

# *In A Prior Lifetime #13*



*July, 2006*  
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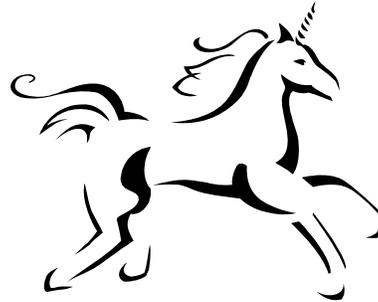
July, 2006

The latest issue in a long line of issues, from

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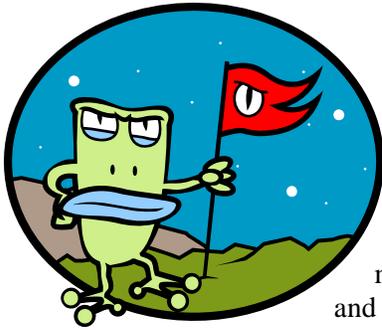
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## Bemused Natterings

One recent issue of *And Furthermore* – the 10<sup>th</sup>, which saw the light of day on July 5, 2006 – was written mostly while the Sci-Fi Channel was broadcasting a three-day *Twilight Zone* marathon. Valerie and I always are thrilled when these are aired and watch them faithfully, or at least as much as humanly possible before we are simply too tired to watch anymore. So we'll plunk an 8-hour tape into the VCR and record the ones we won't be awake to watch.

These old episodes remind me of when I was a wee lad growing up as not only a Baby Boomer, but as part of that first generation of children raised on television. My brother and I had our favorite shows, of course, with lots of overlap – cartoons and sports, naturally – but we had divergent interests when it came down to other viewing fare.

We both liked westerns, but my older brother Rick was more into the early drama and mystery shows than I was, which was my loss; every so often I did watch *Perry Mason*, but it wasn't that interesting to me. Now it is, but I am much older now and appreciate the ground-breaking work that those writers, producers, directors, and actors/actresses of the 50's and early 60's were creating. Looking back at these all now gives me a greater appreciation of their work and understanding of what technical difficulties they were usually up against, such as broadcasting live – which some current shows do with great fanfare as if it was some major event of the decade. Back in the day, live television was *de rigueur*, the only show in town, literally, and “that's the way it was, and we liked it!” (Thank you, Dana Carvey.)

It never ceases to amaze me at how much I miss those early days of television. Granted, I am not as much of a TV pioneer viewer as some of my readership, but I still remember live broadcasts, the great variety shows (especially the February 8, 1964 airing of *The Ed Sullivan Show*), and those crazy early science fiction programs. *Chiller Theater* leaps directly to mind, as do *The Outer Limits* and a whole slew of fun stuff from the 60's, which included lots of cartoon shows with sfnal elements, like *The Addams Family*, *Jonny Quest*, and, much later on, *Space Ghost*.



“Bueller? .... Bueller...? Has anyone seen Bueller today?”

But my all-time favorite was *The Twilight Zone*. I had many fave episodes, like “To Serve Man,”

“Time Enough at Last,” and “The Invaders,” which only had dialogue in the last minute of the episode and starred the incomparable Agnes Moorehead. Great stuff, and this is only the tip of the TZ iceberg. However, tune into *And Furthermore #11* for how I really feel about the “programming” on Sci-Fi Channel, now broadcasting on your favorite efanazines.com website.

# dust from the attic redux

While working on an article for an up-coming issue of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, I made a passing reference to the two years my family lived in Des Moines, Iowa, and that we were active in the Des Moines Science Fiction Society. This was not *that* long ago – from 1990 to the end of 1991 – but is a stretch of my fannish lifetime that I have never really written about before. At least, not until now.



THE DES MOINES  
SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Why I've never done so escapes me, but one plausible reason is that it was during that stretch of time that I was making my downward slide out of fandom. Family and job were my primary

interests then, and being a fan was secondary. As a matter of fact, getting involved with the DMSFS was a bit of an accident, and I really can't remember how it exactly happened. Go figure.

What I do remember, though, is that we met Steve and Linda Wren *somehow*, and they were involved with the club. I'm not sure, but I believe Valerie met Linda somewhere, they hit it off well, and we got invited to this beer tasting party they were hosting. See, Steve enjoyed home-brewing beer, which hooked me, but that's almost another story. A bunch of Steve's co-workers were there, and some other interesting folks who struck me as particularly fannish in attitude. During the course of conversing with the Wrens and others at the party, I learned that some of these people were members of this thing called the Des Moines Science Fiction Society, which was hosting its very first convention in a couple months. Now this was really interesting to me because at that time I knew my days of fan activity were numbered. What surprised me was how well Valerie enjoyed their company. And so we attended a few of the club meetings before DemiCon I rolled around on April 23-25, 1990, and we continued doing so at sporadic intervals until we moved back to Minneapolis at the beginning of 1992.

