

FANZINE REVIEW

by Joseph T. Major

Courtesy is always commendable and to be heralded, admired, and encouraged. In this case, as a loc-hacker, I appreciate the editor's having shown a proper respect for values, knowing what is important in a fanzine.

As you may have guessed, the letter column is first in this zine.

Jan Stinson has suffered much of late; her husband Kenn died in 2003, and she moved from Florida back to Michigan. Such efforts have been the deaths of many good zines, so from the fanpubbing perspective it is worth rejoicing that she did not let this overcome her. Contact with the whole wide world "out there" is a more desirable method of dealing with grief, and Jan should be commended for her decision.

The title, of course, is in another fannish tradition, being a pun, and a clarification is placed below the table of comments:

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)

Now that's a lino!

By way of contrast, it can be noted that Jan has kept to that quarterly pubbing sked, or at least put out four issues a year for the past three years and counting; the issue before me as I write is Volume Three Number Four, though Volume Four Number One should be out by the time this hits print (only a click away at www.efanzines.com, recall).

The cover is rather plain this time. Previous issues had gorgeous Alan White covers (and then there was the annish, which had two covers, one quite humorous). This one has a photograph of long-time contributor Trinlay Khadro's two pets; Elric the albino ferret and his friend, Megumi the kitten.

Once we get past this example of fannish pets, we find that Jan has a most civilized form of layout; the locs come first. She also keeps her comments to a tractable mean, neither overwhelming the loccer with

invective nor making herself absent in her own work, and sets them off *in italics*. The letters themselves are separated by small typographical dingbats. In the .pdf version the writers' addresses are omitted, as here – an unfortunate consequence of modern times, where stalkers abound.

Many of the letters are given to discussion of ailments. As fandom gets grayer, this is I fear inevitable.

Then there actually is (*ugh*) a book review! (There's worse to come, folks.) However it is of an obscure and exotic book, so that might be a saving grace. It's by New Zealand fan Lyn McConchie, so might actually be for real. The book itself? It's *20th Century Dart* by Rod Marsden, a story about a superhero echnida. I said it was exotic.

Increasingly faneds are merely listing the zines they receive, thus denying the readers the wisdom of such items as this. For what it's worth, Jan does get *No Award* and listed it here – again the fanzines are listed without addresses.

I warned you there was worse to come, and indeed there is. An authentic sercon article, something thought extinct. The reclusive E. B. Frohvet discourses on "**The Agriculture and Cuisine of the Shire**", something that hearkens back to, oh, the sixties (any sixties reference makes it okay) and might have highlighted a fanzine of that era, in the days when Tolkien movies were only dreams.

Finally in thish, Jan has a unique (at least nowadays,

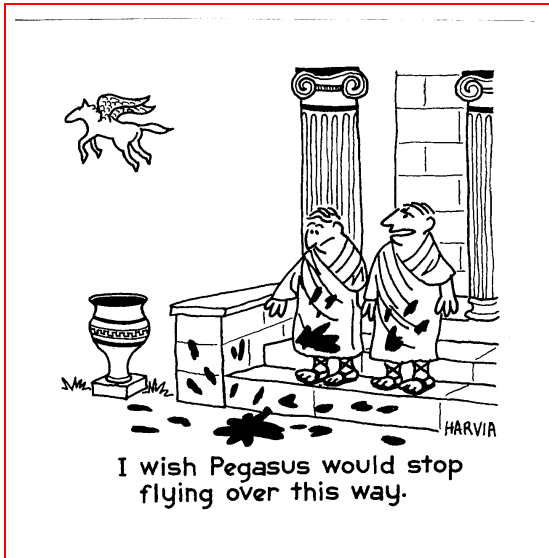
Peregrine Nations

Peregrine Nations; c/o J. G. Stinson, Post Office Box 248, Eastland, MI 49626-0248 USA

tropicsf (at) earthlink (dot) net

"Copies available for \$2 or the Usual. A quarterly pubbing sked is intended."

[Copies are also available at the invaluable efanazines site: www.efanzines.com]



that I know of) feature: a **Contest!** With real prizes! She asks a SF trivia question and lo and behold, the winner gets a prize, a book. Thish answers the question “In Mervyn Peake’s classic Gormenghast books, what is the name of the kitchen drudge who worms his way up to become a major power broker in the Groan household?” and the answer, to save you digging out your Peake, is “Steerpike”.

Layout is adequate and very clean, single-column with interjected illos. The McConchie review had a drawing by author Rod Marsden of an echnida, presumably his hero. There’s also a very nice masthead by Alan White, which looks even better in color.

Laziness laziness . . . *Peregrine Nations* Volume Four Number One came in while I was writing this. The cover this time is a quilt-style collection of art from address labels. Found art with a vengeance.

