



jcannonbooks

Because everybody  
needs an editor . . .

and a newsletter

## Pull yourself together

The writer's arsenal is jammed to the blastproof doors with self-confidence, self-absorption, and self-justification. Let me suggest that the ordnance be rearranged to make room for something more potent: self-editing.

You may be among the paragraph warriors who think the manuscript (or essay or business report) is finished as soon as you write that last sentence, the concluding line so stuffed with fissile material that reader reaction will be uncontrollable. Your ascension to the literary aristocracy will follow shortly thereafter.

Editors call this self-delusion...

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## Travels with Johnny

Gawkers have many reasons to pause in La Jolla. The chi-chi shops, the ocean-view mansions, the preternatural beauty of the people who sweep past on their way to do things that will make them even wealthier. But even those who prefer their streets on the mean side can find rewards here.

Raymond Chandler, high priest of hardboiled, wrote here. He got drunk here. He died here.

I present a fast tour. Fedoras optional.



**La Valencia Hotel**, La V to its admirers, was home to the Whaling Bar, where Chandler was a regular. The bar on Prospect Street has since been remodeled and renamed (actions taken without my approval), and it is now the [Café La Rue](#). Long before that happened, I stopped for a drink at the Whaling Bar with good friend Rob H., authority on luxury hostelries and subscriber to this blog and newsletter, to absorb the dark interior and celebrity ghosts. I had whiskey because what would Marlowe wrap his mitts around after a long day of bracing chumps?



**Raul Guerrero's mural** "Raymond Chandler at the Whaling Bar" adds character to a commercial building on Prospect Street just north of La V. The Esmeralda spelled out in Chandler's pipe smoke is a reference to his last novel, *Playback*, which critics generously say was not his best. Esmeralda was the name of his fictional setting, although tug on any of its corners and La Jolla appears.



**Raymond Chandler's home** on Camino de la Costa, where he lived for nine years. Some say the house is in the Bird Rock neighborhood, others say it's in La Jolla, but either way it's in the city of San Diego. That allows us to avoid debates about boundaries and geography, such as occur when Coronado residents insist they live on an island, despite the presence of the Silver Strand,

terra firma that connects Coronado to the rest of us slobs. The second floor was added about fifty years after Chandler was gone.



**And this is the \$6.7 million** view (Zillow says) of the ocean from the front window, although I shot this from outside because I was not invited in. Seems like a tough place to write noir.



**The big sleep** has continued in [Mount Hope Cemetery](#), southeastern San Diego, since 1959.

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Kind regards,

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