



VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER ONE / APRIL 2004



This Time 'Round We Have:

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Additional Art:

Janine Stinson (sticker collage) / cover
 Alan White / masthead

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).

This issue is dedicated to spring's return and the signs and portents which herald it: thunderstorms, flash floods, tornadoes, soil erosion, crop destruction, rampant insect infestation, and the pressure cooker that summer will eventually become. **PLANT MORE TREES NOW.** We need all the carbon sinks we can get.

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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 at earthlink.net** (please use Peregrine Nations in the subject) or via regular mail. **No attachments unless previously arranged.** Clearly scanned artwork is also welcome. Queries welcome.

Next editorial deadline: July 10, 2004.



Silent eLOCutions

Letters of Comment

[This edition of PN 4.1 contains no addresses for those in the LOC column, for privacy purposes. Faneds wishing to beef up their mailing list can get the paper version.]

Sheryl Birkhead //

[On a potsacr with a stegosaurus on the front]

March 12, 2004

I'd have **sworn** I responded to PN 3.3 but see no note that I did. I've never seen Cheryl Morgan's zine or really any online zine — is artwork used in the same way as a traditional zine? [It depends on the editor. Some use it, some don't. When it's used, it looks the same to me as in any paper zine, but more often done in color.]

I was a bit surprised that Alan White did not get a fan artist Hugo nomination last year — but maybe that will be remedied this year! [I nominated him for the 2004 Hugos; I wasn't going to vote, and then I thought, shoot, I missed the con, why waste my Torcon 3 membership **again**?] Alan, **how** did you learn Bryce© — I am **so** lost. [Heck, I'm lost and I don't even **have** Bryce!]

Agh, it's now April 1 (uh, no comment)!

Trigger points are not the same as acupuncture points — nifty [Sheryl, did you really write “nifty?” That's what it looked like to me] knots — inject and try to get release. For me it means I've had muscle spasms for about 15 years now! I WILL mail this today! [And so she did.]

April 2

[Third time's a charm...] I'll bet both this and the postcard arrive at about the same time. [Same day, in fact. Neat trick, that.] Please let me know — I thought I sent a fillo or two, please tell me if I did not. [Well, you did, but it was months ago and I've used some and other faneds have used the rest of what I had left. Feel free to send more, via e-mail if you prefer.]

Oof — Ned's comment makes me wonder where I've misplaced IGOTS. As you say, Parrish is one of my favorite artists.

My junior year in college (way back when), I took a short course in programming FORTRAN. I'd used BASIC in my summer job at the Bureau of Standards (now NIST) and all I remember is the **huge** stack of cards I had to cart around with all my other junk.

I think I kept two typers when I moved — but have not been able to get ribbons for a *long* time. I will gladly add (if I get the chance or it is necessary) Harry's typer *if* it is up for grabs — but I suspect it will be sold and I am, again an assumption, sure anyone really out to buy it would give it a ghodd home (otherwise, I doubt there are very many people out there actually wanting a typer). [I think that machine should be donated to a Science Fiction Hall of Fame, if there's anything resembling such a place.] Maybe Ned could be the home of the Typer Museum . . . some pictures I've seen of various models have been spectacular! [Now **there's** an idea with legs on it — Ned, you could even make money on it as a tourist attraction. It's gotta be better than a flea circus, right?]

Fairly soon after you get this the Hugo nominating slate should be out — “early” congrats to those who made it. [Included in *this*.] I really hope Alan White is there — he has made a big splash over the past few years and I hope he knows how much fen appreciate his work. I feel very lucky to have been

nominated twice (Philcon and ConJose) for fan artist — probably by sheer length of servitude since my ability is miniscule when compared to those who are **really** artists [*Don't be so humble, you're a lot further ahead than me!*] — ah, but that's what it's all about and I'll be curious to see the list.

Trinlay Khadro: I actually have a diagnosis (after almost 15 years of constant pain) of myofascial pain syndrome — a “relative” of fibromyalgia but nowhere **near** as severe. It has taken that long to find a specialist in this area — it took him about 30 seconds to agree with **my** diagnosis (I **read**) and then the bad news — tough luck — live with it (same old same old, decrease stress, exercise as shown...) So now I know. FYI, I was told it (fibromyalgia, not MFPS) used to be called the crazy lady's syndrome. [*Not knowing the speaker, one might get the impression that was bias talking, at the least.*]

Nice touches of blue. I have a laser printer, and every time I think of a color printer I look at the laser color models and then re-think. Only **once** have I done computer color — and sent the file to the fanned since I, of course, could not print it out for him and he **did** have a color printer. [*Sniff — have you forgotten your wonderful vulture so soon?*]

Frohvet's piece is very interesting and shows a lot of detail. An interesting note is that there is a draft-horse breed named the Shire horse. [*And that, ladies and gents, is one BIG horse. I've met a Percheron and a Shire, and they are equally impressive in terms of size — and ya don't ever want one to step on your foot. Their hooves are the size of dinner plates.*]

I'd have to cheat to answer the trivia question — so I'll wait and see what the answer is. [*If cheating, to you, means using a reference book or other source, cheat away — it's allowed.*]



Trinlay Khadro

Cuyler Brooks: The typewriter belongs to some friends who also live in an antique house. The action figures are also theirs — we had a great time posing them for the photos.

You have Lichen?! Maybe you should see a horticulturist? I don't think I've ever had anything “with everything.” [*And if you did, where would you put it?*]

Brad Foster: Buckets of admiration in your general direction. [Re: printer ink costs] I find I'm dismayed that I don't get a few hundred more prints out of each cartridge.

Joe Major: Our paperback of Harry Potter and The Order of the Phoenix held up through 3 readers, 2 of them hauling it back & forth to school on a daily basis till it was done . . . it still hasn't split or fallen apart. Perhaps this is due to its being a “juvenile” — Stephen King books tend to fall apart w/ the backpack transport. [*It may have more to do with the publisher than the author — and the skill level of the print-shop employees who make the copies.*] HP&OP (w/ a side of chocolate frog?) is still a “bug smasher” in paperback. It's big enough to smash some damn big bugs at that. [*Cognitive dissonance time: I got you confused with a Hindu there for a second. Or is it also a tenet of Buddhism that one should not intentionally cease any life form's existence because one would be interfering with that life form's karma? Sigh. I need to go do some research . . .*]

Crohn's is pretty rotten, all those intestinal & G.I. symptoms. Y'must be doing okay lately since you haven't included a doctor's waiting room review for a while. [*Is that another fannish custom for fanzines?*]

Yes, Hail Sulla! Amazed at the amazing declawed hunter — Bless Bast!

In Wisconsin, at least, it may be argued that “at least with December you know what you're getting — March & April can go from sunny & warm to wet, cold & snowy in less than 1 hour.”

Lyn McConchie: I intend to get a read of that cat ghost story. Thanks for the book review. I enjoy all the reviews eve if I don't round up the book at some point. The reviews are like a wine tasting. <grin>

Steven Silver: Hey, send me Argentus III please! Cool ghost story — I have a few of my own — some from house hunting years ago & some from a place I used to work. Me and the Wicca girl had a good time there despite & because of the ghosts.

The ghosts at the Laser Shop had at least 2 clearly different personalities. One was a prankster & seemed to enjoy making us laugh. The other was apparently angry & distressed & would sometimes get us into trouble (broken glass) or scare us silly. And an ex-Marine who'd worked the night shift left in a hurry one night. Apparently the power went out, things got strange & he ran out the front door. He wouldn't even come into the building to get his last check! He used to laugh at us girls for believing in the ghosts that were playing pranks on us.

I think your manor house story tops all of mine.