The thing that separated the members of DMSFS from Minn-stf was that most of the DMSFSers were older than us (and married couples, some with children), and therefore seemed to have a much more mature attitude toward fandom when I compare them to my years in Minn-stf and LASFS. These Iowans approached it with a "take it or leave it" manner, but with a tendency to take it at the hobby-interest level. Minn-stf always seemed to me to be a very socially minded club – which any club is, no matter the genre – and LASFS was so formally structured at their club meetings it was silly. Minn-stf thrived on spontaneity; LASFS seemed to have none. A typical business meeting for Minn-stf ran anywhere from 5 to 20 minutes long starting at roughly 4 PM during their biweekly Saturday meeting schedule; in contrast, LASFS meetings (at the dozen or so meetings I went to in the year I was there (1985)) was *ALL* business. My year in LA-fandom exposed me to the cliquishness spawned by the size of the beast, and *that* is most definitely

**Though it's early,  
Don't be tardy;**

fodder for another article some year. Again, you have to remember that while Minn-stf was huge, LASFS was gigantic, and DMSFS was smallish in comparison to those clubs.

Now don't get me wrong. I am including my impressions of these wonderful clubs here because the demographic and structural differences between the three help to understand why I enjoyed the DMSFS club so much at that time (1990-91). To be honest, I have never been one to enjoy crowds except for maybe at cons. Even there, sometimes the crush can become too much, so I usually will mosey off in search of a smaller conclave of fen in a room party, hallway, or down in the hotel bar or lobby to enjoy the conversation and camaraderie.<sup>1</sup> The Des Moines club was like the three beers – er, I mean, three bears – it was “just right” for my needs at that time. Since I was unintentionally working on my slide out of fandom, the twice-monthly meetings of the DMSFS was just right; the club didn't have something going on almost every day of the week, which is what it was like in Minneapolis and Los Angeles. Remember also the population base of the three areas: when I was in Minn-stf, the Twin Cities population was 2.5 million; Los Angeles fandom had a population base of 6 million to draw upon; Des Moines in the early 1990s was less than 200,000 (include the nearby cities of Ames-Boone-Story City-Nevada-Ankeny, then it was a little over 300,000).

But back to the Des Moines SF Society. There were some really neat people active then. Les and Jeannette Roth had the hugest most beautiful house in West Des Moines that seemed to go on forever. It reminded us of a castle. Walk into the foyer and a couple hallways stretched off on each side, leading to wings of bedrooms, offices, kitchen, dining room, and bathrooms. It was a great location for parties (the 1991 New Year's Party held there was much fun). I also remember the McClures (Martin and Nancy), the aforementioned Wrens and their little girl, Mark Hagerman, Sue Price, and Barb Johnson. Marshall Thayer was a real character who loved his whiskey and hung out at strip clubs. Every other Thursday night club members would gather for dinner at a restaurant in a “shitty little strip mall” on West 86<sup>th</sup> Street, and they called that a meeting. And that was about the extent of the formal club activity. If people wanted to get together for a movie run or some other reason, just call some folks and set something up. Like I said, it was a small, closely knit bunch of couples and older people, and it was a fun group to be with. Nothing fancy, just fun.

Val and I attended the first two DemiCons – 1990 and 1991 – which resulted in my running into Minn-stfers who drove down to Des Moines; Dean Gahlon, Laura Krentz, John Stanley, Jeanne Mealy, and Greg Ketter were in attendance at them, and were surprised to see me again. Since I hadn't said anything about my whereabouts, just simply slipped into the glades of gafia (well, dafia, in my case), nobody knew where I was. It was fun seeing them all again. The first Demicon had C.J. Cherryh as the Pro Guest of Honor (had the chance to talk with her again; met her first at IguanaCon and then at ensuing cons), J. R. Daniels was the artist GoH, and Rusty Hevelin was the Toastmaster. That first Demicon attracted an astounding 385 fans, and the following year saw about the same number. The first few DemiCons were held at the Howard Johnson's on Merle Hay Road, less than a mile from our duplex; eventually the con migrated downtown to the Hotel Fort Des Moines, which is a lovely hotel.

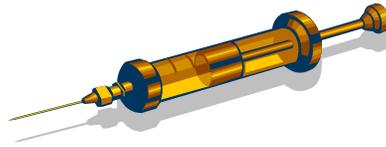
The second in the series brought in Joe and Gay Haldeman, Lucy Synk, and Rusty again as Toastmaster. In fact, Rusty Hevelin has attended

**Use moderation  
At the party:**

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<sup>1</sup> My beef about these clubs is merely regarding their size, not against individual members. There are people in LASFS that I adore and miss terribly. In my case, as far as stfnal organizations go, it appears that size really *does* matter. *(DUST FROM THE ATTIC REDUX, continued on page 19)*

## Diseased Mind Dept :



*Jim Sullivan contributed the following reprint of this article (?), which first appeared in **The Nocturnal Lyric** (Winter, 1997). Jim has been knocking around fandom for a bit, appearing in assorted zines such as **Alexiad** and **The Knarley Knews**, and tells me that he has been a full time writer for the past twenty years. Some of his work has previously appeared in **Skeptical Inquirer**, **Grit**, **Cooking Light**, and **Satire**, among others. Plus – take note, Chris Garcia – before then Jim wrote that he “was the executive director of a history museum.”*

Fourteen diseases you’ve probably never heard of,  
never will see a telethon for, ever be asked to  
contribute to, and are unlikely to come in contact  
with.

by Jim Sullivan

**Disease:** *Thomas Dewey Syndrome:* little black, hairy mustaches break out all over your body.  
**Cure:** daily wet applications of shaving lather on affected sites and removal of same with sharp instrument.