This has two articles – one fannish, Lyn McConchie writing about “**Concepts of Hospitality**”, or what it used to be like before Degler came along. Obviously he never got down to New Zealand, since Lyn discusses the abundant hospitality Kiwi fandom offers. What she would do if an old man with poor hygiene showed up and began discussing the Cosmic Circle – probably after popping out of a hole, having tried to dig to Hell and missed . . .

The sercon article is by Frohvet again, on “**World Ends Tuesday – Film at 11: An Overview of Eschatological Science Fiction**”, a very descriptive title. The world has been ending ever since the

beginning, so to speak, and EBF gives a quick rundown.

After listings of Hugo Nominees and Fanzines Received, we get to the back of the book stuff. The contest asked “Who wrote the disaster thriller *Moonfall*?” the answer being the sadly under-recognized Jack McDevitt.

Since this is in some extent a back-to-front zine, the editorial natter is here. Jan discusses her differences with the nominated books (come to think of it, is there *anyone* out there that can defend the Hugo nominations of the past few years? Somebody has to be nominating those books) and in general the Usual Suspects.

The availability of fanzines on the Net has begun to shift costs. Many, like Jan, can now dispense with the bulk of mailing costs; but the reader now has to pay the printing charges. Unlike other such changes caused by the advance of technology, this seems to have aided fanzine production, instead of drawing it down.



MUNCHIES OF MILLENNIUM FIVE HUNDRED

by Milt Stevens

The World Below is something unheard of in our current era. It's a two volume trilogy. The third volume was never written. I can sort of see why. The first two parts were published in Cosmopolitan in 1928 and 1929. By today's standard, Wright's views were extreme libertarianism. In the twenties, that wasn't uncommon. After the crash, those views became extremely unpopular.

-Milt Stevens

Time travel ain't what it used to be. These days, time travelers only go to a few well visited eras to either ogle dinosaurs or save Kennedy or kill Hitler. Back in the old days, time travelers used to take some really long jaunts into totally unknown eras. Take for instance, *The World Below* by S. Fowler Wright (sometimes published as two volumes, *The Amphibians* and *The World Below*). In this book, we're talking about a jaunt of 500,000 years into the future. In that amount of time, the average person could fill the Grand Canyon with nothing other than their bellybutton lint.

The first thing you notice in this novel is that the Professor is mad. Not that he's any crazier than most people who go around inventing time machines, but he is highly annoyed. His success at

projecting people 500,000 years into the future has been perfect. Two tries and two successes. It's his success at retrieving people from 500,000 years in the future that hasn't worked so well. But hope springs eternal. Which is why he is trying to talk the protagonist into traveling into the far future and finding out what happened to the first two time travelers. Since there is money involved, the protagonist agrees to give it a try. Armed with an ax and a few other necessities, he seats himself on the platform of the time machine.

do, he remains seated until the sun eventually rises. He seems to be seated in the middle of a road that runs off into the distance in both directions. Next to the road, there seems to be a sheer cliff on one side and a cabbage patch filled with giant cabbages on the other.

Before he can decide which way to go on the road, he sees something on two legs running toward him at high speed. When he thinks collision is imminent, the runner veers to the side of the road next to the cabbage patch. In a flash, a tentacle shoots out from the nearest cabbage and seizes the hapless runner. The runner, now screaming, is dragged toward the vengeful vegetable. It is obvious these aren't ordinary giant cabbages. They must be carnivorous giant cabbages. There is obviously only one course of action. Armed with his trusty ax, the time traveler gives the cabbage twenty whacks. When he saw what he had done, he gave the next one twenty one. The remaining cabbages shrieked hideously and withdrew as far as possible lest they be reduced to coleslaw like their comrades.

He picked up the body of the runner and carried it to far side of the road where he found an indentation in the rock cliff. The first thing he noticed was that the runner was covered with green fur. The runner also had three webbed fingers on each hand and gills. The runner's slender build made him think of it more as a she than a he, but he was far from being positive on that point. In any case, he was rather glad he hadn't come to the far future looking for a date.

With what appeared to be a last gasp of energy, a burst of telepathic communication came from the runner. "Dying. HMO not cover. Must take message to my people beyond the bottomless gorge by the unseen way, west on the I10 past Pomona, then through the tunnel of creeping terror to the gray beach. Tell them, Leader captured by Dread &*%@\$. Goose cooked unless rescued. Hurry and earn extra frequent runner mileage. Aaaarg!"

