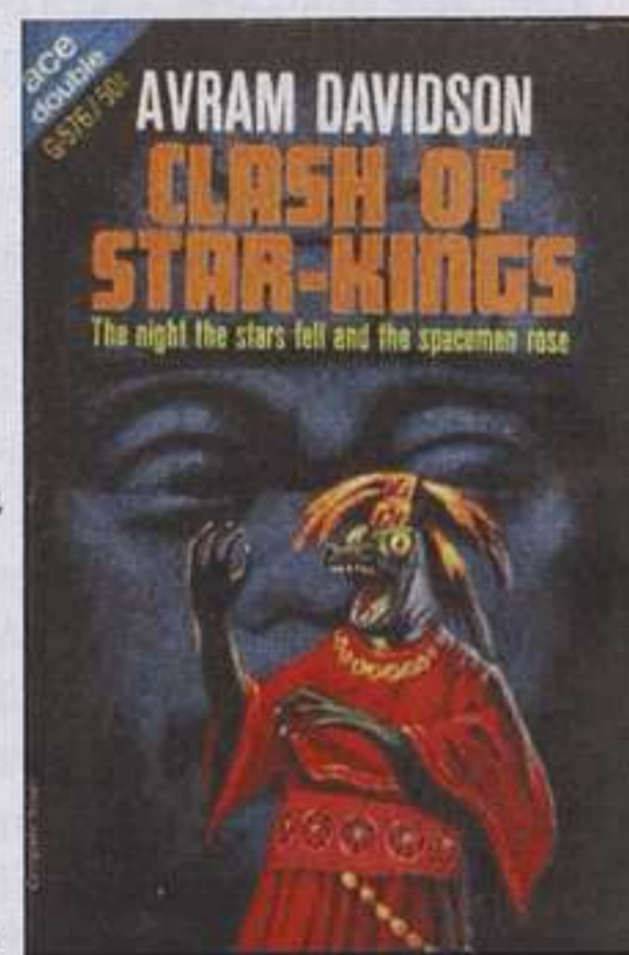
latter we are getting it so that we can expand it at a later date after we find out just how much power it generates for us. We are also getting the best insulation that we can afford and double-glazing on the windows." This all sounds great to me—since you're building from scratch and these systems can be integrated into the structure, it's much more cost-effective both from a construction standpoint and in terms of being able to be off the grid as much as possible saving you costly utility bills.

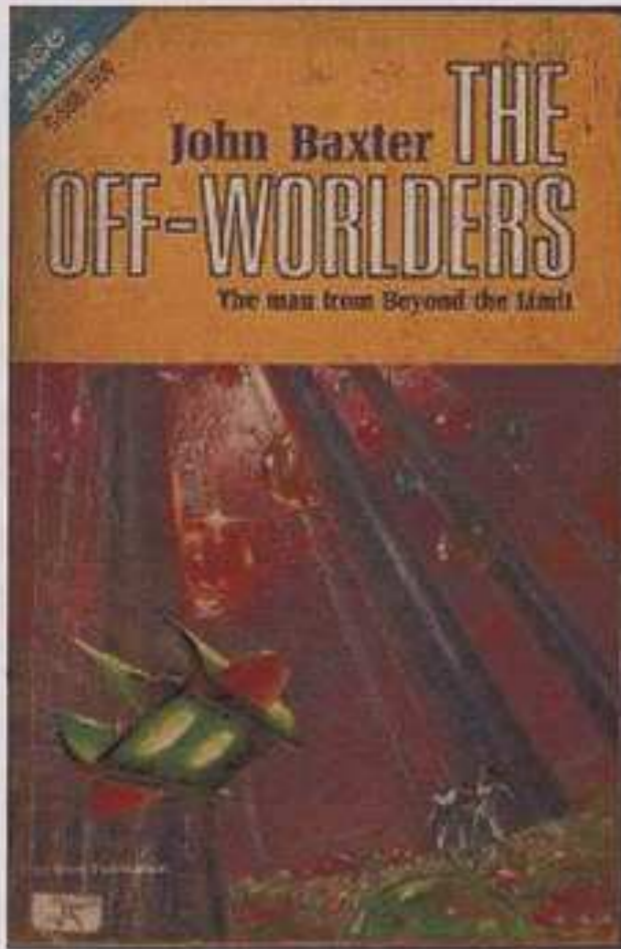
You wrote to Arnie, "At your height, 210 sounds like a very good weight to be at." Arnie's the same height as me, more or less, and I weigh thirty pounds less than him. Although far from obese, from my point of view Arnie could stand to drop a few pounds. But then, many would consider me underweight while I feel I'm at a good weight. My BMI is currently just under 23 (which puts it in the upper end of the "normal" range of 18.5-24.9).

