

In A Prior Lifetime #12



June, 2006

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2006

June ,

A fanzine – electronic or otherwise, a fanzine is a fanzine by any other name, and may not smelleth so suite, but here you go anyway – from this fella:

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this zine is available for downloading either by request or it can be viewed at www.efanzines.com which is a website any cyberfan worth his salt, pepper, oregano, or spice of their choosing should be visiting on at least a tri-daily schedule.

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This is a Postmodernist Publication, which means you're not really reading this.
Really.

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Bemused Natterings

Most Friday evenings you can usually find me watching – and heckling – the assorted ghost story shows on the Travel Channel, especially *Most Haunted*, which strikes me as particularly stupid.



I don't believe in ghosts, but it would be most certainly cool if I ever saw one. If I had a choice of a particular ghost to see, I would choose my father because I have some questions about fatherhood.

My first draft of this section was getting a bit lengthy in re-telling the last time I had talked to my dad, and I really don't think it's necessary to rehash it. None of you folks ever knew him. Let's just say that John William Purcell passed away on December 4, 1988, at the age of 64; cause of death was congestive heart failure brought on by complications of emphysema (he had been a smoker for nearly 40 years before quitting at the age of 55). Nine weeks later I met my current wife, Valerie; he would have loved her like a daughter, of that I am certain.

The only reason why I'm bringing this up is that today – as I write this – is Father's Day, and here I am, a father myself. This fact never ceases to amaze me because there were times in my younger days that I would never have considered this possibility. But, time and circumstances have created who I am today – warts and all, also badly in need of a good hairstyle that can compensate for my thinning locks – and I can't imagine my life without Val, Penny, Josie, and Daniel. It's a crazy collection of personalities, and I love them all so dearly.

So here we are on Father's Day, 2006. It's raining outside, and it's quiet here as I sip coffee while working on this fanzine. Here's hoping for a relatively quiet day because tonight we're all going to the Arctic Wolf Ice Center in town to watch Eric's hockey team (he's Penny's boyfriend) play a game at 8 PM tonight.



Therefore, for all the fathers in my reading audience, have a Happy Father's Day, and most importantly --
- Go Oilers!

On Writing Fan History, Part Deux

By Garth Spencer

*[editor's notes: In our last episode, Garth began his rationale about the whys and hows of his experiences in writing fannish history pieces. This article was originally published in **This House #15 (Spring, 1989)** and does seem a bit dated at times. However, I believe that the concluding segment that follows makes some comments that are still valid today. It is also my hope that this article will spark some like-minded fen to contribute fan-historical articles to this zine.]*

Well, some patterns show up in fan groups. Almost all of them seem to be universal, in fandom:

* Apart from a few faithful (and partisan) correspondents, such as Taral Wayne Macdonald in Toronto, people were not generally as obsessed with playing reporter/historian as I was. Information showed up in fragments, and usually very ex post facto. I am still learning how to “read” documentary evidence for the factors involved in group and system dynamics. I don’t know anyone else who bothers. Fandom is not generally concerned with details, at least not accumulating, checking and disseminating detailed information.

* Like fandom the world over, Canadian fans have no overarching single organization. (A single national organization was attempted in the late forties and early fifties. It didn’t last.) In large cities, such as Toronto and Vancouver, fandom is not one, but mainly clubs and communities of friends; they are tenuously connected by a very few members in common; each one is usually centered on a different interest or selection than others. (I have been presuming that something organizes group behavior, even when there is no overt organization.) Based on observation and hearsay, I and Michael Skeet of Toronto incline to the view that fan groups larger than 30 or 40 members are unstable and liable to fission.



* There were fans in Canada as early as anywhere else, but fan groups appeared to go back only to the sixties and seventies (except in Toronto) within the nation’s population center. Fan communities and formal clubs existed there at least as early as the late forties. Obviously, fan groups depend on a sufficient collectivity gathering at one time and place.

* SF fan groups seem to seek the lowest possible level of displayed activity, applied intelligence, and forethought given to their enterprises. Anything that gets done is done by one, maybe a few overworked and hyperactive members. Whether they feel sufficiently supported, appreciated and rewarded for their efforts depends entirely on how they respond. (And what did Jophan learn about achieving Trufandom?) Again, when fans get together and get fannish, they are not, by and large, going to take care of details. At least, only one or two people in a group are willing to keep track of club or convention income and expenses.

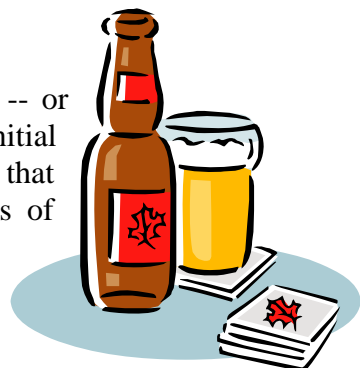
* Since media fan groups started to appear, they have displayed some kinds of ignorance or misinformation to an extreme: conceiving “convention” only in the most grandiose, inflated terms. (*vide* the 1983 Constellation Con Affair, in Victoria, delivering only the most inadequate money/local resources/effort to actualize their plans, compared to what their plans demand; conceiving “fanzine” only in terms of a fiction-zine *Oasis* or a media series; and conceiving “fandom” only in terms of something like the Official *Star Wars* Fan Club. (This is merely fannish behavior exaggerated in General System Theory terms, a matter of sub-optimal boundary definition. But I’m still working on this.)

