

PEREGRINE NATIONS





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peregrination, n., *L.*, A traveling, roaming, or wandering about; a journey. (The New Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language, Avenel Books, New York: 1980).

In Memoriam: Kenn Stinson 1953— 2003

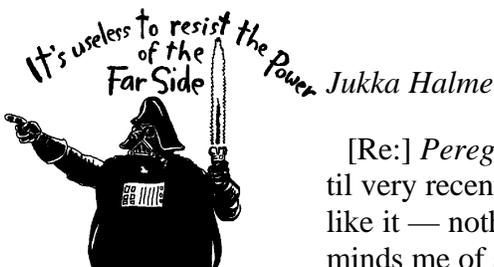
Go easily to that rest, brave warrior, which you have so dearly earned.

Father and husband, we miss you.

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Contributions are welcome in the form of LoCs, articles, reviews, art, etc. in two methods: e-mail to me at tropicsf@earthlink.net (please use *Peregrine Nations* in the subject) or via regular mail. **No attachments unless previously arranged.** Clearly scanned artwork is also welcome. Main articles should be around 800-1,200 words, reviews 200-500 words. Queries welcome.

Next editorial deadline: March 20, 2002.



Silent eLOCutions

ber who. Dunny perhaps?

[Re:] *Peregrine Nations* 2.2 and 2.3, Marc Schirmeister is a treasure. Until very recently (was it the *Twink* cover I saw?) I had heard — seen, more like it — nothing of him and suddenly he was everywhere. His style reminds me of some **great** European comic artist, but bugger if I can remember

Finnccon, which is the NatCon of Finland, draws several thousand visitors. But since there's no admission fee, it is a slightly different case in point. I visited my first ever Swecon (Sweden) this summer, and with less than 80 attendees, it was certainly a... bit different than an average Finnccon.

Next year's Finncon X (as in the 10th) will also be both Eurocon (Europe) and Baltcon (Baltic Sea) and we're hoping that more foreigners would come and see how we do things around here. 3

<www.finncon.org>

Last weekend we had Tähtivaeltaja Day, a minicon celebrating the 20th anniversary of the magazine of that name (meaning Star Rover). A very nice day with entertaining panels and speeches. And a jolly nice after-party with programming. I managed to "sell" Ash by Mary Gentle at the Sell A Book to the Audience competition well enough to come second. The idea of the "game" was that you read or interpreted the first lines of a book so evocatively and enthusiastically that the audience would "buy" the book.

I wrote four entries (Eddings, Howard, Kay and Tad Williams) to a new reference book about fantasy authors that have been translated into Finnish. I could have easily been objective and given praise when due to three later ones, but when I wrote the Eddings bit, I had some minor problems. Finally I chose to be very magnanimous and give credit when it was due. Eddings' strength lies with the fact that he is an entertaining and very humorous fantasy author.

I have always been very much taken by the fact that the authors we've had as GoHs here in Finland have always turned out to be outspoken, entertaining and audience-friendly. (I understand that Jonathan Carroll was not such a case, but then again I lived in the States when he was here. Could be just ignorant badmouthing, but I digress.)

I loved the Lyn McConchie piece on book sizes. It's a common phenomenon and I've been suspecting something fishy about them mammoth-books, but I have never done the research into the lay-out as Lyn seems to have done. As I suspected, them bastards are screwing with us!

Earl Kemp is a great fanwriter. As a Finn and a person to whom the world of foreign fanzines is a relatively new experience, the fact that he is a voice from the past making re-appearance is of no consequence. To me he is one of the very best of the current writers I have had the pleasure of reading. Then again, not to put him or anyone else down, I haven't really been exposed to that many fanzines as I do live here on the border and a new fanzine is a rare and precious thing, whenever such happens to find its merry old way over here.

Lloyd Penney says it well, when he utters: "[a pocketbook] ...it really was a pocket novel back then, because it could fit [into a pocket]."

I haven't really read that much of Cherryh, but I did like her Morgaine series, whereas her more "pure" fantasy left me cold. Cyteen is one of my wife's absolute favorite SF books. SFC — great magazine. I'm in there! I'm just slightly baffled by E. B.'s mention that he got my name/address from *Trap Door*. I don't deny the possibility of it, but as I have never seen "A" *Trap Door* in my life (wink, wink!), I find that a bit odd.