Chris Garcia: You sound as busy as ever—and as I write you're in Denver running the fanzine lounge. I look forward to your report on that upon your return (and, knowing you, probably before you read these words). You wrote of "the new zine Claire Brialey, James Bacon and I are doing." I hadn't heard of this—tell us more, please.

John Purcell: In my last issue I noted the presence of many dropped-out letters in your contribution, something that hadn't previously happened, and wondered if there was some incompatibility between the program you use to create your zine and Arnie's Acrobat. This time there are even more, making your zine somewhat reminiscent of the days of "Ephless El," when the late Elmer Perdue was working on a typewriter lacking its F key and had to resort to creative substitutions. Interestingly, in both places where you typed "SNAPS" it dropped out the N.

You address me: "If it really was Gary Farber lurking in the Virtual Con Suite, the question becomes a very simple 'Why?'. Really makes me wonder. He used to be so active way back when." Interestingly, when I cut and pasted these lines into my WordPerfect, all the characters were there—though in your zine these were missing: the "G" in Gary, the "k" in lurking, the "V" in Virtual, the "C" in Con, the "q" in question, the "k" in makes, the "H" in He, and the "k" in back. With WP's reveal codes on, there are font changes between *every character* from "very" to the "e" in "really." Perhaps that





suggests something?

But getting back to your “Why?” I have no answer. I vaguely recall a bunch of uncomplimentary gossip about him dating back to when he had some reported health and financial problems, but lacking sufficient detail that’s as far as I’ll go. I will note, that one of the unwritten rules of the Trufen list is that Gary is not allowed to be a member and discussion of him is frowned upon.

Ross Chamberlain: “I don’t have working A/C in my car...This works out okay—I don’t mind the heat as much as Joy-Lynd does.” You are amazingly tolerant of extreme heat, then; I would find being inside a car on a typically hot Vegas summer day to be excruciatingly uncomfortable, even though it would be a very dry

excruciation.

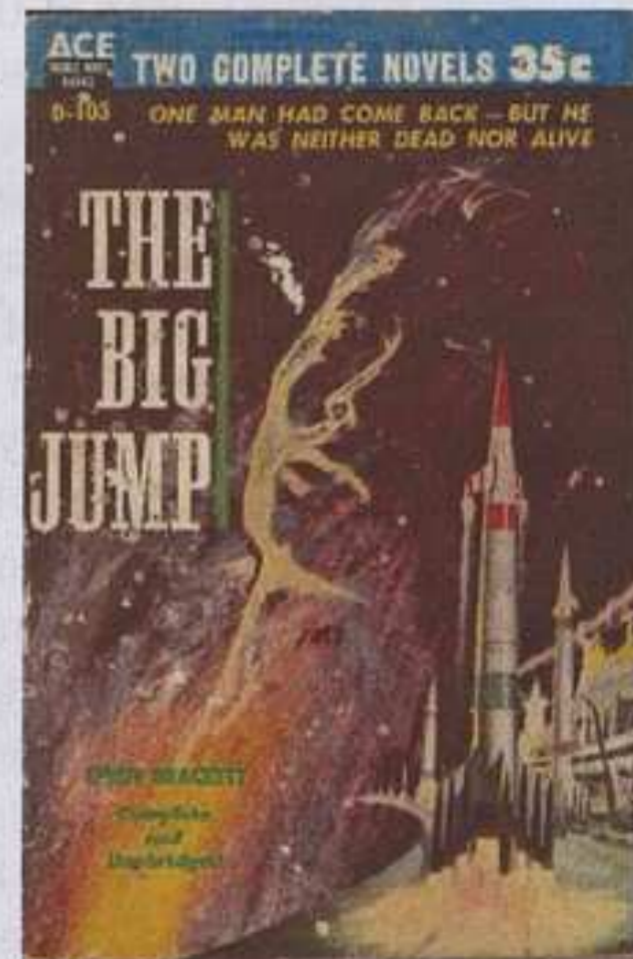
Your taste in TV fare is certainly different than mine. I can’t get mad at the Sci-Fi Channel because we don’t include it on our list of DirecTV “favorites” even though it’s part of our package. Right now it’s summer so almost everything is in reruns or absent altogether, but *Monk* has come back and that’s a pleasure even though it’s not as good as it once was. We’re looking forward to the return of shows like *Medium* and *The Office*, and lamenting that *Aliens in America* got canceled after only one season. Meanwhile, we caught *Roseanne* on Nickelodeon from the beginning, a show I ignored when it was originally aired but which Carol enjoyed. After the first four seasons the station began skipping episodes, so we’ve switched to getting them via NetFlix. As I write we’re halfway through Season 6.

John Nielsen Hall: Having been kept up with your current medical problems in another venue, I’m not about to take it personally if you’re less present here than in the past; but I do sympathize (not the same as “feel sorry”) concerning your situation and hope it reaches some sort of equilibrium with time.