He was a little uncertain about the Aaaarg, but he thought he understood the rest of the message. Having had no particular reason to choose one direction over the other, he decides to continue in the direction



the runner had been headed. He felt sure he would notice the bottomless gorge when he got to it. He was wrong. He noticed it by falling into it. Fortunately for him, he only fell a distance of two feet before hitting the invisible pavement on the invisible bridge across the gorge. This must be the unseen way the runner was talking about. The time traveler marveled at this ingenious method of concealing engineering defects. However, the invisible bridge was a little unsettling to the casual tourist. As a casual tourist, crawling seemed to be the best way to proceed.

When he had crawled approximately to the middle of the bridge, he noticed something disturbing. From the rocks at one side of the roadway, there appeared to be a large number of man-sized frogs descending toward the roadway. Somehow, he doubted they were the local equivalent of the welcome wagon. While crawling had its comforting aspects, he realized a fifty-yard dash might be more in order at the moment.

He reached the other side of the gorge at a dead run and kept going. Since the giant frogs were progressing with ten-foot leaps, he knew he couldn't outrun them for long. At just the right moment, he spotted a cave entrance and decided that would be the best place to make a stand. He turned with his ax in hand to face his pursuers. The frogs continued to advance until suddenly they stopped dead in their tracks. They stared at something above the cave entrance, and their faces assumed expressions of indescribable horror. In the next instant, they were hopping madly off for parts unknown.

He turned slowly to see what had freaked the frogs. There was a symbol over the cave entrance that closely resembled a crossed knife and fork. Of course, it must really represent something else in some future ideographic script. Just in case the frogs might be still lurking in the area, he decided to investigate the interior of the cave. Inside, he found a twenty-foot by twenty-foot tunnel with perfectly smooth walls and floor. Dim lighting came from the ceiling. He noticed the floor sloped slightly downward and curved to the right. Obviously, it must lead to a subterranean parking structure. He decided to investigate further.

He walked and walked and walked and walked. The promise of a parking structure evaporated, but there must be something down here. At last, he noticed a chamber off the main tunnel. He was tired, thirsty, and hungry by this point. Much to his relief, he found the chamber contained a small pool of water. Next to the pool, there was a platform with three bowls and three spoons. They appeared to contain porridge. He sampled the contents in order. The first bowl of porridge was too hot. The second bowl of porridge was too cold. The third bowl of porridge dissolved the spoon. He decided cold porridge wasn't such a bad idea, so he ate it all up. After that, he had a nagging suspicion that he should be moving on.

Down, down, and down he went. After what seemed like an eternity or at least an hour or two, he heard something behind him. It sounded like a platoon of sumo wrestlers marching in step. Actually, he hoped it was a platoon of sumo wrestlers. He just hoped they weren't porridge loving sumo wrestlers. Just to be on the safe side, he hid himself as best he could at the side of the tunnel. Within seconds, a giant twelve feet tall marched past dragging half a dozen of the frogs behind him. Since the frogs didn't seem to be cooperative, the giant didn't seem to have time to notice the time traveler in the shadows. After the giant had passed, he realized it might be a good time to head in the opposite direction. He hadn't gotten very far when the giant returned with a wicker basket which was just the right size for carrying itinerant time travelers. You can guess what he did with it.

From inside the wicker basket, the time traveler was able to observe part of the giant's lair. The frogs were hanging upside down from the ceiling and objecting strenuously. Unfortunately for them, the giant

seemed intent on dinner. In the world of the twentieth century, even when Frenchmen ate frog's legs they usually removed the rest of the frog first. The giant had no similar scruples. The time traveler didn't know whether to feel nausea or terror. His stomach voted for nausea. Soon, the giant retired for an after dinner nap. This seemed like a marvelous opportunity for the time traveler to try to get out of the wicker basket. Since the giant hadn't taken his ax, it was a much easier effort. Once out of the basket, he just kept putting one foot after the other in rapid succession.

When next we see the time traveler he is lying inert on the gray beach. He had passed along the roadway and through the tunnel of creeping terror in what must have been record time. The terror in the tunnel had barely begun to creep before he had sprinted from one end to the other. He was beginning to appreciate why running seemed to be the preferred mode of travel in this future world.

Speaking of running, there seemed to be a company of Amphibians similar to the runner he had already met double-timing along the beach in his direction. He had a definite impression he was going to meet them shortly. Sure enough, the company came to a halt, and the company commander identified herself telepathically as one of the seven Leaders of the Amphibians. The Leaders made all the decisions for the Amphibian nation because of their massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green. All other Amphibians joyously followed the orders of the Leaders. All who weren't joyous or didn't follow were beaten senseless with rubber truncheons. Even though the Amphibian Leader realized the time traveler was only a disgustingly pink, National Enquirer reading primitive, she sensed he was carrying a message.