Dave Szurek: I hadn't seen "Sunset Boulevard" till this weekend. Wow, what a neat-weird movie. I enjoy classic movies of all sorts. I don't think "Sunset" fits into any genre neatly — but the last scene of her coming down the stairs ("I'm ready for my close-up now") is one of the creepiest chills I've ever had. [*And one of the most memorable — that's a very-oft quoted line.*]

On the legal side of marriage (gay, straight or alien <grin>) is that sometimes that paper protects your loved one — simple things we easily take for granted like property and inheritance rights, medical releases, shared insurance and other benefits. Imho, we should let folks make it legal, and protect the rights of their partners & kids — when the rest of the family may not go along with it. If there's money or real property involved, people don't always do what's right. [*Especially when, in their view, what they intend to do is right — and they refuse to allow themselves to change their minds about it. I believe that's a definition of a fanatic.*]

E. B. Frohvet: The Latin, particularly its wacky grammar, has improved KT's English.

Your mom's experience of "standing frozen" at the door of a room has happened to me . . . my companions could come & go and poke around, but I just couldn't make that one-more-step. It still mystifies me. In my case, though, we later found out that the former owner had hung himself in that shed **and** the house was in foreclosure because the family fought over the property but didn't make the payments on the mortgage. Why I had the reaction I did, and why my companions did **not**, is something I can't identify or explain. Maybe the "ghost" didn't like me?! Maybe I picked up some kind of "noise?" I dunno.

I've been having more good days between the bad days, and fewer bad days in general. [*yay!*] The jewelry business is rolling along and my hat/scarf/afghan business is truckin' along nicely. [*See ad elsewhere in this. I have a gorgeous burgundy set made from the alpaca wool and can attest to its warmth. Worth every cent!*] I'm also working on building up an inventory to take to craft fairs & cons.

I hope I can get to Oddcon but I'm **really** watching my finances very very closely these days. Prayers & well wishes much appreciated. [*Incoming . . .*]

I recently found out my friend Nga wears the same dress size as KT — probably while jabbering about the prom dress KT got off the clearance rack for \$35 (regular price \$200), and it's gorgeous! Probably on clearance as it's a size 1! [*Smart shoppers get rewarded — good job!*]

Megumi is now bigger than Elric, and occasionally holds him down so she can **wash** him. [*Photos! We want photos! Well, I do . . .*] We must have the cleanest ferret in the state — he shines! I wonder what she'll think when he's taking a swim in the tub this summer. [*Heh heh. That could get interesting. By the way, about two weeks ago I saw an animal lope across M-55 — looked like it could be a weasel or a mink. My mom says there are minks around here; this one was sable brown all over, so mink is likely. I've never seen one in the wild before.*]



E.B. Frohvet

[*Your lower-case w key on your typer has a missing left stem. Plays havoc with my OCR program . . . dunno about Abyormen, but a Mesklin day is 17.75 Earth minutes long.*]

Hoabny gremflods. As it's my word, I declare arbitrarily that "hoabny" is an adjective, meaning "much" or "many"; as those primitives who have four numbers, one, two, three, and hoabny. Of course, that still leaves it up to me as to what the noun "gremflod" means...

It says in the atlas that Eastlake is in thinly populated Manistee County, in northwest Michigan; even though it is, yes, adjacent to Lake Michigan, the reflex that wants to make it the more familiar (but less plausible for the climate) "manatee" is probably wrong. [*Very much so. Manatees couldn't survive in the natural waters here.*] This is further north than Chicago, Milwaukee, or Detroit. In fact I don't see how you could reach a major city unless the local airport ties into a short-hop commuter line. [*Yep — Manistee to Milwaukee is a regular flight.*] In comparison to the Florida Keys, I guess if you missed winter, you get your fill of cold in Eastlake. [*Indeed, and snow to boot!*]

A recurring theme in Anne McCaffrey's work is the abuse of the young by the old, specifically, the abuse of young women by parents or those standing in the place of parents: see Sara in Restoree, Killishandra in Crystal Singer, Nerilka in Nerilka's Story. A conspicuous example is Menolly, who in Dragonsong flees home with the clothes on her back and a belt knife. Had she thought ahead, she could have much improved her comfort level by taking a pot, a blanket, and a few other useful things. Later in Dragonsinger, Menolly, in talking with Lord Groghe about training fire lizards, says that in order to get them to do things, you have to want it badly. In an uncharacteristic sympathy for the older person's view, Lord Groghe says, "You want things **badly** when you're young. When you're my age, you've learned how to plan." [*Sorry, but this is in reference to what?*]

Ned Brooks: I have a print of Maxfield Parrish's "Cinderella" around here somewhere. In the pizza place I use, "the works" is clearly defined on the menu (includes olives but not anchovies).

Brad Foster: Out of the blue, I received some free books from Baen, with a CD-ROM apparently containing several novels. It was obviously a loss leader, they stated explicitly they expected people to buy the books because reading novels on a computer screen would be tiresome and inconvenient.

Veterans: I struck up a conversation with a [National] Guard sergeant in the local coffee shop; he was just back from a tour with the Third Infantry Division in Iraq. The waitress called him "sir" — we looked at each other and said in chorus, "Civilians!" (For you civilians, enlisted men are not called "**sir**," which is for officers. The traditional response is, "Don't call me 'sir', I work for a living!")

Dave Szurek says of marriage licenses. "It's just a way of making money." Uh, sorry, Dave, but you apparently haven't given much study to civil law. Marriage has all sorts of legal rights and obligations not available to unmarried straights or gay couples; why do you think the gay community is fighting so hard for it? There have been cases of couples being together for 30 years, one gets sick, and the other is refused visitation rights at the hospital as "not family". The same is true of unmarried straight couples, of course. So the certificate means more than sh*t.

The American guitarist Leo Kottke recorded an instrumental rendition of an old hymn, "In Christ There Is No East Or West" on his album Greenhouse. Very pretty. [*WHFS played a lot of Kottke when I was in high school. back when the station was listenable. Great stuff.*] The dulcimer player John McCutcheon recorded a southron hillbilly religious song, "Every Bush And Tree."

Trinlay Khadro ponders about the Wehrmacht veteran who went to the American Legion hall, "...or would THAT not be so odd?" Not really, Trinlay — veterans are of a like kind. The tale about the misbound book reminds me of a local church, Baptist I think, which ordered a beautiful cut-glass Communion chalice from a catalog. It arrived, unfortunately, broken. They called the company, which assured them they would send a replacement at no extra charge. It also arrived broken. The church elders

called the company again — “You know, we’d like to change our order.” The new chalice they selected was stainless steel!

Slight typo on my article, with reference to tobacco growing in Virginia in the early 18th Century. (What esteemed university is named after a tobacco baron who donated so much money to the school, he convinced them to rename it in his honor?)



Jason K. Burnett

[*Whaddaya know, folks, a “new” fan! Welcome in, Jason . . .*]

I just finished reading *Peregrine Nations* 3.3 on eFanzines.com. By your schedule, that means either I missed an issue (by it not being at eFanzines.com) or you missed a deadline. [*Yeah, that li'l stinker just went whizzing by . . .*] You said at the end of PN3.3 that fall was a difficult time for you. I'm assuming that the lack of PN3.4 is due to this, and hope you are getting all the help you need. I hope you return to publishing soon — PN is one of the best zines I've encountered, and I would be honored if you would add me to your mailing list. [*Flattery will get you at least one more ish and a spot on the mailing list — anyone else wanna have a go?*]

P.S. I know I'm way past the deadline, but am I remembering correctly to say that the answer to the last contest was Steerpike? [*Got it in one.*]

And again, Jason Burnett . . . // March 27, 2004

I'm really enjoying *Peregrine Nations* v3#4 very much. Exceedingly well done!

Joseph Major: Re: the paperback version of Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix, one can only hope they don't take the path of Tad Williams' To Green Angel Tower and split the paperback into two books (both at full price, natch). Maybe if they use a dense font, small margins, and thin paper they can get it into a workable paperback. (The matter is purely academic to me, as I was one of those crazy people waiting in line to buy the hardcover at midnight.)

