

from the
IN A PRIOR LIFETIME #14
funny pages,



Despite previous attempts at "vampiricide" by Widdecombe et al., an all-new Michael Howard emerges as Tory leader, re-incarnated as an angelic, beneficent centrist oozing love and conciliation. What nasty party?

Andy Davey ©2003

August, 2006

The cover art may be a complete nonsequitur for most of my readers, but that's alright. This is **IN A PRIOR lifetime #14** from the fertile and warped mind of

John Purcell
3744 Marielene Circle
College Station, TX 77845

e-mail: j_purcell54@yahoo.com

homepage: www.geocities.com/j_purcell54/PriorLifetime.html

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You do realize, of course, that this fanzine supports Christopher J. Garcia for TAFF? I thought so. Visit www.chrisfortaff.org for all of the goodies on this good guy.

Art credits:
Cover by Andy Davey; photo of Blinn College, Bryan campus, from www.blinn.edu – 3; Image googled *Star Trek* – 4; scan of book cover, by me – 5; photo by Richard Gilliam – 6; www.liv.ac.uk/.../2005/06/lucian7.jp – 8; Valerie Purcell – 9; image googled “Buck Rogers” - 10; image googled “Invader Zim” – 11; clip art – 12, 13, 16 ; image googled “U.S.S. Kitkun Bay.” – 17, 18.

Chris for Taff!

Bemused Natterings

This fanzine is coming out just a week before the latest incarnation of that annual gathering of scientificfictional type souls known as WorldCon. The latest in the series is known as L.A.Con IV, so called because it is the fourth time that Los Angeles has held this event. Yours truly will not be there, which bugs me a little bit, but not that much.

Allow me to explain how I feel about probably never attending another world science fiction convention.¹

First of all, it's not completely my fault. It is, sort of, but that's only because I am Adjunct Faculty in the Humanities Department at Blinn College campus in Bryan, Texas (Blinn's main campus is in Brenham, about a 45-minute drive from home). Classes usually begin the Monday before Labor Day, and all faculty and staff return the week before that to prepare and gird up for the onslaught of another academic year.

I love it. Completely, and I do not even try to hide my excitement at the beginning of another school year. The fact that this coming fall semester is also going to be the penultimate term for my required coursework degree plan on my PhD in Education at Texas A&M University also fuels my excitement. This is going to be a **great** year! I really can't wait.

But, like I said three paragraphs earlier, I probably may never attend another worldcon. This makes me sad, for obvious reasons. Since my return to fan pubbing, even though it's been solely via the Internet, I have managed to reconnect with a lot of old fannish friends and make some new fannish friends. In fact, this coming February, I am so jazzed about running over to Austin for Corflu #24 to meet a batch of these fine folks. Talk about can't wait! Jumping Jiminy Christmas, but I really can't wait for Corflu Quire to arrive! It will be a great time for everyone, and it should be interesting to see fannish friends that I haven't seen since the **1970s and 1980's!** Sherman, step into the Way-Back Machine and set it for Labor Day Weekend, 1978...



And even though I love my cyber-fanac, I also love my teaching career. You might think it's funny, but I really enjoy teaching English at the Community College level. Try to understand one basic concept: the first week of classes is the most

important week of the entire semester. Period. It would be greatly remiss of me to go the first two days of classes - if that many - and then saddle a substitute for the rest of that first week, maybe into the second, to run off and attend the latest installment of the World Science Fiction Convention. I can't do that. My students are much more important than my *hobby interest*.

¹ Unless it comes back to Texas again. If so, I'll be there with bells on.

I really mean this. Thoughts along this line have been creeping into my brain all summer long as I read in fanzine lettercolumns about fans gearing up for L.A.Con IV. Part of me is very jealous, I freely admit, but another part of me is very glad that I'm not going to be there. The crowds might be the worst in Worldcon history, considering that the theme is *Star Trek's* 40th Anniversary, and much of the programming is geared in that direction. Folks, it's gonna be one helluva crowded party. Trust me. A fringe fan's delight and a media fan's nirvana all rolled into one gigantic doobie. You bet there's gonna be some serious inhaling going on!



On the other hand, I am looking forward to experiencing it vicariously through all of the con reports that will be pubbed in all sorts of fanzines, both paper and electronic. (Is anybody going to be web-logging from the WorldCon? I suspect somebody is.) As a matter of fact, one such con report will be appearing in these pages; Lloyd Penney has graciously agreed to provide me a brief write-up on the doings out in LA. His worldcon report will probably be in the October issue; maybe the September number, but my Not-WorldCon Report will be in that one for sure. If I get it quickly enough they will both appear in September. *That* would make for an interesting combination.