* As SF clubs go, so go convention committees, award committees, A.PAS, writing workshops, etc. Conventions, involving as they do Real Money, occasion some of the fiercest disagreements. (So do fanzines, involving as they do recognition and perceived status or prestige, but fanzines don’t usually occasion lawsuits.)

* No fan group anywhere goes more than about five years without at least one major feud and split-up. The earliest of these occurred in the mid-seventies -- except, again, in Toronto. So, some group interactions — *vide*, the destructive ones — depend on a sufficient collectivity operating as a society for a sufficient time. For instance, a fairly typical fanzine fan will react to boredom by trying to do something, produce something, usually a fanzine, and will expect others to do the same. My stereotype of a media fan will seek out something to look at, perhaps a videotape bought at an inflated price. Two such people cannot keep the peace in the same club.

* Fan groups grow or die. Fandom as a whole, and local fan groups generally, have been growing unevenly over the last few decades. This has increased the amount of interactivity, fan activity (e.g., publishing and con running), feuding, fissioning, and serious problems in fandom.

* Organic solidarity and community of interests in a club -- or collegiality between different interest groups -- is an initial feature of clubs; but fans are not good at maintaining that solidarity. They don’t seem to know or seek out methods of conflict resolution, either. (Too much trouble for them?)



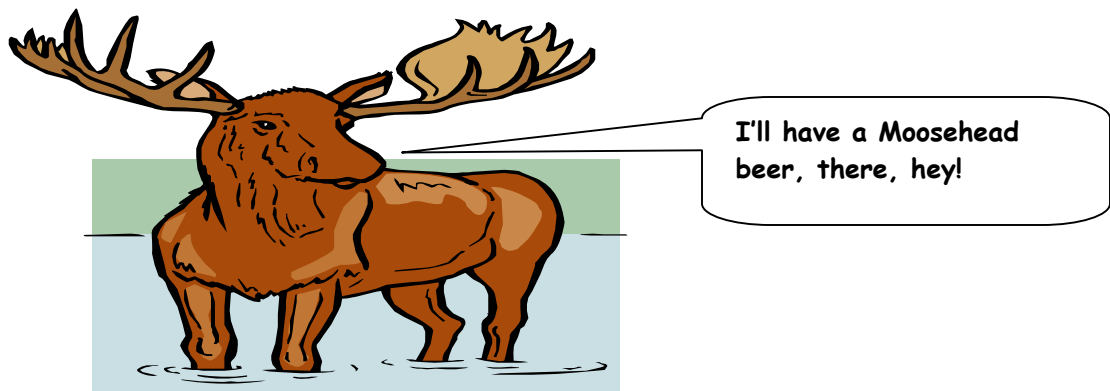
* There is not, and perhaps cannot be, a central authority to perceive and solve fannish problems (such as increasing fiascos made of conventions, or increasingly frequent breach of contract by convention hotels). *En masse*, fan groups just muddle through their difficulties without a general, informed overview, and without collective, coordinated action.

* Perhaps the only formal, distinctive feature of Canadian fandom was the gulf in communication and awareness between English and French Canada. This is changing, first because of Robert Runte's efforts with New Canadian Fandom, more lately due to MLR and the attempts to keep Canadian SF & Fantasy awards going.

* Modern fandom is a modified anarchy, a meeting-place — divergent interests, interest groups, motivations and goals.

Now, I started fanediting with an idea that there was one, general fandom, a society with at least a few interests and values held in consensus. (I must have been thinking of fanzine fandom.) Nope. No way. Fandom is too big. It is a mass society, and any given interest is a minority, partisan interest -- including faneditors, and people who want to learn how fan activities are best performed. No social behavior in a mass society can be anything but partisan -- nobody is in the majority, much less forms a value consensus.

You can't help everyone; you've got to help yourself.



#

What was I afraid of?

This is a good question to ask anyone who spends a lot of time and concentrated effort accumulating data and planning before getting into anything. True, I had heard a lot of horror stories about convention committees who wouldn't get real and get their act together. But my problem with fandom was more general, had to do with almost everything fans do as fans. Friends of mine lost a lot because some lunatics -- with whom we had no connection, and over whom we had no control -- created a real fiasco when they wanted to set up a convention. Because outer mundania has no interest in distinguishing between fans, I figured the lunatics destroyed my friends' credibility.

The vehemence of my response surprised me. I wanted to stop the kind of bullshit that went on. I wanted to protect my friends. My response was also quite futile: I was really trying to change the past, and to preach, to reach people who weren't even reading the *Rag*. On the rational level, I hoped to prevent other fiascos in the future. The same kind



of idiocy had happened elsewhere, it was real and serious, I wasn't imagining things. What I still lacked, even when I rationalized, was a sense of proportion.

After several years I recently heard about some cons that put the local fiasco in proportion. One group under-financed and oversold a Star Trek Convention in Spokane, exercised no control, had the convention closed for them by the hotel, and lost thousands of dollars. Another group, in Calgary some years ago, made every planning mistake they could make, without any reference to standard convention practices, and still muddled through. Both groups did as they pleased and took their chances. As it worked out, I think one was successful and the other not because of the ratio between what the group

planned and what kind of money/local resources/effort they could actually bring to actualize their plans.

I guess that's fandom; that's the way that many fans choose to be. Only some individuals choose to learn from experience.