Talking about saints: the bi-monthly meeting of the Helsinki SF people (lovingly called "Kannaksen mafia") takes place every other Thursday at St. Urho's Pub, a very nice beer-restaurant near the Parliament building. My understanding is that St. Urho is an American, who saved either vineyards of Minnesota or got rid of those pesky calf-sized locusts in Wyoming. His namesake beer is a very nice darkish lager, most appropriate for an after-sauna beer or two.

Joseph Major

Try reading Tony Perottet's Route 66 A.D. He traveled over Italy, Greece, and Egypt using as tour guides Classical tour guides, such as Pausanias. The book notes how in some ways so little has changed in the past two thousand years.

Chumming with Tobes. Well, if you have any alcoholic sharks around, that should increase the catch. (As far as I know, I have nothing against the man and might even like him; but he seems to be taking on the role of "drunken lout" a little too willingly.) [*He may yet surprise many people.*]

Saints: Poul Anderson wrote an essay about saints. It took off with a comment about seeing an old Spanish map that had "las Islas de San Dwich". From this he composed the story of St. Dwich, apos-

tle to the Anthrophophagi, martyred by being sliced thin and served with mustard on bread. [*groan*]

He also mentioned St. Olaf, the patron saint of Norway, and namesake of a very pious and restrained university. Poul said he hoped someday to go up in the bell tower with a bullhorn and recite the Life of St. Olaf — the drunken sprees, the fornications, the illegitimate son, the Viking raids ("London Bridge Is Falling Down" thanks to St. Olaf). As he said, St. Olaf (King Olaf the Stout) achieved grace very late in life.

France seems to have at least four patron saints: St. Denys, St. Martin of Tours, St. Thérèse of Lisieux (also the patron saint of florists) and of course St. Joan of Arc; not to mention St. Louis XI, the patron saint of French monarchs. I'm not sure if Lisa would like St. Hippolytus (patron saint of horses) or St. Jerome (patron saint of librarians) more.

If you thought St. Olaf the Stout was interesting, St. Francis Borja has an ahem even more interesting background; his great-grandfather was Pope Alexander VI, his great uncle Cesare Borgia, and great aunt, Lucrezia Borgia. [*So why the different spelling in the last name?*]

Then of course there was St. Brigid the patron saint of Ireland (Patrick's deputy) who seems to have been confused or combined with the goddess Brigid. And St. Josaphat [*did you mean Jehosaphat?*], canonized on reports of his holiness drifting in from the mysterious east, who turned out to be . . . the Buddha.

Incidentally, St. Joseph is the patron saint of carpenters, fathers, workers, social justice and travelers, invoked in doubt and when house-hunting.

There was a discussion on one of the science fiction newsgroups about what happens if a saint is posthumously baptized by the LDS; does he suddenly find himself in Hell? [*giggle...*]

Christopher Stasheff had a St. Vidicon of Cathode, a monk and video technician who martyred himself keeping the Vatican video on the air so the Pope could deliver an important speech, but that gets us into fiction . . .

Lloyd Penney

Got the hard copy of Peregrine Nations V2#3 WN7 with me, and I think I can write up a good loc on this issue. Stranger things have happened, but since we seem to specialize in strange things, this should feel just right.

When I printed the zine, I saw the Alan White cover in colour on the screen, but printed it in black and white. I must get a colour cover for this...it's spectacular. I know Alan's busy making a living (as are all of us), but I wish he'd do a zine again. With what he does for an illustration or cover now, a White zine would be a joy to behold. Bring back *Delineator*! [*See efanzines.com for Black Cat #0.*]

I'm thinking that given my perpetually bad finances, any zine I do would be .pdfed. As much as I would want a paperzine, I wouldn't be able to afford the printing costs. Of course, thanks to Bill Burns and efanzines.com, I get lots of e-zines, and I print them up at work. That might change... more on that later. Some will simply read from the screen, and others will print up the zine and read it in their familiar fashion. And, of course, I'll produce a few paper copies so that those who aren't online can still enjoy it. As long as everyone can get access to it, that's fine with me.

