

Peregrine Nations



Volume 4 Number 2 / July 2004



This Time Round We Have:

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

This is dedicated to survival. Mine, yours, everyone's. Glad you're still here.

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

LOCers' addresses intentionally left out; if you need one, ask me.

Next editorial deadline: Oct. 10, 2004.

silent elocutions

Letters of Comment

Sheryl Birkhead

I did not forget the vulture I did for you but I think of it as an e-vulture as opposed to a zine tidbit — make sense to you? [*The way you just put it, yes, it does.*] The one piece I did for Tom Sadler, I consciously knew he would be printing out on a color printer even though I did not have one and I did the colors for him with that, specifically, in mind.



And again, in a card dated July 9, 16, and 21 (maybe she's stuck in a time machine?): The e-mail illos I've sent (or tried to) have, when pubbed, usually looked lousy – so I'll tuck a few in here and try (ha) to mail this RSN. [*Thanks for the illos, and the effort – you must be pretty busy this time of year.*] Sigh – Alan White didn't make the ballot again. Well, there's still next year... [*For those who have the stamina to pursue it, yes.*] Aha – so cheating **is** allowed – I'll try to remember that. [*I don't consider using whatever resources are available as cheating, as far as the Free Book Deal is concerned – not everyone is online, and not all those with online access have a copy of The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction. Those without that useful tome or Internet access still have libraries for research, should they decide to pursue it. I call that a level playing field.*]

I await **E. B. Frohvet's** reply about the university named after a tobacco baron (while I cannot come up with a name, I'll bet I go, "Ah..." when I hear something like Vanderbilt).

A welcome to **Jason K. Burnett** – first it's e-zines, then zines, then . . . (gasp) cons!

Re: utility bills, my electric bill nearly **doubled** (I pay two months at a time and the house is **not** all electric) from \$110 to \$212 – not sure why, since the last bill was spring and that's usually one of the two lowest bills. Oddly, it coincides with 2 things (so I'm guessing at least one of them is at fault) – the downstairs bathroom was completed (ejection system and all) [*Ejection system??? How amusing a euphemism for a toilet!*] and I got a second dehumidifier so I can have one in the "rec" room and one in the office/basement fan room. I'm curious to see what the next bill is (hmmm – was it construction? The bathroom itself? The dehumidifier?), but now the A/C effect kicks in.

The typer I just bought (eBay) to replace one left behind in the move only **looked** the same. The seller knows **nothing** about typefaces, so I was surprised when I actually got it and I think it is script elite, but I have not measured characters/inch yet. Now to figure out about ribbons and get back to typing...yeah, RSN. [*Ned, if you have suggestions/advice on typer ribbons, or if any other readers do, please let Sheryl know directly. That means soon, and to her address, not mine. <grin>*]

I keep meaning to get a run of the Foxfire books, so I'd have information on how-to after the ...if all else fails, I can burn them!

I have boxes of stickers, boxes of miscellaneous stationery and several more of various postcards. [*My, my, I feel positively virtuous in comparison <grin>. I'll take some stickers if you're willing to let them go; I'll likely do at least one more collage-art cover for PN, and maybe I'll do the same for my other two zines some day, who knows?*] I have a pocketed book (one pocket for each month) with all the days listed – I just fill in the pertinent items and tuck cards in the pocket...then I have to remember to mail...[*Thank you, Sheryl, for the perfect lead-in – I had one of those, and it broke. Because it sat in a desk drawer and seldom got opened. My mother does all of hers at the beginning of each month, then paper-clips them to her kitchen calendar. It seems to work. I might even try it...if I remember. <grin>*] Egoboo is the currency of fandom – be a bhig spender! [*Indeed – are y'all payin' attention out there?*]



Ned Brooks

They let you keep the “tropicsf” email address in Michigan?! [*No one can gainsay . . . The Great and Powerful TropicSF!*] Thanks for the zine, fancy cover. I got this, Terry Jeeves’ ERG, and CHUNGA all about the same time – a great variety.

I do in fact have a nice calligraphy sign that says “Beroaldus Cosmopolita Memorial Library and Typewriter Museum”, done by a correspondent some years ago. It’s framed by the front door. I no longer remember who did it, alas – another piece by the same calligrapher is signed “ahs”. There are over 200 typewriters here, and a fairly up-to-date inventory on my website. But none of these typewriters belonged to any famous fans or pros. But I can’t imagine trying to run a public museum and charge admission – there isn’t room for proper display of these typewriters.

I have “Lichen Planus” – not susceptible to horticultural treatment, alas. Not contagious or cancerous or caused by allergic reaction, I’m told. A damned nuisance, like a sunburn in the mouth. On the other hand, it is quite unlikely to be fatal. It is apparently not a common malady, but some material about it is found with a Google search. I read somewhere that the horticultural lichen is a curious symbiotic relationship between a moss and a fungus.

I watched a little of the first Harry Potter movie on TV tonight – eh... Not my cup of tea.

While fellow Marines would not call a Sergeant “sir”, the coffee shop waitress had no doubt been told to call ALL male customers “sir”. Down here, of course, they are more likely to call anyone “Sugar” or some such endearment.

Does the hymn “In Christ There Is No East or West” predate Kipling’s “The Ballad of East and West”?

East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Til Earth and Sky stand presently
Before God’s judgment seat
But there is neither East nor West
Nor border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men come face to face
Though they come from the ends of the Earth
(from memory!)

I have never found the Help file in softwares very helpful. In general I haven’t needed it. Most Symantec products operate as expected, but I recently (because of the Sasser Worm) tried to install their Norton Firewall. I have a slow modem, so I ordered the CD version. It installed OK – though this involved a lot of downloading through the slow modem – but would not allow my e-mail to link. When I enquired at the Help file about customizing, I got an arcane error message. So I asked Symantec about this. It seems to have something to do with Internet Explorer or registering a DLL file, but their instructions on fixing the problem are also incomprehensible. The new software has betangled itself with the older Norton Anti-Virus, which always worked fine, so I am afraid to try to uninstall it. Bah... I told the useless Symantec tech that I considered the thing a blatant fraud on the buyer.

The Greek place I liked in Norfolk VA put anchovies on the “everything” pizza but they knew many people didn’t like them and it was no problem to have them left off. Apparently this arrangement was quite common, as I have heard other people mention it. When I moved here to Atlanta and started getting pizza from a Greek place I mentioned it – but they don’t offer anchovies at all.

My gas meter is read by remote control from a pickup truck on the street, and the charges seem quite consistent. This week however a man who inspects the meters turned up and said I had to trim the shrubbery so he could get to it. It’s just Photina, nothing with thorns or likely to excite allergies.

I had Latin in high school, and made good grades too – but I was never good enough to translate “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean” into good Latin verse!

Anyone can do proofreading at Distributed Proofreading: <http://www.pgdp.net> . At least, anyone with the right browser. IE works fine but the Opera I use most of the time doesn't. They didn't know why when I asked. And since the books being proofread (after OCR) are all public domain, there is no reason not to lift any bit you might like. I haven't done any lately – they wanted the proofreaders to set HTML as well on the “Notes & Queries” and that's just a bit much for me.

