



If you believe in deja vu...

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Special Canine Defecation Issue

In A Prior Lifetime, issue 7 (January, 2006)

Yet another electronic fanzine from : John Purcell
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This zine is available for downloading via request, and at Bill Burns' website, www.efanzines.com . Small bags of sunflower seeds in trade are still an option, too. Always.

Contents: bemused natterings - 3; dust from the attic redux - 4; the shitting fields - 8; from the hinterlands- 10; fanzine reviews- 13; some closing thoughts - 15.

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Bemused Natterings

Being a parent is both a joyful and painful experience. Case in point, our middle child, Josie (pictured here), is not only a stubborn, strong-willed young lady of 14, she is also a sports nut. To be specific, she loves soccer, has played it for 8 years now, and this past fall she was on the high school freshman girls cross country team, but her right knee started giving her even more grief than usual. Well, to make a long story short, she's had this knee problem for well over a year now, has suffered through months of physical therapy, and we were always afraid that surgery was going to be needed. So, last Wednesday, December 21st, Josie finally had arthroscopic knee surgery to correct her tipped patella; not being aligned correctly, it was overstretching ligaments and the bone was grinding away in there, too. Yuck! It hurts just to think about it.



She went through the procedure beautifully (I'll say another thing about her: Josie's a trooper) and today (Dec. 30th) she suffered through her first post-surgery therapy session. Her doctor says that she should be able to run this spring, but not at a full gallop. He's confident that if Josie doesn't push it too hard and follows through on her exercise regimen correctly, she should make a full recovery quite quickly and be playing summer recreational league soccer to get in shape for her sophomore year in high school. Knowing her, Josie will be ready way before then.

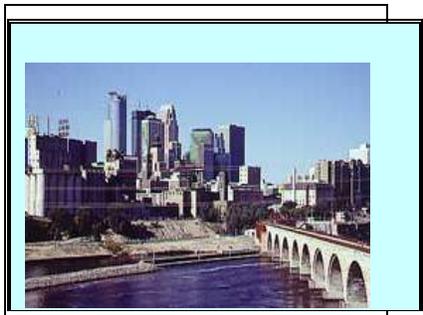
Did I mention that she's stubborn and strong-willed? Trust me: she'll be more than ready.

Daniel (now 10 years old) is our baseball fanatic. Football, too, but he's much better at baseball. Now he's making noises about playing soccer this coming spring. Oh, brother! There goes more money out of my pocketbook again. I told him that if the little league baseball schedule works out, that I was going to coach his team this year. Given a choice, I think he should stick with baseball, and here's why: he throws left-handed strong and accurately, bats both right and left, is a fast runner, and is quite knowledgeable about the game. Soccer would be great for stamina, though, so I have to remember that.

Meanwhile our oldest child, Penny (age 20), is studying over at Sam Houston State University with a major in Criminal Psychology. She is *not* a sports nut, which is fine by me; it's not for everybody, I admit. However, she is very bright – and beautiful, I might add – and doing quite well in school. Two years from now she'll be a college graduate. My, oh my, how time does fly. Some day she'll get married, I'm sure, and I don't know if I'll ever be ready for *that* day. One thing is for sure: *there's* definitely a fanzine article in waiting. And the longer the wait, the better.

The end result of the rapid growth in the late 70's was that Minn-Stf became quite diverse in interests and backgrounds, and this was reflected in the composition of the two teams vying for the editorship of *Rune*. Both teams were composed of bright, young, talented fan well experienced in fan publishing. Of the six people involved, all of them had been or were in apa's, pubbed their own zines (*Boowatt*, *Digressions*, *This House*, and numerous others), and wrote for other fanzines as well. All of these guys were active club members, and also attended conventions around the Midwest, to say nothing of Worldcons. These were two good teams, and it apparently came down to a very long and involved decision on the part of the Minn-Stf Board of Directors to bestow the *Rune* editorship. To make a long story mercifully short, the team of Bartelt-Danielson-Stever Schnoes was chosen.

Since this is a memoir about Lee Pelton, a long discussion of the resultant furor that sprang from the club doesn't really belong here. In short, the "Rune Boys" (as they came to be known as) produced not only the most issues of *Rune* under the helm of an editor(s), filled with some fine fan writing and artwork, but the quality of their issues in terms of reproduction was inconsistent. Apparently some club members took strong offense at the material and quality, and began clamoring for the Rune Boys to step down. It was quite the classic tempest in a teapot, and went on for nearly the entire two years that they edited the clubzine, and I wrote about my reactions to being informed of the BoD's decision in the 10th issue of *This House*, the personalzine I was producing at that time. It didn't help matters much. Over time, the storm over the Rune Boys period subsided and the club continued on in its merry way as if nothing had sort of happened.