Recent news [*as of 1989 - ed.*] from Toronto supports this conclusion. *Ad Astra 7/Convention 7* (June, 1987), published some information on who started the Canadian Unity Fan Fund, but didn't get the founder's name right. I think they really just didn't register any reason to be particular about the name. The *Ad Astra* committee also noticed only the fact that some Quebec SF writers wanted to participate -- and not that they wanted to get science-fiction Quebecois some exposure in English, and NOT in French. (English-Canadians, especially in the east, stay away from the French language in droves.) This is all normal fannish behavior, and it all boils down to inattention to detail. The reality principle is, fans are not going to pay attention to details in fan activities. That isn't what fandom is about. I shouldn't expect it.

In the near future, I hope to find some ways to intervene and modify group behavior. But for now I will set some standards of intelligence and logical consistency for myself, and warn other people that I expect them to do the same. For now, beyond that circle, I think I should expect from fandom, fandom - just what fandom displays.

Garth Spencer

Pablo Lennis John Thiel
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Lafayette, IN 47904

Surprising Stories John Thiel
available at efanzines.com
or www.surprisingstories.dcw.com

Planetary Stories Shelby Vick
available at www.efanzines.com



Fan fiction – not faan fiction, which is fiction written by, about, and for fans – is a dicey proposition for an aspiring fan to pub in a zine. You know what I mean here: science fiction fans really do try their unproven writing skills by composing short and long (sometimes tediously long) science fiction stories and pubbing them in fanzines. I myself have fallen prey to this; *In A Prior Lifetime #6* included a fantasy story that I wrote over the course of the previous year, “Mephisto Dropped in One Day.” It is currently in a re-write phase, and will not see re-printing in these pages. With the changes I am making to it, I believe it will be marketable to any of the many fantasy fiction magazines being published.

In this endeavor, I am not alone. Fans turning into pros is a long and storied tradition in science fiction and fantasy fandom. The list could go on for a long time: Donald Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, Bob Tucker, Bob Bloch, Ray Bradbury, and so forth; I don’t have the time or space here to get more specific, but you get the idea; many a fealthy pro began life as a humble fan with dreams of hitting the big leagues some day. Just check out any of the fan history books available, or go to fanac.org for examples of what I’m talking about here.

It is thus not a surprise that fan fictionzines are still floating around in both paper and electronic format, though the numbers may have dwindled greatly compared to earlier fannish eras. In this column I will look at only a few of these, two of which are produced by John Thiel and the other by Shelby Vick, both long-time fans.

First things first, I will look at the dead-tree fictionzine, *Pablo Lennis #223* (June, 2006). As can be gleaned by its number, this zine has been running for years. In fact, I remember getting issues of this back in the 70s. You have to credit John Thiel with his staying power and devotion to putting out this zine for so many years. In that time he has created a definite personality and attitude for *Pablo Lennis*; it seems almost punkish in attitude with a layout that is very crammed; stories and poems blend into each other with little if no physical separation between the two; lots of typeface smashed together, too, with occasional illustrations jammed in with an editor’s crowbar. This makes for difficult reading, and detracts from enjoying the stories and poems, some of which are decent. The title story, for example, “The Shadow Man,” is not that bad and has some sections of good dialogue, plus it has a definite plot-line. But the lack of a coherent structure in layout clarity is detrimental to the story’s enjoyment. Then again, like I mentioned before, I get the feeling that this layout is deliberate, that John is using such a technique to give *Pablo Lennis* an “against the norm” anarchic attitude. If so, it works.

Contrast this with John's *Surprising Stories*, which can be viewed at good old efanzines.com, also a fiction-zine; this one is much more readable – yet another benefit of computer-generated fanzines? It's hard to produce a visual crudzine on a computer? Not going there right now – and easy to navigate. Each story is hyperlinked, and I think it shows that John has obviously taken the time to make *Surprising Stories* his showcase zine. Content-wise, some good stuff is in here; I don't desire to single out any specific story or poem right now, but if you're into writing and reading stories produced by fans, John Thiel is one outlet for your work. Don't forget to loc, either; fannish courtesy extends to the potential fiction author in all of us.

Shelby Vick is pubbing another outlet for fan-produced fiction, and his *Planetary Stories* is one of the most visually appealing sites on efanzines.com. ShelVy even goes to great lengths to make his zine look like a pulp magazine from the golden age of the pulps, complete with garish covers and titles. Check out issue number 3 (2005) to see what I mean. It's fun stuff, complete with a letter column and other features that used to be included in the great old pulps. This zine can be viewed in either HTML or PDF format on efanzines.com; either way it's great fun. As with any fiction written by fans, some is good, but most is so-so. (For that matter, this is how I feel about the pro-zines right now; I am not impressed with *Asimov's* story selection recently, but this is fodder for a latter issue.) I like *Planetary Stories* for its throw-back appeal. This is fun stuff if you take it at that level.

So, in short, there is still an active market for fans who want to try their hand at writing science fiction and fantasy. What I have listed and briefly reviewed here are only three examples of what's available; there are many other fan-fiction zines out there that only a brief on-line search can take you to. If you like this sort of stuff, go for it. You will be pursuing a time-less and well-worn road that hundreds of pro writers have trod.



