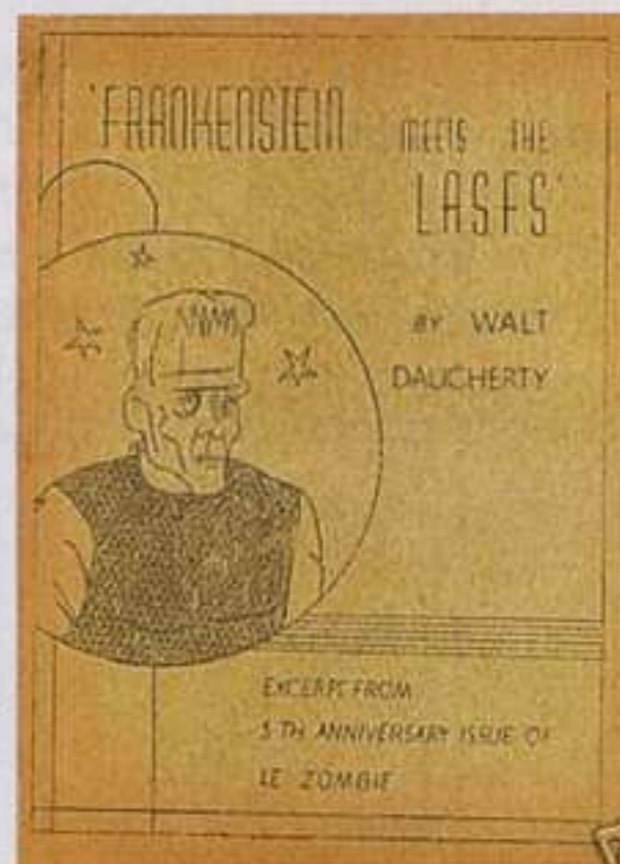


Dian Crayne: How nice that your daughter and her partner were able to get legally married! On the subject of their various fannish devotions, it's somewhat mind-boggling that when *Deep Space Nine* concluded "they switched their allegiance to the Harry Potter books." To me the two fictional universes are extremely different and one doesn't logically lead to another. However, good for you that "It has made getting presents for them very easy."

It was interesting reading about the bracing you did on those sagging shelves, and it reminded me of some work that was done here before I moved in back in 2005 with my file cabinets packed with fanzines. In anticipation of this, several years earlier, when Carol was having some unrelated work done by a reliable contractor, we had him check the supports under the floor of the basement office/library to see if they seemed adequate. He added a few more in select locations, and in addition to providing more strength also stabilized the flooring, which had a few "soft spots" when walking around. Even so, just before moving in I checked with an architect and structural engineer friend of ours. When I described the situation and the likely weight load, he came back with some complex calculations and the bottom line that we shouldn't worry. And indeed there's been no problem, even when I added several more file cabinets to the ones I moved from Glen Ellen (and filled them up).

Regarding the HPL letters, I agree with Joshi that de Camp "had little in common with the Rhode Island writer and apparently did not understand him all that well." It's a thing about which all HPL scholars/fans I know, either personally or reading their work, are in full agreement, that de Camp's biography is the worst one. As for the word you couldn't figure out in Lovecraft's handwriting, the complete title of the story mentioned in the second paragraph is "The Analyzing Monster."

"Can you imagine an ardent fan like Forry NOT coming to the LASFS as often as he could?" It is hard to figure, especially since many latter-day fans think Forry started the LASFS—he was a charter member, but was not solely responsible for its creation, although in its early years he was probably one of the most active. But as I wrote previously, I don't remember him coming to all that many meetings when I was actively attending—my subjective impression was that he showed up maybe a third of the time.



Redd Boggs's wife was Gretchen Schwenn, who died in September 1981. They'd been married since December 1975. And yes, he was "very cut up about it." I have a couple of his extensive handwritten journals here (books 67 and 68 of well over 100), and in one of them there's an entry about his trip to the Contra Costa County courthouse to get copies of her death certificate. He writes, "I studied this sad document briefly, my eyes wet with tears." In another entry—"This would have been our seventeenth wedding anniversary,"—he follows with over three pages of what they were doing on that date during every year of their time together.