Thus I sit and stew and type away on my latest issue. Will I miss you fine people? Absolutely. My heart and spirit will be there with y'all. But do me one favor will you? At some point during the weekend, when you're up in the con suite or smoffing in some private room party, hoist a bheer in my direction – just a hair to the east-southeast and way the hell off in the distance – and give a toast to not just me, but all the rest of us who wish we could be there with you.

Have fun at the WorldCon.

Don't be late -
Hollister in 2008

while before I went down. I also decided to forego getting *The Mote in God's Eye* autographed. That could wait. It was Phyllis's autograph I wanted, so the only book I brought with me was *Born to Exile*.

When I finally got there around 4:20 or so, my fears were confirmed. The line for Alan Dean Foster backed up through the lobby, exited out the side door, and finished on the sidewalk. At least they were in the shade. Jerry Pournelle's line likewise wound through the lobby, only it went out the hotel's main entrance before it took a hard left, leaving eager fans out on the un-shaded sidewalk in 110° heat.

Niven's line was the worst. It not only paralleled Pournelle's, but also went out the main door, took a right and went on down the block! I had never seen anything like this before in my five years of con-going. Undaunted, I looked for the beginning of Phyllis's line. She was sandwiched between Foster and Pournelle, who were gleefully signing and chatting with their adoring denizens of fans, who were babbling excitedly at meeting their author-heroes.

Nobody stood in line for Phyllis's autograph.

Absolutely. No-one.

Her eyes sadly contemplated the massive lines of adoring teenaged and young and old adult fans for the other writers, her hands tightly knotted on her empty table. My heart broke for Phyllis, so I smiled and waved as I approached. Her face lit up when she saw me, especially when I presented my first edition copy of *Born to Exile* for her autograph. "Hello, John," she said, a gleam in her eyes. "Thank you so much for coming," she said as she gleefully grabbed the book, opened it to the inside front cover, and wrote on the dark green paper, "To John, who asked for my very first autograph at a long ago con. Thanks for everything! Phyllis Eisenstein." Closing the book and emphatically putting the pen down, she beckoned me forward with her right index finger. "Come here," she commanded.



Phyllis and Alex Eisenstein; photo by Richard Gilliam at ChiCon 2000.

As I leaned forward, Phyllis stood up, put her arms around my neck, and gave me the biggest kiss I had ever had in my life up to that point. The hubbub of voices around us stopped, and I knew that the eyes of all these kids – male kids, mind you – were watching us, to say nothing of the writers. (I had met Niven and Foster a few times before at cons, so they kind of knew who I was, and Larry had introduced me to Jerry Pournelle at the Meet the Pros party on Thursday night.) The kiss seemed to last for a full minute at least, possibly longer. When she was finally done kissing me, Phyllis sat back down, smiled at me, and simply said, "Thank you."

As I turned to my left to leave, my eyes met Larry Niven's, who winked and smiled at me. Pournelle, along with the fannish horde present, sat aghast, staring at me as if I was Don Juan in the flesh. He quickly regained his composure, turned to Larry and said, "I think we're in the wrong line!"

To this day I have no idea if there was a sudden sales increase of *Born to Exile*. Someday I shall have to ask her about that.

Fanzines Reviews

This is one of those times when it is just before the WorldCon, and a whole slew of zines spew forth to inundate your mailbox. One of the neat things about this hobby group called Fandom is that there are a lot of old friends still knocking about and pubbing their zines. When I wrote to Jerry Kaufman and told him that I would be reviewing his zine in this issue, I mentioned that the theme would be something like The Old Guard Strike Back, even though I don't want him to feel *that* old. (I so love this kind of reading material.) Of course, all these zines means that I am now immediately behind in my loccing endeavors, but that's okay; summer session is now over so I have a week to prepare for the new school year and catch up on locs while the rest of you slackers go to L.A. ConIV. My intention here in reviewing *Littlebrook #5*

and *No Award #16* this time around is to basically show some of the fan pubbing young guns how the veterans do it.

Marty Cantor has a long fannish resumé, including numerous apazines and the bucking-for-legendary *Holier Than Thou*. I have known him since the late 70s, and Marty is not one to hold back on his opinions. Many a heated discussion raged in Lasfapa with Marty at the center of the storm. On the colophon the reader is informed that he was "voted Fandom's Resident Curmudgeon in a poll conducted in *Twink*." There has never been a more distinguished recipient of such an honor before or since, In My Humple Opinion.