“I continually threaten to emigrate – almost nowhere will have me, however.” Which countries are the “almost nowhere”?

Arnie Katz: My primary writer’s block time occurs when I’m facing drafting an editorial for *Trap Door*. Otherwise, as you know, I’m quite facile at pounding out mailing comments and list posts at the drop of a keyboard.

Regarding your chocolate avoidance you write,



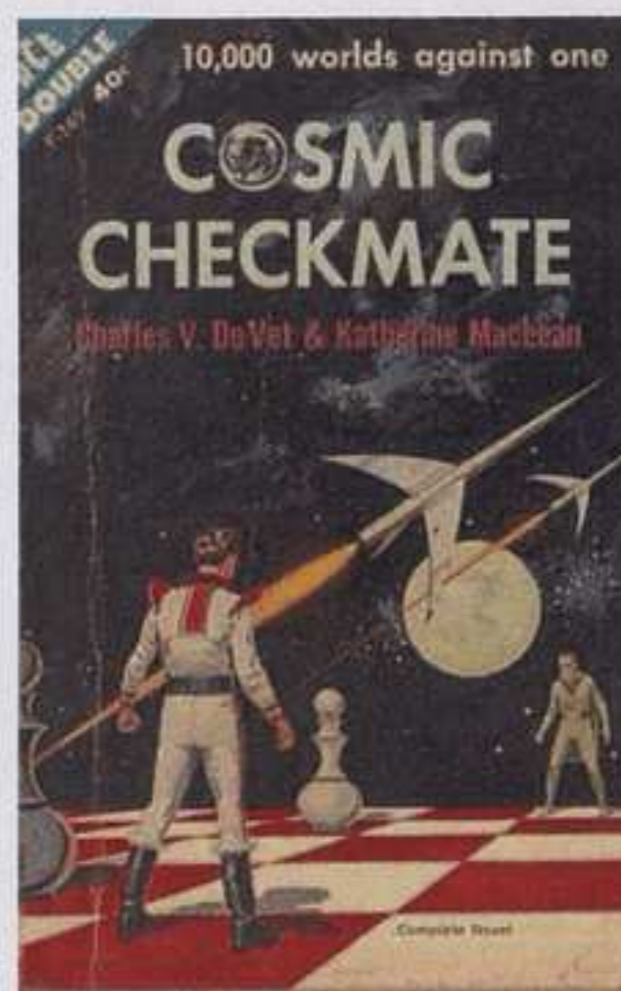
“Now, I have one serving of chocolate a week, maximum.” That’s not too many, and something I certainly wouldn’t want to do—whether I could is another matter. As I believe I’ve written here before, my twin downfalls are Dove “rich dark chocolate” pieces (which come in bags of about forty, each with only 42 calories) and Double Rainbow chocolate sorbet (140 calories in a half-cup serving). There are some days when I don’t have either, but more typically I’ll have 2-3 of the Dove pieces. And I’ll have a small bowl of the sorbet on average three times a week. You can see the results every time you see me.

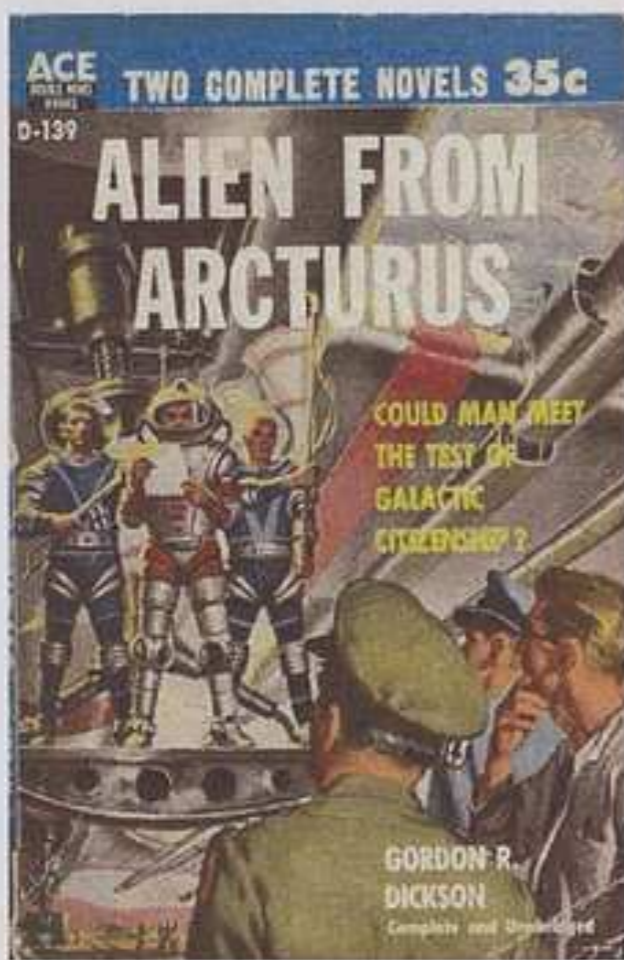
It was interesting to read your updating of Numbered Fandoms as narrowed to Core Fandom—a good exercise in Fourth Dimension Mental Crifanac. Some scattered comments:

“The Focal Point Fanzine isn’t necessarily the best fanzine being published at the time.” That’s definitely the case. For instance, Art Rapp’s *Spacewarp* for most of its genzine run contained very thin material, but it had monthly publication and editorial enthusiasm on its side. And in recent history Andy Hooper’s and Randy Byers’s *Apparatchik* was never more than a scrappy affair one step removed from its perzine roots, and yet it was at the time the one to which I tried always to write a letter of comment (even as I do these days with *VFW*). Better fanzines being published during that period include Bruce Gillespie’s *Metaphysical Review*, Judith Hanna’s and Joseph Nicholas’s *FTT*, Christina Lake’s *Never Quite Arriving*, Dick & Nicki Lynch’s *Mimosa*, Simon Ounsley’s *Lagoon*, Candi Strecker’s *Sidney Suppey’s Quarterly & Confused Pet Monthly*, Geri Sullivan’s *Idea*, Michael Abbott, John Dallman and Pam Wells’s *Attitude*, and a personal favorite from Australia, Chris Nelson’s delightful *Mumblings From Munchkinland*.



“Nor are all great fanzines focal points. A couple of current examples are *Trap Door* and *Banana Wings*. Both are outstanding, but neither is frequent enough to serve as Core Fandom’s focal point. Actually, most of the great fanzines did not serve the hobby in that way, including *Hyphen*, *Innuendo*, *Void*, *Warhoon*, *Habakkuk* (a near miss, though), *Quip*, *confusion*, *Cry* and *Energumen*.” I would beg to differ on *Banana Wings*, which appears quarterly and has excellent contributors, good editorial vision and content, and a lively letter column. In the era before electronic fanzines such as your own *VFW*, it would have been a likely candidate for focal point. And I think both *Cry* (when it stepped well





away from being the Nameless Ones' clubzine and had its glory period under the primary editorship of the Busbys) and *Void* (after Ted White took over production from the Benfords) were focal points, albeit somewhat overlapping ones as they both had their primes in more or less the same period (roughly 1959-63). If you think not, what would you suggest in their place? (Certainly not *Yandro!*?)

In a good portion of the period spanning the Second Transition through Fourth Fandom, I would add two strong candidates for secondary focal point fanzines: Bob Tucker's *Le Zombie* and Forry Ackerman's *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*. Both were frequent, had decent-sized circulations, and were highly interactive between editors and readers. An additional candidate during WW2 might be Mike Rosenblum's *Futurian War Digest* and its many and varied riders, which did yeoman duty in keeping British fandom united during that difficult time. Interestingly, it was Ackerman who helped fund publication of *FWD* while at the same time *VoM* was also publishing letters from British fans in the service.

"This is the first time the Roll of Numbered Fandoms has included a Fourth Transition." Reading your description of the year between *Pacificon I* and *Philcon I*, I can relate to your reasons for adding this as a transition period. However, I'm not sure that it really was one. You write, "Fourth Fandom's letter column stars moved into the fannish mainstream and, in so doing, began to change that mainstream. While *Vampire* commanded respect and admiration, it seemed less compelling to these fans than Charles Burbee's *Shangri-L'Affaires* and Francis Towner Laney's *Acolyte*." I believe *Shaggy* was the focal point fanzine during the year, since the last three issues of *Vampire* were much more widely spaced after the *Pacificon* and *The Acolyte's* final issue came out a couple months before the *Pacificon*. Counter to this, *Shaggy* came out every other month between the two worldcons and might have continued if Burbee hadn't been fired by the LASFS after running Laney's controversial article on homosexuality in the club. Rapp's *Spacewarp* began publication in April 1947 with an 8-page half-legal-length handwritten issue that showed little promise, but continued monthly and improved rapidly so it was well-positioned to take over as focal point fanzine in the wake of *Shaggy's* demise.