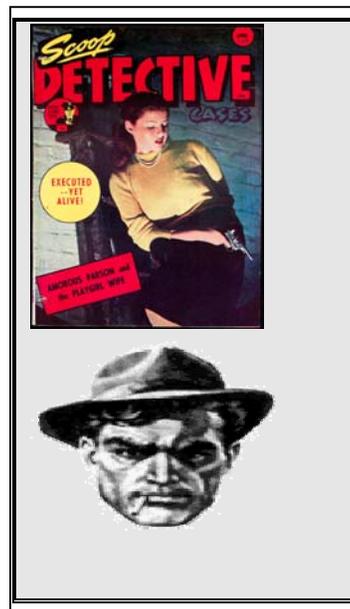
But this question eventually was raised: Was this all deliberate? Years after all this went down, when Garth Danielson and I were chatting in a con suite somewhere in the Midwest, he admitted that they wanted to shake up the complacency that Minn-Stf seemed to have fallen into. Makes sense when you stop and think about it all know.

Through it all, Lee Pelton kept his distance, which was a remarkable achievement for him due to his nature, being never one to hold back on his opinions. He kept out of the Rune Boy fracas, kind of like a hockey goalie watching a couple players duking it out in a playoff game. The way he did this was by keeping busy. First, there were his apa memberships, Lasfapa and Minneapa, in which he relished the give-and-take of fact, opinion, and attitude (remember about that stubborn streak of his). Second, there were the conventions. Like John Stanley, a long-time friend and roommate of Lee's, said in *Rune* #85, "Just assume that if there was a con in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, or Michigan any time from 1976 thru[sic] 1986, there's a 50% or better chance that Lee was there"(5). And third, there was fan pubbing. Fresh from his two years as co-editor of *Rune*, Lee used his contacts and endless supply of energy to recruit artists and writers to produce the first issue of a personalzine, *Secret Traffic*. It was a decent zine, filled with wonderful artwork from the likes of Larry Becker, Alexis Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, Ken Fletcher, Reed Waller, Bill Kunkel, and so on. Most of the

material was written by himself, and covered subjects near and dear to him: rock and roll, comic books, old movies, books (especially heroic fantasy and mystery), conventions, and sports. Like me, Lee was a hockey nut. The Minnesota North Stars was the local addition to the NHL, and in the early 80s, the team was consistently in the playoffs. Between hockey and baseball, Lee wrote a lot about the North Stars and Twins, and sports in general.

I was Lee's printer for *Secret Traffic* (which lasted all of two issues) because my older brother, Rick (who also knew Lee from the Pony-Colt baseball league in St. Louis Park), was the printer for his company in downtown Minneapolis. If I supplied the paper and a case of beer, Rick let me run not only my own zines off on his presses, but also Lee's. When Lee stopped *ST*, he moved on to more of a genzine patterned after *Rune* – go with what you're familiar with, I say – that took its name from his affection for private detective fiction and pulp magazines, and I think also inspired by a line from an old Raymond Chandler book: so the zine was named *Private Heat*. Of his two zines, the latter was by far the better one. This was Lee's baby, and once again, he cajoled, coerced, and badgered people into submissions like the old days of working on *Rune*. *Private Heat* was a fun fanzine, with one of the liveliest letter columns coming out of the Minneapolis-St. Paul fanzine community, which was at peak production in the early 80s: regularly appearing zines were *Rune*, *Boowatt*, *Digressions*, *Quinapalus*, *Private Heat*, *This House*, and a raft of others I can't remember the titles of right now. It was a busy, heady, and fun time for all of us, and Lee was smack dab in the thick of it all, exactly the way that he liked things to be.

When writing in his zines about books and old movies, Lee's love of mysteries and private detectives shone through. He knew a lot about the pulps and the golden age of pulp magazines. His collection of books, magazines, records, and movies (video) continued to grow as he acquired goodies from huckster rooms and local bookstores. Visiting his various apartments during this stretch – 1980 to 1985 – was like going to a museum under construction; you had to watch your step for fear of knocking over something. I don't know how many books and such he had, but my guess is that at its peak, Lee's collections numbered something like 3,500 books, over a thousand record albums, and maybe 4,000 comic books. I always enjoyed perusing his stacks and checking out his latest acquisitions. He was always proud of his stuff and loved to display it.