This particular issue of *No Award* is more genzine in style than previous issues. If I remember correctly, this zine is Marty's Fapa zine – mainly distributed through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association – but instead of being mostly mailing comments about other Fapa-zines, this time around it includes a lot of material culled from various e-lists. This is a wonderful idea because, as Marty notes, there are a lot of fans putting good stuff out on e-lists; but since there are so many of them, much of this material simply is not being read by most fans because not everyone is a member of these e-lists. Reprinting them will hopefully "expose more fans to some fine writing previously available to relatively small audiences," and I, for one, appluad Marty's editorial selections.

There is thus a lot of wonderful fannish stuff in here: contributors included D. Gary Grady, Curt Phillips, rich brown, Peter Weston, Rich Coad, Graham Charnock, and John DeChancie. A healthy lettercolumn rounds out the issue, and a Good Time is Had by All. Marty's experience in putting together this issue displays his eye for layout – attractive, clean, with very nice art interspersed throughout – and his sense of humor, which hasn't mellowed with age; it is just as

Some fun ones to peruse:

No Award #16

Marty Cantor

11825 Gilmore St. #105

North Hollywood, CA 91606

e-mail: hooahpubs@earthlink.net

Littlebrook #5

Jerry Kaufman & Suzanne Tompkins

P.O. Box 25075

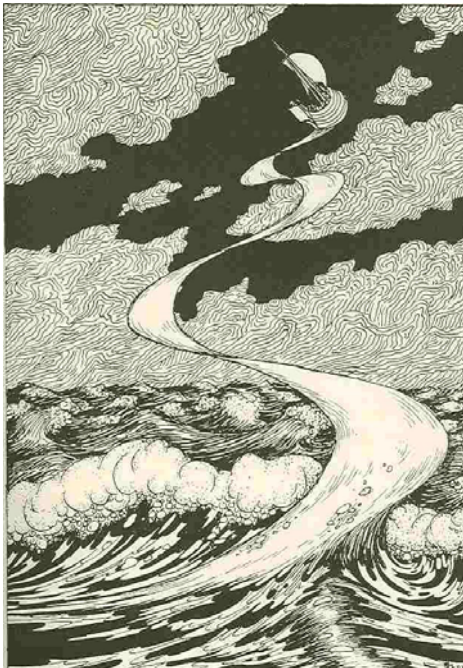
Seattle, WA 98165

e-mail: littlebrooklocs@aol.com

both available at www.efanzines.com

sharp and acerbic as ever. This is a fun fanzine to read, and I enjoyed reading it very much. Sometime in the next week I should get around to locating it.

Another pair of long-time fan editors, Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, return to the fold with a wonderful issue entitled *Littlebrook*. This is the fifth issue of a zine published very irregularly on a schedule best described as erratic. I really don't care when it appears; *Littlebrook* #5 (the January, 2006 issue) is an excellent zine with still more veteran fan-writer contributors: Jim Young, Luke McGuff, John Berry, and Bruce Townley. The editors note that "Yes, it has been a year since our previous issue," but the gap in time doesn't hurt the continuity of the zine or its personality. If anything, the time-lag contributes to it. Time was when a fan or fans would publish maybe only one or two issues a year; a regularly appearing quarterly or bimonthly was common, but to maintain such a publishing schedule took a healthy commitment from the editor(s) if it was maintained for any great length of time. Electronic publishing makes continuity easier; unfortunately, it still takes time to produce a zine: typing, layout, editing, etc. requires effort, even with the time-saving technology of copy/cut/paste.



Just like Marty Cantor, Jerry and Suzle have been around the fan-publishing block quite a few times. I remember getting their zines back in the seventies, and always enjoyed them. Face it, when you've got an established reputation as a good faneditor with a well-respected fanzine, you're going to receive excellent material from contributors, both written and drawn. There really isn't a lot of art in *Littlebrook* #5, but when it's there, it's good. My favorite is the masthead on the lettercolumn by Craig Smith. Very funny. The written material is solid. Luke McGuff's one-page contribution is from his LiveJournal, and it is remarkable not only for its brevity, but the depth of his writing – reflecting on sorting through a dead elderly relative's possessions – makes you stop and think. It's evocative with some finely-turned phrases.

Most lettercolumns are simply slapped together nowadays, it seems – the ones in my zines tend to do this at times – but a good faneditor will take the time to select and fuse locs together in such a way as to give the lettercolumn a certain flow and feel. *Littlebrook*'s loccol is one of the better ones I've read in recent months; it ranks up there with loccols in *Chunga* and *Banana Wings* in terms of quality and quantity. There are a lot of folks commenting on Country Music in the letters, and that's okay; the discussion is not dominated by the topic, and the letters reflect the diversity of the material published in the fourth issue.