You also wrote that "Fourth Fandomites planned to introduce a new fandom-wide organization called the Foundation," but that "It never got proposed." On the contrary, it (actually called the Fantasy Foundation) was



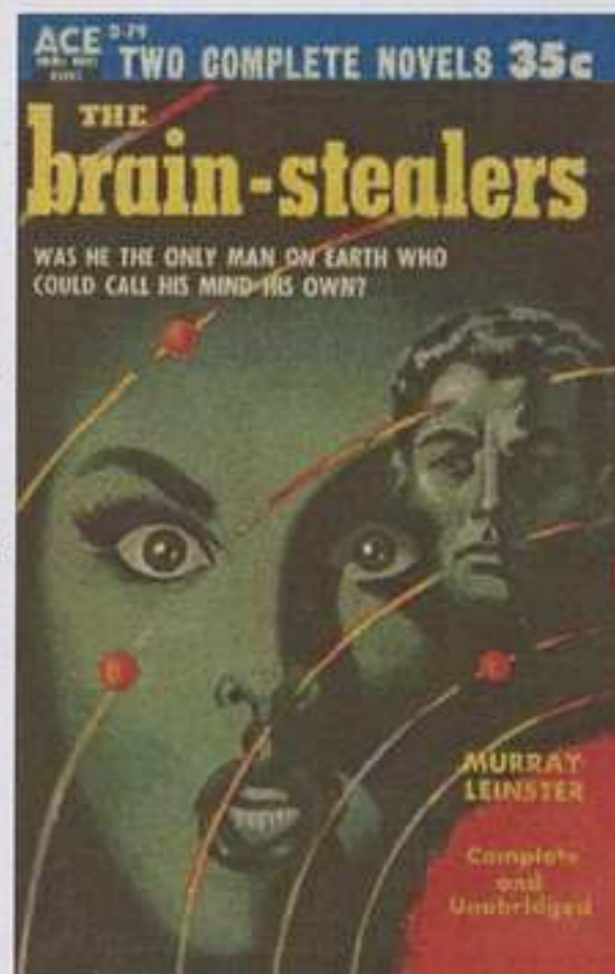
announced at the Pacificon and was active during the period between it and the Philcon. Please see pages 69-72 of *All Our Yesterdays* for details (here I'm assuming that anyone who's following this will have a copy), where it's noted that it had produced three publications: "a checklist of fantasy prozines, a fanzine checklist for 1945, and a catalogue of the 1,300 books in the collection Ackerman had willed to the FF." Laney and Ackerman had a rare period of cooperation in the project, but it kind of fell apart after Laney resigned his post. Still, as Warner relates, "The organization took credit for helping to publish the enormous 1948 *Fantasy Annual*, a 120-page yearbook of prodom and fandom edited by Redd Boggs and Don Wilson." (I have a copy of this and it's truly a splendid job, which of course one would expect from Boggs.) What isn't mentioned is that the yearbook is the third in a series, the first two of which were done by Joe Kennedy.

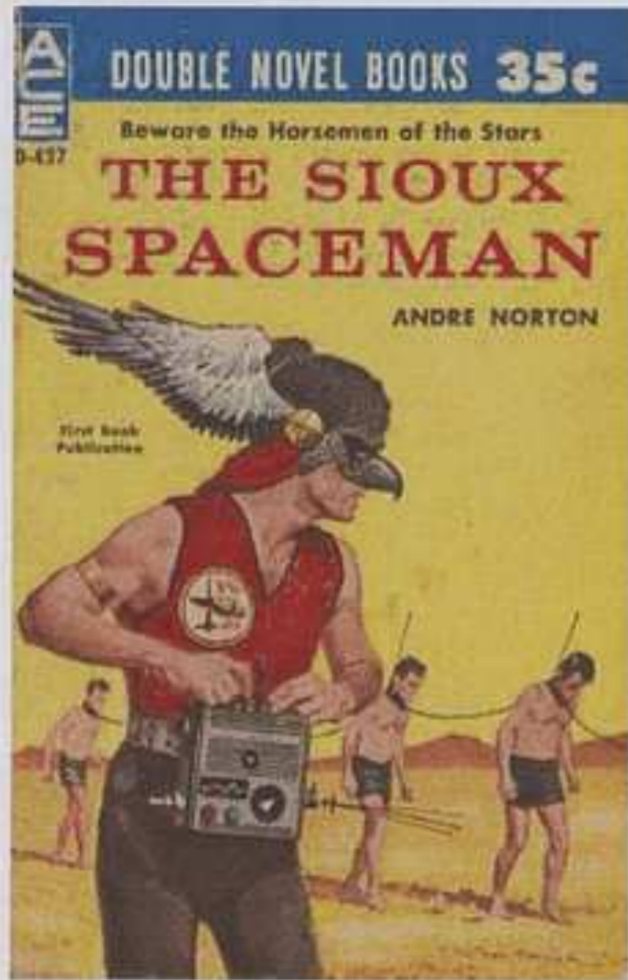
Of the Seventh Transition, which you place between September 1962 and September 1967, you write, "Whatever the reason, Seventh Fandom began to dissolve after Chicon III. Not only did *Fanac* slip from its focal point status with no replacement in sight, but such big-time fanzines as *Grue*, *Opsla!*, *Warhoon*, *Xero*, *Hyphen* and *Void* all stopped cold or slowed to a crawl." Most of these fanzines had ceased publication before or during the early stages of this period. The last genzine issue of *Grue* was one of the first three fanzines I ever saw, and was published in 1958 (although, as you know, Grennell continued it as a FAPAzine for many years); *Opsla!*'s final issue was in September 1961 after a two-year gap from the previous one; and *Void*'s final issue was February 1962 (well before the Boondoggle), not counting the actual final issue which you published in 1969 combined with