**FANZINES
RECEIVED/REVIEWED:**

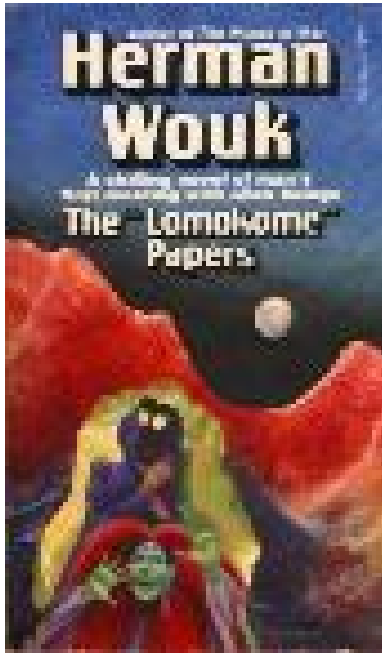
The Glitter City Goofballs #3,
Halcyon Days #105, *Vegas Fandom*
Weekly #75-77, *Drink Tank* #81-85,
Watt's Out (April, 2006), *Hexagon*
#1, *Procrastinations* #1, *Science*
Fiction in San Francisco #22-25,
File 770 #147, *Pablo Lennis* #223,
A Will of Its Own, *Banana Wings*
#25, *eI* #26, *Pixel* #3, *Nice*
Distinctions #14, *Alexiad* #5.3
(June, 2006).



The Obscurato

The reasoning for this column is relatively easy: to review obscure or hard-to-find science fiction and fantasy books. That's not too hard to understand, is it? Back in the late 1970s when I was pubbing *This House*, I started up this feature and it was well-received. I mean, anybody can read and review current releases, but we fen don't just read new stuff: we like reading old books and stories, too, because it's fun!

So with that in mind, check out the first installment of this new – yet old – feature.



Wouk, Herman. *The “Lomokome” Papers*. Pocket Books: New York, NY. 1968

First written in 1949, this is Herman Wouk's sole foray into writing science fiction. I have read Wouk's books before, in particular *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Winds of War*, and *Youngblood Hawke*. Wouk is a fine, fine writer, and until I saw this slender paperback (113 pages) on the SF shelves at the Half-Price Bookstore in town, I had never heard of this short novel. Perhaps, after reading this book, there is a very good reason for this.

The “Lomokome” Papers is not a very good book. In actuality, it is more of a cautionary tale couched in a pseudo-governmental report format about a manned mission to the moon that failed – or did it? The basic premise of the book is mankind's first contact with an alien civilization that lived beneath the surface of the

moon, and how the first astronaut there, a U.S. Navy pilot, survived a crash landing only to be taken captive by the Lomokomes, and his journal entries are then found by a second “missile” and these are returned to earth for study. The resultant “transcription” of these notes/journals forms the bulk of the novel, sandwiched between a short military briefing and a naval psychiatrist's interpretation of the journals. Because of this structure, there is no real narrative, which makes it difficult for a reader to “get into” the story.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember about this novel is that it was written in 1949, just as the Cold War with the Soviet Union was heating up. There was a lot of fear that the Soviets were developing their own atomic bombs, and so the beginnings of the nuclear arms race and its repercussions were on the minds of many people. This book is intended as a satire on the arms race; Wouk is even quoted saying that in the Preface. Because of that, the most important thing to walk away from *The “Lomokome” Papers* is the elaborate development and description of the Law of Reasonable War. Between the warring nations living underneath the moon (the surface was rendered inhospitable due to earlier wars – sound familiar?), the Lomokome and the Lomadine, war would no longer be a haphazard, hit or miss proposition, but a calculated and precise numbers game. From now on, wars would be judged by a council that would choose the victor based on the

results of number-crunching the military capabilities of each side. No more civilian deaths, specific targets only hit, and so forth. In light of how America's military has developed laser-guided missiles, smart bombs, and assorted other technological improvements in recent years, this novel is definitely prophetic in the classic manner of the science fiction of the late Forties.

Unfortunately, the writing style is very dry and the lack of a strong narrative and even stronger characters – a Wouk trademark in novels like *Youngblood Hawke*, *Marjorie Morningstar*, *The Caine Mutiny*, and *The Winds of War* – is detrimental to the enjoyment of this novel. The only thing notable about *The “Lomokome” Papers* is who the author is and when it was written; in fact, at the time Wouk wrote this, he was in the thick of working on *The Caine Mutiny* (1951) and was still enjoying the fame and fortune of his 1948 breakthrough novel, *Youngblood Hawke*. It makes me wonder if this short novel was meant to appease his publisher and fulfill some aspect of a publishing contract.



To sum up, *The “Lomokome” Papers* is, in my estimation, a writing exercise written by an emerging major American author who felt the need to say something about the development of nuclear weapons, what such an arms race could eventually lead to, and to use the science fiction genre as a means to express his distaste for warfare in general. Taken at this level, this novel succeeds in a limited way. It is not a classic, nor even energetically written; this is a book that collectors may find interesting to own as proof that a major mainstream American author also wrote science fiction.

Final comment: A quick search of Amazon Books on-line revealed that there are copies of *The “Lomokome” Papers* to be had for as low as 50¢ a copy. More than anything, *that* should say something about this book's place in the literary dustbin of history.

An Appeal to Readers: If you have read – or own and would like to (or not like to) read and review an obscure or hard-to-find science fiction or fantasy novel, feel free to submit to me for inclusion in this section of my fanzine. Send it as a Word Document attachment or as part of an e-mail to me at j_purcell54@yahoo.com Thank you!