All in all, these are two zines produced by veteran fans, and they stand as shining examples of how to produce a solid zine. Thank you Marty, Jerry, and Suzle.

fanzines received/reviewed:

The Golden Halls of Mirth; *Visions of Paradise* #106; *Some Fantastic* #9; *Number One* #7; *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #79-82; *Drink Tank* #90 - 94; *eI* #27, *Littlebrook* #5; *No Award* #16, *ConFusion* #4; *Feline Mewsings* #25; *Peregrine Nations* #6.2; *Cargo Cult*

Books and Notions (July/August 2006); *Science Fiction in San Francisco* #28; *MT Void* #1347; *Number One* #8 - 9; *Pixel* #5; *Trap Door* #21 – 22; *Watt's Out* (Aug 2006) .

From the hinterlands

This time around, just because he's being a really good letterhack by keeping up with my publishing schedule, the lettercolumn shall commence with our favorite letterhack from the north leading things off,, **Lloyd Penney:**

The massive catch-up continues, and now it's time to make comment on IAPL 13. (I am hoping to be completely caught up by the time we go to the Worldcon...I am certain there'll be a few in the mailbox when we return, and I hope to bring a boxful home from LA.)



What is my purpose? Who am I? Why am I here? Why am I in this handbasket, and why is it getting so hot? And, who ordered the veal cutlet? Questions we all should ponder... *{I thing you really need a vacation, Lloyd.}*

I am a big *Twilight Zone* fan, of the original series, to be sure, but also of the CBS version that came out in the 1980s. Some wonderful stories were turned into excellent television, and that's where I became a big fan of Alan Brennert, writer of such tales as "Her Pilgrim Soul" and "A Message from Charity". The New TZ from a few years ago didn't catch my attention as much, with the exception being the sequel to "It's A Wonderful Life", with an adult Bill Mummy and his daughter.

Ah, Burma-Shave...it took me a while to track it down, and I eventually found it in a Borders in Buffalo, but I have *The Verse by the Side of the Road* by Frank Rowsome, Jr. (foreword by Bob Dole!), which tells all about the history of the Burma-Shave Co., and the signs which dotted American highways between 1927 and 1963:

WE DON'T / KNOW HOW / TO SPLIT AN ATOM / BUT AS TO WHISKERS /

LET US AT 'EM / BURMA-SHAVE

Where does Langford keep all his Hugos? My sources tell me the picket fence around his home is extremely silvery... *{Quick! Someone grab a few buckets of whitewash and some brushes and send them to Pickersgill. He'll know what to do with them.}*

Garth Spencer is not talking about fans screwing up minor conventions, but about them not following what he sees as common sense in business arrangements. He's got a long-term burr about what happened many years ago with a mediacon in Victoria that failed in spectacular fashion, and I can't blame him in some ways. Yet, he won't let go of it, and I think he'd be happier if he did. Every fannish group is unique; the blame can't be spread everywhere. Also, if local fandom in Vancouver was incompetent, the local VCon wouldn't be approaching number 31. We all bring what business acumen we have to the table, and we learn from our mistakes, and sharpen our skills and self-esteem on our successes. The best cons have the best people with the best skills, and with some luck, those people will stick around long enough to make the con a popular success. *{This is probably why Minicons have been so successful over the years is because such good people have been working on the con for so many years.}*

I've got glasses and a perpetually changing prescription, and I have to go back to the optician to get my eyes tested again. I have progressives that allow me to read small type if I look down my nose, and I expect that I will have to get new glasses soon. We're going to look into them once we get back from the Worldcon.

John, did you get my loc on IAPL 12? Just wondered. Did I get WAHFed? Oh, well, hope this loc is a little better. Off it goes to the LJ, too. Take care, and see you next issue.

Lloyd Penney

{Yes, I did get that loc. I think it was an oversight on my part to not WAHF you. It probably got to me just as I was putting that issue to bed. My bad.}



Now pitching, in relief of Pedro Borbon, number 23, Eric Mayer:

Thanks for IAPL 13. I haven't watched television for a few years. I tend to eventually tire of everything -- even TV. But I loved watching during the fifties and early sixties. Like most kids I probably had an unhealthy preoccupation with it. My parents couldn't afford a color TV for quite awhile and I used to dream I was watching a television picture that was -- miraculously -- in color. Those dreams about flying were nothing compared to that. I guess the first show I saw in all its glory when we finally did move up to a color set was *Bonanza*. We used to set the colors to a garish intensity, probably emulating Technicolor rather than nature.