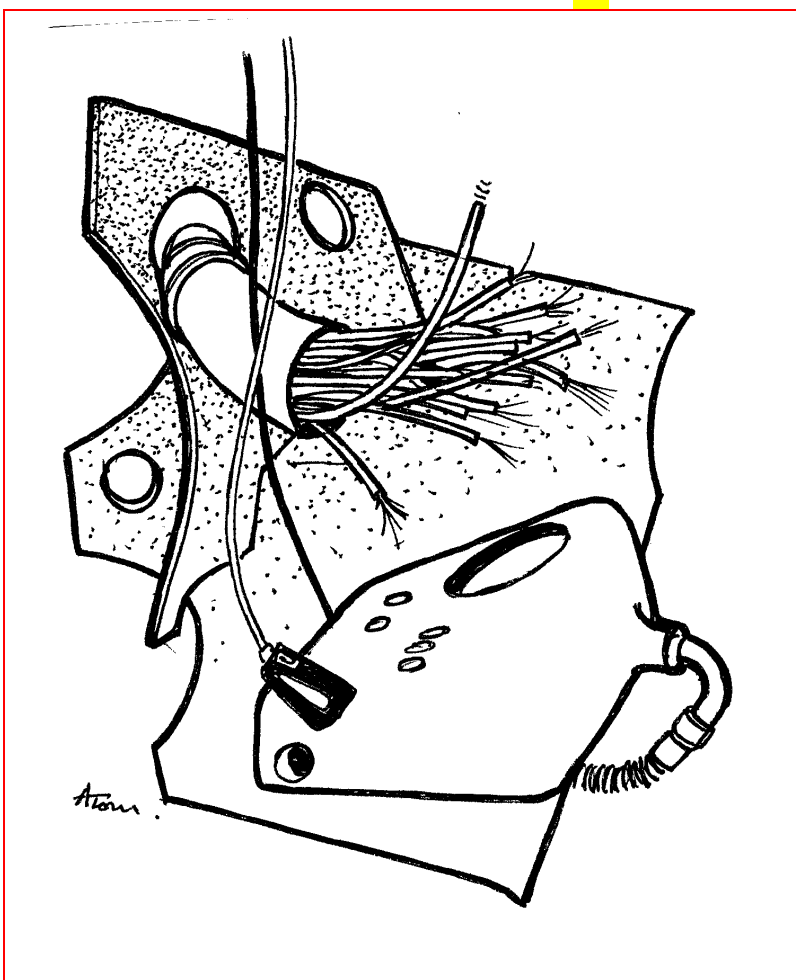
After receiving the message, the Leader looked grim. She explained that this continent was ruled by a giant race of incredible power known as the Diners. Decades ago the Diners had fought a great war against another race known as the Gobblers. At the end of that war, the Diners had made a treaty with the Amphibians. The Amphibians were to defend the coasts of this continent but were not allowed to come inland for any reason. The Amphibians were also to provide the Diners with five million fish a year. In return, the Diners would not regard the Amphibians as seafood.

The time traveler imagined five million fish must be quite a bit of currency on the local economy. The Leader immediately corrected him. She meant five million FISH. Since the Amphibians could telepathically communicate with all the beasts of the sea, they merely explained to the carp and mackerel that this was part of a vacation time-sharing program. They didn't explain that the vacation would be permanent.

However, this wasn't the problem. The problem was that one of the Leaders had become curious about the interior of the continent and had gone exploring. While exploring, she had been captured by the Dread & *% @\$\$. If the Diners found out about this, they might rethink the seafood provision of the treaty. Obviously, the Amphibians had to rescue their captured Leader, and the time traveler was going to help them. They explained he should think of it as part of a vacation time-sharing plan. He was surprised at what a good idea that was. Since the Amphibian company commander didn't much like communicating with pink lifeforms, she assigned future communications with the time traveler to a rear ranks private who we shall henceforth refer to as Tonto. Without further ado, the company plus the time traveler began jogging into the interior.

Of course, running for hours on end was beyond human endurance. He would never have made it if Tonto hadn't shared some of her vital energy with him. She had these little white pills which proved to be marvelously invigorating. After several hours of running, a question occurred to the time traveler. What were the Dread & *% @\$? An image appeared in his mind of a disgustingly pink and approximately humanoid creature. The creature was only about three feet tall and had a snout like an anteater. These creatures inhaled all of their food. They also did a lot





It was the middle of the night by the time he and Tonto approached the village. First, they considered scaling the wall until they noticed the main gate was standing open. Before entering, Tonto thought she should try to contact her Leader telepathically. She learned her Leader was currently in a cell directly over a giant crock-pot. She was on the menu for the day after tomorrow. At that time, the floor of the cell would retract, and she would be dumped into boiling water. This thought didn't bother her, since she already knew how to make her escape. As it turned out, the Anteaters weren't very bright, and they hadn't remembered to lock the cell door. With Tonto and the time traveler in the area, she decided she might as well escape now. She told them to meet her in the village square in twenty minutes.