My letter...sorry about the metaphor about crickets in a country field. That's an old one from my father, who grew up in Nova Scotia. We didn't have fun for anyone at Ditto, and here's why...we were on the way back from the convention hotel the Friday night of the con when we were in a two-car accident. Yvonne broke her wrist in three places, and my knees were badly banged up. We didn't get away from the hospital until early Saturday morning, and our car was a smashed tangle in the impound yard, so our convention was done for the weekend. (Our conventions were also done for the year. We were to drive to Rochester for a con a couple of weekends afterwards, but we cancelled out on that one.) Yvonne is still off work, now in her third cast, and with luck, the car will be back, and she'll be back at work, by the beginning of December. I shudder to think how much the car in-

surance will cost now... [*Yikes! Hope you're both well on the road to recovery by now.*]

There are thousands of saints, and I know that John Paul II has sanctified dozens. Is it only the Catholic church that creates saints, or are their other saints in other Christian churches? I suppose I could look it up on the web, but then, what could I talk about in the loc? Canada has a patron saint, St. Joseph.

Fanzines...a good list. Why aren't I reading *Alexiad*? Haven't received one yet, unless they're available on a .pdf site. I'd like to get to the Corflu in Las Vegas, but after this accident the weekend of the Toronto Ditto, I'm not sure if I'm supposed to get to any fanzine conventions. If there's a ridiculously cheap flight to Las Vegas from Toronto, I might consider going.

Peter Watts

Tried again to download PN, and this time it worked fine. Some kind of "size mismatch" error the last time I tried. So, this is a fanzine. I've been reading about these things for decades, but this is the first time I've actually read one. I noticed some stuff: like, your correspondents seem to hail from all over the place. Australia, the UK, deep steamy parts of the US. Is this kind of international spread typical of a fanzine? Does this imply a huge honking readership, or a thin, widely dispersed one? (And does Joseph T. Major generally write with all those weird-character tics in his letters, or was there some kind of formatting problem?) [*Yes; depends on circulation #; the latter.*]

I'm also kinda pissed off because I actually knew the answer to Contest #2 (who doesn't?), but the deadline passed a whole month ago. [*So enter the next one!*]

I liked Lyn McConchie's article on the whole steroidal bulking-out of books over the past decade. I'd had a diffuse sort of awareness of that myself, although I hadn't thought about it much — I just figured that "big name", authors were taking up an ever-increasing proportion of the available real estate (less risky from the publisher's POV), and because they were big-name, nobody had the gonads to edit them with sufficient ruthlessness. All those other factors had never occurred to me. The only thing I'd really wonder about in that article was McConchie's claim that "this hasn't happened with children's books including the assorted series which are so popular." Has this woman never heard of Harry Potter? The first book in that series was the size of a Jehovah's Witness pamphlet; you'd need a forklift to move the fourth. (And yeah, I know that's only one series — but it probably outsells all the others combined, in which case JK Rowling *is* "children's books".) [*Rowling's in her own category, maybe; or perhaps she's "officially" a YA author. Children's books are generally aimed at children age 9 and younger.*]

Anyway, nice job. Glad to finally get a taste of what this whole subcommunity is all about. Although, given how everyone was raving about the gorgeous cover art on the previous issue, how come there was no cover art at all on this one? [*There was — try the .pdf download again.*]

Earl Kemp

[*Re: PN 2.3*] The Alan White cover is fantastic, as is his interior artwork. And then there is his article "Smoke & Mirrors." This brought back many fond memories of my own using things like waxers (I had the deluxe table model) and Zipatone...light tables, T squares, headliners, etc.

I note Dwain Kaiser is standing up for me again.

Then you got to Frankfurt and rang the big bell. I love it. It is one of my most favorite other cities. I visited there often during the 60s-70s, long enough to acquire close personal friend residents who visited me in CA and I visited them in F. Love the whole area from the Bad Hamburg casino to Darmstadt, Zeppelinhelm, etc. The brewery rooftop revolving restaurant. The Intercontinental rooftop glass restaurant, Bahnhofstrasse...gasp! beer here!