It's amazing what filled us with amazement. *The Flintstones*, as the first cartoon in primetime, seemed to us a seismic shift in reality. I remember

our parents were under strict instructions to get us back from the Bloomsberg Fair in time for the premier. Man, yabba-dabba doo, plus at the fair we bought rubber vomit. A day for the ages. *{Good times, indeed. Or should that be "goo times"??}*

Then there were the westerns. My friends and I particularly liked *Bat Masterson* and *Have Gun Will Travel*. We watched them then got out our cap guns and relayed the shootouts in our backyard. Walking to the dime store on allowance day to stock up on caps was a big deal. But for some reason I never took any interest in real guns. Maybe I spent too much time flopping around on the lawn dying from cap gun wounds.

Oddly enough I never read a western. All I read was science fiction but sf wasn't as large a part of my TV viewing because, I seem to recall, it was rather scarce. At least compared to westerns. I watched anything remotely like sf. I did enjoy *The Twilight Zone* and, yes, my favorite was the one with Agnes Moorhead and I shall say no more in case there lives some lucky soul who can still watch it for the first time.



I recall *Thriller* and *The Outer Limits* as other anthology-type shows, like *The Twilight Zone*. The scariest thing I ever saw was an episode called "The Hungry Glass" about a ghost in a mirror. There was the short-lived *Men Into Space* which attempted what back then passed for a realistic look at the space program. Another favorite was *Journey to the Bottom of the Sea*. Then there was a show I loved that wasn't really sf -- *Sea Hunt* with Lloyd Bridges -- but which I think appealed to me because of my reading Arthur Clark's undersea novels. *{I really loved Journey to the Bottom of the Sea; it was a fun sfnal type of a show with a really good cast. David Hedison as Captain Lee Crane was my favorite, and Richard Basehardt was solid as Admiral Nelson. It was a fun show.}*

I was never into crime/lawyer/cop shows at any time. The only such show I ever really was enthusiastic about was *Hill Street Blues*. And when the similar Bochco (I think) series *Bay City Blues*, using the same formula to follow a minor league baseball team (that's almost as neat as *The Flintstones* in primetime) got canned after about three episodes I was devastated.

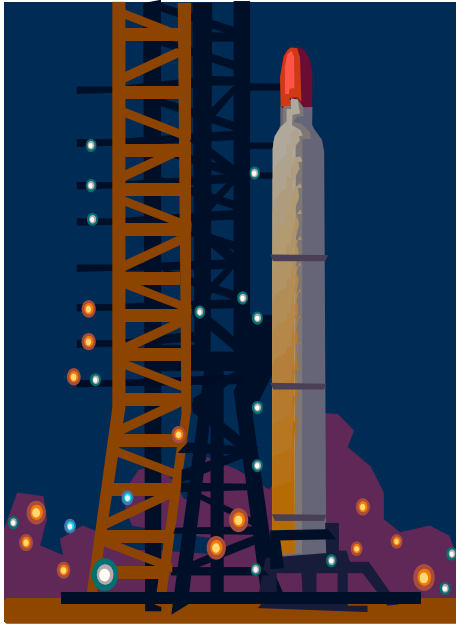
Although I've given up TV, I still follow baseball religiously. With Santana and Liriano the Twins might have the best shot of any team to win the World Series, if only they can make the playoffs. Arizona proved how devastating two aces (Johnson and Schilling) can be in the playoffs, much to the Yanks' detriment. However, I do wonder, how dare a baseball team demote a player named Boof Bonser? *{He's back now, with Matt Garza filling in for the injured Liriano, who hopefully will be back in the rotation by the end of August. It's gonna be interesting, that's for sure.}*

By the way, great illo by Brad Foster at the head of the lettercol.

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Eric

{With any kind of luck, I should be getting some more artwork from Brad; he e-mailed me a few days ago saying that he's been really busy, but will try to get more sent my way. If there ever was a man deserving of a Fan Hugo for his artwork, it's Brad.}



*There are probably not many fanzine lettercolumns nowadays that don't have a loc from the following publishing giant, **Chris Garcia**. This is not one of those zines.*

I was reading various sites and realised that it'd been more than ten minutes since I checked eFanzines. I head over and there's *In A Prior Lifetime*. Sweetness!