As the time traveler and Tonto came closer to the main gate, they heard a roaring as of some vast industrial plant from a bygone age. Tonto indicated the Anteaters were prone to snoring. At least, any-

of crock-pot cooking. The captured Leader was scheduled to become part of their low carb diet.

The company finally came to a halt several miles from the Anteater village. Because of her massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green, the Leader explained her plan. The time traveler and Tonto were to enter the village at night, rescue the captured leader, and engage any resisting Anteaters in hand-to-hand combat. Meanwhile, the Leader and the rest of the company would run twenty miles in the opposite direction to create a diversion. Their diversion would consist of being very quiet until the time traveler and Tonto reported back with the captured Leader. This sounded like a great plan to the time traveler. He would joyously follow it if he could only stop twitching long enough. At that thought, Tonto handed him a red pill.

thing short of a nuclear detonation shouldn't wake them. The two of them entered the gate with a new confidence. They reached the village square before they noticed something strange. It was like the sound of very heavy breathing. A quick glance around revealed they were surrounded by a hundred Anteaters with spears. In spite of all the racket, it was apparent the Anteaters had a night shift. This could be a problem.

Drooling in anticipation, the Anteaters moved closer. As things were beginning to look bad, the Leader came running up carrying a bucket. In one flowing motion, she threw the contents at the Anteaters. The effect was profound. One Anteater sneezed, and the force knocked over six others. Within seconds, all of the Anteaters were sneezing, and each sneeze had the force of a shotgun blast. Our fearless trio took this opportunity to escape before they were caught in any cross sneezing.

The sound of Anteaters ricocheting from building to building continued until dawn. The time traveler asked about the contents of the mysterious bucket. The Leader had imagined correctly that the Anteaters must keep condiments in the vicinity of their crockpot. A bucket of pepper had proven sufficient for the job. The time traveler was awed by her massive intellect and the moral superiority which can only come from being green.

As they were about to leave their hiding place outside the village, they saw a party of no less than a dozen Diners approaching. The Diners surveyed the wreckage of the village with disapproving eyes. Those Anteaters who could manage to stand realized they were in trouble. The Diners produced nets and rounded up the Anteaters standing or otherwise. After that, they ate them.

The Leader and Tonto felt it was self evident that this was a good time for a visit to the seashore. Sadly, the time traveler realized he had to take a different course. If he wanted to discover the fate of his predecessors, he would have to follow the Diners back to their subterranean lair. The Leader and Tonto bid him a fond farewell and wished him all the luck a disgustingly pink creature like himself might have.

* * *

The Professor jumped back in utter astonishment. "What happened to you?" he asked in obvious shock.

"Well, I was captured by the Diners but not before I discovered a great deal. I followed them into their subterranean lair and witnessed one of them using what proved to be a living book. The book was shaped like a football and had little arms and legs. It also had a very baleful looking pair of eyes. I followed one Diner back to an entire library of these books. Not all of them were still living. You could tell the dead ones because the arms and legs had fallen off, and the eyes were closed."

"I was able to locate a current history. He had a sad tale to tell. He had wanted to be a bestseller ever since he was a pamphlet. Unfortunately, he had ended up as a current history. Accounting ledgers often yawned in his presence. However, he had the information I wanted. I discovered my two predecessors had unfortunate encounters with a sausage machine. I also discovered the Diners were engaged in a

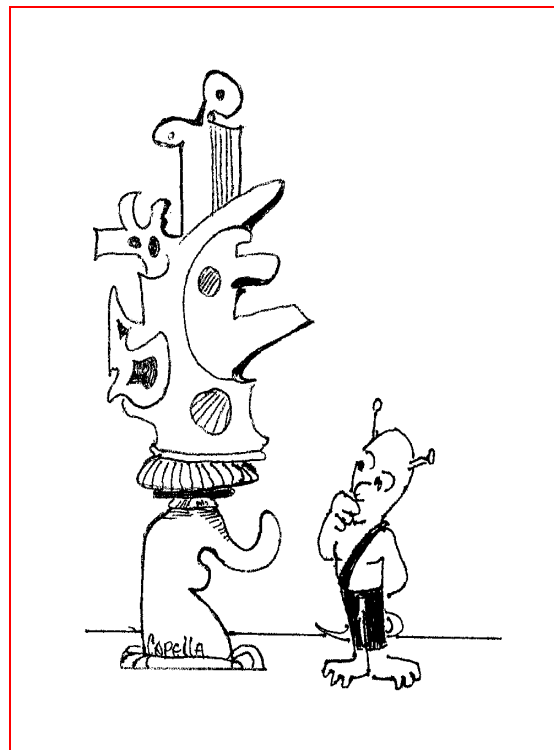
fearful war with another race known as the Gobblers. The Gobblers rather resemble a cockroach the size of a boxcar. They are also reputed to be very unfriendly."