"Beautiful perspective on that piece of art with the rocket ships homing in on the green matrix. Who is the artist, do you know?" I assume you're referring to the only artwork in that issue that's not an Ace Books cover—it's by Australian fan artist Dick "Ditmar" Jenssen. I have hundreds of his computer-generated drawings and that one fit nicely in the space available and was, I thought, a good counterpoint to the Ace covers.



"It is a joy to come back to fandom after so many years and find many of the same people still around and going strong." That's what I felt, too, when I returned to fandom in 1980 after being absent for nearly a decade when I was living on the Farm commune in Tennessee. I was never completely gone, but I did get dropped off all mailing lists except for John D. Berry's and Ray Nelson's—with the result that my only fanac during the '70s was several letters of comment in John's *Hitch-hike* and one in Ray's *Garden Library*. As for your dealing with head trips at the LASFS when you discovered it, I had pretty much checked out by the time Coventry was happening and missed the others by moving from L.A. to the Bay Area early in 1965.

John Purcell: My sympathies on the loss of your beloved Waldo! (And nice photos, especially the one of him having a drink.)

Bryan Follins: About the government preparation for and response to catastrophic events like the recent hurricanes you write, "What amazed me the most was not the fury of the storms, but how this country continually fails its citizens in keeping them safe from these storms." You also observe (about California earthquakes) that "the state of California and the federal government (with the aid of taxpayer dollars) builds structures designed to withstand earthquakes."

In both cases government protection can only go so far. Newer buildings in California are constructed under design and engineering mandates to help withstand a major quake, and older commercial and multiple occupancy residential are required to do retrofitting (although not all of them do, and sometimes it takes



years). But individual homeowners in California must bear the cost of structural modifications to protect against massive damage in serious quakes, and not everyone can afford it. There's more we could do to our house, but no money to do it with (and we're close to the Hayward fault).

The bottom line, as I see it, is that government fails to provide funding for safety projects—levee construction and reinforcement, water and electrical system protection, bridge repair and maintenance, etc.—to the extent that it should, and the end result is more of what we saw during Katrina and now Ike—and the collapse of the interstate bridge in St. Paul, Minnesota, etc.

Too much of the basic infrastructure in this country is aging and needs repairs at a bare minimum. And full replacement and expansion to bring it all up to the demands resulting from global warming is something that should be happening, but unfortunately and for the most part isn't.

Your link to the "interesting story of a geographic area falling apart" didn't work. From what I read where my browser landed, the article fell out of date for what that Website will support. What was it about?

Good to have you speaking to us directly—would love to see mailing comments, too.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: "The big news is that we have our building permit and ground (as well as a bulldozer) has been broken." Congratulations on getting started! About the broken bulldozer causing a delay, I wondered if that was the only one available in your area and guessed that it was since otherwise the contractor could simply resume work with another one.

To me you write, "I have to admit that you always look skinny to me." Actually, I could say the same about you (no offense!).

John Nielsen Hall: "As I write, markets have been in turmoil, banks are closing their doors or being taken over, and recession looms once again." Not knowing the exact time you wrote, I found myself pondering over just how bad it was at the time. (That, and throwing up over Gordon Brown's assurance that boom and bust was at an end.) Except for a small IRA and some shares of a Canadian insurance company I got as outfall from having had a John Hancock life insurance policy for a whopping \$1,000 that my parents took out on me in my first year of life, I'm not in stocks myself—and my CDs are safe, even though some of them are at one of the banks (Wachovia) that's getting gobbled up by another (Wells Fargo). But others I know are heavily invested in stocks and are having some bad moments lately.

It's good to read that your business being a one-



man show means you're more insulated against what's happening that you were during the last major downturn, and I hope things don't get so bad that you have to follow up on your inclination to close the business.

Thanks for your Huntington Beach tales. That's a place I've seldom been to except during the '70s and early '80s when my ex-wife's mother lived up in Fullerton on the other end of Brookhurst Avenue and that would be the escape route to the beach when a little fresh ocean air was called for. I've always preferred Laguna for its ambience, although over the years it's grown more upscale and lost its wonderful Fahrenheit 451 bookstore.