Fanhstory No. 4. Of the others, *Warhoon* had six issues through August 1965 when it took a three-year break in publication; *Xero*'s final two issues were in September 1962 (beginning of this period) and May 1963, with an "index" issue in October 1963; and Willis published five issues of *Hyphen* through early 1965 when definitely non-fannish "troubles" took him away from most fan activity for many years. It would be my guess that the discontinuance of these fanzines had nothing to do with the Boondoggle and everything to do with changed personal circumstances of their respective editors.

Because of my own situation during the periods spanning Eighth Fandom through and including the Ninth Transition, I have little to say about that time. In the second half of the '60s, having graduated from UCLA, I moved from Los Angeles to the Bay Area—happily just



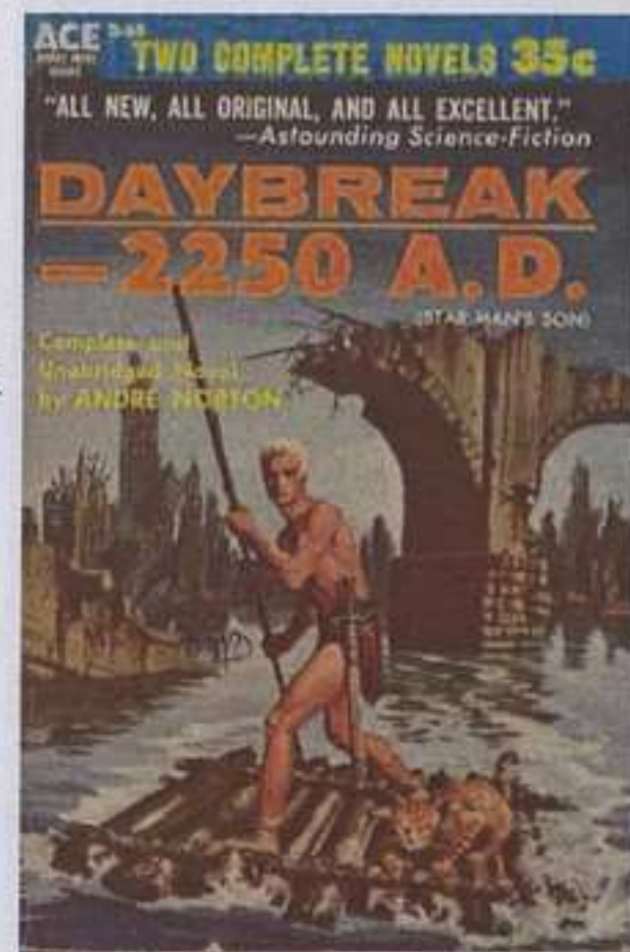


in time for the beginnings of the so-called hippie era. I'd folded my second genzine, *Frap*, at the end of 1964 because of the change in fandom in the wake of the Boondoggle. Somehow a light, frivolous, frequent genzine was hard to get material for in such a depressed period. I stopped responding to most fanzines, retreated into FAPA (on a once-a-year minac basis), and put much of my attention into what was going on around me. For the first time I also had full-time employment and a live-in girlfriend, both also considerable distractions from fan activity. And then in 1969, through an amusing (and fandom-related) series of events (involving Andy Main and Trina Robbins), I started going to Stephen Gaskin's Monday Night Classes in San Francisco. (Google for it.) This led me eventually to relocate to rural Tennessee as a commune of people who'd attended MNC sprung up, and to spend the next decade living in poverty in the woods in (variously) school buses, converted army tents, and unfinished houses, marrying, having four sons, and a series of more or less interesting jobs in the commune. Late in 1979 my marriage ended, and in June 1980 I left Tennessee for a job with friend and fan Paul Williams in Glen Ellen, California.

Just in time, as it happened, for the beginnings of Tenth Fandom. Paul was on the mailing list for *Pong*, and I began reading issues over his shoulder. After a handful had arrived and I noticed that many of the names were still the same ones I remembered from years past, I wrote a fateful LoC and was on my way again to becoming an active fan.

From where you stopped, I would guess that we are now well into (at least) Twelfth Fandom, the Electronic Era, and that it has both paper and electronic focal points. The paper one would be *Banana Wings*, as previously mentioned, and I would venture that your own *VFW* is the electronic one. And I'll stop here (whew!).