**Disease:** *Gertrude Stein’s Sickness:* an unhealthy regard for cloche hats and a tendency to repeat one’s self.  
**Cure:** eat bowl of gruel, compounded of felt and oatmeal, after every meal is a meal is a meal.

**Disease:** *Samuel Gompers Rompers Condition:* insistence on everyone in the family wearing a union suit.  
**Cure:** scabs everywhere.

**Disease:** *Bertha Krupp’s Complaint:* hearing cannons going off in your head while napping.  
**Cure:** wear helmet to bed or take up skeet shooting instead of napping.

**Disease:** *Rudolf Valentino’s Impression:* a feeling, after eating a coconut, that sand covers your entire body.  
**Cure:** cover torso with baby oil and stay away from the beach.

**Disease:** *Abraham Lincoln Shuffle:* compulsion to riffle through decks of cards every Wednesday evening.

**Learn to chuckle,  
Cut loose a laugh,**

**Cure:** go bowling on Wednesday evenings.

**Disease:** *Mae West Ailment:* compulsively inviting men up to see you sometime.

**Cure:** two weeks of accepted invitations.

**Disease:** *General George Armstrong Custer's Complaint:* a tendency to charge large numbers.

**Cure:** avoidance of horses and credit cards.

**Disease:** *Ernest Hemingway Syndrome:* shooting the bull at all hours.

**Cure:** a day in the pen with a bull.



**Disease:** *Pablo Picasso Polka:* doing hokey-pokey dance step to all Latin American beats.

**Cure:** take two wet burritos and call your taco dealer in the morning.

**Disease:** *Clara Barton's Stigma:* blotchy, sometimes bloody, red crosses erupting at knees and elbows after eating more than a pint of unwashed boysenberries in season.

**Cure:** leather patches soaked in 3-in-1 oil worn on all joints for one entire growing season.

**Disease:** *Ty Cobb's Ear:* mottled yellow and green kernels mysteriously appearing in left ear.

**Cure:** avoid harvesting operations or wear earmuffs on back 40.

**Disease:** *Buster Keaton's Dead Pan Stare:* never smiling, grinning, or laughing during all hilarity.

**Cure:** custard pie in the countenance just before bed each night.

**Disease:** *Henry Ford's Coupe Croup:* coughing uncontrollably whenever entering two-door vehicle.

**Cure:** ride only sedans until the coup croup passes.

**Jim Sullivan**

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**FANZINES REVIEWED AND/OR RECEIVED:**

*A Propos de Rien #275; The Fannish Worry Book; Drink Tanks # 86-90; Chicago 2008 Worldcon Bidzine; Vegas Fandom Weekly #78-80 ; Science Fiction in San Francisco #25-26; Pablo Lennis #224; Banana Wings #26; Peregrine Nations #6.1; Print Zine #0; Vanamonde #643-647; Pixel #4.*

**Above all else,  
Vote Chris for TAFF!**

# The Obscurato

Boeser, Knut. *Nostradamus*. New York: Wings Books. (1996). Translated from the original German by John Brownjohn.

This novel is really not that old nor obscure, but in my mind still fits into this column for two reasons: it was first written in German, and also because it is a fictionalized biography of the seer Nostradamus, and is written fairly well.

Most fans are probably well-versed or relatively knowledgeable about the man Michel de Nostradame, better known as Nostradamus, who lived from 1503-1566. He is most famous as a prophet who allegedly foresaw such cataclysmic events as future world wars, assassinations of important figures, the destruction of planet earth (yet to happen, I guess), and so forth. These visions came to him in dreams that accompanied massive headaches (migraines?), and troubled him so much that he wrote them down as therapy.



But Michel was, first and foremost, a man of medicine and science. His current reputation as a prophet of doom far over shadows his abilities as a doctor. He built up a vast store of knowledge about herbs and natural remedies, and if you read this novelized biography, Boeser does a good job of working in Michel's recognition of the filthy sanitary conditions that contributed to the plague spreading across Europe in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century. He advocated cleanliness and running water to help combat the plague, and also quarantining the afflicted so that unaffected people wouldn't contract it. To him, it was kind of a no-brainer that this Black Death was a communicable disease, so if the afflicted were isolated and treated, the odds of others getting it were greatly reduced. Golly, what a concept!

The author also does a nice job of working in the terror of the Inquisition of that period, and how Nostradamus was a frequent target due to his "visions" that seemed uncannily accurate. The Church was a huge political and social institution in the 16<sup>th</sup> Century – it still is, but not to the extent of 400 to 600 years ago – and common folk were terrified of doing or saying *anything* that could be construed as heresy. People lived in fear, and Boeser does a fine job of making that fear come alive in his story.