Trinlay Khadro: Re: the health of fans. I think the reason all these things seem so common in fandom is not just the breadth of communication between fans, but also the depth. Fans tends to communicate more deeply, from the heart, sharing personal things, whereas communication in the population at large tends to be so shallow that I was able to work at the next desk from a woman, talking to her every day, for a year before I found out she had lupus. On the other hand, when I worked in the Asian studies center at UNO (University of New Orleans) as a graduate assistant, everyone there was very up front about health problems and similar things, communicating in depth, but the Asian studies center, like fandom, was largely inhabited by aging hippies and kindred spirits. (One wonders whether the spirit of the 60s molded the spirit of fandom, or whether it was the other way around. I'm sure I don't know. Anyone out there with enough knowledge and experience to hazard a theory?)

Finally, I loved **E.B. Frohvet's** article on the agriculture and cuisine of the Shire. Food is such a central part of human experience, and by extension of the experience of any food-requiring sentient species. You can tell so much about a culture by looking at what they eat and how they eat it. Whether I'm reading a history book or a novel, my eye is instantly caught by any reference to food: What they're eating, how it's prepared, the manner in which the meal is served. It's fascinating to me to see how food changes over time, both in manner of preparation, and also how rare or common particularly foods were. One of my favorite food trivia tidbits is that in Regency England oysters were so common and so inexpensive, that servants would seek to have clauses put in their contracts limiting how many times they could be fed oysters in a week! I think, perhaps, the reason for the rarity of fish in the hobbit diet comes



not adding in the detail {and thereby clogging the text}, rather than the nonexistence of river foodstuffs. Further theories welcome.]



Jack Calvert // April 4, 2004

Thanks for sending the paper copies of PN, but I'd be happy to read it on the WWW. I can't comment at length now, but I note the current ish has a charming cover and a lively letter column. Keep up the good work! [And thanks for volunteering your space on the mailing list, it's much appreciated.]



Brad W. Foster // April 6, 2004

The latest issue of PN showed up a week or so back, sorry for the delay in responding 'til now. Good to see the little Punk Cthulhu in print, though must admit I was just a bit surprised that you simply ran it without any comments. I figured you would have a whole story or something to go along with it, since you were so specific in your needs for the fillo. Ah, the mysteries of fandom! [The lack of comment was due more to time and space limitations {gotta keep this down to 16 pages so I can get it outta the house before the next ish is due! — those limitations} than to anything else. For the readers, I asked Brad if he'd be willing to devise a mascot illo for my editorial column, and described my idea as a "punk Cthulhu with some Eminem attitude." As you can see, Brad sent me the perfect piece of art, for which I owe him much thanks and maybe a one-year licensing agreement.]

I liked Cuyler Brooks' comments on how any "decent" software will have a "fairly self-evident interface," followed by your comments about using the "Help" file. Yep, that would all be great, but it seems "self-evident" is often in the eye of the designer, rather than the end beholder. And I can't count the number of times I've been trying to work out a new program of some sort, and when I open the Help file and type in the actual word of some function on the screen that I can't figure out, there isn't even an entry for that. There it is, a button on the screen saying "Flib-sat" or something totally unknown. I type that into Help, and there is nothing to help me. I love computer programmers. [That's the kind of Help file we *don't* want, certainly. I find that thinking like an indexer — considering related words and phrases — helps a lot, but then I use Windows XP and Word 10, and I've been using Word or Works since the late 1980s {the Army gave me my first computer experience}, so I've probably learned to how to use their

Help files as they've progressed through the versions. It's my experience that people with graphic-arts backgrounds find the Mac much more amenable to their needs — and perhaps their thought processes — but the problem with Macs for most people may still be their higher price when compared to PCs. I haven't checked the prices lately, though, so they may be more feasible by now.]

Thanks to **Trinlay** for the comments on my little doodle in the previous issue. Not sure if that would work poster size, beyond just being bigger. But I do have these other little doodle-fillo-things that could get interesting if I ever let them grow big enough. I'll have to try to remember to find something to send your way down the line. *[Anything you send would be appreciated.]*

Just starting up the busy spring art festival season. Made a few bucks last weekend, but ended up losing money on a show the week before. *[Do you have a catalog? Web presence? Not suggesting, just asking. I've been thinking of increasing my art collection {not that it's huge or very fannish at the moment}.]* Sigh, looks like still getting the short end of the economic stick a while longer. *[May it grow longer soon.]*



Erika Maria Lacey Barrantes // March 29, 2004

Is that a rat and a cat on the cover of *Peregrine Nations*? That's an odd combination if I ever saw one! *[I don't think Elric will be offended, since they may be related but, no, Elric is a ferret.]*

Regarding the commentary upon printing e-zines, I never do that. I like the PDF format of scrolling down and answering as things take my fancy, and then ... actually, I usually end up deleting the fanzines. After all, if I want a copy later all I've usually to do is go to efanazines.com. *[While I print out most of the zines I get online, because I have to limit my sitting-up time due to the Meniere's. I don't think it really matters either way, as long as the faneds get LOCs.]*

I am confused with **Cuyler Brooks'** commenting upon wanting a pizza "with everything" but then saying that you have to ask to not get anchovies. That's obviously not "everything" then, right? I mean, of course you'd have to ask to not get it. How ... strange a comment. There must be something behind this, I am sure.

Short and sweet. Skimmed over the piece from **E. B. Frohvet**, but I'm afraid that things LotR don't really catch my attention at the moment — too much of a glut from those around me. *[If any readers in Australia or New Zealand are interested in writing an article about what it's like to be in the midst of said glut, I'd like to see it.]*



Joseph Major // March 24, 2004

Watching the ferret and the kitten together — sounds like the apocalyptic scene in "Ghostbusters" where Peter describes the signs of forthcoming doom. If **Trinlay** finds a large green glob in her kitchen eating hot dogs, call the Ghostbusters and tell them that Slimer has got out again.

What does the Zen Master order on his pizza? "Make me one with everything." *[Groan . . .]*

Have you noticed that most of the afflictions that afflict fandom nowadays are incurable? I mean, it used to be that people got things like cancer, that could be treated. I have a cousin who got cancer. He is now a successful insurance executive, was president of the Chamber of Commerce, and is married and has a son. But nowadays, it's things like Lichen Planus.

The gas bill arrived last week. It was about twice what the previous one had been, and last month had been warmer than the one before. When I went home that evening, I looked at the meter and was hardly surprised to see that the reading was considerably lower than what the power company claimed. So I called and protested, and they sent someone out to check again. Stay tuned.

Sarang seems to have taken up the business of mouse hunting. "Two-Pawed Death," he's called around mouse holes . . . [*Hail Sarang!*]

I have heard different stories about attendance at Torcon 3. Then there was the program committee. As Mike Resnick said, over and over again, in his report, "I love the Torcon program committee." Like a brother, no doubt — Cain and Abel.

If Steve Silver comes to Louisville, then, I'll leave when he does. [*I don't get it.*]

Perhaps Threshold was creatively bad, but there are things that shouldn't be created. Star Smashers of the Galaxy Rangers, for example, was an explicit satire. But from the evidence one wonders what Palmer thought he was writing.

The editor of a wargaming magazine I read once described listening in on the case of some defendant, up on a minor charge, talking to his lawyer. It went something like this:

Lawyer: "The Judge is a veteran. Were you a veteran?"

Defendant: "Sure was. I served four years, killed a lot of the enemy, and even got to see General Patton near the end of the war."

Lawyer: "Great."

They go to trial.

Judge: "A veteran? Good. What unit did you serve in?"

Defendant: "The Ninth Panzer, your Honor."

Well, at least the copy of The Space Merchants had the text of The Space Merchants.

I think I prefer Dan Gallery's story about the spirits of dead sailors coming back from Heaven to take to sea for one last time ships that are about to be scrapped.