The gesture with the thumb and forefinger forming a circle and the other fingers erect may be offensive in some parts of Latin America, but when I lived in Chile in the 40s and early 50s it was quite common and I never knew anyone to be offended by it. It seemed to be used mostly to show approval of food, and might be accompanied by the adjective “macanudo”.

I have read that people in New Zealand are unusually hospitable. But I must say that I found fans in the UK quite hospitable as well – I stayed with the Pardoes before we went down to Brighton together, and after the con I stayed one night with Gerald Bishop and he took me to the airport. I don't think he actually had a bed to offer me – we stayed up all night sampling vintage Scotch and assorted patés. I had known the Pardoes for some time and they had stayed at my house, but I had never met Bishop before the con.

My favorite disaster novel is Ella Scrymsour's A Perfect World – as the protagonists leave in their new space ship, the Earth blows up. No reason is given! Apparently the plot element was needed to get them to Jupiter.

...This [Free Book Deal] is rather pointless when we all have access to Google and Addall, either of which would supply the information at the click of a mouse. I happened to remember [the titles in the latest contest] though. [*The point is not to Stump the Panel. The point is to give the books good homes, which I presume readers will do when they enter the contests. Those not wishing to receive books shouldn't answer.*]

I don't send many greeting cards – just a few at Christmas – but I have bought sets by famous artists Edward Gorey and George Barr; and lifted the art from Hannes Bok's personal card. Most of the cards in the stores I find appallingly ugly. [*Same here, mostly; I design a lot of my own.*]

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Paul Di Filippo

[On PN 3.4] Another fine ish of PN, tho' I did miss a cover illo, as opposed to the photo. [*But it was such a pretty photo! How could I resist?*] Hope your acupuncturist & other medical helpers work wonders on your condition & bring about a glorious spring! [*April and May were symptom-free, but in early June that high-pitched, loud whine that seems to be my personal warning signal for a return to an active phase came back. So far the symptoms have been mild, except for July 1st, when I endured 12+ hours of vertigo and the valium barely put a dent in it. It's possible that the intensity of that week's acupuncture treatment had a delayed effect; usually when a lot of the qi moves, I feel it within 24 hours, but the vertigo attack was 48 hours after the treatment. It makes it sound as though having a treatment is worse, but it's not; since the 31st, I've been symptom-free again, due in part to a visit to my massage therapist (Reiki, for those interested); this did wonders for relieving my stress.*]

[On PN 4.1] Another great ish of PN! Your stamp cover reminded me of a beautiful quilt! Do you like rubber stamps as well? [*Yup, got a collection of 'em. I use them for scrapbooking and making greeting cards, mostly, but I've also used a few in fanzines, as in early ishes of PN.*]

Good articles! The end of the world piece reminded me of a great Greg Egan story, in which the universe starts to be eaten by a rogue mathematical equation! [*Free book to the first person who sends me the title of this book!*] [*Website alert: Paul's finally got one at www.pauldifilippo.com – please visit.*]

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Brad Foster

Hey, didn't I just get the last issue only a month or so ago? If you keep this up you'll...you'll...well, I guess if you keep this up you'll just keep me entertained on a more frequently occurring schedule. What am I complaining about? [*Yeah, what are you complaining about? <grin> This one's late!*]

That was a wonderful cover design, very quilt-like, though don't know if that was your intent in the design. [*Yes, it was; thanks for noticing.*] Speaking of artwork in zines, I'm still getting used to that odd "colorization" affect that my b&w illos get when they are sometimes scanned for modern computer printing, kind of a bluish tint to everything, very arty, I guess! [*I think it's due to whether the work is printed in color or in black and white, according to printer selection; I'm just now getting into doing black and white printing of illos more often when the originals are b&w, and printing in greyscale when I prefer it to the color original.*]

Re: E.B. Frohvet's comment about not referring to an enlisted man as "sir". Maybe the waitress was simply being polite to a male customer, rather than any reference to his military standing? (And if I had been nearby, and in a bad mood that day, overhearing the "Civilians!" line might have elicited a "Military!" snort from me. As in, why am I supposed to know the special codes of your special little group? I refer to you in a polite manner as "sir", a perfectly fine and acceptable term of respect, and you interpret it in a negative way? sigh....) There, got that off my chest....everyone is so touchy these days.... [*I believe E.B. mentioned the incident as a jest and it wasn't meant to be taken seriously. Joining any branch of the U.S. armed forces (or any other nation's military, just about) requires learning a new mindset, which comes with a new vocabulary. I realized this during my basic training days, and that if I wanted to finish Basic, I had to consciously agree to what amounts to brainwashing. Others weren't as cerebral about it and still managed to stay in for lengthy hitches (enlistments). I do understand your consternation at what sometimes appears to be a jibe at the Other, though.*]

Good article from Lyn on "Hospitality", especially the wrap-up. Seems like the best way to make sure we are all understood is to indeed state it all clearly up front, not assume the other person will do one or the other thing. Indeed, the worst things that seem to split up folks is what she showed here, where someone will get upset with someone else, and instead of talking to that person directly, they instead complain about it to everyone else they can. I too take people directly at their word, as I also try to say exactly what I mean, and usually what upsets me is when someone asks me "what did you mean by that?" and put some awful interpretation of my words that is nowhere near what I actually said. [*Encountered the same thing, and often wondered why this is so. Perhaps it was once due to acculturation acquired from soap operas and primetime dramas on TV, where much of this kind of thing went on frequently and at great length. It still does. I think a lot of people who get their culture from TV shows and movies nowadays aren't stupid or touchy, merely ignorant. They don't read enough. Of course, we could also blame it all on Dr. Spock again. <joke>*]

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E. B. Frohvet / May 16, 2004

One person asked in correspondence how I had done research for my Hobbit agriculture article. Actually, I had done most of the note-taking during a re-reading of LoTR several years ago, in anticipation of quite another article, which I never got around to doing. The rough notes sat in a file for years. More recently, coming across them, it occurred to me that adding in the food references from The Hobbit gave quite a different article. Indexing the notes gave the basic outline of the article, then it was just a matter of writing it. More often, it's the idea first, then the note-taking.