From the Hinterlands



Welcome, welcome, one and all to this issue's letter column. () As usual, there is always a late loc on an earlier issue, and once again, **John Nielsen Hall** leads off with commentary on the 10th issue. You all remember that one? That's the issue which began with the bit about our masturbating cockatiel...*

I'm catching up! I've seen that cover illo before, but had forgotten it was anything to do with the Hare Krishna's. I like the way its all guys going in and out, and they both die and get reborn with a loincloth. And birth looks so refined in that white evening dress, don't you think? *[Always. The white contrasts beautifully with the blood and goo of childbirth.]*

But you're so very proper even in describing the onanistic tendencies of your cockatiel. Where I come from, we don't beat about the bush. "The birds having a wank" we say matter of factly and carry on

with what we were doing. Of course, I appreciate that your bird was having a noisy wank. In that case we are direct: "Stop that fucking racket!!!" we bellow at the poor avian. He stops out of sheer fright. Actually, it's all lies. We don't have a bird. The cats would chew his bollocks off - and swallow the rest. *[We've thought of putting Diphthong, our siamese kitten, in the birdcage as a deterrent. You would be proud to know that I just hurled a pen at the birdcage and told Sunny to "Quit the damned wanking!" We'll see how long he's quiet.]*

I enjoyed the piece about your musicianly activities at cons way back when. If I went to cons anymore, I'd enjoy the songs you could perform nowadays. "Wanking Bird" comes to mind. I could supply some of the backing vocals (a-boppa-oo-wow-WOW) Actually, modern music makings not so simple anymore. Time was, you could just show up with a guitar and play. I never did that because if I had, people would have begged me to stop. But nowadays I would need a bunch of software, a keyboard, two or three laptops and some speakers to achieve the same result. Ah, don't you just love Techno?

I notice Arnie Katz isn't joining the discussion in the lettercol. Ted White makes a good defense of the "Cor! Fandom" usage, and his description of the " balkanization" of fandom is hard to argue with, but the term itself still strikes me somehow as a tad elitist - and I don't think fanzine fandom does that, inaccurate as it may well be. The mistake, I think, is to look for a term which claims any kind of historical or traditional affiliation that implies "we were here before you." It

doesn't matter whether it's true or not. Fanzine fandom will do me. *[Yeah, I am surprised that Arnie didn't contribute to the discussion, but he's pretty busy producing Vegas Fandom Weekly and I don't begrudge him for not having the time to loc. Besides, he's made a lot of cogent commentary on this subject already in his zine, so there's no need for him to say the same thing twice in another zine.]*

Good ish - nice roses. Keep it up.

Yours, JOHN NIELSEN HALL

Thank you for the compliment, John. Let me just say that I am not into techno-pop music, although back in the 80s, it certainly was all over the discos and dance clubs in Minneapolis. Me, I'm just an old rock and roller at heart with an unabashed love for blues and jazz.



And now, just to prove that writing a Lloyd Penney-style loc is not the domain of male fans, Janice Stinson contributed the following on IAPL issues # 10 and #11:

After stumbling my way over to efanazines.com to grab another ish of your fine fanzine, I discovered there were two more ishes. Oh dear. I fear catching up with all the fanzines I now like to read will soon be impossible!

Your cockatiel may have benefited from a covered cage in the evening; did you ever try it? That was an amusing story, all the same. Reminded me of the Lhasa Apso dog we had, whom we named Mogwai because everyone else likely would have named him Gizmo for his looks. When a young lad, he had the anti-mannered habit of humping nearly anything that would stay still for more than a nanosecond. Once we got him fixed, he lost interest in this activity. Somehow I doubt there's a suitable alternative for cockatiels; have you considered a classified ad in the local newspaper that runs something like, "Suave winged wonder looking for lady love with whom to make smiles, have little winged ones, cockatiels only need apply via their human agents" ? Feel free to steal the wording if you like it. <g> And was that a Lynyrd Skynyrd paraphrase at the end of the article? If so, how clever. *[Thanks. You're the only person who mentioned this reference.]*

Your "Sweet Music Memories" reminded me that I've been thinking, off and on, of getting my guitar out of its case after a couple of decades of non-use and trying to get into playing again. Having lost most of the hearing ability in my left ear to Meniere's disease nearly 10 years ago, music doesn't sound as good to me as it used to, yet I cannot live without it entirely. Using headphones gives me the audio illusion, if you will, of full hearing capability, but I'm one of those people who grew up in the rock era, and if it doesn't make my chest vibrate, it's not loud enough. That's probably part of how I lost some of my hearing, but there's no way to be sure. Anyway, I've had two filking experiences at cons, both were at least interesting (one was wonderful; Heather Alexander, even with a head cold and looming sinus surgery, sounded marvelous at one Tropicon I attended; first time I'd heard her). I don't think I'd ever play guitar at a con (I'm not that good; self-taught, so barre chords are beyond me and I never learned to follow), but I'd like to learn some of the filksongs so I can sing. I can still do that pretty well (concert choir in high school, voice lessons one semester in college, seven months in a 1970s cover band that did a lot of rock songs, gee that was fun!). *[I was in a 50s band in my early years in college, then a folk trio. Playing in bands is definitely a lot of fun if the chemistry between the members is right.]*

"A Taste of Bittersweet: AggieCon 37" didn't follow what seems to have become the standard format for conreps -- and thank Ghu for that! As with all formats, predictability begets yawns. I much preferred your style of reporting, and hope you will retain it for future conreps. If I ever get to any more cons myself, I might adopt it for my own use. Re: the After photo, when I first saw it, I thot, "Geez, he could be mistaken for Kim Stanley Robinson!" After further viewings, I find this less so, but there's still a resemblance there. :) *[I am going to have to Google a photo of this writer. I know the name, but not the face.]*

Wonderful loc by Ted White (thanks for sending it, Ted!) and solid locs from others as well. I suspect I should spend some time beefing up my loccing skillz, in order to not look like a piece pf pyrite amongst the diamonds.