What you get from reading this novel is a sympathetic view of a man who was dedicated to his profession and family; Nostradamus was married and lost his wife and child to the Plague, a tragedy that tormented him for the rest of his life. Also, this was a man who saw his visions as a terrible personal plague. They were painful, torturous headaches that would render him weak and depressed. Boeser works these visions into the narrative effectively, using them as metaphors for the Inquisition and to move the story along. It's an enjoyable book written by a



*(continued on page 10)*

# Fanzine Reviews

Without question, the old saying that “All knowledge is contained in fanzines” is more than a mere pithy independent clause. Fans are some of the most eclectic minded people roaming this chunk of space junk whipping through the cosmos. One look at two recent fanzines reinforces the saying.

Long-time fan Arnie Katz, who is no stranger to these pages (I reviewed his *Vegas Fandom Weekly* back in the 7<sup>th</sup> issue), has produced an updated version of a publication that was basically a fannish riposte to the best-seller, *The Worry Book*, which was a funny listing of the sorts of things that a person usually worries about on a daily basis, offering brief pieces of advice on how to handle them. Back in 1969 the original *Fannish Worry Book* was illustrated by Jay Kinney, with Suzanne Tompkins and rich brown helping in the production of it. So, to help celebrate his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday at the beginning of this month (Hippo birdies 2 Ewes, sir!), Arnie updated this wonderful miniature tome; it also doubles as *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #80.

*The Fannish Worry Book*

from Arnie Katz

[crossfire4@cox.net](mailto:crossfire4@cox.net)

also at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com)

*Peregrine Nations* #6.1

from J. G. Stinson

[tropicsf@earthlink.net](mailto:tropicsf@earthlink.net)

also at [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com)

Well, Arnie doesn't exactly offer advice on how to deal with fannish worries; he's merely listing out new fannish worries since the time the original *Fannish Worry Book* came out. Unlike the first edition, this 21<sup>st</sup> Century edition is illustrated by Bill Rotsler, and his illoes are just as important to the enjoyment of this zine as the text. (Aside: Face it; *any* fanzine's enjoyment is boosted by the addition of Rotsler filloes.)



So how have fannish worries evolved? Well, Arnie and Bill inform us that there two main types of worry in fandom: Basic and Baroque. “Basic Fannish Worry” is when you worry about something fundamental like gafia, the definition of “fan”, or the future of British fandom, (p. 4) On the other hand, “Baroque” Fannish Worries are “when you worry about something no-one bothers to worry about”; things like “where does Langford keep his

Hugos?”, “will they ever revive FOSFAX?”, or “the future of British Fandom” fall into this category. (p.5) The Baroque worries are fun to read because the names of current fans Cheryl Morgan, Geri Sullivan, and the ubiquitous Chris Garcia crop up in here as counterpoint to great names from earlier fan eras: Harlan Ellison, Claude Degler, E.E. Evans, G.M. Carr, and Sam Konkin III. The change in zine production technology is noted by the basic worry of “are the staples big enough to hold all the pages together?” to the baroque worry of “is the memory size of the .PDF file too big for low-end e-mail services?” This one made me chuckle, which is the intention of this publication.

This is a fun little zine, and it can be had either by e-mailing Arnie at his address provided in the above box, or going to efanazines.com and looking up *VFW#80*.

Another zine of recent vintage is Jan Stinson's *Peregrine Nations #6.1*, the April, 2006 issue. Like *The Fannish Worry Book* you can access this at efanazines.com, and it likewise reflects the eclectic nature of fans. Jan has an unabashed love for falcons; one look at the cover and masthead (one of Alan White's finer bits of workmanship) reveals this basic truth. Reading through the zine, the topics include how non-monarchists celebrated the Queen's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, a monk-staffed full-service gas station in Indiana (written by Jim Sullivan), a nice article by Lyn McConchie about cats being an excellent way for anti-terrorist training, book reviews (one being E.B. Frohvet's lengthy review of *Heinlein's Children* by Joseph T. Major), and Jan finishes things off with a concert review of the Traverse Symphony Orchestra's performance of Carl Orff's "Carmina burana" (never heard of it; Orff, yes, but not of this particular work).



Jan consistently produces an excellent fanzine, and the lettercolumn is, in my mind, the high-point of each issue. Not only does it lead off each issue – since it's the first thing most fans flip to in a zine, stick it at the beginning; great idea! – but it's lengthy and filled with comments by writers and Jan alike in a way much like on-going apa discussions: letter writers make comments to each other and Jan edits the locs in such a way that they come across as an apa-dialogue. I like this, too. It reinforces my contention that fandom thrives on communication and that to be a fan means that each person is a vital contributor to the fannish dialogue. Jan Stinson obviously feels this way too, and her lettercolumn definitely fuels the discussion.

*Kim Stanley Robinson  
(got this off of Frank Wu's website)  
Last issue in the loccol, Jan Stinson  
said I looked like this guy.*

*Peregrine Nations* is a good zine, one that I recommend. Besides being full of interesting topics and solid writing, it has fine artwork (check out the covers on past issues). The illustration on page 12 of *PN #6.1* by Paul Gadzikowski is a visual pun that had me running for the bathroom it made my stomach hurt so much – like a good pun should. A definite groaner. So go check out this zine. A good read is guaranteed.