His frequent moves began shortly after his split with Carol Kennedy in late 1979, and his relationships were just about as numerous. I am no expert on this part of his life, but of all the girlfriends that he had, like Carol, most were of quality stock. The man had good taste

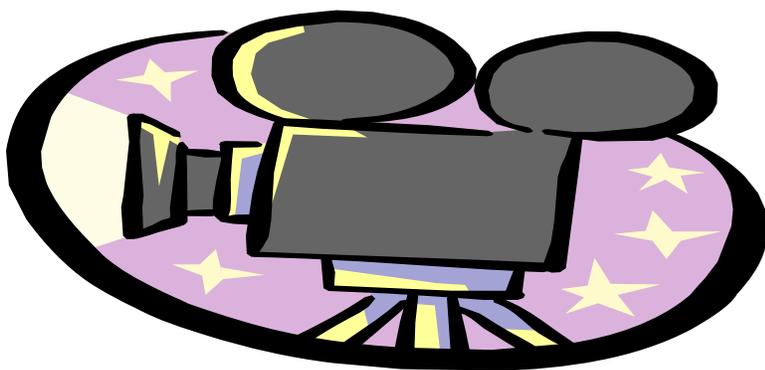
in women. There was only one that I would consider a clunker, but Lee's stubborn nature kept him moving on after each close relationship would come to an end. The vast majority of these ladies, in fact, remained good friends throughout the rest of his life. Lee was not one to burn bridges behind him, but kept them open because, like he used to tell me, "you never know when you might have to backtrack before going forward again." An ideal philosophy to live by for the man, or anybody else, for that matter.

Lee also kept active in music as lead singer of Runestone, a rock band comprised of Minn-Stf members Lee, Nate Bucklin, Reed Waller, Kara Dalkey, and others whose names I forget. David Emerson might have been a member at one point, but I'm not sure. That group fluctuated in personnel and gigs for a while, then petered out. I think Nate can write about Runestone much more thoroughly than I ever could.

Perhaps the last major thing that I can remember about this period, 1980-1985, was that recording session in KFAI-FM's radio studio of "Where No Goon Has Gone Before," a wonderful Goon Show parody of *Star Trek*. Who found this script, I don't remember, but my suspicions fall on Lee; it's exactly the kind of whacked-out, outré humor that he loved. Lee brought in a bunch of us to fill in the voices – Steve Glennon, Dave Romm, Kara Dalkey, myself, and a few others – and the result was brilliant. Lee and Dave Romm spent an evening editing and mixing the bugger, and I remember listening to the broadcast in Lee's apartment. It was astonishing. None of us could believe how *professional* it sounded, complete with bleeps, whooshes, blings, and assorted sound effects. Lee's perfectionist streak came in handy at the edit and mix-down, and this particular Fresh Air recording I guess is now a rarity to acquire.

These were great years for Lee. The special memorials written in *Rune* #85 by Carol Kennedy, Giovanna Fregni, Nate Bucklin, John Stanley, and Jeanne Mealy provide much more personal insight into who Lee was during the 1980's and beyond than I can provide. After I married my first wife in October, 1983, my fanac and contact with Minn-Stf began a slow decline, eventually fading out by the end of 1989, which leads to the untimely end of Lee's life.

Thus will be the last segment of this story, slated for next issue.



Keep the cameras rolling...

I'm ready for my close-up,
Mr. DeMille...

"Pop the next reel in,
Steve...John, can you get
me a pop?"(ca.1978)

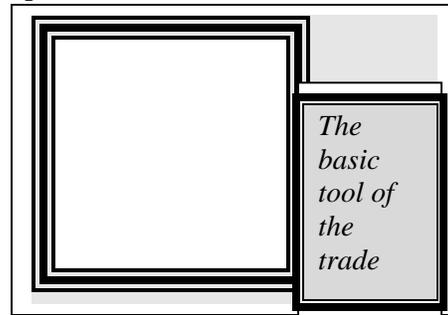
What follows is the title-piece, the inspiration for this issue's theme. So, in the grand tradition that states **All Knowledge is Contained in Fanzines**, I present to you

The Shitting Fields

In recent years, the Purcell Petting Zoo has seen a shifting population swing. Past residents have included hamsters, gerbils, white rats, and a rabbit, but the current zoo inhabitants seem to have leveled off at seven cats, three dogs, a fish tank (badly in need of cleaning, I just noticed) with seven platys murkily swimming about, and a very loud, obnoxious cockatiel. Repeatedly, I have stated my intention of being a strict adherent to the principle of pet attrition, and as the rodentia have died off, they have not been replaced. Even so, as can be imagined, the upkeep on such a menagerie is extensive, and I think I have become a bit of an expert in my area of maintenance: poop scooping the back yard.