"My remembrance of LA geography is hazy, but I seem to remember that La Cienega Boulevard was quite a swanky neighbourhood, but a ways from where I was. Playa del Rey too, I believe was nowhere near." Both of them are a long way from Huntington, that's for sure. Back when you were there, the upper reaches of La Cienega was the place to go for hoity-toity restaurants, galleries and fancy shops, albeit with a mix of the bohemian thrown in for good measure. In the latter category the famous Ferus Gallery stands out (<http://www.ferusgallery.com/>) for a highly eclectic list of artists exhibited there (and for its director, the amazing Walter Hopps). And before Ferus there was the wonderful Zora Gallery, which was the first place I ever saw the work of Ed Kienholz (although that was before it moved over to La Cienega from fancier digs in stuffy Westwood, near UCLA), including the famous "Back Seat Dodge '38," into which I stuck my head. Zora was also the publisher of three books by my former college English professor and current S.F. poet laureate, Jack Hirschman. I bought them all at the time and wish I still had them (although I did reobtain the one that's less pricey than the others).

Playa del Rey was (and is) more known for the surfer scene happening there. I got out of high school one year too late for that to be a fad that hit along with the music of the Beach Boys.

"Well the only country that both Audrey and myself are agreed we'd like to live in is Canada, especially British Columbia." Given the benign climate there, that's the only part of Canada where we'd consider relocating, but I don't see us moving out of the Bay Area unless (harking back to my comments to Bryan upstream) our house is destroyed by a major quake. In that case we'd take the earthquake insurance payout and head north—but our current plans take us only as far as Portland, a city we enjoyed visiting (and not just because Dan & Lynn Steffan live there, though that's an inducement as well).



Shelby Vick: Regarding your politics rant, I ain't going there so far as either agreeing with or contesting any of your points. The landscape is changing too fast. (But I will say I agree with you about the speed and absurdity of the now-burst housing bubble.) But when you write, "Worst of all, I find this attitude in fandom. 'Bush is the worst president yet!' 'Palin can take on anything!'"...I find myself wondering about who expressed the last view. As for

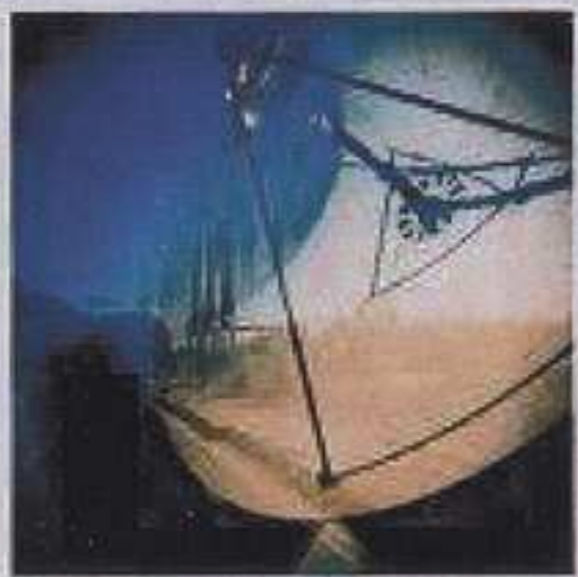


the first, Bush is pretty bad but to some extent I consider him a malleable puppet for people like Cheney and the other neocons. But I really don't understand the people who think that just because Palin talks folksy and plays herself as both some kind of outsider and "ordinary folk" she has some lock on knowing what to do about...well, anything. I've been happy to see her star fading and expect to see it largely blink out before the election. But hey—she's given Tina Fey some good material!