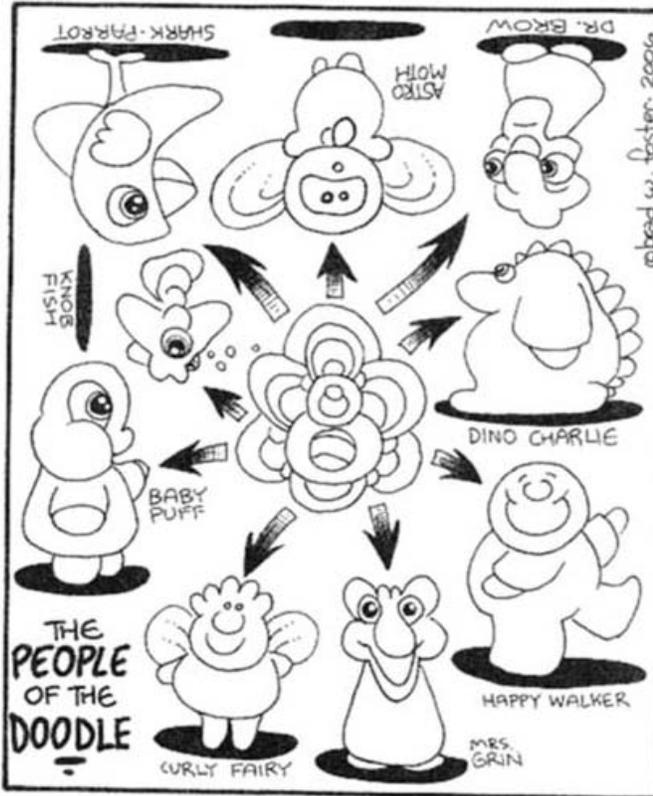
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*(Obscurato, continued from page 8)*

noted Nostradamus scholar. If you check the Internet, you will notice that Knut Boeser's name is all over the Nostradamus references. This familiarity with the subject definitely helps the verisimilitude and readability of this novel.

My final take on this "bio-novel" is that it is worth hunting down. Once again, I did a search for it on Amazon.com and other book-buying websites, and it can be had for pretty low prices. It is an entertaining book and, at the same time, educational, offering one of those up-close-and-personal looks into the life of a famous historical person, which makes this more than just a fun book: you can learn something from it, which is why I liked reading it. Happy hunting!

# From the Hinterlands



*Welcome to the lettercolumn. For those of you who are new to fanzine fandom, this is where readers get to throw verbal brickbats at the editor who then has the option to swing back or ignore them.*

=====

*Ted White leads it off this issue with an editorial eye for details:*

I haven't LoCced you in a while -- my bad. My LoC in #10 was, in retrospect, an Epic LoC, and there's no way I'm going to top that, so I'm just going to do a short one on #12.

I was reading Garth Spencer's piece when I hit this minor roadblock: "As it worked out, I think one was successful and the other not beau "-h ration between what the group planned..." Obviously words or lines were accidentally dropped.

So how do you deal with an error like this? In a dead-tree fanzine you apologize or print an erratum in the next issue. But this is not a

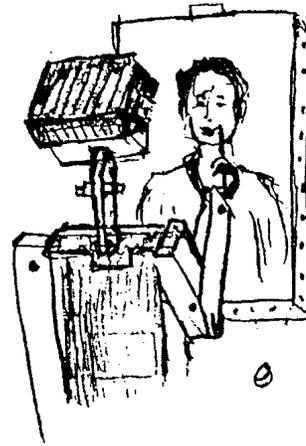
dead-tree fanzine. There is no reason you can't fix this error and repost the zine and it will be as if, magically, that error had never occurred. {Boy, were they! After I got your loc, I pulled that old issue of *This House* and found the spot where that split occurred, fixed it, and shipped the corrected zine to Bill Burns. Within a matter of a few hours, from first receiving your letter, the corrected issue was posted. Modern technology strikes again!}

Graham Charnock decided, after an argument with John Nielsen Hall, to prove he could put out a dead-tree fanzine in (I think it was) two weeks, cold. And he did, producing *Be Bye Johnny #1*. (Hall has done two issues of *Motorway Dreamer*, but not in dead-tree form; they're at eFanzines.) When I received my copy in the mail, I was a trifle disgruntled to find the final paragraph of my piece, "Peyote Days," was missing. When I told Graham about it, he realized he'd bumped it off the page while trying to position Harry Bell's artwork under it (ah, computers!) and he of course restored it -- in subsequent copies. I gather Graham produces BBJ in a version of Print On Demand, printing it out from his computer a few copies at a time. Earlier he had accidentally trimmed John Hall's feet from another Bell drawing, but they'd been restored by the time he printed my copy. So at least three variant editions of BBJ #1 currently exist, with perhaps more to come. So even in dead-tree fanzines, nothing is *fixed* now. (Eventually I think Graham intends to post BBJ on eFanzines as well -- as *Chunga* does.)

Getting back to Garth and his piece, I thought this part was cogently and clearly written, but through it seeps this *attitude* which I've seen in a more pronounced fashion in his more recent posts to e-lists we're both on. It seems compounded of naiveté and frustrated idealism. Over and over he expresses his opinion that fans don't learn, and don't do things well, and he stands back and looks at them as though he was the representative of an alien species trying to figure them (and humanity) out.