As for gardening, don't worry about being a "decent gardener." Plants will grow fine on their own, in most cases, without a lot of obsessive weeding (and a weed is just a plant in a place you don't want it). Roses, like orchids, have their own unique suite of problems (beetles, etc.) but I think the more energy the rose bush has to expend in maintaining its food sources in the soil, the harder it will become, and thus survive most of the ravages of Nature and Man. Regular fertilizing keeps the soil full of food, and pulling non-wanted



plants by hand can be an aggression/frustration reducer. When I "weed," I have to be careful not to stay in one position too long, as it makes my right-hip bursitis flare up. It's hell getting old all at once, which is what I seem to have done since I was hospitalized with u.c. last year. Oh well,

I'm thankful I can still do gardening at all. And it's really stress-reducing to just toss a box of wildflower seeds onto bare ground, mix them into the dirt a bit, water them, and let them go.

On IAPL 11:

"Bemused Natterings": Baseball has indeed revved up its engines again. That was a wonderful story about you and your son and Harmon Killebrew. Unfortunately, it also depressed me; my son hadn't had the chance to make those kinds of memories with his dad very often, since Kenn worked nights, and with my husband's death three years ago any hope of such memory-making was quenched. I do what I can, but there are things that dads and sons do together that just aren't the same when moms and sons do them together. My son has no interest in baseball except in video games; he prefers football and basketball. But I do hope you and Daniel get lots more chances to make good memories together. *[It's Father's Day as I work on this, and every day is a chance to make good memories. Sorry to hear about the death of your husband; I didn't know about this until you wrote this. Mothers and sons have a special bond, too, so enjoy!]*



The baseball player who lives most vividly in my memory, being a non-baseball fan, is Dave Stewart, who pitched for the A's (do correct me if I'm wrong). He was the sweetest man in the world in interviews, had that high-pitched squeaky voice than made me want to just give him a big hug, but when he got on the mound during a game, I was afraid for the batters on the other team. Those Stewart Looks were like death-rays. I've always been amazed how someone who seems so gentle and modest can also have a stare that is Murderous Intent Incarnate. Wow. And he was a pretty good pitcher, too. :)

Lots of good locs again thish, thanks to all who wrote them. Everything else, RAEBNC.

Regards,

JAN STINSON

Stomping through the Internet since 1996!

[No kidding! Dave Stewart was a thorn in the side of many batters. He was a very, very good pitcher, and always seemed to have the Twins' number when he pitched against them. Speaking of pitchers with nasty stares, don't forget the Mad Hungarian, Al Hrabosky, who pitched for the Cardinals and a few other teams. Dick Radatz was another pitcher with attitude, and Randy Johnson also has a face only a mother could love.]

Not to be out-done – and to remain **current**, if we can believe it – here's a loc from the northernmost loccer of this ish, Mr. **Lloyd Penney** himself! Finally getting to respond to IAPL #11, this weekend is Gaylaxicon 2006 in Toronto, and I'm in charge of the dealers' room. What a circus... Bits of time add up to getting a few locs out.



Getting to Austin for a Corflu? Probably won't happen for me. I barely had the money to go to the Corflu here! Hockey is always number one here; I grew up with it, watching various farm leagues as well as Hockey Night in Canada on Saturday nights. I watched the Leafs on TV, probably like you used to watch the Minnesota North Stars, and now the Wild. Never played hockey myself; never was the athletic type. The Jays are doing well this year, and they're only a few games out of first place in their division, but they are going to have to pick up the pace, and the bullpen has to improve, as always. *[Right now, the Purcell household is united in support of the Edmonton Oilers, who just tied the Stanley Cup Finals Series last night with a 4-0 shutout of the Caroline Hurricanes. Let's bring the Cup back to Canada, where it belongs!]*

I know I've said it before, but Minicon was a convention I'd always wanted to get to, mostly because local fans like Mike Wallis would go and have a great time. But, as always, finances and geography conspired against me. Many Minn-stf members were members of TAPA in those heady years. Go for it, John, you're lucky that the convention is still around. Let them know you're coming; you might get a GoHship out of it. *[We'll see. With the next Corflu in February, Aggiecon in March, and Minicon in April, getting to the first two would be great! Some year, though, I would love to go back for a Minicon.]*

Fanhistories are something I like to read about, and I am glad that someone cares to write them. Unfortunately, such histories are subjective, and for every incident in any fan groups' history, there will be someone there to say it wasn't like that at all, and relate something completely different. I floated the idea of a Canadian national newsletter for fandom earlier in the year, and it was shot down by general apathy and a little hostility. I was a regular contributor/stringer to *Maple Leaf Rag* for the years it ran, and I did feel a little eastern/western friction, which simply looked ridiculous in that publication.