One addition to "The Agriculture and Cuisine of the Shire" — it was pointed out that the Hobbits seem not to practice "blood-sports." The Elves ride to hounds hunting down the majestic deer of Mirkwood [*funny, I don't recall that elves kept dogs*], but Bilbo seems to stick to domestic meats. One runs across frequent arguments about "positive" characters in LotR being vegetarians, but as EBF points out, this just isn't the case. Would you like some more of that bacon, Master Legolas? The Hobbits have some refined work, too. The notorious spoons that Lobelia Sackville-Baggins helped herself to might have been pewter or silver.



Lyn McConchie // March 29, 2004

I see E.B. Frohvet can sing "Gaudeamus Igitur" in Latin, me too, and I can sing "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" in Latin as well. [*But does it match the tune? I once converted "My Hat It Has Three Corners" into German with what I considered minimal garbling as far as German grammar is concerned, and it matched the tune quite nicely.*] Ah, those were the days — when they taught Latin in high school. A couple of songs and a few oddments are all I retain, just enough to translate most of the clever remarks in the Asterix books, but one of my oldest friends with whom I was at school, and who lives only an hour away from me, not only is still a Latin scholar, at the time she sat her High School graduation exam, she topped the country in her Latin exam. I use her as a Latin resource at need.

And to Trinlay, yes, someone said to me once that so many fans or SF writers seemed to be ill and I said it wasn't that way around. It was that so many people isolated by illness or injury, turned to fandom/writing so far as I could tell. Fandom and writing are two of the ways of life/Ghoddamned hobbies in which it doesn't matter if you're old, ill, injured, gay, oddly colored, or slightly peculiar. You'll be gathered in anyway. And it's interesting how many writers started writing because they needed to earn money and were too ill/injured to do it in 9-5. I did myself.

E.B. Frohvet's article is brilliant. I loved it and plan to make a copy and send it to Peter Jackson. But one quibble. E.B. says that "...Hobbits...would clearly have no access to citrus fruits, a tropical luxury..." etc. Um. Lemons are citrus fruits and lemons should grow perfectly well in almost any part of England. I have by one of my doors, a large and prolific lemon tree which fruits about 9 months of the year. And Farside is at 1400+ feet, with howling gales for weeks over equinoxes, solid frosts for months in winter, and the occasional good snowfall. I'd say if my tree handles all that, it'll survive most climates in England, and in fact, I seem to recall reading some medieval menu in which lemons had been utilized.

Meanwhile, I had a great book launch last month (February). An Australian publisher, Avalook Publications, took my non-fiction humorous books Farming Daze and Daze on the Land, reprinted the former, and published the latter. Both are now available on Amazon as hardcopy book and download. I had the book launch locally and we had a wonderful time, a swarm of writer friends, head librarian, old pals, and locals. Good time had by all and I can now declare the books well and truly launched.

[*Congrats!*]

It's also been a year for anthologies. I'll have work on four, one ghost one, two animals ones, and a dark fantasy one. (One Oz, three USA.) Can't say I don't get around — in genres AND countries.



Ned Brooks // March 22, 2004

Much thanks for the new issue, which appeared in the mail here today, along with three letters, a fanzine from Spain, and the 2-volume Religious Book Club edition of "The Chronicles of Narnia" — usually all I get are bills and junk mail these days.

Cute cover of Trinlay's ferret and cat - I'm surprised they get along so well!

None of my typewriters has shown any talent for tapdancing as yet, but who knows.... A long-carriage machine with the tab set right is capable of an impressive lunge, but only to the left.

In spite of the prediction based on rats in the basement, the winter here was very mild. We did finally get an inch of snow that melted the next day. Now I have squirrels in the attic again — the last time they fell inside the garage wall and gnawed their way out through the gypsum board. I was there with the Orkin man when they escaped — "Oh," he said "we don't do squirrels!"

Excellent article by **E. B. Frohvet** on the nutrition of the Hobbits! I was surprised there was that much to be learned from the text. The 1850 "Notes and Queries" I was proofreading at the Distributed Proofreading site [*huh?*] mentions large quantities of clay pipes found in Britain that seem to date from before the introduction of tobacco from the New World, as if something else was smoked there — maybe there was a "pipeweed". Or maybe they had learned how to make a soap that could be used to blow bubbles....



Lloyd Penney // April 11, 2004

[It wasn't Lloyd's fault that he didn't respond before the deadline; I neglected to sent him an e-mail to let him know that PN 3.4 was available at efanazines, as he isn't on any of the fannish lists now, and I'd forgotten that. Since I haven't pubbed a Penney-less LOC column since I started it in PN, I asked Lloyd to send me a few sentences. As ever, he generously sent the following . . .]

I've never heard of Ned Brooks' lichen planus of the tongue. Then again, a few years ago, my optometrist diagnosed me with blepharitis, which is an infection of the eyelid. The skin there peeled and looked red. Some simple applications of a mild solution easily purchased over the counter fixed me up,

and I haven't had this problem since. [*I've recently discovered that blepharitis might be a catch-all term for several types of eye irritation, but I'll have to do some research on that to be sure.*]

So how was Christmas? [*It was great to be able to spend the holidays with my parents again after so many years of not doing so, so in that respect it was memorable. But buying presents for myself just takes the thrill out of the gift-giving season, y'know? Oh well, I did enjoy the shopping. <grin>*] Not being employed kinda killed it for us this year, but I started a new job just this past Thursday, just before Easter, so things may get better. A few paycheques shall really improve things for us. Yvonne is still employed, but not happily. Now that I've got one, she's looking for a new one. [*Best of luck to you both.*]

At Torcon, there were many same-sex marriages, and one large ceremony where eight guys became four happy couples. I figure they were so happy with what they did, who are we to say they can't do that? They have found someone they are willing to commit to, and commitment is hard to come by. Different-sex couples have beaten the hell out of marriage, and I am confident that same-sex couples will treat it better, and restore some of the lustre of this fine institution.

There've been many comments about how hobbits make a living, and who prepares the fabulous foods hobbits eat in great quantities, and with great frequency, and who works for the elves, and does the laundry, kitchen work, etc., given they are tree-dwellers. [*Yes, but where are the answers?<grin>*]

Easter is done, and we treated ourselves this year by going for a walk in one of our favorite areas of Toronto, the Scarborough Bluffs. It's a large park area right on the shore of Lake Ontario, and it will get extremely busy as soon as the weather warms up. In the meantime, there's lots to explore and enjoy there. [*This reminds me that the beaches here on Lake Michigan are once again free of snow, so I can go shell scavenging on sunny days.*]



Concepts of Hospitality

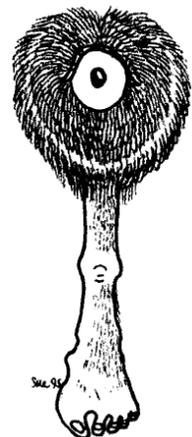
by Lyn McConchie

I was in a conversation a while back in which a friend was discussing the universality of many things. She mentioned, amongst other things, how gestures meant the same the world over. I grinned. They don't. In fact I'd also been ignorant on that subject until I picked up a book which discussed very minutely a number of common gestures and showed how in some part of the world the gesture might be known, but the meaning was very much NOT the same.

For instance, the thumbs up which is known over most of the Western world as a signal meaning all is right, or that's worked out fine, or something similar, in other parts of the world is a very rude gesture indeed. The same with the circle made by thumb and forefinger, meaning to most of us, that's got it, that's right. It does not mean that in Latin America where again, it's a very rude and insulting gesture.

What does this have to do with hospitality? Well, quite a lot. That's also something which unconsciously we assume to be exactly the same over the English-speaking world. And it isn't. So why am I sitting down to write about it? There's a good answer to that too. It's because a lot of fans travel, they stay with other fans, they invite fans to stay with them, and now and again this problem crops up.

For instance, ten years ago I belonged to a local group. One of their English members arrived unexpectedly in New Zealand, called a member of our group and said they'd be in the area. She was immediately invited to come down and stay with someone here. She did. For three weeks, while she was taken to all the interesting



places, shown around, catered to, everything free, and a final meeting with a small goodbye gift presented.