He isn't talking about the fans I know, of course. Literally, he's talking about provincial Canadian fans whom I've never met or heard of, screwing up minor conventions which I've also never heard of. But he draws conclusions and extends them to fandom in general.

The fans I know are a lot more competent. They've put on both major and minor conventions, and did it without a thousand helpful gofers, too. They are fans like Pat Virzi, who found herself kidnapped and press-ganged into doing next year's Corflu, and whom I have every confidence will put on a fine Corflu. (Will I be seeing you there? I hope so.) *{Yes, you most certainly will. I am very much looking forward to Corflu Quire.}*



Cubist Self-Portrait

I refuse to allow this to turn into a nationalistic thing. I don't think Canadian fans -- even the most provincial -- are any more clueless than their American or British (or whatever) counterparts. But I suspect Garth has had a few bad experiences which tilted his perspective, and I think his disappointed idealism has colored his response to those bad experiences. All best,

## Ted



*{You may be right; In fact, I hope that Garth responds to this section of your loc and I'll run it next issue. My suspicion is that he did, in fact, have some bad past experiences when working on his Canadian fan histories. My club experiences in Minn-stf and LASFS taught me that there are always fans who have a very provincial view of fandom, or simply don't desire or care to see beyond their immediate environs. Like I've said before, fandom is what the individual wants to make of it, and this can be either a good or bad thing depending on the desires of that fan.}*

*Now to get into all sorts of commentary on the last issue.*

*In actual order of locs received in response to my last issue, Chris Garcia wrote in first. He has a bad habit of doing this.*

And here it is, Bam!

I love *Most Haunted*. There's nothing more entertaining than a 'psychic' either getting possessed or pretending to do so. It's bad science (and even bad pseudo-science), but it's good television. I, on the other hand, have seen ghosts and believe in them. It's genetic in my case.

This was a particularly easy Father's Day. Now, I know that sounds strange since Pops died just a little over a month before FD this year, but I spent it with my Ex-Girlfriend's family (who in many ways treat me as a step-son) and then working on a movie (Dad worked on one of my movies) and then just reading old fanzines. I realized that I hadn't celebrated father's day with my dad in more than a decade. Now, I often celebrated WrestleMania with my Pops, so that might be tougher. *{My dad died the week after Thanksgiving in 1988, then in 1999, mom passed away on November 27<sup>th</sup>, two days after our 10<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. So saying, I get a bid maudlin around the holiday season. Having my own family, though, eases the memory-pain, but I still think about my parents a lot.}*

As soon as I saw that article from Garth that had run in *This House*, I checked my Zine Archive and found that the issue of *This House* that I have is Issue 14. Damn! Missed it by that much! *{Sorry. What did you say? My shoe-phone was ringing while you were talking.}*

I'm a big fan of fan fiction. I've spent much time reading a lot of the stuff that's on fanfiction.net and even in The Restricted Section. I find it hilarious! There's a lot of slash that I've come across (and I admit it, some of the Hermione Granger/Ginny Weasley Harry Potter FemmeSlash is HAWT!) and some of that is even entertaining. I like ShelVy's *Planetary Stories*. I've even LoCed a couple of issues. It's good stuff specifically because it's supposed to be the old stuff. I saw *Surprising Stories* and I enjoyed it too. There's a lot to like in both, but I gravitate towards *PS* mostly due to the look and feel of the zine. When I saw that he was going to board up the shoppe if no one LoCed him but quick, I shot one off lickety-split.



Can't stand Herman Wouk. Not even in the tiniest of measures. I've got a lot of obscure books that I read every now and again, mostly Laser Books.

Jan mentions Dave Stewart! I loved him when he pitched for Oakland, and we used to mercilessly boo him when he played with Toronto later in his career. He was a great pitcher, and he could have been a Hall of Famer if he'd had another couple of top-notch years and managed to stay healthy.

You know, we might have to start a Bring John to Minicon fund like they did to Bring Bruce Bayside.

Well, that's my LoC. I'm totally bummed that Edmonton didn't win. I wanted the Oilers. My team never seems to win.

### **Chris**

*{If the Minn-stf folks ever decided to start up a Minicon fund regarding me, I would be **very** surprised. Not that I would mind, of course, but I suspect they'd do something silly like a "Bring John Purcell's Guitar to Minicon" fan fund. That's more the Crazy Minneapolis Fandom style.}*

***Eric Mayer** wrote in, making some interesting observations about how organized fandom is like another interest of his, Orienteering:*

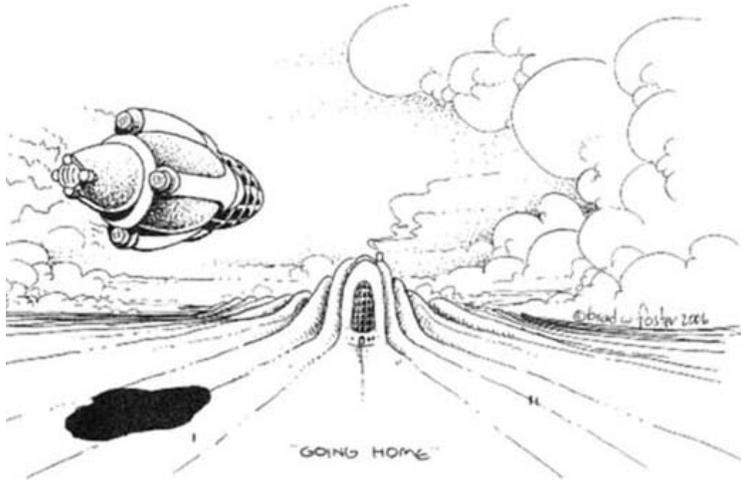
Nice cover. I like the classical theme!