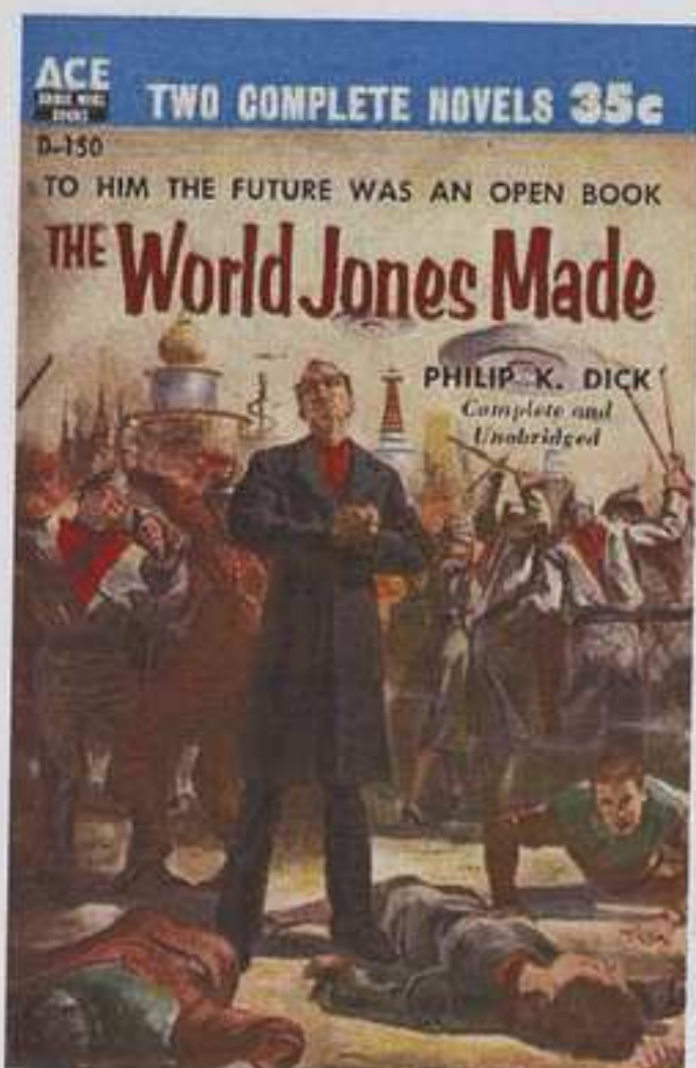
I enjoyed your story of Suzy's mother and the skunk(s) in the drawer. It reminded me of the time when we (my ex-wife and I) were living in a school bus on The Farm and opened a drawer one day to find a very large snake coiled up inside. It was during one of the colder months, so we figured it came in seeking warmth and liked the coziness of that drawer. It wasn't a poisonous variety, so we left the drawer open and also the door and went away for a while. That made the inside of the bus cool off quickly. And happily, when we came back it was gone.

"Ahhh... 'embed the text'? My usual ignorance pops up – how do you do that???" If you're saving as a PDF from WordPerfect and invoke the "Publish to PDF" dialogue box, you'll find a tab called "Objects." Within it checkmark "Embed fonts in document," click on "OK" to exit, and that'll do it.

Ross Chamberlain: "I can say now that I know and have read the professional fiction of 3½ fans..." If "know" includes having had correspondence with them, the living SF authors who started as fans whose work I've read include John Baxter, Greg Benford, Graham Charnock, Grania Davis, Gordon Eklund, Dave Langford, Dick Lupoff, Ray Nelson, Chris Priest, Frank Robinson, Bob Silverberg, Shelby Vick (yes, *that* book!) and Ted White. I've met all of these in person except for Priest. That's quite a few but there are so many others I haven't read: Niven and Pournelle off the top of my head. I've never wanted to read anything by these right-wing clowns.



"Joy-Lynd does like *Monk*, but I think it comes on at a wrong time for me." How can there be an inconvenient time, especially just downstream you write, "It does help to some extent that I can record again, though not one show while watching another (at least as currently set up; I may be able to fix that)." Our satellite



receiver allows us to record two shows while watching another *recorded* one, and we have an extra device out on the dish that makes that possible. But returning “wrong time for me,” the listings show more than one time for each showing and surely one of them would work.

“I recognize a few of those Ace Double covers. I have about 150 of those...” I have only ten Ace Doubles but they’re in all the spine color combinations you mention except for “transitional with red and blue at top and bottom.” Half of them are Phil Dick books. I don’t have any of the ones I used for artwork in the issue on which you’re commenting.

“Joy-Lynd subscribes to both Netflix and Blockbuster...” Carol recently subscribed to Netflix so we could watch the entire run of *Roseanne*, a show she loved when it was originally on (with a caveat that the last couple seasons weren’t as good, for the most part, as the earlier ones) but which I never watched because at the time I couldn’t “get into” Roseanne Barr. We’re almost done with that, and next we’re going to see all of *Upstairs, Downstairs*, which again Carol loved and I never saw. We work in an occasional movie, too. It’s a great (and inexpensive) system.

Teresa Cochran: Good to see you back in the saddle here! I didn’t know you were planning to do a personal zine, but if your article in the first issue of *Idle Minds* is indicative/typical of your more formal writing I’m definitely looking forward to it. I’ll save more specific comments on it for a letter of comment, but wanted you to know that I really enjoyed it. And I’m happy that you’ve found fandom to be a congenial place to hang out.