Now this is standard New Zealand hospitality. She was a member of a sister club with which we'd have long links, and it would never have occurred to us to do anything else. However — a year later I was in England. Bringing greetings from the New Zealand half of the organization, I traveled across England to stay a night with this group.

I arrived and as I was driven from the train, I realized something I hadn't known before: Bateman (the Rudyard Kipling house) was virtually on the doorstep. I'm a Kipling fan and was mad keen to see the place. Someone made enquiries and discovered that on that day it was already too late to see the place, and that the next day it would be shut to the public.

For the next twenty-four hours I hinted very strongly a number of times how nice it would be if I could be found accommodation for another night so I could go and see Bateman. All I got in return were blank faces. There was no place like a hotel where I could stay locally, and no one from the group seemed inclined to offer me a bed for one extra night so I could see a place I'd have loved to see.

When I returned to New Zealand I recounted this awful lack of hospitality to my group who were completely disgusted. I don't know to this day if it was a typical English thing, (I'd been asked to stay one night and that's what I was getting,) or if I happened to strike a very insular bunch of people. But I was left very deeply disappointed and a lot of people in my area now think the worse of English hospitality.

Perhaps I should have asked outright, I didn't think of it at the time because in New Zealand terms, that would have been really rude. The assumption is, that if the extra night wasn't offered, then there was some reason why it couldn't be. And it would have embarrassed my hosts if I'd asked and they'd had to openly turn me down.

In fact it wasn't until some years after that it dawned on me that it could have been a cultural misunderstanding. They could well have been waiting for me to ask, and when I didn't, assumed that it wasn't important to me.

But it isn't only between countries that this sort of thing can crop up. I know a case which happened some twenty years ago and divided a community at the time. Citizen A lost his apartment. Family B offered him a bed for a few nights until he found someplace else. Citizen A did look, but at the time apartments were expensive and hard to find in that city. So he stayed on.

He also stayed on without offering compensation or work to repay his hospitality. His assumption was that if B wanted compensation he'd say so. Unfortunately B did, but he was waiting for A to offer. In the end A stayed around three months — until he heard through a third party just what B was saying about him for his gross leeching on B's resources. A packed up and left, saying some very unpleasant things about B too. The resulting feud divided that city's group for years.

The reasoning on both parts had been simple. A assumed that if B wanted him to kick in money, B would ask, and if he didn't, well, B had invited him to stay so presumably he'd meant the invitation and was happy about A remaining. B's assumption was simple. He assumed that A should offer, and he didn't like to demand it when A didn't, nor did he know how to ask A to leave when he stayed beyond the limits of “a few nights” B had offered. Different concepts of hospitality.

There is an unconscious assumption that people think the way you do. In the latter case the assumption was really there because both A and B came not only from the same country, but from the same city. However they came from different backgrounds — in A's case, from one where if you want something, you speak up and ask and in B's case, from a background where a lot is unspoken (the feeling being that hints are enough, you shouldn't need to put the request into crass words).

All of which created a nice little impasse. And which may have also been my problem. The English group were waiting for me to put my request into words. I didn't ask, so they didn't offer.

Eventually a lot of fen travel. They stay with other fen in different countries. The invitation, “come and stay a couple of weeks and we'll take you to fan group meetings, show you around, and take you on to the

con” may be perfectly genuine. But the host may expect you to contribute and just not want to outright ask for money. But if you come from a background where you wait to be asked, an awful lot of resentment can be engendered by the time you leave.

In New Zealand we tend to mean exactly what we say. If someone rings me and says they're so-and-so's friend, and they're on the way through my area, could they stop in and see me for a few hours, I tend to reply, never mind that, come and stay a couple of days. If I invite someone to stay, I mean just that, that they should come and stay with me at my place. And I do really mean the invitation, it isn't just a polite comment.

In my last couple of overseas trips staying with fan friends, I've evolved the habit of laying it on the line — as in, “I don't know how you feel about this sort of thing in your country so I'm just going to say it. I'm very happy to contribute money for groceries while I stay. And I'd like to take you out for a good meal before I leave.” The host now knows where we both are with their hospitality, and hopefully, with that out of the way, neither of us is going to feel uncomfortable about expectations of contributing or not contributing. They can accept or reject all or part of my offer without embarrassment.

But if you travel, beware. Concepts of hospitality differ markedly from place to place and people's assumptions on them tend to be mostly unconscious. Forcing yourself to be up front can be a good idea. At least you'll all be on the same page after that and no one can feel their hospitality has been abused. At least hopefully that's so, but with unconscious assumptions there are never any guarantees.

World Ends Tuesday — Film At 11: An Overview of Eschatological Science Fiction

by E.B. Frohvet (with parentheticals by Ye Editrix)

Lately, Janine and I have been corresponding on, among other subjects, the end of the world, and the fiction dealing with that concept. On even a superficial survey of the literature, it's been a rather popular idea. [*We're not predicting it, folks, just discussing its use in fiction. Had to clear that up.*]

The notion of the end of the world far predates science fiction. up to the 19th Century or so, the idea was generally viewed in religious terms — there's a whole branch of theology concerning this, called “eschatology”. (One is reminded of the quip about extra-terrestrial biology, “a discipline with no demonstrable subject matter,” but let's not get off topic.) Arguably the earliest “after the disaster” recorded in human literature is the Biblical account of the Flood. There is some evidence that there may have been a monstrous flood in the Tigris-Euphrates Basin several thousand years ago; to people whose concept of “the world” probably did not extend beyond twenty miles or so, it may well have seemed like the end of the world. This apocalyptic vision, often driven by a too-literal reading of the Revelation of St. John, is seen in the recent surge in religious fiction; notably the Left Behind series by LaHaye & Jenkins, which is entirely outside SF.



The difference is that science fiction tends to stipulate some mechanism which, however unlikely, is explicable within the laws of science, without involving divine intervention. Of course, if you're going to take out the whole planet Earth that does limit the possibilities. If the sun goes nova, as in Robert Heinlein's "The Year of the Jackpot" (1952), there's not much we can do about it. That fatalistic story accepts the end of the human race; in the last moments, a man comforts his wife: "I'm here, dear."

Philip Wylie & Edwin Balmer proposed an extra-systemic planet, a sort of Uranus-sized gas giant, entering the solar system and taking out Earth in a monstrous collision (When Worlds Collide, 1932.) They showed an improbable optimism, that humanity could bodily escape with the technology of the time. In fact, we could not do it now with today's technology, though that's mainly from lack of will and lack of financing.

A popular humorist had Earth vaporized to make way for a "hyperspatial express route" (The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, Douglas Adams, 1979). With two survivors. Unless you count the mice.

Again the prospects are limited if Earth is rendered totally uninhabitable either by our own war (Rite of Passage, Alexei Panshin, 1968) or by external attack (The Beast Master, Andre Norton, 1959). In both of those instances we see the destruction of Earth as mere prelude to set up a story external to Earth; which is of course the prerogative of an SF writer. The world ends, the human race goes on.

A sub-class, perhaps at an oblique angle to the destruction of the world, would encompass those stories, generally in the far future, in which Earth has simply been *lost*, misplaced or forgotten. In some cases this is just accepted (Tau Zero, Poul Anderson, 1970; Shakespeare's Planet, Clifford D. Simak, 1976.) Sometimes the story is keyed to the search for lost Earth (Star Rider, Doris Piserchia, 1974; the Silence Trilogy beginning with Five Twelfths of Heaven, Melissa Scott, 1985).

Then there is the alien invasion story, which may be further divided between the overt (War of the Worlds, H.G. Wells, 1898, and a plethora of imitators) and the covert (Out of the Deeps, John Wyndham, 1953). The alien invasion tale might also be classed according to the successful invasion and the unsuccessful, categories which do not quite overlap with the preceding. As I've observed elsewhere, those stories which involve the aliens arriving and asking for admission (as the film and short-lived TV series "Alien Nation") do not fall under "invasion."