Sheryl Birkhead cites the Shire horses – yes, I'm familiar with them in theory. [*What, you've never met one??? Oh, but you **must!** If only to look at one – not all Shires have sweet temperaments or good manners, and they have **BIG** teeth.*] Of large-breed horses, Americans would be most familiar with the Clydesdales, from their appearances in an endless series of beer commercials. [*"Do they always kick like that?" "Nope. Sometimes they go for two." Clydesdales playing football is the scene for this Budweiser beer commercial, first telecast during a Super Bowl. I still like this one a lot, because of the photography and the clever dialogue. Admittedly, it*



becomes less clever over time, but it still amuses me.] Shire horses – see the Ian Anderson song “Heavy Horses,” on the album of the same name. Really obscure sfnal reference: John Wyndham, Re-Birth, in which the Shire horses are not denounced as a monstrosity because it is well established that the breed existed prior to the war. I’ll stand by my theory that hobbits used chiefly smaller horses and ponies. [*As would most benefit their stature, of course; this makes sense.*]

The machine on which I am doing this letter is still manufactured (Brother GX-6750), available at any Staples, as are the ribbon cassettes for it (Brother 1030). There is a Science Fiction Hall of Fame at the University of Kansas. Also the collection at Temple University to which **Janine** introduced me, and to which I am sending two boxes of fanzines. [*For which the head librarian of the collection was most grateful. Anyone else interested in donating can contact me for his name and address.*]

Jason K. Burnett: Welcome to fanzine fandom. Yes, my point exactly, the Shire is several hundred miles from tidewater, so whatever fish appear in their diet – there is a specific reference in the text, which I cited – would be freshwater fish or, as you suggest, freshwater eels, common in the English diet to this day. **Lyn McConchie** cites lemons that will grow in England/equivalent. But lemons are fundamentally a subtropical plant; there were (and I’ll guess outside the occasional greenhouse, still are) few in England, or anywhere that far north. In the U.S., lemons are not grown commercially out of subtropical areas, i.e. Texas, Florida, California. I’m okay with **Ned Brooks’** theory that smoking predated the introduction of true tobacco into Europe. Well into the 19th century, hemp was grown in large tracts to provide rope – maybe the early Brits, or even the hobbits before them, learned the other thing hemp is useful for!

Trinlay Khadro: Actually, the grammar of Latin is a lot more regular than English (same is true of German) so I never found it too difficult to follow. I wonder if this is not one of the reasons immigrants accustomed to a “regular” language find English difficult to learn. (This is much in the news here lately as the famously eccentric State Comptroller of Maryland issued a public rant about the limited English of employees at a local McDonalds.) [*I wonder if anyone’s ever issued a public rant about the State Comptroller’s famous eccentricity. And English is supposed to be the most difficult one to learn as a second language.*] Footnote to **Lyn McConchie**, I can also sing “Lili Marlene” in German. [*So, does anyone know “My Wild Irish Rose” in Chinese?*]

Of my paragraph on oppression theory in McCaffrey, you write, “This is in reference to what?” Nothing in particular, I just thought it was interesting. [*Okay.*] Test of Fire was indeed the Bova title I had in mind but couldn’t recall.

Interesting thoughts on hospitality by **Lyn McConchie**. It’s been a while since I was a houseguest at anyone’s home other than my cousin’s. However, if I were staying more than a day I would offer to contribute to the groceries, help with the cooking, and/or take my hosts out to dinner. To date I have never been asked to host a Fan Fund traveler. [*Probably because you weren’t in close proximity to a con they wanted to attend at the time of their journey.*]

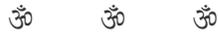
The reason why there are too many deer in Maryland is precisely that humans have killed off all the predators (wolves, cougars) who preyed on them. There are no wolves in Maryland, except in the zoo. There are some coyotes, who travelled east (crossing major rivers the easy way, over bridges) but they seldom attack anything as large as a deer. As for the deer eating my corn, well, that’s what the rifle is for. [*Heh heh. I hear ya, as my friend from southern Indiana always says. Same problem, different critter with squirrels here; they make gluttons of themselves at my sunflower feeder and I have to chase them off to give the birds a chance at the seeds. Rodents with fluffy tails, as TK says, indeed.*]

Excuse me while I pound my head against the wall. Unless I am greatly mistaken, all the nominees for the Fan Hugos are exactly the same as last year, and the year before. Several of them are way overdue for a crippling attack of shame, which they apparently don’t feel. Does the phrase “lost cause” ring a bell? [*It does now.*] Going back to “Best Novel,” the only other category of interest, no, I haven’t read any of those either.

I complained about getting so many mailing labels from so many charities; haven’t gotten any lately and used up all the ones I had. What are the odds? [*Timing, is all, as Gully would say; you probably got dropped off all those mailing lists at around the same time, just as you likely got onto them at around the*

same time since many charities share or sell their direct-mail lists to each other, often without asking the persons on the lists.]

Thomas M. Disch. Who doesn't know that? [*Quite a few people, actually, and most of them probably don't read PN; I find it hard to believe that you are naive in this regard, and so conclude (perhaps erroneously) that you are merely blinkered. In fact, there were some folk who did write in who didn't know the answer. Not everyone reads all the same books, nor has had as much time as you or I to read as much as we have collectively read. Thus, the question was an effective one for my Free Book Deal. Which you are free to re-enter at any time.*]



John Hertz / April 12, 2004

Thanks for PN 3.4. Ned Brooks has 200 typewriters. That's not too many. [*It might be if you had to live in the same house with them.*] You're amply qualified to review the fanzines you receive as long as you just say what you [see]. Anyone can do that. [*True, but there are others already doing it better than me, so I thought I'd bow out gracefully.*]

And again on May 4, 2004: Thanks for PN 4.1. Good editorial question to Ned Brooks. If I ordered and got something "with everything" I'd have to put it – with everything. Now & then someone asks me "How's everything?" to which I can only answer "Some things are good." [*Yet another reason to abolish small talk as a social icebreaker. Everyone should have to come up with a phrase that has nothing to do – with everything. Heh heh.*]



Trinlay Khadro / May 16, 2004

Sheryl Birkhead: "Crazy lady syndrome" – in my experience, it could be all the going to doctors and being told "Of course you're tired, you have small kids at home" or "your iron is a little low" or "there's nothing wrong with you..." and it's easy to BE crazy. [*The very reason why I always urge folks not to take what the doctor says as the whole truth. If the doctor you see first behaves as if you're another number, or a hypochondriac, or acts in any other way to indicate they don't believe you, then thank them politely, pay the bill and go find another doctor. They are not gods, they only know as much as they learned in medical school and in their practical experiences. This mystique business that grew up around the medical profession is a bunch of malarkey and I don't put up with it.*]

I'm such a picky eater – if I ordered "one with everything" I'd probably take off half of it. <grin>

"Bug Smasher" is a local fannish slang for monstrously huge book. Possibly coined in reference to Harry Potter.

Buddhists tend not to be extremists but avoiding killing sentient beings goes along with trying to cultivate compassion. Doesn't mean we won't occasionally eat one [*yikes, a sentient being????<grin>*]. . . or call the cat when a centipede is spotted. "Yum Spicey" (Megumi).

KT says she sometimes sees the big grey tomcat we had when she was a baby. [*Cats do have a way of weaving in and out of one's life, don't they? Not the same ones, but cats in general, once one begins sharing one's home with them.*] I'm never fast enough with the camera to catch the ferret [Elric] being cleaned by the cat. It's not a prolonged event. Day before yesterday, Elric enjoyed a swim in the bathtub while Megumi gawked in amazement.

Sounds like y'saw a mink. [*Still haven't verified it, but I still think so too.*]

Jason Burnett: The paperback of Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix is one big hefty paperback. I don't think I could lift the hardcover.