Old *Twilight Zones* are awesome. My big problem with them is they make me realize what a hack M. Night Shaymalan is. Serling could write a twist...well, the people who wrote for him could, and they still feel fresh, even if the acting is very rough by today's standards. I do a great Rod Serling imitation too. Mostly, I do him speaking the opening of "When Doves Cry". *{Okay...I may have to request you "perform" this at Corflu*

Quire.}

You've had a lot of different fannish exposure. I've done cons around the US (mostly Cali, Seattle and a PhilCon that was a lot of fun) but I'm only a member of BASFA. I've never even been to a LASFS meeting (though as a part of my whirlwind campaign I'll be visiting) and even though I lived less than three miles from the clubhouse for NESFA back in the day. I really should try and get around to more fanclubs. Other than the BArea and Vegas, I've not been to any. I do read a lot of the Southern Fan Group clubzines.

Where was Jim the Executive Director? I must know. I can only assume that he's no longer director, which sucks because I'm always looking for another Curator job.

I thought that Rudolf Valentino's disease was the habitual marrying of lesbians? OK, that was cheap (I've been reading too much Hollywood Babylon), but there's the famous story about what they found inscribed from Rudy in the mouth of Ramon Navaro when he was murdered. *{This I will need to research. Sounds fascinatingly gruesome.}*

Gotta agree with you on *Peregrine Nations*. It's one of the zines that most responsible for me being here today. Jan pubbed my first article and was one of the first four zines that pubbed my

LoCs. *{I like it too. Jan's been putting out a fine zine, and I hope she continues for many a moon.}*

My fast LoCing skills are not a bad habit. They're simply my hyperactive typing fingers getting all up in your face.

Good stuff.

Chris

{Thanks for the kind words. In a little over six months I will finally get the chance to meet your hyperactive self in person. Now that I've watched you on CNN – does this mean your fifteen minutes of fame are now up? – I feel like I finally know you. Sort of.}



Leslie David not only wrote a nice long loc, but sent along a cartoon that I can share with y'all thanks to the wonder of copy-paste.

Thanks for the notification that *In a Prior Lifetime* #13 was out. Normally I respond faster but there's been the usual busy stuff.

I lived in Brazil from 1961-1964, so for most of the year we didn't have television--we didn't bring any of our appliances down to South America since they wouldn't work on the current, so my sole exposure to television was when we came back to the US in the summer to visit my grandparents. We were glued to the thing—everything was new to us, and I remember being supremely pissed off in 1964 when the conventions interrupted normal viewing—at age 7 I didn't really care much about the electoral process. My early memory of television was my grandfather watching Lawrence Welk—he loved that show. Scarily enough, later on, my parents also watched it on PBS and loved it too. I guess what I remember most about early television was when we returned to the States in '64 and '65 and were living in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. I remember watching *The Flintstones*, *The Addams Family* and *Jonny Quest* on TV during prime time, which started at 7 pm! Since I'm 2 years younger than you are, my parents might have thought I was too young for *The Twilight Zone*, although I remember sneaking halfway down the stairs with my younger sister so we could watch *The Man from Uncle* which was on after our bedtime.

Now of course I don't have cable and about the only time I turn on the set is to watch something on PBS or to watch a DVD. In fact, last week PBS was doing their membership/fundraising thing and was showing all sorts of great music stuff. They did an evening of disco which I thoroughly enjoyed—after all, that's when I was in college and hitting the clubs. I sang along, boogied and did my ironing! I guess I should clarify that last statement—I had ironing that's been hanging up waiting to be ironed for over 7 years. I always thought that watching TV and ironing were 2 mindless tasks which complimented each other, so when I gave up my cable, I quit ironing. Last Friday night (8/4) PBS did an hour and a half show on folk music, and hearing Barry McGuire sing “Eve of Destruction”, which he updated with some new lyrics, was even more appropriate than it might have been when he originally sang it. I can't imagine anytime in our history when

we've been more on the verge of some idiot pushing the button than we are right now. In retrospect, I think that the reason that the US and Russia didn't was because we both had first-hand knowledge of what happens and what the aftermath looks like than any of these wanna-be's now, and that includes India and China.

Re Dust in the Attic--interesting comparison between Des Moines, Minneapolis and LA fans. All those years I lived in Richmond I met a few of the local fans—mostly at Noreascon II. Most of them had gone to VCU, and they were a very small group. Alexis Gilliland has a group up here in Arlington—I may have gone once, so it's not very memorable to me, but then I'm really not part of fandom anymore. It was a hoot to go to the LASFS meeting when I was visiting Elena in Burbank last year—it was great to see Marty Cantor and Matthew Tepper who I didn't even recognize, but who recognized me after 20 years! I think besides e-mailing Lorraine regarding *Feline Mewsings* and other things and e-mailing Elena and Sally, this is as close to fanac as I come these days. Des Moines meetings sound like our Supper Club—a group of us from the Circle meet for dinner on Wednesday nights at the City Tavern in Old Town Manassas—purely for social purposes, although sometimes a little business sneaks in around the edges.