Cats are relatively easy to take care of: they bathe themselves, can easily be trained to use the litter box, which is scooped daily and changed out/cleaned out once a week, and they are a low maintenance pet. Love them dearly. Dogs, on the other hand, smell. They consequently need to be bathed, let out a dozen times a day it seems – and that's for each dog; they take turns running to the sliding glass door to our patio and backyard – which means that there are piles of poop scattered around the back yard that need to be picked up. Now don't get me wrong; I love my dogs, all three of them: Fossey (full name: Diana Mary Leakey Fossey) is a beautiful black and white border collie (3 years old); Timmy is a miniature collie (about 12 years old now, and going quite blind in one eye); and Pulcinella (10 years old now) is a Maltese/Chihuahua mix that is no bigger than a minute and thinks he runs the joint. It's always the smallest one of the bunch who acts this way. But three dogs can leave a lot of dog shit scattered around the yard, and, if left untaken care of for, say, three weeks, that's a lot of poop to scoop.

There are certain “tools of the trade” that one needs to procure before tackling such a daunting task. To the right here, is a graphic of what is known as a pooper-scooper. This is usually a simple mechanism comprised of two poles connected by a pivoting screw halfway down each, with metal scooping claws at the end of each pole. Usually one of these Has a raking edge while the opposable poop scoop is shaped sort of like the front-end of a toy front-end loader. This implement can be purchased at your local Wal-Mart, Target or K-Mart pet department for anywhere from \$8 to \$15, depending on how fancy you want to get. The graphic above has a trigger handle for closing the scoop around the poop, and this is the high-end model of the poop scooping trade. It all depends on how prettily you want to get this job done.



But, it is one thing to look good doing it if you don't have a place to dump the, uh, crap into. So the complimentary tools that I use are a large empty detergent bucket that I line

with either a plastic grocery shopping bag or - you guessed it – a plastic Wal-Mart shopping bag. With one hand carrying the bag-lined bucket and the other the pooper-scooper, I walk around the back yard, north to south, in search of the piles our dogs have left behind. When I come across a pile, the bag-lined bucket is set down, I open up the business end of the scooping mechanism, close it around the pile, and then deposit it into its awaiting receptacle.

I have gained a rather dubious knowledge-base courtesy of my travels around the yard. By now I can tell which dog has done the old squat-and-leave-it schtick. Naturally, the smallest, tubular shaped piles are Pulcinella's, but it's harder to tell apart Timmy's and Fossey's. After not-so-close observation and triangulation, Fossey's turds are definitely more substantial in color and texture than Timmy's. This is probably due to their diets, since Timmy eats only dog food and Fossey's middle name should actually be Hoover. Drop a pretzel, she's on it. Making popcorn? She's under your feet ready to catch the popped kernels in mid-air. Browning hamburger, eating a sandwich, soup, broccoli, carrots, ice cream, pizza, left-over Stove Top™ stuffing... You name it, she'll eat it. As a result, when Fossey rings the bells to go out back, you'd better hightail it to open the door; she's got some serious shitting to do. The real problem in completing this task is trying to do it after a rainfall. Our area of Texas being a subtropical region means that we get a monsoon season every year, which turns poop scooping into more like scraping melted chocolate out of the grass. If such is the case, wait a day after the rains stop so that it can dry out and become scoop-able; even so, rain-softened, dried out dog turds are no fun to remove. That's when the yard is peppered with scattered fragments of Klingons.

By the end of the poop detail, I have collected a full bag, sometimes two bags, of harvested doggie doo-doo. Being already bagged up, it's easy to dispose of it all in the garbage can. My son, Daniel, is now being trained in carrying on this male-dominated duty of the Purcell household, although at times Josie will perform the task. It makes me feel good inside to know that in this case, some one will be able to take care of the shit in the yard. A nice warm, yummy feeling. Kind of like having a nice, warm place to... well, you know what I mean.

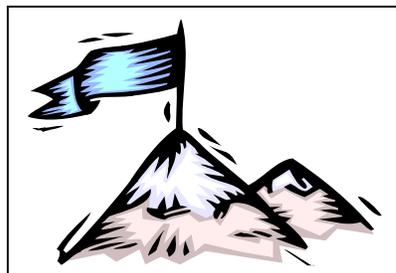


I guess that for once in my life, I can honestly say that I really do know my shit. Who knows? Maybe someday someone will be able to train dogs to clean up after themselves.