Erika Maria Lacey Barrantes: Yes, Elric is a ferret, which are mustelids and not rodents by the way. He has teeth similar to a cat's and eats kitten chow. In the Middle Ages, ferrets were employed by rat catchers. I believe they still are sometimes used for hunting rabbits. Elric is just a pet and household comedian. [*"Hey, rabbit...want a carrot?"*] Elric is the senior pet and we brought Megumi in as a kitten last year. We introduced them as if Elric was the senior cat and it's worked out fine. He's about 2 ½

pounds, she's about 7 pounds but aware of not pouncing *on* him. Megumi pounces over him or past him and it counts as a tag.

Joe Major: Hail Sarang! Two-pawed death indeed! [*My parents' cat Wednesday is also two-pawed death; Mom reports Miss Thang has delivered several mice already, which fulfills part of her function in the household, the other function being a cat who likes to be held and played with and will lapsit.*]

Ned Brooks: Occasionally one hears of tobacco found "out of context" in such sites as Egyptian tombs. I've heard of cats & ferrets, cats & dogs etc. befriending each other; I think the basic "trick" of it is in the introduction process. "Don't do squirrels" eh? Well, they're just rats with fluffy tails. I've had rats in the past as pets, but probably won't again. They're clever & charming but their lifespans are only a year or two, it really hurt when they passed away...

Lloyd Penney: "Blepharitis" sounds like swelling in a sound effect. (Bleph!) Glad you got better.

Lyn McConchie: Thanks for the article. Long ago I noticed that most interpersonal conflicts could be solved by effective communication. Even without the "culture gap," it's easy enough for such a misunderstanding to arise. Lately in the U.S. I think suggesting we'll help with the gas when carpooling might be a good idea. And carpooling might get more of us to stuff. [*This is good in suburban and urban areas where more people are likely to be going the same places more often, and a not-so-good idea in rural areas where the distances one would have to travel to pick up enough carpoolers to make it worthwhile would cancel out the benefits of carpooling. If work schedules aren't similar enough, even in urban areas it can be a problem trying to coordinate a carpool. If it **can** be done, I'm all for it.*]

On the "end of the world" SF – don't forget the value of survivors with skills like agriculture, canning, spinning, fabric construction, etc. Suddenly the historical reenactors, SCA, etc. become much more important. [*I'd like to see someone write an eschatological SF novel and include those ideas; if anyone knows of one already published, I'd like the title and author, please.*] Even if we're "used to being alone" I think the aloneness will still be a huge shock. It's easy to be alone if it's optional. Life without email or the postal system would be very hard.

I love fountain pens and stationery – and snail mail. I'll often include enclosures (photos, origami, whatnot) as well. I've got an accumulation of stickers too. I like your collage. [*Thanks!*] For greeting cards, I often paper-clip them to the appropriate calendar page so I see my sister's birthday a week away & ta-da! the card is right there...it's not perfect but it's better than the system I had before. I'd sure like free address stickers even if they don't have the whole nine-digit zip. <grin> So far I'm not a homeowner; probably never will be, unless I win the lottery. Thanks for running my ad. [*Hope it generates some sales for you. And thanks for the envelope full of illos!*]

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Joe Major / April 29, 2004

As the city mobilizes for its two minutes (everybody else has fifteen minutes of fame, we here in Louisville have two, but they are annual) I loc *Peregrine Nations*, safe in the stronghold of my happy home, where the only hazard is being nipped on the legs by Sarang. [*Hail, Sarang! I mean, uh, bad kitty, no bites...*]

Sheryl Birkhead: Cheryl Morgan's *Emerald City* is only available on line: <http://www.emcit.com> .

Sometimes inconvenient, I tell you. Also, May is nigh upon us and the current issue is still March. Fannish time . . .

Programming: I see why DuQuesne at the Bureau of Standards had problems replicating Seaton's work. He ran into Dr. de Marigny, dropped his deck, and by the time he had finished apologizing to her he had lost the order of the cards . . .

Warner's typer: There used to be the Maison d'Alleurs, but that has been sold off, and much of the 4SJ collection in the AckerMansion has gone likewise, but 4E has had to pay legal bills. Paul Allen, owner of the Seattle Seahawks (and he has some holdings in some computer company too), has set up a science fiction



museum but I think it unlikely he would have known who Harry Warner was or why he was so significant. [*All the more reason to send him a letter, yes?*]

Shires: They have them at the Kentucky Horse Park. Usually they are seen pulling the trolleys around the park for the horse tour, along with the Percherons and the Clydesdales, but if one arrives early enough they can be seen being harnessed up, and by staying till closing time one can see them being unharnessed. (The Friesian is in the Parade of Breeds.)

Trinlay Khadro: “see a horticulturist?” As Dorothy Parker said, “You can lead a horticulture but you can’t make her think.”

It’s Jains who won’t end anything’s life, though some Hindus may also.

Crohn’s: My condition could be worse (I keep on telling myself). At my last internal X-Ray, a couple of years ago, the doctor asked me how long ago I had been diagnosed and when I told him, he asked when I had had surgery, and was somewhat surprised when I said never. Sometimes the ulcers go all the way through, both from one end to the other and through the walls . . . I told you it could be worse.

Sulla: I will go out in the back yard and tell Sulla of your praise for him. [*Hail, Sulla!*]

KT et Latin: I got my Cassell’s Latin-English English-Latin Dictionary, and my grammar book, out, and concluded that if in “Spartacus,” Antoninus (Tony Curtis) had actually said “Castellum patri mei illic situm est,” it would not have added to the movie. [“Yondah lies da castle of my foddah.”]

Megumi & Elric: When we adopted Delenn, she was about six weeks old, a tiny little thing that could be held in the palm of the hand. C’Mell immediately took her under command, washing her, letting her suckle (even though C’Mell is neutered), and in general playing Mamma Cat. It looked very sweet.

Smart shoppers: A local charity store called Nearly New has fine dresses. Lisa bought her Pascha dress there, for example. [*My parents’ church has a resale shop that takes in very gently worn clothes and other items, and there’s some great stuff there.*]

E. B. Frohvet: And some languages make a difference between the dual and the plural.

Vets: Was the NG sergeant in civs? If he was, the waitress called him “sir” out of respect. Would he rather have her say “hey you”?

Jason K. Burnett: And welcome to the wild world of fanzinedom.

Tad Williams: So I read the library’s copies. This problem of books running entirely out of control is a problem. One imagines an American editor sending Tolkien a wire “GREAT BOOK WHEN WILL THE REST OF THE TRILOGY BE OUT” upon seeing a one-volume LotR. (I have two one-volume editions, one seven-volume edition, and several three-volume editions.) [*Giggle.*]

Food of the Hobbits: I presume they could fish in the Brandywine (Baranduin).

Brad W. Foster: What galled me was that when I would get programming errors, I would look up the error codes and find that while every other error code on the page had a long and theoretically useful description of what actually was wrong and what to do about it, the error code I had received had a brief and cryptic description of no explanatory value whatsoever. [*LOL! Me too, sometimes. Is this what those “Dummies” books are for?*]

Erika Maria Lacey Barrantes: An interesting scene in “Mork & Mindy” was the time Mork ordered a pizza with everything. Except tomato and cheese.