And then, finally, I get to your review of eI4 and I got to say right off you really didn't need to say

things as far out as you did about me and my zine...just when I was getting the thought you didn't like me...but I'm really damned glad you did. You more than made my day, you made my month at least. How can I ever thank you? By agreeing...? [*Just keep pubbing eI — that'll do.*]

Addresses:

Jukka Halme, Taimistontie 4 b A 4, 00380 Helsinki, Finland jukkahoo@excite.com

Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky 40206-2040 jtmajor@iglou.com

Lloyd Penney, 1706-24 Eva Rd., Etobicoke, ON CANADA M9C 2B2

Peter Watts, www.rifters.com [*Watts is a marine biologist and author of two SF novels.*]

Earl Kemp, P.O. Box 6642, Kingman, AZ 86402-6642

"We Lost Our Sense of Isolation": New Zealand and the Bali Bombing by Lyn McConchie

It was October the 12th, the nightclubs of Kuta were doing a roaring trade with a high concentration of Australians and New Zealanders. Most popular were Paddy's Pub and the Sari Club, always an Oz/NZ focus. I'm not going into the details, most people know what happened. Terrorist members allied to Al Qaeda exploded bombs in these locations. One hundred and eighty seven people died, some three hundred were injured. Of these, more than half in both categories were Australian. But amongst the dead were three New Zealanders.

The shock which swept New Zealand at the news had, in a way, little to do with our dead and injured. The thing about New Zealanders, or kiwis as we often call ourselves, is that we get about. In almost any major disaster there's likely to be dead or injured kiwis.

We crop up in a multitude of unlikely places; on top of Everest, canoeing up the Amazon, catching lions in wildlife parks in Africa, scuba-diving off some volcanic island, or ringing from the wilds of Turkey to let local TV know that the quake here is awful and the locals need help — and yes, one of us has been hurt but the other three are okay.

There was even one of us at 9/11, in the plane which crashed in a rural Pennsylvania area as a result of an attempt by the passengers to retake control. And yes again, the kiwi was one of those who died trying. We're proud of that. It's a part of the kiwi nature. A small country, less than four million population, and spread out over almost 100,000 square kilometers.

Settlers in the old days often had to travel anything from one to two weeks to reach town or to stay with friends. Hence the almost ferocious kiwi hospitality. In those days it wasn't much good traveling a week to stay the night. If you visited, you stayed a week, at least. So even today kiwis, rung from an airport by the incoming friends of a friend, and asked if the kiwis would mind having them stop off to see them for an hour, are likely to snort, "To heck with an hour. Come and stay a few days."

It comes from times when the country was wickedly dangerous with rivers which came down in spate without warning; unchanging bush where you could become lost in a few minutes - and never be found again; mountains which still regularly kill people despite all modern aids; and local weather which can change sea conditions off the coasts literally in seconds. With all the dangers kiwis learned to back each other up. A case of hanging together lest they hang separately, but the habit evolved into something which is part of the kiwi psyche. Fall down in a New Zealand street and the danger is not that you'll be ignored, it's that you could be trampled in the rush of helpers.

So when 9/11 occurred, kiwi firefighters went over, kiwis raised money to bring firefighters here for recuperation, while we deplored the barbarism of the event. It still never occurred to us it could happen at this end of the world. We're used to finding, on the other side of the world, one of us has

been killed or injured in an impersonal way. Bali isn't on the other side of the world and that bombing was personal.

New Zealanders travel. One of the places we travel to is Bali. At any given time there is likely to be several hundred kiwis enjoying the sights, amusements, cheap hotels and eating places, and night-clubbing fun with a group of friends. So when bombs exploded there were dead kiwis, injured kiwis, and desperate people back home trying to find out who was dead and who'd survived. In a way it was, for us, the end of innocence.

We were used to the impersonal deaths. What we could hardly believe was that Australians and New Zealanders seemed to have been deliberately targeted. The bombers had chosen an island where the population was predominantly non-Muslim. They'd chosen nightclubs frequented almost exclusively by tourists, and of those, mainly by Aussies and kiwis.

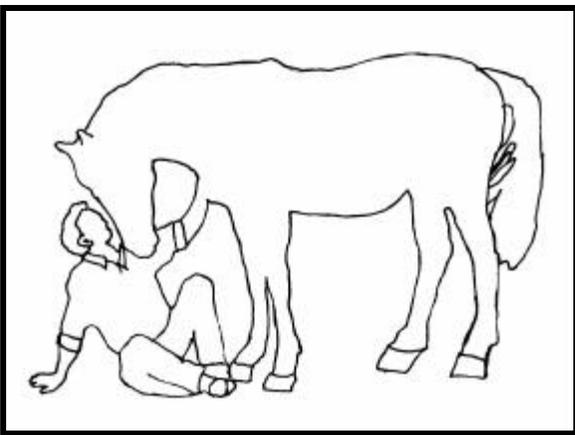
Our people were dead, not simply because they'd been in the wrong place when the avalanche, quake, fire, or flood struck. But because someone didn't like us. To many people I talked to over the next month, it was virtually inconceivable. We have a reasonable Muslim population here — in both senses of the word. They were horrified at what had been done in their religion's name.