"But you said you were captured?"

"Yes. The Diners had found that my predecessors had made adequate sausage but not great sausage. They thought if they optimized my body first it might be an improvement."

"That explains your appearance?"

"Yes. I do find the total lack of hair a little disconcerting. However, it was more than made up for by the feeling of youth, virility, and massive intellect. Of course, there is also the moral superiority which can only come from being green."



LOC 'N LOAD

This is the letter column. My responses to LoCs will be in italics. In the on-line version they will show as blue.

BRAD W. FOSTER: Flipping through this new issue of NO AWARD, with that center-diamond layout design, had me flashing on the nifty books of my childhood where the pages would have a hole cut through them at the same point, and there would be something in the back of the book that would interact with whatever was on each page you turned to in a new way. Hey, let's see them do that on the web. And pop-up books, yeah! Print rules!

*Here is what Randy Byers says about this layout in CHUNGA #6: "Seattle fandom in the form of four or five people I talked to at the last Vanguard party seems to be united in feeling that the diamond-shaped hole in Marty's layout does not result in good design, but I suppose such things are a matter of religious preference. One problem is that it forces all the artwork into a small box, and the Steve Stiles cartoon, for example, suffers for it." Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time, and it did not seem bad on the computer. Indeed, after stapling a copy and riffling the pages, the conception seemed OK. Note that I change the layout every ish, and this seemed like a good one to me. Upon reflection, though, I think that the Seattle people are correct and that this is a failed experiment. *sigh**

Brad also comments on my work on the local Neighborhood Council.

Ah, I see you have moved into the ranks of "Them", the ones who rule us all. And I agree, there probably won't be much interesting to report unless you yourself cause such things to happen. But, looks like you are going to take the position seriously. Good for your fellow citizens, not so interesting for the fannish reader. But, probably the best path to take in the long run....

I have to report that I am no longer doing any work on the Neighborhood Council. It was just taking up too much of my time. Not only were the monthly meetings going on and on and on, but the committee I chaired, Rules and Elections, was taking up more time than its monthly meeting. The run-up to the June election was taking up too many hours per week that I really needed for other things. So, not only did I resign from my council work, I also opted to not run in the election. I much prefer to fill up

my time in retirement with faanish stuff. Like producing APazines, NO AWARD, the LASFS' monthly newsletter DE

PROFUNDIS, and suchlike. Being on the LASFS Board of Directors only takes up a few hours on the Second Sunday of each month (which is followed by the LASFS' Second Sunday Open House where I would be anyway, enjoying board gaming. Besides, attending the Wednesday meetings of the Council meant that that was one Wednesday I could not have dinner with some fan-friends where we enjoyed food, conversation, and a board game or two. So, aside from the time I have to spend as manager of my apartment building - and such mundane things as sleeping and some shopping - I have decided that I really do not want to do anything with the rest of my retirement which is not fandom-related.

Then we get another county heard from as Earl Kemp has his own take on the layout of NA #14:

EARL KEMP: Marty, 14 looks really good on eFanzines. You sure put lots of thought and work into the layout.

*One cannot please everyone. Hell. I cannot even please myself. *sigh**

Having mentioned being manager of my apartment building, here is what Tim Marion has to say on the topic.

TIM MARION: So sorry to read about your next-door-tenant problems. I'm sorry too, but so far removed from you and what has occurred, it almost reads as humorous, especially the part about having to be home all the time to let them into their erstwhile apartment, only to have them occasionally break in to said apartment anyway. I'm sure it's not at all funny to live thru, and you have my sympathy. I'm sure it's especially disagreeable to you to constantly have your sleep interrupted, especially considering your insomnia. My sleep is frequently disturbed by my roommate

Well, if you would not snore so loudly he would not be banging on your bedroom wall to get you to stop snoring. A little bit of assassination here and there would cure that problem. But you are correct that it was not at all funny to live through. It was more

than annoying - it was scary, and I was not the only tenant who did not want to leave his apartment. When they finally left, all of their friends stopped hanging around the neighbourhood and we all felt like we had just gotten out of gaol.

BEN INDICK: As aging and useless a fan as I am, one who no longer fights against younger letterhacks, I surrender. It is only smart. Look what happened to Harry when he disobeyed his doctor's instructions and went for his 65 thousandth loc? So I read 'em but stay clammed up.