Joyce Katz: "I remember when my parents were building their home; they also handled the contracting on the job. As I recall, it was an all-consuming effort on their part, as it has been for all my friends who've built, to keep everything going right." I was eight years old when my parents built their "dream house" in Los Angeles, the one I was living in when I got involved in fandom late in the decade. They weren't the contractors, but my father was a frequent visitor to the site and I recall a lot of hassles between him and the contractor over various issues I don't remember and didn't



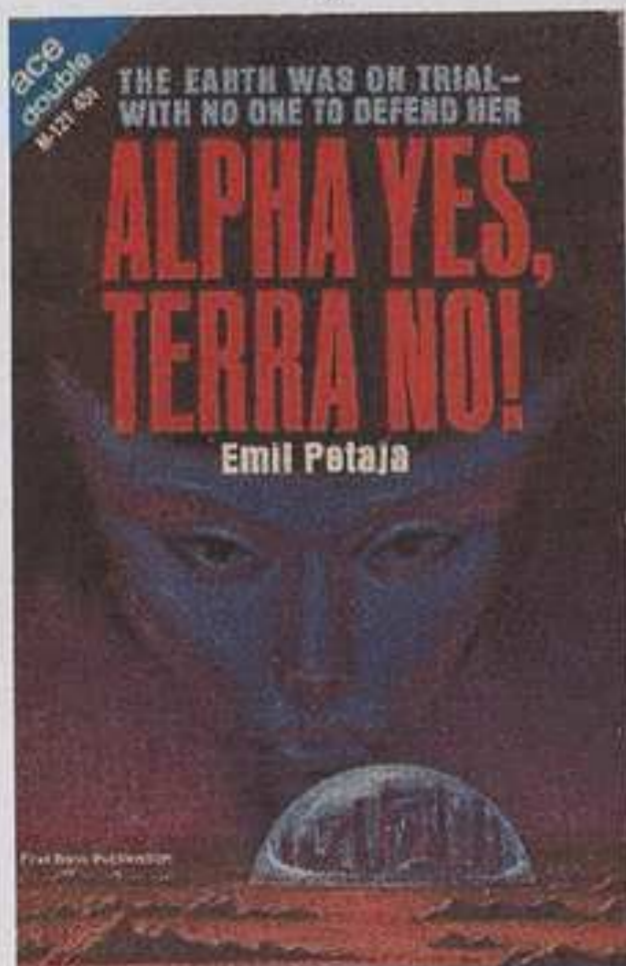
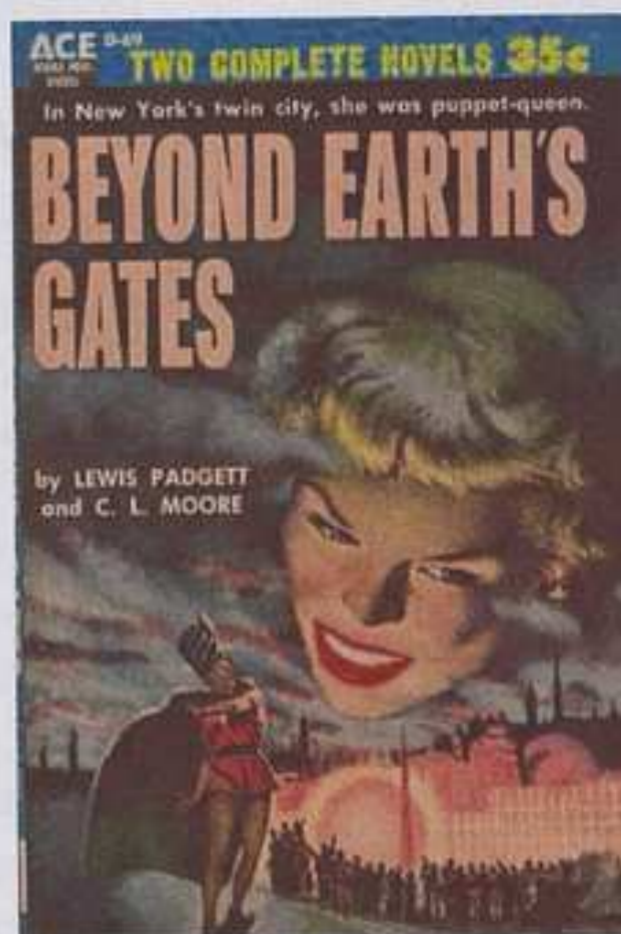
particularly care about at that age. My guess is that the issues weren't that big a deal. It's the hassles themselves that sticks in the mind, along with the expression of disgust on the contractor's face, that give me that particular flavor of memories. My father was not a nice man.