Probably the most populous class of "after the disaster" stories, highly popular in the 1950's and 1960's both in SF and across the line into mainstream fiction, would be the sort in which Earth is badly damaged but still more or less habitable. Frequently but not always, the mechanism was nuclear war. Again we might divide this class into one general group that dealt with the catastrophe itself and the immediate aftermath (Alas, Babylon, Pat Frank, 1959, still probably the best known). Variants of that stipulated a solar flare (Ben Bova, I can see the book clearly in my mind but the title escapes me [*perhaps* When the Sky Burned, 1973 {aka Test of Fire, 1982? I looked in the *Clute/Nicholls' Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*}), or a condensed cloud of interstellar gas rather than a rampaging planet (The Black Cloud, Fred Hoyle, 1957). A separate subgrouping would be those which implied a massive disaster some time in the distant past, the actual story dealing with the descendants of survivors generations later (Star Man's Son, Andre Norton, 1952, or Re-Birth, John Wyndham, 1955).

Both of those sort are still being written from time to time, as are asteroid/comet collision stories — many of the latter in film form ("Meteor," 1979; "Armageddon," 1998 [*"Deep Impact," also around 1998, among others*]). Film goes generally preferring a pat and happy ending; "heroic astronauts blow up the meteor and save Earth" is generally the total plot of such movies. Whether the makers of these films underestimate their audience is a question falling outside the scope of this article,

Some wit coined the term "cozy catastrophe" for that sort of story which removes a vast majority of the human race by some means, but leaves the Earth itself, and the infrastructure of civilization, more or less intact. (Earth Abides, George R. Stewart, 1949; The Day of the Triffids, John Wyndham, 1956; Emergence, David Palmer, 1964. If any of you readers comes across a spare copy of Emergence, send it along to Janine [*yes, please, and I'll remit the postage*]). The usual mechanism is a plague, as seen in the

examples cited; though in Vanishing Point (Michaela Roessner, 1993) there is no attempt to offer an explanation for the Vanishing, it just is.

Still one of the most unusual “cozy catastrophes” is In the Days of the Comet (H.G. Wells, 1906) which treats the end of the existing world as a *good* thing — at least in the long run, though you have to wade through a tendentious diatribe against Victorian England to get there.

The attraction of the whole “after the disaster” subgenre is to identify with, or at least admire, the plucky survivors, and hope that you could do as well. (Come to think of it, I suppose one could claim Robinson Crusoe as a lineal ancestor, or at least a distant cognate.) Using myself and my region as an example, if the sun goes nova, a rogue planet smashes Earth, or the Russians nuke the U.S., that’s it for me, I would not have to worry about survival. The trademark catastrophic meteor splash in the ocean would not be much improvement, my elevation here is less than 150 feet above sea level.

From my point of view, then, the “cozy catastrophe” is a much more appealing prospect; supposing that I lived. (I don’t recall who defined “survivor type” as “Look around after the disaster: those still around are survivor types by definition”, but it has the ring of Heinlein.)

If some process removed 99% of the population, leaving one survivor in 100, there would still be several thousand people in Howard County and 30,000 to 40,000 in central Maryland. In theory, enough to keep civilization going, as resources designed to support a much greater number would still be available. If we suppose that the process swept impartially across age, racial, and ethnic lines, one would expect a substantial further die-off in the first year: abandoned children with no one to care for them; elderly or infirm in the absence of the medical system that sustained them; and suicides, those unable to cope with a drastically revised life). In such a case, I guess there would be society of a sort, arid despite my own tendency toward solitude, I would have to throw in with them, and cooperate to move on — stipulating, of course, that the disaster was world-wide. One is reminded of the character in Day of the Triffids who was quite unconcerned, sure the Americans would arrive with help any day now.

If the disaster was multiplied by a factor of ten, leaving on average one survivor in 1000, that would be a much different case. There would be a few hundred people in Howard County, a few thousand scattered across central Maryland. It would be much more difficult to reconstitute society on those terms. The usual disaster scenario in SF has predicated a much worse case, with only a handful of survivors, one in 100,000 or a lesser ratio than that. In that instance, with only a smattering of people left in Maryland, I would see myself as being on my own and looking out for my own survival interest.

My first action would be to move; possibly to Linden Hall, the neighborhood community center. It’s a modern, solid, brick building (no exterior maintenance), with a lot more space than I have in my present condo (storage), and it has fireplaces (lack of electricity). Alternately, I might consider Dorsey Hall, which after all has stood for 200 years — the definition of a survivor — and was totally renovated recently, with a new roof. I would look to find a good-sized truck, and depending on the time of year I would focus first on stocking food (canned goods) and energy (fuel, firewood). I could put a small, gasoline- or diesel-powered generator on the patio. Weapons, of course, for defense and hunting. It’s been over twenty years since I handled a rifle, but the skills are simple enough; and if I’ve never slaughtered a deer, on getting hungry I could learn. There would be no shortage — even now, the only restraints on the deer population in Maryland are hunting and road kill. [*You wouldn’t have abundance for long if the wolves survived.*]

The one thing I would really miss would be bread. [*Which could easily be replaced by cornbread, if maize is, as I recall, easier to grow and harvest than wheat. But then you’d have the deer to contend with, since they will eat corn if it’s available.*]

Psychologically, I could deal with it quite well. I’ve had a lot of practice at being alone. There would be ample room and time for books, both my own and those I would liberate from book stores and libraries.

Who knows, I might even write a journal. Isn't that what you're supposed to do, after the end of the world? You never know, it might be of some historical value to someone's great-great-grandchildren — assuming they could read.

Noreascon 4 Announces 2003 Hugo Award Nominees

Best Novel (462 ballots): Paladin of Souls (Lois McMaster Bujold, Eos); Humans (Robert Sawyer, Tor Books); Ilium (Dan Simmons, Eos); Singularity Sky (Charles Stross, Ace Books); Blind Lake (Robert Charles Wilson, Tor Books).

Best Novella (215 ballots): “Walk in Silence” (Catherine Asaro, *Analog*, April 2003); “Empress of Mars” (Kage Baker, *Asimov's*, July 2003); “The Green Leopard Plague” (Walter Jon Williams, *Asimov's*, Oct.–Nov. 2003); “Just Like the Ones We Used to Know” (Connie Willis, *Asimov's*, Dec. 2003); “The Cookie Monster” (Vernor Vinge, *Analog*, Oct. 2003).

Best Novelette (243 ballots): “Empire of Ice Cream” (Jeffrey Ford, *Sci Fiction*, scifi.com, Feb. 2003); “Bernardo's House” (James Patrick Kelly, *Asimov's*, June 2003); “Into the Gardens of Sweet Night” (Jay Lake, Writers of the Future XIX, Bridge, 2003); “Hexagons” (Robert Reed, *Asimov's*, July 2003); “Nightfall” (Charles Stross, *Asimov's*, April 2003); “Legions in Time” (Michael Swanwick, *Asimov's*, April 2003).

Best Short Story (310 ballots): “Paying It Forward” (Michael A. Burstein, *Analog*, Sept. 2003); “A Study in Emerald” (Neil Gaiman Shadows over Baker Street, Del Rey, 2003); “Four Short Novels” (Joe Haldeman *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Nov. 2003); “The Tale of the Golden Eagle” (David D. Levine, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, June 2003); “Robots Don't Cry” (Mike Resnick, *Asimov's*, July 2003).

Best Related Book (243 ballots): Scores: Reviews 1993–2003 (John Clute, Becon Publications, 2003); Spectrum 10: The Best in Fantastic Contemporary Art (Cathy & Arnie Fenner, Underwood Books, 2003); The Chesley Awards for SF & Fantasy Art: A Retrospective (John Grant, Elizabeth L. Humphrey, & Pamela D. Scoville, Artist's & Photographer's Press Ltd., 2003); Dreamer of Dune: The Biography of Frank Herbert (Brian Herbert, Tor Books, 2003); The Thackery T. Lambshead Guide to Eccentric & Discredited Diseases (Jeff Vandermeer & Mark Roberts, Night Shade Books, 2003); Master Storyteller: An Illustrated Tour of the Fiction of L. Ron Hubbard (William J. Widder, Bridge, 2003).