I've never seen a ghost. Wish I would. Practically all the family I knew growing up is gone now. A few months ago I had a weird dream in which I watched a sort of procession of the dead. Not a physical procession, but one after another they passed through my thoughts, appearing like pictures in an album. Thought maybe I was on the way out, but I guess not yet, unless the afterlife consists of locking *In A Prior Lifetime*. (Hmmm, that sounds almost eerie...) *{So **that's** what the phrase "Death shall not release you" really means!}*

Although I found Garth Spencer's observations about fan history interesting, and basically in line with what I've observed, to be fair I haven't observed enough for my opinion to be worth much. My fanac has been confined almost entirely to writing and publishing. I've had nothing to do with organized fandom, clubs or convention organizing. *{Lucky you. Depending on the group of people involved, clubs and fannish social circles either work or don't.}*

It's generally a given that in volunteer organizations a small minority of members do all the work. It's also common for arguments and power struggles to break out. However, I was on the board of the Rochester Orienteering Club when we put on a national convention and, amazingly, very little, if any, friction or hard feelings were generated, despite that quite a few thousand dollars of expenditures and revenues were involved. I think the difference may lie in the fact that orienteers pretty much agree on what orienteering is about. The goal is to put on orienteering meets and the rules of orienteering are officially established. Fans, on the other hand, though they all themselves

fans, have much more varied aims and interests. I suspect differing goals lead to arguments, animosity, misunderstandings and so forth, particularly when there is money to spend on this, or maybe that, or else the other thing. *{Fan-run conventions do possess this inherent conflict because sf fandom is such a personal thing. Back in the 70s and 80s, Minicons always seemed to run relatively smoothly mainly because everyone was pretty much of one mind about the beast. I don't know what they've been like since 1992, but over the years the body politic of Minn-stf and the concoms have been fairly static, so the experience and continuity definitely make a difference in the successful running of that con.}*



I've never understood the media fan obsession with and adulation of fictional works be they books or movies or television shows. I have favorite authors, movies etc but I've always wanted, as hobby activities, to do things myself -- write, publish, run or orienteer. No matter how inept I might be, I get pleasure from accomplishing something on my own.

A history of the fandom that most interests me would be a history of fanzines and those who publish and contribute to them and would involve organizations only insofar as the fanzines were club zines or their contributors were somehow influenced by membership in a club. Histories, generally, even in the real world, tend to be about official organizations rather than the arts, I guess.

I admit I haven't read those fan fiction zines you review. I haven't been able to find much sf I care for in years. I sample online zines like *Strange Horizons*, kind of hoping they'll rekindle the spark, but mostly I find the stuff pretentious and uninteresting. There have been exceptions, but not enough to get me enthused about the genre as a whole. (I've read some short things I liked by Mike Resnick, Howard Waldrop, Jay Lake and Kelly Link recently) There sure are more outlets for one's efforts these days than there were when I (and maybe you?) were perpetrating skiffy back in the seventies. *{True enough. Yes, I was trying my hand at it back then, too.}*

Well, I see Roger Clemens lost his first time back. Houston still isn't scoring for him. I'm essentially a Yankee fan but I find myself tracking players who spend time with the team, so gradually I find myself checking every box score to see how this or that old alumnus is faring. (Well, there's a hobby that doesn't involve any personal activity on my part, despite what I just wrote!) Amazing I have any time to read fanzines.

By the way, my blog today is about baseball!

**Eric**

*{I have yet to read any of your bloggings, but you know how much I love baseball, too. My Twins are still in the hunt, too; only four games out of the AL wild card spot as of today (22 July 2006). Go Twinkies! How about that Liriano kid, eh? With Radke and Silva getting their rhythm back, and Santana just trucking right along, the Twins have a real shot at making the playoffs. Torii Hunter will be back in the line-up by the end of next week, it sounds like. Gawd, I LOVE beisbol!}*

*Leslie David sent a nice, LONG loc covering **and furthermore #8** and **IAPL #12**, the latter including a rather eye-opening story.*

The only Canadian fans I knew were the ones from Toronto that I met at Noreascon II, and then went up to visit on many occasions since Toronto was a much more fun place to party than Fort Lee, VA or even Richmond at that time.

Thanks for the review of Herman Wouk's The Lomokone Papers. If you hadn't told me I never would have known he wrote or attempted to write SF. I read Nora Roberts, and yes, she writes romance novels. She also writes what I would refer to quasi-SF under the name of J.D. Robb. I don't like her writing as J.D. Robb, but I like her writing as Nora Roberts, and I've spoken to people who feel just the opposite.