Arnie Katz: In writing about *Idle Minds* and the fanzines done by the Vegrants in the past, you make reference to one called *The Glitter City Gazette*. I find that I don’t have a fanzine by that title in my collection, but I do have three fanzines done by the Vegrants titled *Glitter City Gangsters*, *Glitter City Gigolos* and *Glitter City Goofballs*, numbered 1-3, and I assume that’s what you mean. You say that Joyce didn’t really warm up to this series, and having a look at them just now I recall that I didn’t, either, although they had a few moments. The first *Idle Minds* is partially read, and it looks promising.

“The Ideal Convention, The Perfect Convention” was enjoyable enough, but I was hoping for some of those long-promised mailing comments you offered as a teaser on the first page and then didn’t deliver. When I came to the part where you took a hefty bite on your “Walt Willis Memorial



bacon cheeseburger (with everything)," I smiled at the allusion and then wondered if this has replaced the "Arnie's Special" in your sandwichly affections. The more I read of this ideal convention, the more I felt that at the conclusion of the article I'd be writing a comment that although I appreciated all the planning you'd undergone I wouldn't be going, thank you very much. So it was with considerable joy that I came to your explanation that "While this overblown, exploitative piece of crap takes place in one city, Core Fandomites will be staying at a luxury hotel in another city, expenses paid by the profits from Omni-Con, at the actual Ideal Convention!" And to that I say, bring it on!



James Taylor: Having been in the same boat as you (albeit in the distant past) concerning the frustrations and futility of job hunting, I completely sympathize. Sometimes all I could muster to keep myself at the task was to pump myself up by saying, over and over, "it only takes one yes." Good luck!

"I have actually been to Willits because I have ridden the Skunk." I've been to both Willits and Fort Bragg—and enjoyed visiting both towns—but somehow have never gotten around to riding the Skunk Train even though I've been aware of its existence for at least forty years. However, I have been back and forth between the towns on Highway 20 and the visual experience is much the same.

"I may actually have most of SNAPS somewhere around the house but it's not organized in any way." Yesterday when I was looking for my copies of *The Glitter City Gazette*, I noticed that I actually printed out the first four SNAPS mailings. This was before I was a member, the mailings weren't very large, and I was printing them at work. The last one I printed was from the month before my retirement. These days I print out only my zine, plus Arnie's and Joyce's.

You ask me, "Have you tried Crocs?" No, they don't appeal to me. Most of the time I prefer to wear shoes, but I do own a pair of Clark's sandals I've had for at least five years and have worn maybe half a dozen times. Like you, I never liked flip-flops but I did like the original Flojos sandals (as pictured here), which don't appear to be available anymore. In fact, I still have a serviceable pair of them around here somewhere.



Bill Mills: I've never really followed the life and career of Paul Williams, "Actor/Singer/Songwriter," because to me as a faan the *only* Paul Williams is the one who wrote *Das Energi*, the original edition of which was published in 1973 by Elektra Records as their first (and to my knowledge, only) book. Of course I knew



him well before that as a prodigy teenage fan who put out his first fanzine (*Within*) in 1962 at the age of fourteen, and went on four years later to found *Crawdad*!—along with *Rolling Stone*, whose first issue was also in 1966, one of the earliest publications to focus on the rock scene in an adult fashion. (To be all-inclusive, I add that Greg Shaw's *Mojo Navigator R&R News* also started in 1966, and Greg was also a teen prodigy fan.) Although we traded fanzines and letters from early on, I didn't meet Paul in person until 1968, when he moved for a while to Mendocino and came often to San Francisco, where I was living at the time. We've maintained contact for over forty years, have worked together on a lot of projects, and are still good friends even though I

don't see him much these days. All that said, I *did* enjoy and appreciate your own Paul Williams nostalgic journey.

Joyce Katz: So sorry that due to no fault of your own you've had to undergo such excruciating and extended pain—I hope that by the time this mailing is distributed it will be a thing of the distant past. Meanwhile, there are worse ways to spend time away from your computer than listening to the blues (how appropriate!), *Amos & Andy* and *The Great Gildersleeve*. Oh, and of course the immortal Hank Williams—one of my old favorites, too!