Locally in my 300-people village, our main shop is run by a Muslim family. I wandered in a couple of days after the bombing, worrying over possible retaliation against them by idiots. I mentioned that if they had any trouble, they should ring me. I'd call out local friends and we'd step in. Ali smiled. It seemed that one by one, someone from almost every family in the place had come in to say the same thing since the bombing.

In the cities, there was a bit of name-calling here and there. That was it. We have criminals here, people get mugged, raped, and occasionally murdered. They lose their handbags, cars, jewelry and umbrellas to thieves. But never before have we felt ourselves as a nation to be targets.

And we were. Al Qaeda announced almost a year before the Bali bombing that they intended to punish Australia for interfering in the Independence decision for East Timor. New Zealand was in that too, with peace-keepers from the army, civilian workers, and our Prime Minister right behind East Timorese independence. The particular nightclubs targeted were the most popular with Kiwis as well as Australians. Most kiwis believe the places for the bombing were carefully chosen to kill us as well as Aussies.

New Zealand lost its innocence October 12th, 2002. We did not lose our courage, or our will to survive. If the battle comes to us, here to the islands we all call home, we'll face it. And I believe that we'll also know who is our enemy. Muslims here are kiwis along with us and kiwis hang together. I hope that, above all, never changes.



Charisma By Name

by Lyn McConchie

It was just after New Year when the news came through in the media, and New Zealand mourned.

He hadn't only been Charisma by name, he'd been it by nature, too. He was known all over the country, admired by people with no connection to his occupation. His partner Mark Todd was twice an Olympic gold-medalist, and Charisma had been part of that.

Now, at the age of 30, Charisma had died when his great heart gave out. His picture was on television, in

the papers, and we all saw Todd weeping by the flower-heaped grave. Charisma was gone, and there might never be another horse like him.

He was foaled at the Mamaku stud on October 30th, 1972. His sire was a champion racehorse, his

dam a fine show jumper. In his first ten years, Charisma rose to become a hugely versatile competitor, winning flat classes, dressage, horse trials and showjumping events. It seemed there was no event in equine sport he couldn't take on — and win — if he wished.

It was his owner of the time who named him Charisma, for the horse's delight in competition, his almost demand to be noticed. Charisma always performed far better to a large crowd, seeming to feel they were there to watch him alone. Yet while his riders were top level, the perfect pairing was still to come.

In 1983, Mark Todd arrived to consider Charisma as a mount for the National One-Day Championships, the National Three-Day event title, and qualifying trials for the 1984 Olympics.

Initially, as he's recounted elsewhere, Todd was unsure — he thought the horse too small (Todd is 6'4"), too plump and with less of the thoroughbred look than liked. But he tried him, and that's where the partnership began.

With Todd riding, they were not a duo but a centaur. Somehow between the two there was an immediate bond of understanding. Todd is known for his riding, for his ability to step into the saddle of a horse he's never ridden before and win with it. With Charisma, it was far more.

New Zealand had its first Olympic three-day event team in Los Angeles that next year. Charisma took one look at the tens of thousands of people surrounding the courses and decided they were all there for him. He strutted out and demonstrated why they should be. Later, showing off the gold medal, Charisma gave the impression of a small horse whose hooves weren't quite touching the grass.

But the day brought distress as well. The horse's owner and Todd had never got on well (many showjumpers and event horses are not owned by their riders), and on the same day Todd was informed the owner planned to sell Charisma — to anyone but him. Charisma was offered to a number of top riders, all of whom had heard the story and declined the offer.

Finally an English rider ostensibly purchased the horse for herself and, in a previously made arrangement, passed him on to Todd's sponsors. The partnership was unbroken.

Over the next four years, the pair competed in a number of countries. In 1985, Charisma won the British One-Day title as well as six other one-day competitions. But he was no longer a young horse. Many horses stop competing at this level when they turn 12. At the Seoul Olympics, Charisma turned 16.