Wishful thinking department

From the Hinterlands

It's that time again to see what some of you folks have to say about the 6th issue. So let's go to the electronic mailbag and see what I can pull out this time around.



Eric Mayer writes: Quick end of the year loc. Looks like pretty soon you'll be weekly! Fascinating first-hand account of Texas football. I have never understood the wild appeal of football and particularly college. I follow the sport some but I prefer baseball. When I was younger I rooted for Notre Dame. Remember John Huarte and Jim Seymour? I was really pissed when Huarte was drafted essentially as a backup for some bumpkin named Joe Namath. *=I am still a big Notre Dame fan, but my true affections lie with Iowa State University (my Alma Mater) and the University of Minnesota, which I attended from 1974 to 1977. =*

I grew up outside the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania and that's an area No one had any opinion on the wisdom of jointure from an educational perspective, everyone was in despair over the fact that some traditional football rivalries between schools were going to end.

Probably the only way the consolidation went through was that people began to consider the super football team the district could field. All the best players from all those tough valley teams. It'd be the allstar team. Hell, they'd kick butt all over the state. So a schedule was set up and the prospective kickees included teams from Allentown and the Philadelphia area. Yeah, the valley fans couldn't wait to show those big city sissies what real football was all about.

Did I mention that Wyoming Valley had never discovered the forward pass?

After several years of humiliation the district retreated to a local schedule and, weirdly, hasn't been any better over the years than a lot of smaller districts in the same area.

I'll look forward to the next issue where, at least then, high school football was more important than anything except beer. My dad taught art at a local high school and I still recall how angry he'd be after trying to dislodge a few dollars for art supplies from the football program. When it was decided that the area schools should consolidate into one district the populace practically exploded into war. Maywrite2@epix.com *=That's not good. Football is not that important to me. Unfortunately, the poor souls here in Texas treat football as if it was something sacred. Now that the Longhorns have won the national collegiate Division I-A championship, these people are going to be even worse than usual. =*

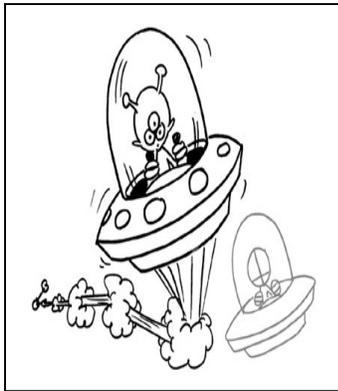
Peter Sullivan writes: I suppose there are at least two ways of analysing fans. The first is in terms of their personality type – insurgent or barrack-room lawyer, fannish or sercon, or

whatever other distinctions you want to draw. The problem is that most people are not complete archetypes of one particular personality type, but a combination to some degree of all of them.

The second is their area of fannish interest – trekkies, other media fen, literature fen, filk singers, costumers, furry fandom, anime/manga or whatever. Of course, as you mention, this gets even more complicated when you factor in the fact that most fen seem to have several fields of interest, even if at different levels of involvement.

You could probably come up with a definitive “fannish profile” for each and every fan by permutating all of these possible combinations, and ranking each attribute on a scale of 1-5 or similar. The only problem being that, by the time you’d done all of that, you’ve missed out on lots of time you could have used actually doing fanac instead of just talking about it. = *This would take a long time to compile, I agree, but I can imagine a fan profile along the lines of a Ligert scale (1-5, with one being the least agreement, 5 the most agreement) in terms of fanac. It sounds so damned serconish that I’m sure someone might actually try to do this some day.* =

The idea of Winnie the Pooh as a fan-writer sounds plausible. There seem to be a large number of convention reports that start with a long and involved description of the journey to get there, usually describing various mishaps along the way, before ending up back where you started. All you need to do is declare “Where The Woozle Wasn’t” (the classic story of following the footprints of the never-found “woozle”) as a “Woozlecon I Trip Report” and the parallels become obvious. =*Wait until I start writing my Not-Worldcon Reports again.* =



I think it’s a bit misleading to tell Eric Mayer that “Escape is always an option.” I would have thought that leaving fandom is a bit like being in a witness protection programme – “You can leave fandom, but fandom will never leave you.” Both your personal history and Eric’s would seem to back this up – fandom always gets back to you eventually!

I think it’s a little unfair to describe fanzeen fandom as being “about nothing.” Probably fairer to say that it’s “about itself.” Which might sound at first glance to be the same thing, but it’s definitely not. Mathematically, something that’s about nothing will always remain at zero. Whilst something that’s about itself can spiral off recursively into “infinity and beyond.”