Diseased Minds—I had a list somewhere which I unfortunately (or maybe fortunately) discarded, so I won't be able to send it on to you. I am attaching a cartoon that my supervisor sent me after I saw it hanging outside her cube.

Leslie

{This is really funny, even funnier when I think of the Hemingway reference. Gawd, I'm such an English geek!}

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

(re: IAPL #12) Lloyd Penny.

(re: IAPL #13) David Burton, Arnie Katz, Jerry

Kaufman, Mike McInerney, Jan Stinson, Peter Sullivan, R Lorraine Tutihasi



Up-coming Texas conventions:

FenCon III - September 22 - 24, 2006 - Dallas, Texas

Coflu Quire – February 9 – 11, 2007, Austin, Texas

Aggiecon 38 – March 23 – 25, 2007, College Station, Texas

I will be at Corflu and Aggiecon for sure. Other conventions to be added to the above list as I come across them.

the Obscurato

Book review by
Denny Lien

*Here's another reprint from yesteryear. I mentioned in the first installment of this column that **Denny Lien**, a long-time Minn-stf graybeard, contributed some reviews of deservedly out-of-print books to my first fanzine. The review that follows is from **This House #15** (Spring, 1989), and is a shining example of the sort of thing that I'm looking for in contributions to this feature. Feel free to join in the fun, gang.*

Eisenwein, J. Berg, ed. *Adventures to Come*. Springfield, MA: McLoughlin Bros (1937).

Peter Nicolls, in his *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, mentions in the article on "Anthologies" that "the usually accepted candidate for first sf anthology is *Adventures to Come*... The stories were all original, but by all unknowns, and it seems to have had no influence at all." This is, perhaps, over-generous. Nicolls does not pass along the sometimes-voiced suspicion that all of the unknowns may in fact have been Eisenwein under pseudonyms. Since Eisenwein (1867-1946) himself (a fairly prolific textbook writer and editor of juvenile fiction at the time) is forgotten today, this would seem to matter only to fanatical collectors of sf anthologies, of which I am unfortunately one.

The book contains nine stories, each ranging from 13 to 21 pages. The binding, illustrations (uncredited), and a list of other titles in the "World of Adventure Series" – such as *Spirited Horses and Daring Dogs* – proclaim this to be a juvenile work, and the writing confirms it. There is very little to say individually about these stories as sf, or art (or life, or sociology), but conjointly they are important enough in their obscure way to merit a line or so each.

"A Man in the Moon Comes Down," by Berger Copeman. A seven-foot tall alien humanoid lands in a cornfield and makes friends with a small boy, his family, and a rustic lawman. He takes some of them on a joyride. If only the Skyman had been written four feet shorter, Copeman might today be suing *E.T.*

"A Life by Television," by Jack Arnold. Life-saving surgery via television.

"The Cruise of the S-900," by Russell Kent. Submarine espionage. "It'll give us a chance, maybe, to use that new 'Robot Electropedo' we have aboard. Funny bit of mechanism, that thing."

"Twenty-Five Miles Aloft," by Raymond Watson. An aerial balloon record is set when a rich industrialist's nephew (who loves the balloonist's granddaughter) convinces his uncle to foot the bill by promising to go along.



“Science Steals a March,” by Nelson Richards. Crooks, who talk like all crooks in 1930-ish juvenile fiction (“Any pard of Phil’s is tops with me!”), are outwitted by a young G-man armed with truth gas, mock fire bombs, and paralytic bullets.

“Dawn Attack,” by Berger Copeman. Baron Terroff of “the Trisovian battlecruiser *Sinta*” picks up an apparent American traitor, Lieutenant Robert Perry. Not realizing that no-one so heroically named could be disloyal, he trusts him and the Trisovian attack on New York City is foiled.

“Pirates of the Air,” by James S. Bradford. “Yes, sir,” he replied. “Position X-477 is correct.” His superior’s face grew grave.

“It is as I had feared,” he told them. “The territory of the Sarots! The pirates of the Skyways – and well-named, too!” He turned slowly to face the two young officers. “Gentlemen, I’m afraid the 16 have fallen into very, very bad hands!”

“Six Hundred Fathoms,” by Norman Leslie. “Twenty-Five Miles Aloft” rewritten in the other direction.

“It’s Going to be True!” by Burke Franthway. A twentieth century young man is revived after 200 years into a future which is full of wonders: “That’s a rocket-driven spaceliner. It is just leaving New York for the city of Shelantas, on the Moon! And it will be there in *less than four days!*” == “That fellow will soon be off to Mars. And they’ll get there in about two years! . . . But you must bear in mind that it’s a trip of over ninety-three million miles!” The primitive saves his mentor’s life after an accident strands them in the wild, but not before being inspired by a vision of “a score of boys wearing the uniform of the Boy Scouts of America!”