I disagree with Lloyd—I can kill plants by just having them in my presence. The only thing surviving at present are a jade plant and a succulent garden that I got back in '97. I've transplanted a few of the cacti over the years, but it keeps on going.

If you read the *Left Behind* novels and enjoyed them, you weren't reading them for their biblical content. Did you know the Texas political platform has biblical law as one of its goals? Now that's scary. *{I read those books knowing fully well their biblical base, and the authors, LaHaye and Jenkins, have openly acknowledged that these are works of fiction and not to be taken as gospel truth (their pun, too!). As for Texas being conservative, where we live it is über-conservatve and part of the Bible Belt. Fortunately, living in a university town helps keep the ultra-rightist nut cases at bay.}*



I can't remember what I wrote to you last time—I know I wrote about the trip to Brattleboro VT to attend the Dawn Dance - but did I tell you I had the Intacs procedure performed on my left eye? I've had keratoconus (irregular, progressive astigmatism) for 20 years, and the only treatments were to flatten it with a rigid contact lens which I wore, or a corneal transplant which I'm not bad enough to require. However I was tired of having 20/80 as the best corrected vision with my glasses—I had no depth perception and it made driving at night or in bad weather difficult. All these advances had come out for Lasik, which I can't have, so I'd been told to suck it up and live with it. Intacs were used briefly to correct mild myopia but about 2 years ago they realized they could use it to reshape the cornea. Two small half rings of plastic are implanted into a channel that is created in the cornea. The beauty of this procedure is that unlike Lasik, no tissue is removed, and the rings can be replaced or removed. I had the procedure done on June 8. It took about 45 minutes to create the channel and then thread the segments. After the procedure

the treatment is very much like Lasik—antibiotic and steroid drops used in the eye while the cornea is healing and a shield over the eye for 2 weeks to ensure no rubbing. My friend Ross drove me over and watched while I had it done. He thought it was way cool. He then drove me home, stayed with me during my “quiet time”—they suggest you take a nap, not that I can sleep during the after noon, put the drops in my eye for me, and took me out for dinner. I went back for a checkup after the first 24 hours and my vision had gone from 20/400 to 20/200. A month later when I went back for my checkup, the vision is about the same, but the astigmatism is almost gone and that was the impediment to a decent correction. I go back next month, and hopefully I’ll be able to go back into contacts with just a standard soft lens.

This is what the segments look like:



### Leslie

*{I consider myself very fortunate for only needing glasses - which my mother warned me about when I hit adolescence :) - and I cringe at the thought of going through eye surgery because I can't stand the thought of putting anything in my eyes, including eyedrops. I do hope all goes well with your ensuing visits.}*

### I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Bill Burns, John Coxon, Leslie David, Brad W. Foster, Chris Garcia (again), John Hertz, Arnie Katz, Earl Kemp.

**Very sad news:** During the production of this zine, the science fiction field lost two wonderful members: Jim Baen (1943-2006) and rich brown (1942-2006). I knew both of them, but unfortunately for me, not very well. Even so, they will be greatly missed by all of us. My condolences go to their families and friends.

## Some Closing Thoughts

That’s right, faithful readers. The rumors are true. I am one of the nominators of Chris for TAFF. At this point, allow me to elaborate on my reasons by reprinting what has previously appeared in *And Furthermore #10*: my reasons for nominating Chris.

Yet Another Fanzine Spit Out  
By Christopher J. Garcia  
The Drink Tank Issue 68  
cover by Frank Wu



1) Despite being relatively new to fandom (less than three years of activity, near as I can figure), Chris has literally leaped into prominence as a fanzine fan, producing literally dozens of zines a year. His main zine, *The Drink Tank*, now stands at issue #87 and will probably top the hundred mark before the end of the summer. Go to [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) and check it out – plus his other zines hosted there, notably *Claims Department*, which is his FAPA-zine – and revel in the variety of Chris' interests.

2) Chris has a variety of interests, which is tantamount to being interesting in fandom: films, sex, books, comics, sex, music, television, politics, and a whole mess of other stuff, and have I mentioned sex yet?

3) His interests and contacts have brought a bunch of people into fandom through his fanzines, and they even picked up the slack by putting out issues of *Drink Tank* when times were going tight or rough for Chris in recent months. Most of us in fanzine fandom know that he just lost his father, John Paul Garcia, to cancer, who was also a fan a few decades ago. The folks I refer to here are Judith and SaBean Morel, M, Robert Hole, and others better known as the *Drink Tank* cahootery. This is a good group of people.

4) Chris works at a museum, which is cool enough, but he keeps coming across really neat stuff there and then writes about these finds in David Burton's *Pixel*.

5) Chris can letterhack with the best of them; his name appears in zines all over the map, providing comments that show even more the eclectic nature of his interests.

6) Chris is a con-goer. Even though most Garcia sightings have been limited to the Western portion of the United States, it is believed that a steady migration eastward is expected over the next couple years. Reports of his meanderings, for example, have come out of Las Vegas. Con committees have already taken the necessary precautions to protect themselves and attendees from the projected onslaught.

7) He has a wonderful sense of humor, and loves to write, write, write! All you have to do is ask him for a contribution, and odds are you will get it relatively quickly.