Eric’s comments about producing a footnote-heavy philosophy paper and getting an A+ reminds me of the political philosophy paper I did for my undergraduate degree. I had to do one political philosophy course as part of my politics degree, but was never really comfortable with either the subject or my tutor. So in my examination paper, I fooled about, in one place saying that a particular philosophical debate was like two old fishwives arguing over the back yard fence – “They can never agree, as they are arguing from different premises.” Needless to say, I got my best mark in any paper. Go figure.

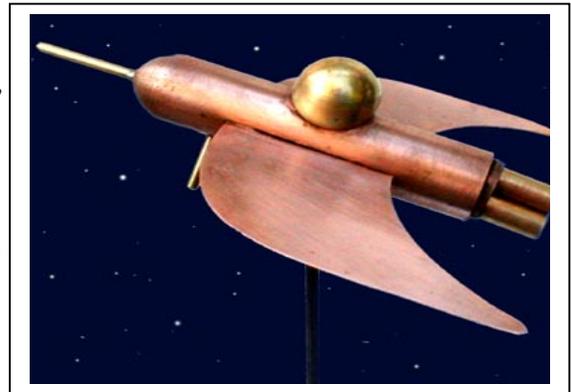
Interesting to see you mention the lack of fanzeen reviews. In theory, it should be much easier to do reviews of e-fanzeens, as they are all up there on the website for anyone to have a look-see. But it doesn’t seem to work out like that. I know that Chris Garcia does fanzeen reviews in his Livejournal at <http://www.livejournal.com/users/johnnyeponymous/> –but he seems to be the only one. Ted White did a series of fanzeen reviews up to 2003 which are on efanazines.com – I believe

these were meant to be available for “syndication” by local SF clubzeens as a way of introducing their members to “wider fandom” but I’m guessing that the response didn’t warrant continuing. peter@burdonvale.co.uk =As you will see in a bit, I am indeed doing fanzine reviews in this zine. =

Chris Garcia wrote: Good ish, lad! Damn good ish. Love the cover. As you're probably aware, Ghost TV of various sorts are my greatest TV weaknesses. Travel Channel on Friday nights and I'm hooked from 7 until 10. Most Haunted will just about be the death of me...at which point I could appear on the show! =You will usually find me watching Travel Channel on Friday nights, too; they've got a good line-up, but unfortunately, they repeat their shows too frequently. At some point I would suspect somebody is going to start up a Ghost Channel. There's enough material out there, that's for sure.=

Football is not my sport. I even stopped watching the Super Bowl because it just bored me. I can watch baseball all night long, as long as I have a book or something to watch during the non-action parts, but the pitcher vs. batter dynamic has no equal in sports. I watch boxing, wrestling, UFC, and once in a while Pro Pool. Pool is a fun one, and Women's 9-Ball features some lovely ladies, most notably the classic battle between the butch (women like Helena Thornfeld) and the femme (The Black Widow, Janette Lee).

I do disagree with your hockey statement, at least that San Jose shouldn't have a team. We need a hockey team, especially since the A's aren't allowed to move to San Jose by some stupid agreement that the Giants made ten years ago. Still, I miss Hartford and Winnipeg. I loved the Whalers back in the day. = I loved the Whalers, too, and the Jets. Think of it, Chris; those teams gave Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe the chance to keep their careers going, and in the process gave the WHA drawing power and respect. =



That is one beautiful collie they have there. I'm a dog nut, so sue me. =Border collies are my favorite; that's why we have one. Did you watch the recent AKC Eukanuba Championship on Animal Planet? We were thrilled that a poodle didn't win again this year. =

The mid-1970s were a heady time to be a fan. I don't remember them, though my Dad's told me stories of various cons we went to back in those days. I've still never been to a Minicon, nor any con in the Mid-West at all, actually. I've always wanted to go to a Windycon. Sadly, my inability to handle flying will probably keep me from enjoying the wonders that exist in that wasteland between New York and LA (or as I view it, Washington DC and Washington State).

Speaking as a film fan, those film rooms sound like they were a blast. = They most certainly were! = I'm lucky to have met a lot of folks in the schlock film community, including Johnny Legend, who along with K. Gordon Murray, brought the Mexican Wrestling Movie to the United States. Terror of Tiny Town might be the Citizen Kane of Little People Westerns. Sort of like the Shane of the Midget Movement. I really wonder what the world was like before folks realized that you could make fun of bad movies and have far more fun than watching, or trying to watch them, it straight. Riffing has become an art of the highest degree. MST3K has hurt some films

though. I remember two kids mocking Schindler's List while I was watching it. Then again, that one-armed guy trying to dig was kinda funny.