Best Dramatic Presentation — Long Form (363 ballots): “28 Days Later” (DNA Films/Fox Searchlight, directed by Danny Boyle; written by Alex Garland); “Finding Nemo” (Pixar/Walt Disney Pictures, directed by Andrew Stanton & Lee Unkrich; screenplay by Andrew Stanton, Bob Peterson & David Reynolds; story by Andrew Stanton); “The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King” (New Line Cinema, directed by Peter Jackson; screenplay by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens & Peter Jackson; based on the novel by J.R.R. Tolkien); “Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl” (Walt Disney Pictures, directed by Gore Verbinski; screenplay by Ted Elliott & Terry Rossio; screen story by Ted Elliott, Terry Rossio, Stuart Beattie & Jay Wolpert); “X2: X-Men United” (20th Century Fox/Marvel, directed by Bryan Singer; screenplay by Michael Dougherty, Dan Harris & David Hayter; story by Zak Penn, David Hayter & Bryan Singer).

Best Dramatic Presentation — Short Form (212 ballots): “Chosen” (“Buffy the Vampire Slayer,” Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox, written and directed by Joss Whedon); “Gollum's Acceptance Speech at the 2003 MTV Movie Awards” (Wingnut Films/New Line Cinema, written and directed by Fran Walsh, Philippa Boyens & Peter Jackson); “Heart of Gold” (“Firefly,” Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox, directed by Thomas J. Wright; written by Brett Matthews); “The Message” (“Firefly,” Mutant Enemy Inc./20th Century Fox, directed by Tim Minear; written by Joss Whedon & Tim Minear); “Rosetta” (“Smallville,” Tollin/Robbins Productions/Warner Brothers, directed by James Marshall; written by Al Gough & Miles Millar).

Best Professional Editor (319 ballots): Ellen Datlow, Gardner Dozois, David Hartwell, Stanley Schmidt, Gordon Van Gelder.

Best Professional Artist (241 ballots): Jim Burns, Bob Eggleton, Frank Frazetta, Frank Kelly Freas, Donato Giancola.

Best Semi-Prozine (199 ballots): *Ansible*, ed. Dave Langford; *Interzone*, ed. David Pringle; *Locus*, ed. Charles N. Brown, Jennifer A. Hall, and Kirsten Gong-Wong; *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, ed. Kathryn Cramer, David G. Hartwell, and Kevin Maroney; *Third Alternative*, ed. Andy Cox.

Best Fanzine (211 ballots): *Challenger*, ed. Guy H. Lillian III; *Emerald City*, ed. Cheryl Morgan; *File 770*, ed. Mike Glycer; *Mimosa*, ed. Rich and Nicki Lynch; *Plokta*, ed. Alison Scott, Steve Davies, and Mike Scott.

Best Fan Writer (260 ballots): Jeff Berkwits, Bob Devney, John L. Flynn, Dave Langford, Cheryl Morgan.

Best Fan Artist (190 ballots): Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Sue Mason, Steve Stiles, Frank Wu.

*

Nominees for the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer (192 ballots): Jay Lake (second year of eligibility); David D. Levine (second year of eligibility); Karin Lowachee (second year of eligibility); Chris Moriarty (first year of eligibility); Tim Pratt (second year of eligibility). The Campbell Award for Best New Writer is sponsored by Dell Magazines.

*

Nominations were made in 10 categories for the best work of 1953. Three categories were dropped due to "insufficient nominees": **Best Dramatic Presentation — Long Form**, **Best Semi-Prozine**, and **Best Fan Artist**. I bet you lot will have some things to say about that.

Best Novel of 1953 (113 ballots): The Caves of Steel (Isaac Asimov, *Galaxy*, Oct.–Dec. 1953); Fahrenheit 451 (Ray Bradbury, Ballantine); Childhood's End (Arthur C. Clarke, Ballantine); Mission of Gravity (Hal Clement, *Astounding*, Feb.–July 1953); More than Human (Theodore Sturgeon, Ballantine).

Best Novella of 1953 (67 ballots): "Un-Man" (Poul Anderson, *Astounding*, Jan. 1953); "A Case of Conscience" (James Blish, *If*, Sept. 1953); "The Rose" (Charles L. Harness, *Authentic Science Fiction Monthly*, March 1953); "Daughters of Earth" (Judith Merrill, The Petrified Planet, Twayne, 1953); "...And My Fear is Great..." (Theodore Sturgeon, *Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, July 1953).

Best Novelette of 1953 (66 ballots): "Sam Hall" (Poul Anderson, *Astounding*, Aug. 1953); "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound" (Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson, *Universe*, Dec. 1953); "Earthman, Come Home" (James Blish, *Astounding*, Nov. 1953); "The Wall Around the World" (Theodore Cogswell, *Beyond Fantasy Fiction*, Sept. 1953); "Second Variety" (Philip K. Dick, *Space Science Fiction*, May 1953).

Best Short Story of 1953 (96 ballots): "Star Light, Star Bright" (Alfred Bester, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, July 1953); "It's a Good Life" (Jerome Bixby, Star Science Fiction Stories #2, Ballantine); "The Nine Billion Names of God" (Arthur C. Clarke, Star Science Fiction Stories #1, Ballantine); "Seventh Victim" (Robert Sheckley, *Galaxy*, April 1953); "A Saucer of Loneliness" (Theodore Sturgeon, *Galaxy*, Feb. 1953).

Best Related Book of 1953 (21 ballots): Conquest of the Moon (Wernher von Braun, Fred L. Whipple & Willy Ley, Viking Press); Modern Science Fiction: Its Making and Future (Reginald Bretnor, Coward-McCann); Science-Fiction Handbook (L. Sprague de Camp, Hermitage).

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form, of 1953 (96 ballots): "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" (Mutual Pictures/Warner Brothers, directed by Eugène Lourié; screenplay by Louis Morheim and Fred Freiberger; based on the story by Ray Bradbury) "Duck Dodgers in the 24 1/2 th Century" (Warner Brothers, directed by Chuck Jones; written by Michael Maltese); "Invaders from Mars" (National Pictures/20th Century Fox, directed by William Cameron Menzies; screenplay by Richard Blake; story by John Tucker Battle); "It Came from Outer Space" (Universal, directed by Jack Arnold; screenplay by

Harry Essex; story by Ray Bradbury); “The War of the Worlds” (Paramount Pictures, directed by Byron Haskin; screenplay by Barré Lyndon; based on the novel by H.G. Wells).

Best Professional Editor of 1953 (49 ballots): Anthony Boucher, John W. Campbell, Jr., H. L. Gold, Frederik Pohl, Donald A. Wollheim.

Best Professional Artist of 1953 (68 ballots): Chesley Bonestell, Ed Emshwiller, Virgil Finlay, Frank Kelly Freas, Richard Powers.

Best Fanzine of 1953 (36 ballots): *Hyphen*, ed. Chuck Harris & Walter Willis; *Quandry*, ed. Lee Hoffman; *Science Fiction Newsletter*, ed. Bob Tucker; *Sky Hook*, ed. Redd Boggs; *Slant*, ed. Walter Willis, art editor James White.

Best Fan Writer of 1953 (38 ballots): Redd Boggs, Lee Hoffman, Bob Tucker, James White, Walter A. Willis.