Self: Well, my father died of cancer, so it wasn’t as one-sided as it seemed. Nevertheless, now there seem to be a prevalence of diseases that can barely be pallated.

Elves keeping dogs: “It chanced that Celegorm and Curufin went on a hunt through the Guarded Plain; and this they did because Sauron, being filled with suspicion, sent forth many wolves into the Elf-lands. Therefore they took their hounds and rode forth; and they thought that ere they returned they might also hear tidings concerning King Felagund. Now the chief of the wolf hounds that followed Celegorm was named Huan. He was not born in Middle-earth, but came from the Blessed Realm; for Oromë had given him to Celegorm long ago in Valinor, and there he had followed the horn of his master, before evil came. Huan followed Celegorm into exile, and was faithful; and thus he too came under the doom of woe set upon the Noldor, and it was decreed that he should meet death, but not until he encountered the mightiest wolf that would ever walk the world.” — The Silmarillion, Chapter 19, “Of Beren and Luthien”

And “huan” means “hound”. The Huan of the Baskervilles . . . [*Groan. . .*]

Lyn McConchie: I recall my mother’s lemon tree, which was in a huge pot in the living room. We were at great trouble to haul her plants from Hopkinsville to Frankfort when we moved (it rained that day, too).

Lloyd Penney: Nowadays some people seem to be setting out to get eye irritations. The latest piercing fad is to have one’s cornea pierced. [*Ick!*]

“Concepts of Hospitality”: Both Lisa and I, having large families, have large networks of relatives in places where we want to go. As a result I have devised a few helpful hints for visitors. 1) Call ahead. Not only call beforehand, but if trouble arises on the way. With cell phones one can now call from the road if problems arise. We had that in North Carolina in 2001, coming back from WorldCon. 2) Bring a present. I can bring my family disks, with hundreds of pictures and other related materials but small food items (check), full pictures, and other useful mementos often make the difference between an ordinary visit and a full one. 3) Be thoughtful. We usually get around ourselves but others have issues, shall we say. 4) Demanding special conveniences and the like can make the rule about fish and guests fall shorter of three days. (When going to see Tom Sadler, we thought briefly of dropping in on a relative who lived near Adrian and demanding that he go out at midnight to rent a video, but as we had hotel reservations and wanted to go to Greenfield Village in the morning, we didn’t.) 5) Be helpful. We usually strip the bed before leaving: remove the sheets and pillowcases, fold them, pull the blanket flat, put the pillows at the head and the sheets at the foot of the bed. 6) Write. Last weekend we went to the Horse Park; we stayed near Frankfort with a cousin of Lisa’s on Friday night and in Lexington with a cousin of mine Saturday night. Monday I wrote thank-you notes for both of them. [*Sage advice indeed.*]

Eschatological SF: As opposed to Scatological SF, which is a different pile of . . . never mind.

I had the same kind of thoughts as **Frohvet** upon reading Greg Bear’s *Blood Music*, after I got over my disgust with the character’s deciding for all humanity that he had to release the eschatological virus that turned 99.9+% of people into goo. [*I recall that his decision wasn’t really his own, but the virus’ decision, which had gained consciousness by being inside his body.*]

Back in 1972 I read a book about the Last Days by someone named Salem Kirban titled 666, which covered the same field as the Left Behind series in one normal-sized book with lots of pictures even. There wasn’t much else to read at the Church camp. Mack Reynolds had a story where the population of the cities had just panicked and fled one day. A few survivors were left; others were exploring the ruins to find things. The story dealt with one group of survivors who were completely and totally non-violent and even sent out comely young women of the group dressed in bikinis to greet passers-by; since this was his idea, naturally it worked. [*Wonder if sending out comely young men in Speedos would have worked too...*]

Hugos: Berkwits and Flynn again muscling their way onto the Best Fan Writer list. [*Has anyone discovered why they are doing this?*]

The reason there were no Retro-Hugos for Best Dramatic Presentation Long Form is that there were no SF or SF-type films in 1953 that were long enough. The committee could have used the fuzzy definition to move the films over to the LF category but then other problems arose.

Contest #9, #9, #9 — Sorry, I had a Lennon moment [*Giggle*]: I cited Camp Concentration in connection with A Clockwork Orange; both have to do with prisoners being experimented on rather drastically, and the unexpected effects thereof . . . What would the collaboration between Disch, Clarke, and Heinlein be titled? 334-2001: The Number of the Beast. [*Grooooooaaaaaannnnnnn...*]

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Lyn McConchie

The latest PN flapped in the other day and as I am at the computer e-mailing a number of query letters about a recently re-edited book, I decided to get a short LOC off to you at the same time.

I see on page 5 that there was a slight hiccup. I suspect that the LoC attributed to E.B. is actually Trinlay’s letter. But then, these things happen. [*Actually, that was Trinlay’s letter, so marked on page 4. It seems my design system isn’t as obvious as I thought it was. So: loccer’s name in italics at the beginning*]

of the letter, and all new paragraphs that begin with a person's name or subject phrase followed by a colon are done in **bold**, to denote emcees (mailing comments, for non-apans) from other items in the letter. I hope that's a bit clearer for readers.]

And I was delighted to find I'd won a copy of Memory and Dream. Guess I won't be winning anything this next time though, as I haven't even the faintest idea of the answer. And I'll let you know when the book arrives.

I saw your own comments on hiding behind the editorial mask. And why not? If you feel happier that way, why shouldn't you. However it is equally true that flaying yourself and laying the skin out for public viewing DO often make for a better result. I am not inclined to do that in my personal articles/LoCs etc, but in my fiction work I often use very painful portions of my past to show things to a reader. It hurts to do that, even if it's done fictionally, but I have found that quite often, those are the strongest, most powerful short stories or sections of my books. I think many writers do that, finding 'writing in blood' as I call it, can produce work which transcends the more mundane writing. But there is no requirement you do so, and still less if doing so is something with which you feel really uncomfortable. I loved 'Riding a Raid,' but I would never expect you to stand naked to the winds if it is unbearable for you to do so.

Meanwhile here on Farside we are creeping into winter. The nights are colder, I have a fire going more often, and it's time to do a lot of minor things to prepare for the real winter chill. Firewood is arriving a trailer-load at a time, two of the ewes have lambed, and this weekend I must run all the sheep in to draft the flock into two sections for different paddocks. I've had the two lambs and their mothers on the front lawn all week preparatory to that and the older lamb has been having a wonderful time chasing my young roosters. It can't bother them as much as it sounds, since they don't bother to fly away from her mostly. But I keep hearing squawks and opening the back door, in time to see a rooster race by with a small fat spotted gamboling lamb in hot pursuit.