Nice little bit of fiction you got there. I'm not opposed to fiction in fanzines at all, I run a piece or two every now and again myself. Good dialog. I've got a tin ear for dialog, sadly, which is really bad when you try to write scripts.

There are a few fanzine reviews out there. I do them on my livejournal (johnnyeponymous being my screenname) and there are a few that pop up here and there in other zines. Yeah, you should start running reviews! Do it! Do it NOW!!!

Garcia@computerhistory.org

= Well, let me know what you think of my fmz review column coming up Real Soon now.=

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Ned Brooks, Arthur Hlavaty, Arnie Katz, Earl Kemp, R Laurraine Tutihasi.

Fanzine Reviews

Focus on Club Publications:

- Vegas Fandom Weekly*
- Science Fiction in San Francisco*
- Einblatt/Rune*

Clubzines are the topic for this inaugural installment of *IAPL's* fanzine review column. Since I'm dealing with firsts here, allow me to elucidate as to why I chose clubzines to review. I don't think there would be an argument if I say that fanzine fandom began with the clubzine. Yes, the occasional amateur publication cropped up in the 1920s, but in terms of organized fandom as we know it, in the early years of sf activity, the prozine lettercolumns enabled fans to contact each other and form groups or clubs, which then spawned the first fanzines. For example, the Science Correspondence Club issued the first number of *The Comet* in May, 1930, followed shortly by The Scienceers official organ, *The Planet* (July, 1930). (Moskowitz, 1954, 8-10) It wasn't until roughly the mid-30s that non-club oriented zines began being produced. For those of you with historical interests, I highly recommend Harry Warner, Jr.'s *All Our Yesterdays* and Sam Moskowitz's *The Immortal Storm* as excellent research sources for digging into the origins of the sf fanzine. For that matter, go to www.fanac.org as a research tool, to say nothing of www.efanzines.com, which also has many fan historical zines on site.

With this out of the way, the immediate concern of a club publication, or so I believe, is to provide information about the club, where meetings are being held, and so on and so

forth, while displaying the talents of club members and being entertaining for fandom at large. Back in the day, *Rune* was a shining example of what a clubzine should be. Of course, I am a bit biased in this, but I can't think of many clubzines that maintained such a high standard and frequency for such an extended period of time. With this criteria set in mind, let's see how three current SF club publications live up to them.

Science Fiction/San Francisco
Editors: Jean Martin, Chris Garcia, Jack Avery
e-mail:
SfinSF@gmail.com

First up is *Science Fiction/San Francisco*. What I like about this one is the heavy local emphasis, which is something I believe needs to be addressed by a clubzine. *SFinSF* – I'll call it *SF2* -regularly features extensive listings of science fiction and fantasy events in the Bay Area, such as cons, book signings, and so on. It covers group activities (such as the Dr. Who group, and opening night for "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire" with photos of club members in costume). Issue #13 included a large article on the Combots Cup and the Robot Fighting League National Championship in San Francisco, held on November 11-13, 2005; there was also a fine interview with and articles about George R.R. Martin. This is good stuff produced by and for the club, and it provides the rest of us in fandom about what's going on in Bay Area Fandom. For a sizeable twice-monthly publication (#13 was 40 pages long), *SfinSF* is an entertaining and informative zine.

Vegas Fandom Weekly
Editor: Arnie Katz
e-mail:
crossfire4@cox.net

Then there is *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, edited by Arnie Katz, a long-time fan who's making a bunch of us other faneds envious of his stable of writers. Besides being highly informative of club doings, this is a very entertaining read with a strong historical bent. This doesn't surprise me, considering that many members of Las Vegas Fandom are long-time, veteran fen, like Arnie and Joyce Katz, Ross Chamberlain, Bill Kunkel, and Linda Bushyager, plus they get visitors like Art Widner seemingly on a regular basis. Ah me. Besides the local activities, which are numerous indeed, *VFW* is so much fun to read for someone like me who enjoys the reflections of Arnie and his regular columnists, Richard Lupoff, Bill Kunkel, Shelby Vick, and James Taylor (not the musician). I like *VFW* also for the fact that it really does come out once a week and provides a focal point for fans like fanzines used to do back in the 1930s. Very enjoyable and informative reading complete with a lively loccol. I highly recommend this zine.