I completely agree with electronic publishing for zines; the Net/Web has enabled many to e-publish with little or no cost. I'd rather have paper zines, and I do get my share in the mail, but I certainly understand the need to keep runaway costs down. (I wonder how Richard Lynch's fan history book is going? Since *Mimosa* ended, I haven't been in touch with the Lynches at all.) *[I really don't know about his history of 1960s fandom. He's still out there, though, and I'll ship this issue to him and see if he wakes up out of his research stupor to loc and inform us of his progress.]*

I was using the term "zeen" as reference to what Peter Sullivan was doing, but seeing he's dropped the term, so shall I.

It's a page, it's a loc. Lunch is waiting for me, so I shall wrap it up, and say thank you. The stack of zines, both paper and electronic, continue to mount, and once this convention this weekend is done, I can honestly say that I will have lots more time to write locs, and perhaps more. I have evil plans...bwahahahahahaha! Take care, and see you next Purcellzine.

Yours, LLOYD PENNEY

[Most of my locs tend to run a page and half in length, although longer versions happen when I need to produce a Lloyd Penney-style loc. My stack is growing a little, but it's manageable. A loc a day will take care of it.]

Once again, **Leslie David** checks in with a fine loc that mentions one of my old LASFAPA buddies:

Thanks for the notice of the latest *In a Prior Lifetime*. I noticed there are no columns this time. Is this based on my rant last time about how difficult is to constantly scroll up and down while reading online?



Based on your rhapsodizing about baseball and the boys of summer I sent the link to my favorite baseball fan, Sally Syrjala. Sally was a member of LASFAPA and my roommate at Noreascon II back in 1980. She is a huge sports fan and I guess last year (?) neither the Red Sox nor the Patriots disappointed her. Me, I'm clueless. The latest brouhaha here was that while we had a baseball team after all these years, the local cable company, Comcrap, had blacked out all their games, no doubt in an effort to force fans to purchase services. It

even went as far as the House of Representatives (or at least as far as my elected official's web site) before the company backed down and will show the Nationals games on local broadcast. We even have a minor league team, the Potomac Nationals, or P-Nats for short. What does this mean to me? Absolutely nothing since I don't watch television or care for sports, but I guess it will make lots of other people really happy.

Wow, 1977 - the year I got into fandom, attended my first Friday Night Inevitable in Phoenix, and became a regular Friday night attendee of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Also the year I spent 5 fun-filled weeks as a cadet at ROTC Summer Camp in Fort Lewis, Washington, and even managed to persuade some fellow cadets to road trip to Vancouver with me in hopes of attending Westercon. We never did make it to the con, but had a wonderful time trying to find a hotel room over Dominion Day weekend.

I am all for the evolution and revolution of desktop publishing and the posting at electronic sites. Look at how much postage you save and you have the advantage of almost instantaneous gratification, er, feedback from your readers. *[You are right here. The financial savings are monstrous, and it really is "instantaneous gratification" and "feedback" that makes cyberfanac such a hit.]*

To answer your question, and it turns out we have **two** professional dommes as members, I'm sure that Mistress Aradia would be happy to make house calls as long as you paid for airfare, although she might charge more for an out of town visit and BTW, she gets \$200 an hour! Yes, the circle members are an interesting group; one is a graphic designer, one is an IT professional working out of the Russell Building (we call her the Witch on the Hill), another is a paralegal, and her husband is a federal employee. They also live out in the boonies and have a menagerie of goats, a llama, 4 dogs, an African Grey, and a cockatiel. Woody the African Grey has a few interesting quirks. There was a power outage and he must have thought he was responsible because the next thing Donna heard was, "Gawddamn! Bad Bird!" He also seems to be somewhat psychic apparently one night he was going on non-stop; Gary was thinking it might be a good idea to put the bird on a spit, and Woody came out with, "Now that's a criminal idea."

A public library that also has the latest books is also a plus. I have no idea what criteria that Reston Regional uses to buy books, and I really have no idea what criteria they use when shelving books I've pulled *Left Behind* novels out of the SF section and informed the library staff that Jesus Junkie novels can only be construed as fantasy by the wildest stretch of the imagination.

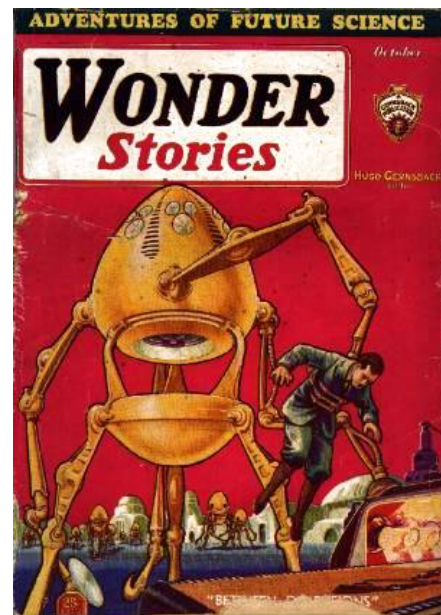
LESLIE DAVID

*[I enjoyed reading the **Left Behind** series, all twelve of them, as Christian Science Fiction. At times they bogged down in theological philosophizing and explanation, but for the most part they rattled along at a pretty good pace and were entertaining to read.]*