No one seemed unhappy about this until yesterday, when I went out to start the late afternoon chores, Raccoon (the lamb – she has a completely black face mask) was chasing a rooster again around and around the lawn. I walked outside, they came hurtling across the grass, and the rooster suddenly took flight up and over the fence at the end of the lawn. But below that Curly the gander was meditating with his two wives. Raccoon can't fly, so while the rooster soared upward, she continued on and straight into Curly. There was a brief silence while lamb and gander rolled on the ground – before Curly rose in fury and chased her all the way back to her mother. Raccoon's mother wasn't happy about this and the last I saw was her and Curly discussing it with some violence while the lamb hid behind mum looking horrified. I expect more lambs – and probably more odd events – as winter closes in. But right now I'd better get on with work. [Your farm-life stories are always welcome when you can send them – thanks for this one. What a sight that must have been!]

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Elizabeth Osborne (CoA)

Love your zine *Peregrine Nations*. Please keep sending me the hard copy version as my computer is down and I have no idea when I can get it up again. Especially liked the pets of fandom. [Hmmm, well, that is an idea, to go along with the *Pet Heroes of Fandom* series (if it ever turns into one). See editorial thish for details. Thanks very much for the kind words!]

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Lloyd Penney

I'm making sure I'm not late again! I've got the .pdf for *Peregrine Nations* V4N1, WN 13 up on the screen, and I am trying to catch up with the mess of .pdfs, Word files and captured websites on my desktop. You're next! [*Ooh, that sounds ominous...*]

I nominated Alan White for the Fan Artist Hugo. I also nominated Marc Schirmeister and Kurt Erichsen. I see their art everywhere these days in lots of zines, and I like to spread the egoboo around a little bit. I don't think any of them made the final ballot, though.

My job-hunting days are over, I hope. I've been at a company in Markham, just north of Toronto, for three weeks now. It's called CMI, Communicorp Multimedia Inc., and its biggest client is WalMart. I proofread all WalMart flyers distributed across Canada. Not the most exciting job...it's a two-hour commute to get there, and two hours to get back, and I work with the co-worker from Hell, affectionately known as PsychoBitch, but it pays more money than I've ever made in my life, so I hope it will make up for the drawbacks.

Your comments on the Hugos... I never read about people who are satisfied with the names on the ballot. I think most of us have some reservations about who does go on the ballot, and I think we'd rather everyone else agree with our choices. Many are unsure about Cheryl Morgan's e-zine *Emerald City*, but I get notification of new issues every month, and I download it from her own site. If you are a book reader, you will have a lot to absorb from her zine. If your interests are varied, you may have some problem getting what you want out of it.

Hobbit diets... I am not so much interested in what they eat as how much they eat. If I enjoyed all the meals hobbits do, I wouldn't fit through the doorway! After the meals the four hobbits in LOTR ate before their adventures, they must have starved during the majority of the adventure. I think they had five or six meals a day. [*First breakfast, second breakfast, elevenses, lunch, supper, dinner...yep, that's six. But some human nutritionists recommend 4-6 small meals per day instead of three large ones, to prevent the constant hunger pangs some who are trying to lose weight experience. I've tried it and found it works quite well since the portions are smaller and one doesn't get up from the table feeling stuffed, but just full.*] (Who makes all the meals for elves? Maybe they order in. Thirty minutes or it's free?) [*Maybe they stare really hard at mushrooms and turn them into cafe con leche and fry-bread. Wouldn't that be funny? And another reason to hate elves, the damned skinny gits...*]

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Bob Sabella

Thanks for *Peregrine Nations* 4.1. Lyn McConchie's article on hospitality was interesting. I have learned a lot about differences in customs from my immigrant students, especially in my ESL classes where I usually have a half-dozen students, all from different countries, who enjoy comparing the differences in their places of origin. Of course we don't do that too often since we need to stick to math most of the time!

Since I enjoy reading about f&sf, E.B. Frohvet's article on eschatological science fiction was also interesting. I am glad to see that he is keeping active in fanzines. I also have a few upcoming articles by him, so if you and I keep encouraging him, hopefully he will not disappear from the fanzine scene. [*Perhaps, but if he makes up his mind to it, I doubt there's much anyone could say to dissuade him.*]

Re: the last few paragraphs in his article, in which he discussed how he would act were he one of the few survivors of a "cozy catastrophe" (which, as he indicated, would only be cozy for the survivors; for the victims it would be as cataclysmic as total destruction would be): I don't think that modern Americans are too well-prepared to be survivors. In my own situation, I have training as a math teacher and as a stay-at-home reader/writer. Which of those would help me as a survivor? As E.B. indicated, I think I would be prepared psychologically, and my years as a teacher might give me an advantage in providing some leadership for a small group of survivors. But all the other requirements? I know nothing about

building, maintaining machines, growing or hunting food, defending myself. Nor do I have any immediate desire to find out how adaptable I could really be, since I fear the answer would not be a

pleasant one. ? [You can read, and you can think, which are two major prerequisites for post-apocalyptic survival.]

I always enjoy your “free book” contests. I generally don’t enter them because I am trying to cut back on my new books, not increase the number of them.

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Dave Szurek

Well, I must certainly thank you for sending me PN 4.1 after I neglected to loc the previous issue. Truth of the matter is that the new one came out before I’d barely had time to blink my eyes. Or so it seemed that way. Maybe my reaction time is just too damn slow these days? [I did pub those two ishes closer together in time than usual.]

The theory offered up of why so many fans are in poor health would explain some cases, but not all. I’ve observed that pattern even among fans who **aren’t** shut-ins, and trust me, I’ve known people who communicate the deepest recesses of their souls who aren’t active in fandom. Of course, a striking percentage of the latter are, as observed, not true mainstreamers, but we must get it out of our minds that all non-mainstreamers are either part of fandom or at least potential parts of it. So, I guess it’s back to the drawing board. I know that in my case, while most of my “conditions” seem “stabilized” by medication, there are people who no doubt suspect me of suffering from hypochondria.

If a disaster took out just the county in which I live, I probably wouldn’t know if it was just a local calamity or a worldwide thing. I’ve pictured myself traversing empty, probably ruined streets while the rest of the world was still going on as if nothing had happened. One thing that gets me about both the majority of post-doomsday novels and the majority of post-doomsday films is that the survivors always seem to live in relatively close proximity to one another – at least within walking distance. [This may be based on observed results of tornado destruction paths. A tornado won’t always wreck an entire small town. Lack of imagination on the part of novelist and screenwriter can’t be ruled out, either. If anyone’s seen this kind of movie or read this kind of book where the proximity factor is different from what Dave mentions, please point it out to us.]

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Frohvet on . . .Film

Reviews by E. B. Frohvet

“Krippendorf’s Tribe” — Directed by Todd Holland; Richard Dreyfuss, Jenna Elfman, Gregory Smith; 2000; rated PG-13.

This is not a science fiction film, though it’s fiction about science, if you’re willing to so dignify anthropology.

James Krippendorf (Dreyfuss), professor of that subject, has taken a \$100,000 grant to research a supposedly unknown tribe in New Guinea. Grieving the death of his mother, the professor’s youngest child sums up their field trip: “Everything was green and beautiful. Then Mom died.” Krippendorf has, for two years, grossly neglected his research, spending the remainder of the grant money to support his children.