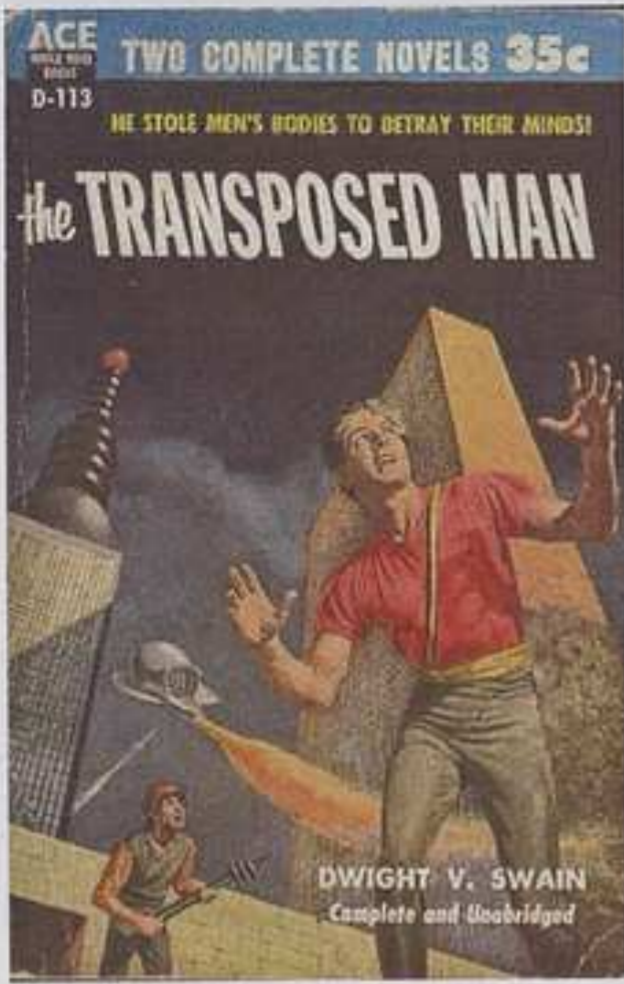
To Arnie you write, "I wonder how many of the Corflu attendees knew that you were injured in your fall? Certainly most of them must know that the stage tripped you up just before opening ceremonies, but I doubt that any of them realized just how badly hurt you were—I didn't even know myself until that night when you undressed for bed and I saw the bumps and bruises all over one side of your body, your legs and both arms." I certainly didn't, and I also didn't know Arnie's knocked out a tooth in that fall. You write that his "smile looks a whole lot different now." Does this mean the tooth wasn't able to be reinstalled?

Of Jack Speer you write, "I think it helps us all to have seen him, and to have had proven to us again the depth of his love for fandom. Making this trip was a tremendous effort and ordeal for them both, yet I believe he enjoyed the chance to see so many of his oldest friends." I believe he did, too, and I was glad for the chance to see him, and knowing that it was for the last time I made extra effort to connect with him and Ruth on both a social and a fannish basis. More than some other remaining old-time fans, Jack was a strong part of the glue holding fandom and its history together. I'm not surprised to learn from correspondence with Patricia Rogers (and her delightful "Adventures in Speerology") that Jack saved *everything* and that it was all pretty well-organized.

To me you're amazed: "I was surprised to learn that you share my and ShelVY's shameful addiction; Solitaire is my most frequent timewaster!" It's a form of mental relaxation that helps break the intensity of things like writing these comments and scrolling through the various e-lists. For instance, I played at least half a dozen games during the course of writing my comments to Arnie on his numbered fandoms update. "What game do you play?" Just regular Solitaire, no timed game, Vegas scoring, draw one, no cumulative score, status bar showing. I just took a look at your favored Spider Solitaire, and it looks like more work than I want for my purposes.

"You mentioned to John Hall that you too have a large spring growth of pretty wild plants... Our totally barren back yard becomes a mountain meadow after the Spring rains... My landlord let us know we must get rid of the wild growth—it is considered a fire hazard. Now I





try to keep them in check as long as possible, cutting down garbage bags full of them myself. But eventually each spring I have to call in Mr. Kille, who cuts them down and poisons their roots." I mentioned our Mr. Rubio in that regard (though neither he nor I poison roots), but this year I managed to do it all myself—gradually over a period of weeks, a couple stuffed paper grocery sacks at a time—and saved us \$300-\$400. And we passed the fire department's inspection! In anticipation of them decreeing that some of our tree branches were too close to the house—which was last year's complaint—we replaced our long-reach branch trimmer that only had a 5-6 foot reach with one that will extend to fourteen feet. But we didn't have to use it. I'm sure next year I'll be breaking it in.

"I was in high school when 'Rock Around the Clock' came around. That means my younger years were filled with 'Shrimp Boats' and 'Good Night Irene' and cowboy ballads and Frankie Lane and Johnny Ray." I was a freshman in high school when Haley's first hit happened, and my earlier memories in this department are the same as yours. The first "grown-up" record I ever bought was a 78 of "Hernando's Hideaway."