Surely, sir, you exaggerate - Harry did not write 65,000 locs, it was only 64,999. You prove yourself untrustworthy by inflating things.

Still, I liked the art, that is for sure -- Joe Mayhew doing a great job looking like Brad Foster and Brad doing even better looking like himself, and Rotsler, hell he won't stay dead.

Mayhew ain't dead, either, but I have nowhere near as many of his illos as I have of Rotsler's. Putting Brad Foster in the same company as Mayhew and Rotsler is good - as long as you are talking about a company of quality and not implying that Foster is also dead. At least, I do not think that Foster is dead. (And that should garner an interesting illo from Brad. I got dibs on pubbing it, Brad!)

Eric Schultheis, what is this, make-believe hard science in a doggoned fanzine? CUT IT OUT! Not even for satire. It was all nice, the other guys too, and reminds me of how things in Fandom used to be, back when my mind was clear still, and why No Award should for gosh sakes, win an award already

What do you mean, "make-believe hard science." Every word of Eric's piece is fact - he told me so. I do not pub make-believe stuff in this fanzine. Well, maybe except for Milt's book reviews, that is. Besides, it is MY fanzine, damnit, and I will pub anything in it I want to. Even if I win an award and am forced by honesty to change its name. JOURNAL OF PRIME SMARTASSERY is maybe a good chance. Nah.

And while we are on the subject of artwork,

ROBERT LICHTMAN: I immediately wondered if you Lost A Bet or got otherwise stuck (perhaps in a LASFS gift exchange) with that cover by CLJ2. Without reviewing my entire file, it's my opinion that it's probably the worst cover I've seen on any of your fanzines ever. There must be a **story** behind it, and I hope you'll share it with us readers.

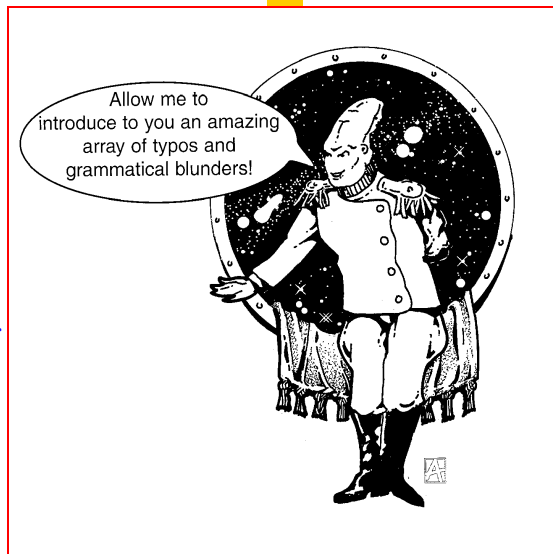
Charles Lee Jackson II is a longtime LASFS member who has been drawing covers for APA-L and his own publications (which are often comic-related). He was drawing covers for APA-L since before I got into fandom in 1975. He has developed a distinctive style, with many of the characters he draws being pun-references to various LASFSians and APA-L contributors. As such, there is often a

"story" behind the individual characters. I guess that one has to have been in APA-L for a few decades to fully appreciate the subtle references in Charlie's work. I asked Charlie to do my cover so that I could introduce Charlie's art to fanzine-fandom-at-large. So, Charlie's art, meet fanzine-fandom-at-large—fanzine-fandom-at-large, meet Charlie's art. Um - I guess that Charlie will be better off staying with fanzine-fandom-at-small.

Speaking of dead artists - you were speaking of dead

artists, were you not, Ben? - here is one of them straining mightily to prove that he is not dead,

BRAD W. FOSTER: sigh, another issue with people coming up with articles of memories of the interesting moments of their lives going back several decades. Fun to read, but just serves to remind me that I have a hard time placing events in time anywhere more accurately than "a lot of years back" in my own life, and even those events are just vague over-all views of the times. How people can remember word-for-word conversations and such.... just amazing. My friends keep talking about how I need to get more RAM for storing information in my computer, I just want to know where I can get the organic version to stick in my cranium and keep some personal stuff around longer than six months. Oh well, that's what



my filing cabinets are for: write it all down and file it away, and can always look it up later if really, really need to know!

For a dead artist, you write fairly clearly. Indeed, better than some non-artists who are allegedly alive. However, if you ever find a place which sells organic RAM to help you remember things, do not waste your money on one; for, as you get older, it will get out of date as fast as the rest of you will. (If I had a point here, I have forgotten it.)

Moving from the topic of art and dead artists - and Brad Foster trying to prove that he is not dead - we move on to a topic on which I have some interest, having once been married to a person with a large interest in the visual media. (We shall pass on why she would ever marry non-visual me.)