The fecal matter hits the rotatory device when an overeager young colleague (Jenna Elfman of TV’s “Dharma & Greg”) reminds him that he’s supposed to deliver a prestigious lecture on his findings. Tonight. In desperation, he gets up to the podium and just starts winging it, inventing language and “tribal” customs off the top of his head. To his horror, not only is the resulting mishmash accepted by the university, but catches the public imagination as well; leaving him to fake evidence, using his backyard as a stage, his children as cast, and rented livestock. One lie begets another...

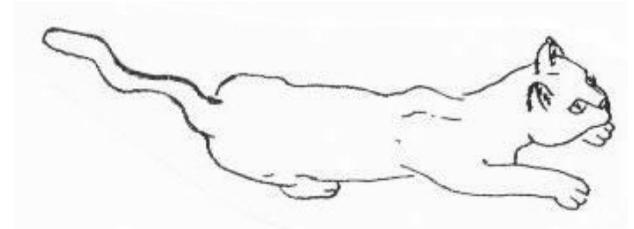
Most of the film’s humor is earthy and obvious, but funny for all that: a Neolithic circumcision, or his son (Gregory Smith of TV’s “Everwood”) staging a ritual purification with “sacred pig urine” . Dreyfuss

and Elfman are willing to make fools of themselves for a laugh, always a desirable quality in a comic actor. This is definitely worth seeing.

Fannish Pet Heroes #1: Megumi of Brown Deer

by Trinlay Khadro

Cats have been part of many sfnal lives within and outside of fandom. They feature in sf/f fiction, mysteries and in children's books. Many firefighters have reported amazing rescues by female cats of their own litters and even other animals, but there are few stories about cats coming to the aid of their human friends. This is one of them. May all the Fannish Pet Hero stories end as well as this one does. –JGS



Megumi is my big hero! She saved my life!

Tuesday 4/20 I took a new medication for the first time around 9am... I had a bad reaction to it and around 9:30-10 a.m. I was passed out on the couch! At about 2:30 in the afternoon I was awakened by Megumi washing my face and meowing loudly... I don't know how long she had been trying to wake me, but when I came to, I realized I was in trouble. I called a neighbor who took me to the hospital ER where they took care of me right away. Even then, I was at the hospital for nearly 5 hours before I was well enough to go home.

Megumi certainly is a blessing! She's my angel! I'm telling everyone how wonderful my kitty is... I always hear stories about dogs rescuing people, but in my story the cat is the hero.

The Free Book Deal

In Contest #9, the question was, "Among my published works are 334 and Camp Concentration. Who am I?" The correct answer was Thomas M. Disch.

The regular mail winner is Mark Proskey, who gets a copy of Fortress in the Eye of Time by C. J. Cherryh (no, I'm not getting rid of my Cherryh collection, I had an extra copy of this). The online winner is Steven Silver, who gets a copy of The Silver Wolf (how apropos!) by Alice Borchardt (sister to Anne Rice). Congratulations to you both, and thanks to everyone who entered the contest.

Contest #10 is announced: The question is: "In the category of science fiction writers who've had their work turned into movies, I may be the record holder. Among my books not yet translated into film are Ubik and The Solar Lottery. What is my middle initial?" It's really not that hard, folks. And you **can** look it up.

Since I got a few more entrants this time, I'll not announce the prizes yet. Those uncertain about entering should remember that Tor sends me new books for review rather frequently now (thank you, Tor!), and the ones I won't keep for my personal library will be offered through The Free Book Deal. See p. 18 thish for recent goodies. Get out those reference books and send in your entries!

Entry deadline is Oct. 10, 2004.



Will the Real Swamp Thing Please Stand Up? editorial

Time For A Rant:

Ever since I got online and first mentioned I got into fandom through the N3F, fen seem to never tire of telling me how dismal the club's reputation was (and is, in some cases) among non-Neffers in fandom. I'm not blaming any individual person, of course; none of them were privy to all my correspondence all the time, so they'd never have known I'd already heard this. The major complaint among those who whinge about the N3F seems to be that Neffers are too naive about the rest of fandom, too go-getter-like, too enthusiastic about being fans. I say, if those who whinge had bothered to be polite and tell the ignorant, overeager and hyper Neffers about their experience in fandom and point these Neffers to non-N3F fannish resources, things might have turned out a lot differently. Yes, some young Neffers thought they'd invented the wheel where being a fan is concerned, but they're not the only fandom subgroup that had that problem (can you say concomm, boys and girls?).

I was welcomed with kindness and no hint of snobbery when I joined N3F. It was only after I gained online access and contacted "the rest of fandom" that I encountered the nasty attitude towards the N3F which persists to this day. To those who still badmouth the N3F, listen up: I don't give a good ghu-darn what your experience was like with the N3F, especially if it happened 50 years ago with people who are dead now. Times change, people change, clubs change, Get Over Yourselfs Already!



Slightly Off the QT and Not So Hush Hush: Tim Bolgeo's *The Revenge of Hump Day!* for July 28th notes that Andre Norton is creating an Andre Norton Female Writer of the Year award, which will apparently include a cash prize since Uncle Timmy collected money for the purpose and is sending it to Ms. Norton.



Among the newer attractions of the Manistee County area (where I live) is the Manistee ShoreLine ShowCase, sponsored by the Manistee Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Tuesdays throughout the months of July and August (and a few dates in June) at 7 p.m., a variety of blues, jazz, and R&B musicians and bands set up at the First Street Beach gazebo and play for about two hours. Last year, the only gig I got to hear was the Robin Connell and Paul Brewer Jazz Quartet. Connell and Brewer teach at Interlochen, the internationally-known performing arts academy which is located about an hour from my house. It was an excellent concert and I appreciated being able to hear some really good cool jazz. The musicians are paid, and the funds come from private donations and sponsors.

This year, I really wanted to go to all the shows, but the Meniere's interfered again. So far, I've only made it to one concert, which featured the Randy Johnston quartet. Very good music, very New-York-City cool jazz in sound. Not surprising, since Johnston hails from NYC. There are a few more concerts left on the schedule, and I plan on getting to at least one more.

An old favorite among area activities is the Spirit of the Woods Music Association Folk Festival, which was held in June this year. I was well enough to attend this one-day event, and was glad I did since I heard a lot of pretty good music, and bought two stoneware cups that have a lovely green glaze. I like green.

SWMA has been running this festival for 27 years. As it said in the program book, “Word got out slowly and the Festival grew. Musicians came from far and near. Soon people were calling us. The Festival got bigger, it moved to the Fairgrounds...became a paid admission event, paperwork piled up and then burnout set in.” The group decided to downsize, return to its original event site of Brethren and stop charging admission. I’m glad I missed the bloat era.