Rune/Einblatt
Rune editor: Jeff Schalles
rune@mnstf.org
Einblatt editor: Scott Raun
URL:
<http://mnstf.org/einblatt>

These are the two primary fanzines put out by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., and I am not sure if *Rune* is even being published anymore; the last ones I have seen are #81-86 (#86 dated March, 2002), although #85 is dated March, 1995! A little confusing here, gang. If *Rune* is indeed dead, that

would be a crying shame and a great loss in the fannish continuum. At one point in the Seventies, it was the epitome of the stfnal clubzine, with great writing, artwork, and regularly published. On the other hand, *Einblatt* is the monthly on-line (and print) listing of upcoming club meetings/announcements/COA's/cons and stuff in general. It can be viewed in either HTML or PDF format, and is a great source of information on who's doing what in a hotbed of fannish activity. *Einblatt* truly is a fannish newsletter in the finest tradition of the genre. I tend to use it as a resource for updating my mailing list, and to see who's still knocking around. The Minn-stf website is also a fine resource for info on area cons, writers, and people. Check it out at <http://mnstf.org/index.html> and click on the links that interest you. My personal opinion: needs a bit of work, but still okay as far as websites go, so do so to contact the club to urge the continuation of *Rune*. I really miss it!

OTHER FANZINES VIEWED RECENTLY (on efanzines.com):

Taboo Opinions #80-82, Motorway Dreamer #1, Catchpenny Gazette #13 & 14, File 770:146, Drink Tank #62-63, Claims Department #6, It Goes on the Shelf #27, The Banksoniain #8, Visions of Paradise #10, The Glitter City Gangstas #1.

Some closing thoughts

Here's a quote from a chapter Howard DeVore wrote for Joe Sanders' 1994 book, *Science Fiction Fandom*, a collection of essays from prominent fans, professionals, and academics about this crazy thing called "Science Fiction Fandom." The chapter that Howard wrote is entitled, appropriately enough, "A Science Fiction Collector":

Why, you might ask, would anyone want to fill three rooms of a house and most of a two-car garage with tons of hardcover books, heaps of paperbacks, and a ton or two of ancient magazines, some of which are so old that they are slowly crumbling back into the wood pulp from whence they came?

I confess that I'm not sure myself why I have done this, but then I've only been at it for half a century. Perhaps when they seal me into my own snug little box and lower me into the ground, I'll have reached some conclusions. When that happens I'll give up this nonsense and go quietly, taking with me only a few treasured items: my sets of *Weird Tales*, *Unknowns*, *Astoundings* a few hardcovers like the Arkham House editions, the Gnome Press, the Shastas with Hannes Bok jackets... or perhaps it would be simpler if they would just cremate me with my treasures! (221)

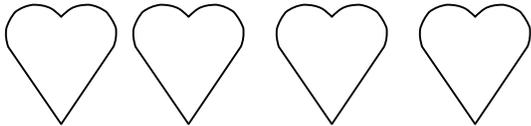
By now, most, if not all, of Core Fandom has learned of the death of Howard DeVore on New Year's Eve. In the lettercolumn of *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #60, I wrote that I was saddened by this news, but sadder still by the fact that I never really knew Howard. Over the years I had met him only a couple of times at conventions, but never got the chance to get to know him much more than as just another fun, extraordinarily knowledgeable fan about things stfnal as we chatted in huckster rooms about recent finds for our collections. After all, I was a young pup compared to Howard; at IguanaCon in 1978, I was 24, and he was something like 53. The neat thing that I remember the most about Big-Hearted Howard was that he didn't care about age differences or the size of my puny 2,000-book

collection, or anything else that differentiated us. He was truly one of those rare individuals who gave you full attention and valuable feedback, no matter what you were talking about. Howard simply *cared*.

Which is probably the best testimonial that either I or anybody else can say about Howard DeVore. Why else would they name the Big-Hearted Fan Award after him?

So now, as we all collect our fond memories of Howard, it's inevitable that some of us will have much larger collections than others, and some – like myself – barely even had the chance to get started creating such a memory collection. But once again, the quantity of the collection doesn't matter, it is the *quality* of the collection that does matter.

Thank you, Howard, for the brief time that I was able to spend with you.



From off the Internet, a Yahoo! story about the recent grassfires in Texas and Oklahoma. Cross Plains, Texas has been ravaged by these fires, which have destroyed over 100 homes and left four people dead. Further in the article, was the following paragraph:

Most of the homes destroyed in Cross Plains were modest, working-class houses built during the 1930s and '40s. The fire spared a town landmark, the nearly century-old house — now a museum — of Robert E. Howard, author of the "Conan the Barbarian" books.
(12/28/05)

This space is reserved for mailing dead-tree versions of this fanzine.

So there.

Signed,

the management