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY: Your discussion of “our” fandom with E.B. Frohvet raises the old “Whatcha mean we, paleface?” When I came into fandom I decided it was books and zines/APAs, with cons as an extension of fandom by other means. Here you say that “our” fandom is books, zines, and cons.”

Well, that does bring us up to 1939, Arthur.

Dave Locke, while admitting that most sf movies stink, includes movies in the core definition. *Und so weiter.* The original dread media fan invasion can be profitably divided into at least two groups: the great herd that wanted to gawk at its favorite actors, and the few who organized cons, talked and wrote about what they watched, and generally were participants, rather than observers. Since then it has become much more complex. Fandom has changed in good and bad ways. I for one am in favor of the way *Star Trek* brought a higher proportion of women into fandom.

Well, that it did. But only a horny bastard would approve of all of the downsides this brought - despite the sex and feminine companionship many of we deprived males desired. A result of this has been a diminution in quantity (if not necessarily in quality) of fanzine fandom - with some fanzine fans getting non-zinish satisfaction.

We have been marginalized at Worldcon. It's not all bad though, by any means. I love livejournal, which I think of part of my current fanac. It inspires me to write more (four issues this year, rather than my usual two). There are a number of people I really like to whom the word *fandom* means writing about movie or TV characters having sex. (“Slash” is now specifically same sex.) Part of me shudders at this, but this is not one of the many areas in which I want to stand athwart the course of history yelling STOP! (My guess is that lj and other online venues have replace printed for sale fictionzines. They always said that it was printing costs that made them charge for their work, and I'm sure that one can find description of sex between almost any two media characters with only moderate Googling.)

Far be it from me to not complain about printing costs even though postage costs are often greater. Real fans, though, have always yelled about these costs - and then gone ahead an pubbed, anyway, just less often. The Trufan always values communication and will attempt to continue pubbing in the face of economic adversity. Well, some of us, anyway.

PHIL CASTORA: I found Peter Weston's article of some interest. Mention of the town of Erdington inspires me to wonder if English Counties have quotas

of how many towns must have names ending in “-ington.”

I do not know about any quotas for that, but I assume that any quotas were dropped because of the overpopulation caused by all of those areas having names ending in “-sex.”

Joseph T. Major things a “petrodactyl” might be an oily critter. No, the prefix “petr(o)-” means “rock,” as in “petroleum” -- rock oil, as distinguished from oil expressed from plants. A petrodactyl would be a life-form with rock-like digits. An “oleodactyl” would have oily digits.

Only if it was orating poetry about margarine oily in the morning.

STEVE GREEN: You'll be either amused or horrified to learn that, mere hours after landing on our

RODNEY LEIGHTON: Milt's article was hilarious, that steam thing was quite amusing, and Joe's look at the zine with the long name was interesting. Like the loc column except your smartass jar seems to be touching bottom.

As you can see from this loccol, I have laid in a new supply of smartass jars and have used a goodly amount of the contents in my comments.

doormat, our copy of No Award #14 was baptised with a glassful of Jack Daniels, tipped over by an absentminded Ann. It's since been dried out under several hefty cookery books, though there's still a residual hint of the event both in scent and shade.

Well, the collector in me is horrified, but the rest of me is neither amused nor horrified; rather, just bemused. Were it not for the fact that your population keeps rising, I would be tempted to posit that the only thing Brits do is drink alcoholic beverages. And not very efficiently - at least not in your case - as you wasted some when you spilled it on my zine. I rather doubt that the scent of eau d' alcohol much improved the contents of my zine (even though what alcohol went into you without spilling undoubtedly did improve NO AWARD).

Another excellent fannish memoir courtesy of Pete Weston: I look forward to the eventual collected work. Although I first heard of the BSFA Fanzine Foundation scandal back in the early 1980s, during a brief spell on its committee, I had no idea the culprit once lived on my doorstep; at least, as Pete himself points out, the shattered archive went to loving homes (no eBay scavengers back then, thank Ghu).

W A H F

Sheryl Birkhead *wrote about* "hoping that the resident stack of zines would miraculously generate their own responses" *but wound up doing her own scribbling.*

E.B. Frohvet *wrote about NO AWARD #14*, "... which, unfortunately, does not call forth any response or comment from me." *Which proves that he is either teller of untruths or that none of have read what he just wrote because he did not write that.*

Bill Legate *related what he called* "The best calliope story I know." *If what he wrote was the best calliope story he knows, please remind me to be asleep if he ever manages to dig deeper into the depths of boredom to relate one which is not as good - after awakening me from reading the present one.*

And now, as I have not used any Rotsler illos els elsewhere in this zine, here is a small portfolio of his artwork.

Small Rotsler Portfolio



doom