It's very rare for any horse to be competing at that age and at the top level, but Todd believed in Charisma. They went to Seoul. There, Charisma showed his courage and ability. Few in my country will forget the commentator's tone as Todd and Charisma raced down the final stretch of jumps — if they cleared them all, they'd win, and be only the second horse and rider in Olympic history to win back-to-back gold medals.

Charisma cocked his ears and flew. Far be it from him to disappoint all those people who'd come to cheer him on. He cleared jump after jump and by the final one, the commentator was hysterical. "It's Todd for two and two for Todd!" he yelled. "Mark Todd has the gold!" And the horse who'd looked too small, too fat, and not quite a thoroughbred bounced, pranced and reveled in the screaming and applause that capped his Olympic success.

That was mostly the end of Charisma's competitive career, but not the end of his public appearances. New Zealand remembered and loved him. In 1990, the Commonwealth Games were held in Auckland, New Zealand. To the wild delight of everyone there, it was Mark Todd and Charisma who appeared as unexpected torch bearers at the opening of the Games.

After that, they went back to living in England for some years, but when Todd retired in 1999 from competitive riding, they both returned to New Zealand to live at Todd's Cambridge stud farm. Mark began to make guest appearances at events after that, riding Charisma for fun and to please all the people who still wanted to see them. The final guest appearance was just before Christmas 2002, only a couple of weeks before Charisma's death.

He died quietly and was buried on Todd's farm, where he'd once galloped. He was mourned by his rider and partner, and anyone who'd ever watched him compete. Probably more than almost any horse, and in a nation of horse lovers, he'll be remembered. Charisma — a small horse with a big heart who loved to be noticed — was one half of a perfect partnership that can never be duplicated.

Will the Real Swamp Thing Please Stand Up?

editorial

This was a rush job, in order to stick as close as possible to my announced pubbing schedule, and to give me something to do. My son and I take one day at a time, teaching each other to live without our father and husband, and on most days we do fairly well. Some days are harder than others to endure. We are emotionally supported by family and friends, and the last rite — interment of the remains at a Georgia cemetery — takes place in early April.

Perhaps by then I'll be able to write more about Kenn, though not too much — even now, I feel I must respect his privacy. Small glimpses will have to do. They are probably all I can bear to provide. He would've liked the article on Charisma, so that's why I included it here. Thanks, Lyn, for writing it. "Purple Haze" was one of Kenn's favorite songs — mine, too.

Free Book Deal: Contest #3 Winners

The question was, "I'm a book written by Isaac Asimov and first published in the U.S. in 1972. I'm not part of a series, and I won both a Hugo and a Nebula award. John Clute describes me in The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction as 'a complex tale involving catastrophic energy transfers between alternate universes...and...intriguing alien beings.' What is my title?" The correct answer is The Gods Themselves. Virtual back-pats to all who got it right. The winner for the online contest is Joseph Major. Due to timewarps and late PN mailings, no replies arrived by Feb. 21st for the regular-mail entries. Congrats to Joe!

Contest #4 Is Announced: This one might be a tad tougher, folks.

To be eligible to win Contest #4, entrants must correctly answer the following: "Doubleday & Company, Inc. published a book titled Five Fates in 1970, whose conceit was that the five stories therein all started with a common story hook. Who are the writers of these five stories?"

For the online respondents, the prize will be Eleanor Arnason's SF novel A Woman of the Iron People. For the regular-mail respondents, the prize will be Greg Bear's near-future thriller Vitals.

Answers must be postmarked no later than **April 20, 2003**. All correct answers will then be divided by category, and a name selected from each pile. Paper replies can be on potsacrds or in letters, doesn't matter, as long as they're legible **and contain the entrant's name and regular-mail address**. Good luck to all the participants.

The Faned Article Pool

Items Ready to Send -- Book reviews by J.G. Stinson: Iron Shadows by Steven Barnes; Heavy Weather by Bruce Sterling; The Living Blood by Tananarive Due. Book review by E. B. Frohvet: Dragon Hunter: Roy Chapman Andrews and the Central Asiatic Expeditions by Charles Gallenkamp.

Articles: "Collegiate Zen and the Pennsylvania Turnpike" by E.B. Frohvet; "The Aesthetics of the Dump Truck" by E. B. Frohvet; "Five Mundane Films I Like" by E.B. Frohvet.

Items Planned -- Articles: "Why There Will Never Be A Worldcon in the Keys" by J.G. Stinson.

Interested faneds should contact me to acquire any of the above. — JGS

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