The two stories by “Berger Copeman” are perhaps marginally better than the others, but the differences among the lot are not enough to prevent me from suspecting that original suspicion was correct. Esenwein was (as far as the sf field is concerned) either an historically important and thus unjustly forgotten anthologist, or a justly forgotten author and conspicuous consumer of pseudonyms (“Burke Franthway”??). *Spirited Horses and Daring Dogs* may have worn better.

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QUICKIE REVIEW TIME:

One book I recently finished is *The Advent of Brother Cadfael* by Ellis Peters. For those of you who enjoy a good mystery – and there is substantial cross-over readership between science fiction and mystery – I heartily recommend any of the Brother Cadfael books. There are eighteen novels featuring the intrepid medieval mystery-solving monk, and *The Advent of Brother Cadfael* is a collection of 3 novelettes that are basically, in chronology of stories, setting up the background to the series. Written after quite a few of the novels, these stories are from the beginning of Cadfael’s career in the Shrewsbury Monastery in 1120 AD. They are stylish, with language appropriate to the time, and historically accurate. Very entertaining and fun. – **Ye Editor.**

Some Closing Thoughts

Now that I am in my fifties, through no effort of my own to get there, the daily mail every so often brings various offers for assorted types of insurance coverage, magazine subscriptions, credit cards, and offers to join AARP (the American Association of Retired Persons). In short, Junk Mail. To be honest, I will probably be joining AARP because there are some definite advantages in membership. (Discounts at restaurants, hotels, rental cars, etc., will definitely come in handy for future con-going.)

Photo # 80-G-287497 USS Kitkun Bay launches FM-2 fighters during Battle off Samar



Every so often we get this newsletter, “The Buoy Bell,” which comes from the association of the surviving shipmates of the *U.S.S. Kitkun Bay*, my dad’s aircraft carrier during World War II. Wives, widows, children, and honorary members of the crew are invited to join, and there is always an annual reunion for the remaining crew members plus their families. This coming September 21-25, it will be held in Bloomington, Minnesota. I would love to attend, but it is unlikely that our finances would allow it.

But the latest newsletter included the following listing of “Senior personal ads seen in Florida newspapers.”

Like a good editor, fannish or otherwise, when I run across something that strikes me as particularly funny and worth sharing, I will do so. Herewith are the aforementioned “Senior Personals” from real Florida newspapers:

Foxy lady:

Sexy, fashion-conscious blue-haired beauty, 80’s, slim, 5’4” (used to be 5’6”), searching for sharp-looking, sharp-dressing companion. Matching white shoes and belt a plus.

I am into solitude, long walks, sunrises, the ocean, yoga and meditation. If you are the silent type, let’s get together, take our hearing aids out and enjoy quiet times.

Long-term commitment:

Recent widow who has just buried fourth husband, and am looking for someone to round out a six-unit plot. Dizziness, fainting, shortness of breath not a problem.

Beatles or Stones?

I still like to rock, still like to cruise in my Camaro on Saturday nights, and still like to play the guitar. If you were a groovy chick, or are now a groovy hen, let’s get together and listen to my eight-track tapes.

Serenity now:

Memories:

I can usually remember Monday through Thursday. If you can remember Friday, Saturday and Sunday, let's put our two heads together.

Winning Smile:

Active grandmother with original teeth seeking a dedicated flosser to share rare steaks, corn on the cob, and caramel candy.

In Mint Condition:

Male, 1929, high mileage, good condition, some hair, many new parts including hip, knee, cornea, valves. Isn't in running condition, but walks well.



This is a great photograph of my dad's ship, the *U.S.S. Kitkun Bay*.

**General
Characteristics:**

Awarded: 1942
Keel laid: May 31, 1943
Launched: November 8, 1943
Commissioned: December 15, 1943
Decommissioned: April 19, 1946
Builder: Kaiser Shipbuilding Co., Vancouver, Wash.
Propulsion system: four boilers
Propellers: two
Length: 512.5 feet (156.2 meters)
Flight Deck Width: 108 feet (32.9 meters)
Beam: 65 feet (19.9 meters)
Draft: 22.6 feet (6.9 meters)
Displacement: approx. 10,400 tons full load
Speed: 19 knots
Catapults: one
Aircraft: 28 planes
Armament: one 5-inch L/38 gun, 16 40mm guns, 20 20mm guns
Crew: 860