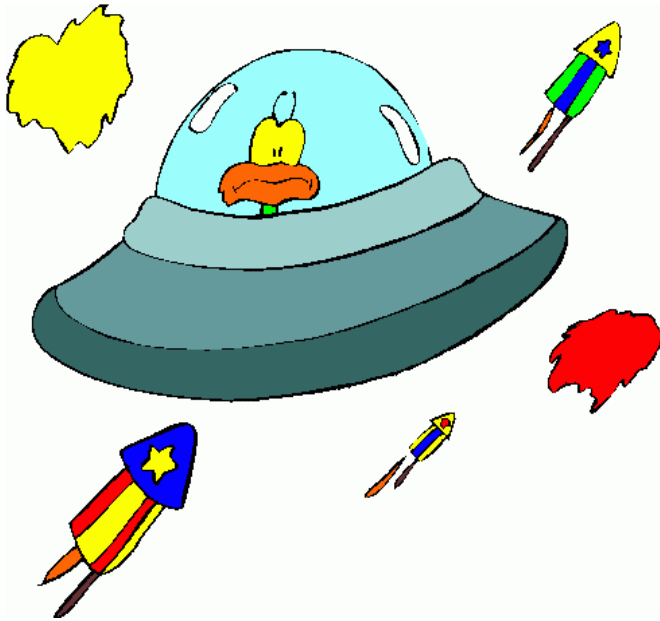
And now, here's a loc from our favorite fugghead, **Eric Mayer**:

Enjoyable issue aside from that fugghead ranting about Core Fandom in the loccol.

I think you're right in your identification of the three central fan sites today. Trufen.net sucked me in. For some reason, I ran across it and then thought I'd check out what was going on in Fandom, for old time's sake, and that led to eFanzines, and the rest is...well, not history maybe...a very small footnote perhaps? Others might have an interesting tale of how they rediscovered Fandom in the age of the internet, in the same vein as the ever popular topic "how I discovered Fandom." There are so many more outlets for fanac these days. Like the universe, Fandom is expanding and becoming more attenuated. I wonder if most of Fandom isn't hidden in the dark matter of listservs? *[This would be an interesting take, indeed. "How I re-discovered fandom" would be fun reading because I think older and wiser fans who return may just have a wealth of solid, experiential perspectives to share and relate them to fanac. It could be interesting. Must think more about this.]*



One place Fandom seems "hidden" is in the area of blogs. I know there are blogs by fans but most don't seem all that faanish. Why, I can't quite say. To me, the stuff I put on my JournalScape blog is just what I'd be writing for a perszine if I were still doing one. I've mirrored my blog on LiveJournal, hoping I might be able to find out what's going on there. Also, I've never seen a list of fan blogs.



I'll be interested to read the second part of Garth Spencer's article on fanhistory. Something I've noticed is that most of what is called "fanhistory" is really reminiscence or autobiography. Those forms, because of the personal perspective, may often be more appealing than attempts to gather up information about the past from various sources to form a whole picture, but they aren't "histories." People who read these accounts need to keep in mind that the authors may be grinding axes and that their work is not subject to the academic standards, critical scrutiny, and competing viewpoints, to the extent

that histories written in the "real" world are. For example, I ran across a misstatement about myself in Rob Hansen's "Then." Obviously he did no significant fact checking if he couldn't be bothered to contact living people to verify his ideas about them. So while "Then" is certainly an enjoyable read (I learned some about my wife's faanish past!) and fascinating as a personal view of Fandom it can be no means claim to be a history. *[For the fan history writing projects I have on tap – my 1976 WorldCon report for Chris Garcia's **Drink Tank** and my history of Cepheid Variable, the TAMU science fiction club – I am actually doing as much research as I can to avoid making misstatements and sweeping generalizations. Considering the fact that fans are very knowledgeable about the subject – themselves! – I think a fan history writer needs to take care in preparing what he/she is writing to avoid hurting someone's feelings or miss-representing some group or past event.]*

Speaking of history...walking and talking with Harmon Killebrew....how cool is that? It's way cool. It's so cool it's neat. I followed the Yanks, but Killebrew was the slugger's slugger. How many homeruns would he have hit if he hadn't played the best part of his career during the Little Dead Ball Era, or if he'd played during the nineties and juiced up? Or if he'd been allowed to play the first few years he was in the bigs? What was that about? Hey, did you ask him what Zoilo Versailles was on for just that one year? *[Didn't think of that at the time. It was just **so friggin' cool** to be walking and talking with the Killer. Thank Great Roscoe I had the digital camera with me!]*

I love baseball. My friends and I spent half our lives hitting balls around the backyard. Alas, I was too much the wimpy bookworm to ever try out for Little League. Too fearful of failure I guess. Is there a Geezers League? Anyway, every evening I follow the scores and that's where I'm headed.

ERIC MAYER

I am an unabashed lover of sports, as anyone reading this zine can guess by now. Once the hockey season is over tomorrow night – GO OILERS!!! – my main attention will shift to the FIFA World Cup games going on over in Germany, but I will be following major league baseball like a hawk. My Minnesota Twins are currently mega-hot (six-game winning streak) but still 11 games behind the White Sox and Tigers in the American League Central Division. Oh, well. They might still make a run for it.

And with that, the loccol is done. Thank you all for writing, and I look forward to hearing from y'all in the future.

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Leslie David (again), Chris Garcia, Robert Sabella, John Thiel, R Laurraine Tutihasi.

Some Closing Thoughts

Well, last night (Monday, June 19th) the Caroline Hurricanes won the 2006 Stanley Cup by defeating the Edmonton Oilers 3-1 in game seven of an exciting series. It was fun to watch, and I am sorry that the Oilers lost; I was pulling for them to come back from a two-game deficit, but that's okay. It was still great entertainment. I hope everyone had a Happy Father's Day!