In the Interim: Fanzines Received

New fanzines (first issues) are noted in bold; one-shots and specials are in italics: **ALEXIAD**, April 2004 // **ALL SINKING, NO POWER** Vol. 1 No. 1 // **ANSIBLE** 200 & 201 // **BANANA WINGS** #19 // **THE BANKSONIAN** (AN IAIN M. BANKS FANZINE) #1 Feb. 2004 // **CRAZY FROM THE HEAT** #2 // **DE PROFUNDIS** 374 & 375 // **eI** 11, 11.1, 12, 13 // **EMERALD CITY** 102 & 103 // **FANZINE FANATIQUÉ** Autumn 2003, Winter 2003/Spring 2004 // **FLICKER 2** // **JOHN FOYSTER: THE CONTINUUM TRIBUTE** July 2003 // **THE KNARLEY KNEWS** Feb. 2004 // **NICE DISTINCTIONS** 5 // **NO AWARD** 14, Fall/Winter 2003 // **SMOKIN' ROCKETS** #3 // **THE SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN** Vol. 8 No. 5, March 2004 // **SF COMMENTARY** 79 (THE TUCKER ISSUE, SECOND EDITION) // **VANAMONDE** 533-537.

Will the Real Swamp Thing Please Stand Up?

Editorial

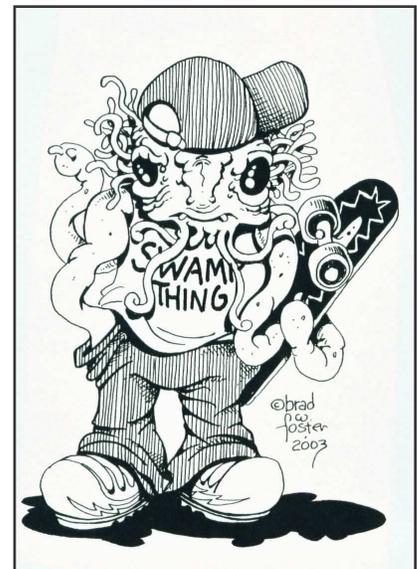
The Free Book Deal

Previously, Deal #8 queried thus: “Who wrote the disaster thriller Moonfall?” The correct answer is Jack McDevitt. The online winner is Lyn McConchie, who gets Charles de Lint’s contemporary fantasy Memory and Dream. The regular-mail winner is me, since no one wrote in with an answer; I get to keep John Brunner’s A Maze of Stars.

The previous winners are Joy Smith (1), E.B. Frohvet (2), Henry Welch (1), Mark Proskey (1), Joe Major (3), Lloyd Penney (2), Don Anderson (1) and Lyn McConchie (2). I note this in case anyone might have wondered about it, as I did. Those whose names aren’t listed have no one to blame but themselves — and me, in a few cases, for not getting an ish out on time.

I still have plenty of books to /g/e/t/r/i/d/o/f/ give away, folks, so please, if you’ve never entered, give it a whirl; if you’ve entered and have yet to win, keep trying. I pay for the postage.

Of course, if you don’t read SF nowadays, there’s probably little I can say to change your mind. There’s also the possibility that what’s been offered so far isn’t of interest to some readers. In that case, keep reading.



Contest #9 is Announced: The question is, “Among my published works are 334 and Camp Concentration. Who am I?” Correct spelling, please. **Deadline is July 8, 2004**. And just because I can, this time the prizes won’t be announced ahead of time. My little experiment, folks. The die-hard readers won’t care what the prizes are, is my bet.

Anyone not interested in the next Hugo awards can skip this part.

I didn’t nominate any of the books that made the nominations list for Noreascon 4, and I haven’t read any of the books listed. Due to the press of time and personal concerns, I wasn’t able to read any short fiction from last year and so didn’t nominate in those categories. The categories I did nominate in mostly survived my assault — the Usual Suspects reign in the Best Editor, Best Pro and Fan Artist (Alan White’s name is again missing from the Best Fan Artist category, which is very disappointing), Best Fan Writer and Best Fanzine categories. Seeing two episodes of “Firefly” in the Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form) category was a pleasant surprise and, because I recently bought the DVDs of the entire series (on sale for under \$35, such a steal!), I can watch the nominated episodes again. “The Return of the King” was pretty much a given, but still nice to see.

Given the saturation factor of sfnal ideas and themes in contemporary culture, it seems that the publishing industry would consider Hugos and Nebulas of less worth than whether a writer’s book is optioned by a film studio. I’d like to see some way of recognizing achievement in original written SF than the one currently offered by the Hugo and Nebula awards. But are awards really significant in a culture that still bases success on income? I’m beginning to think they aren’t, and that would mean that voting for Hugos is a waste of time.

Yes, it all sucks and there isn’t a damn thing we can do to change it in the next year. Selah.

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I’ve been hiding behind my editorial mask for quite a while now, not saying much beyond the comments in the LOCs and this editorial column. I could make a lot of excuses, and I even have the Meniere’s disease as a valid one, but what it boils down to is fear. I got so many wonderful comments on “Riding A Raid” (PN 3.1, April 2003) that I wondered if I could write anything else as good, or better. Having immersed myself in other people’s writings over the last year (in order to write book reviews and essays), I hadn’t paid much attention to whether I had anything else to say. If I wrote another piece on what it’s like to have Meniere’s, I’d just depress everyone again. Writing about what I’ve been doing lately would be so boring that watching paint dry would be more engaging. I haven’t actually considered any particular topic for my personal attention since “Riding A Raid” was published.

Being a private person may make for a weak fan writer, but I can’t just flay myself and lay out that skin for public viewing. It’s just not in my nature. So I’ll have to try something else.

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Some of you may be wondering what in the world I was thinking when I created thish’s cover. I have another confession to make. I love stickers. In fact, I love pens and stationery and anything to do with writing and sending letters via regular mail. I don’t know why. Blame it on my teachers.

My stationery collection used to be vast and incredibly varied, until I forced myself to stop buying it and used nearly all of it up. By that time, I’d purchased my first computer and was well on my way to learning about the joys of clip art and the possibilities of original art via MS Paint. Sheryl Birkhead and Alan White, you may stop laughing now. That goes for the rest of you as well. I drew what I consider a perfectly respectable bat in MS Paint, back in 1999. I liked it so well I save the file, then printed it out and kept the paper version. I’ve since used it more than once. I may do more art in this manner, but perhaps I will try a different, faster program next time. MS Paint is hard on the mousing hand.

Since I no longer have a stationery collection, I’ve found that I miss it. So now I have a greeting card collection. You’d think that I’d be sending out cards left and right for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, congratulations, and all that. But no, my memory doesn’t seem capable of remembering these things, even though I now have a nice calendar that hangs on the wall, within spitting distance of all those greeting

cards, to remind me. I cannot seem to make the mental connection required to take the calendar off the wall, sit down, address envelopes, write messages in cards, and send them to the appropriate people.

Having a greeting card collection started, I didn't consciously desire another collection. But when one gets a house, one starts getting pitiable begging letters from every charitable (and not-so-charitable) organization on the planet, whinging for money for a dizzying array of Ghood Causes, and nearly all of them containing "free" address labels and/or stickers. I had to make a rule up to avoid giving money to all of them. If the first five or so got my entire address right, to include a 9-digit zip code, then I sent them something and kept the labels. If they didn't, I cut off the address portion of the labels and kept the graphics part, if I liked it. Keeping the stickers was an entirely thoughtless action — that is, I didn't think about it, I just did it. Now I have all these stickers, and I get more every week. What to do?

I had a perfectly good piece of Alan White art ready to go for thish's cover. But the stickers started talking to me and . . . well, you see the result. Maybe next time I'll try paint.

HAND MADE HATS & SCARVES

Hand crochet:

Set in acrylic "Homespun" yarn \$25
(colors vary by season)

Set in acrylic "Jiffy" yarn \$15
(teal, tea-purple varigated, purple, black, tan, cream, burgandy-brown-gold-navy varigated)

Set in Shetland sheep wool \$50
(colors vary by season)

Set in Alpaca Wool \$75
(burgandy, light burgandy, green, lime, dark teal, light teal & charcoal)

(please specify whether regular, or narrow scarf style)

SARI

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