This year’s festival featured Harper, Cabin Fever, Rachel Davis, Brett Hartenbach, Iowa Rose, Ruth & Max Bloomquist, Seth Bernard & Daisy May, and various members of the SWMA performing singly and together, depending on whether the musicians could get organized enough to form a temporary band. The attached craft fair was where I found the stoneware cups. The SWMA table yielded CDs and tapes by the musicians at the festival, as well as souvenir t-shirts, from this year’s festival and past ones as well. I got a light-blue one that showed an alien peeking through the trees at a stage where musicians played; it was the 2001 t-shirt, with the slogan “2001 – A Folk Odyssey.” I bought Daisy May’s *Sleepless* CD and Tim Joseph and Friends’ *The Music* audiocassette, since I enjoyed their work at the festival.



The latest entry in My Musical Summer was an Aug. 5th concert at Interlochen with Keller Williams, The Yonder Mountain String Band, and Bela Fleck and the Flecktones. Fleck was familiar to me in name only; up to now, I couldn’t recognize one of his songs if I heard it on the radio, but I think I might be able to now. The evening was a very engaging and immersive mix of bluegrass, bebop and folk, and I enjoyed it immensely. And to make it circle back to fandom in a tangential way, Fleck’s percussionist is called Future Man (“And now from the year 2055, ladies and gentlemen, Future Man!”), for the worn-like-a-guitar, “beat-box” electronic percussion instrument he plays. Fleck’s instrument of choice is the banjo, which has a familiar place in bluegrass but less so in jazz, the latter being Fleck’s major musical playground. Fleck and his band have been together for 15 years, and their experience shows in a live setting. Fleck is most generous with his colleagues, granting plenty of solo time to everyone. His colleagues, in turn, generously refrain from navel-gazing in their solos and put the emphasis on their emotional connection to the audience instead of showing off their technical skills.

The Yonder Mountain String Band, according to the concert program I was handed, doesn’t have bluegrass as their musical tradition (which means they don’t come from families where there were a lot of bluegrass players) but they do play it. They play it very well, using the bluegrass song form as a solid foundation for their lyrical flights of fancy which, while reflecting a modern viewpoint, meld well with the lyrical traditions of bluegrass. I don’t think I realized it before this concert, but jazz and bluegrass have at least a few things in common: allowance for solo playing from all members of the band, composition structures which are recognizable to the schooled listener, and a sense of humor as well as a sense of sorrow.

To say that Keller Williams is a one-man band is to restrict what he does. Williams has played in bands, but he now performs solo and tours nationally with his guitars, mixing board and sampling machines. The technerati among you may yawn now and move on to something else. Playing with technology isn’t what Williams is about; he uses certain technological avenues to create a layered soundscape upon which he floats riffs and rhythms that set feet to tapping and grooves to happenin’. I liked his music a lot, despite the technical props, because he used them as tools and not crutches. Williams isn’t a great solo guitarist, but the rhythms he creates and the funk produced as a result are highly infectious. “A day without a buzz/Is a day that never was,” is the lyric quote I wrote down – I agree with it in its metaphorical rather than literal sense. He also pays homage to his musical ancestors with wit and honesty. If you hear of him coming to play in your area, he’s worth a listen.

In the Interim: Fanzines Received

New fanzines (first issues) are noted in bold; one-shots and specials are in italics.

ALEXIAD VOL. 3 NO. 3 // ANSIBLE 202-205 // ARGENTUS 4 // BLACK CAT 1 // BOGUS 7 // **CATCHPENNY GAZETTE (1-4)** // CHALLENGER 19-20 // CHUNGA 7 // CONVERS(AT)IONS 4, *CORFLU BLACKJACK: FANAC TIME IN GLITTER CITY* // DE PROFUNDIS 376-379 // **eAPA 1-4** // eI 14 // FANZINE FANATIQUE Summer 2004 // FOR THE CLERISY 55 // IN A PRIOR LIFETIME 2-3 // THE KNARLEY KNEWS 104-106 // LITTLEBROOK 3 // MEMPHEN 280-281 // THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN VOL.4 NO. 2 // NICE DISTINCTIONS 5-6 // iPLOKTA (vol. 9 no. 1) // ROYAL SWISS NAVY GAZETTE 12 // SLEIGHT OF HAND 2 // VANAMONDE 538-552 // *THE WEEKLY TAFF NEWS 1* // WEIRDNESS BEFORE MIDNIGHT 3 // THE ZINE DUMP 6 //

A Feast of Jackals: Book Reviews

by Ye Editor

Jubilee: Stories by Jack Dann (Tor, 2001, trade paperback) // I hadn't read that much by Dann before receiving this book, but I greatly enjoyed this collection. I don't know what Dann's religious background is, but he appears to have a firm grasp on the Jewish spiritual perspective, and writes about it with conviction and a poignant yearning that's involving and engaging. He also writes about death and loss with the same skill. His stories are varied enough to maintain interest throughout the collection; the only one I skipped was "Da Vinci Rising" and that was because I haven't the taste for that kind of alternate-history fiction. This is a lovely book, one that made me feel glad I'd read it. Buy it or borrow it.

Nanotech, edited by Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois (Ace, 1998, paperback) // I picked this up last year at the National Forest Festival flea market. Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois have been editing a series of single-topic anthos for several years now; thankfully, with the publication of Hackers, the ending exclamation mark has been deleted from the titles. This antho brings together some of the classic short fiction concerning nanotechnology, most notably the short version of Greg Bear's "Blood Music" (significantly different from the novel), "Margin of Error" by Nancy Kress, one of my very favorite nanotech stories (because it supports motherhood and kids instead of marginalizing them), and "Recording Angel" by Ian McDonald (part of his Chaga universe, in novel length in the U.S. as Evolution's Shore). The stories collected here span the decade from 1988-1998, and are a pretty broad representation of well-known nanotech-specific stories. Particularly delightful were "Any Major Dude" by Paul De Filippo, and David Marusek's "We Were Out of Our Minds With Joy." Check used-book stores.

Maps In A Mirror by Orson Scott Card (Orb, 1990, trade paperback) // Why Tor waited 14 years to put this out in trade size, I have no clue. I was happy to re-read this fine collection of short fiction (with bookended essays for each section). Card fans will surely enjoy this. Writers writing about how stories came to them is always of interest to me, and Card includes this material here for several stories. Buy it.

A Mouthful of Tongues: Her Totipotent Tropicabilia by Paul Di Filippo (Cosmos Books, 2002, trade paperback) // Oh. My. Ghu. Philip José Farmer, move over. Paul Di Filippo has taken as inspiration Farmer's seminal (you should pardon the expression) SF novella (later novel) The Lovers and created a wild, free-spirited and epic extravaganza of sfnal erotica that features a heroine unlike any other. This deserves to get noticed when award time rolls around next year, because it is one astounding read. If you like erotica, buy this book, and buy copies for your friends. They'll thank you.

Tooth and Claw by Jo Walton (Tor, 2003, hardbound) // Anthony Trollope meets dragons and Jo Walton takes us on a tour of draconian etiquette that is decidedly sanguine but ever so logical. A delightful read containing drama, romance, intrigue and battles. One can hardly ask for more than that, especially when it's as artfully done as Walton does it here. Buy this one, too.