



**PEREGRINE NATIONS**

**VOL. 4 NO. 3**

**OCTOBER 2004**

**“Strange Things Are In  
Our Midst!”**



This Time Round We Have:

Silent eLOCutions / art by Trinlay Khadro

Adventures in the Spook Trade: A Visit to Bletchley

Park by Peter Weston et al / Photos by Bill Burns

What If We Gave A Con and the Ghosts All Came?

by Christopher Garcia

Frohvet on Film: "the Family Man"

Paying Another Visit to Aunt Dimity by Lyn McConchie

In the Interim: Fanzines Received

The Free Book Deal

Will the Real Swamp Thing Please Stand Up? / mascot art by

Brad Foster

Additional Art: p. 10 (Brad Foster), p. 13 (Sheryl Birkhead)

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**This ish is dedicated to anyone who ever worked in the trade: The playground is smaller, folks, but the equipment's still there and in working order. If you're still in the Game, play safe and play smart.**

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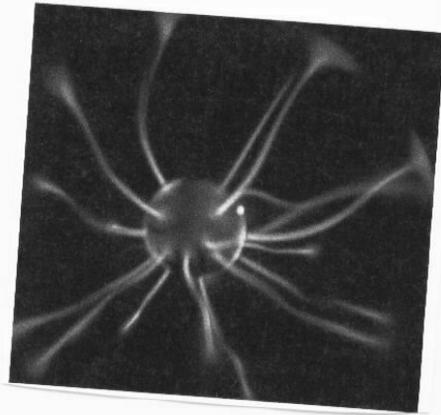
**peregrination**, n., *L.*, A traveling, roaming, or wandering about; a journey. (The New Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language, Avenel Books, New York: 1980).

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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](mailto: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: Jan. 10, 2005.**



## Silent eLOCutions Letters of Comment

Don Anderson / Aug. 15,  
2004

I have to agree with you when you say that the N3F takes a lot more abuse than it really should. I became a member when I first got into fandom back in the 50s (Ralph Holland was N3F President then), and I found it a convenient and educational way to get acquainted. Certainly, there are members for whom N3F is the only way to go, and they can get a little overbearing at times. But there are fans of that ilk in all segments of fandom. It was through N3F that I got into apahacking, through N'APA. When I decided to get back into fandom a few years ago, it seemed only natural to do it via N3F again, and that worked out just fine. I am no longer a member since my interests lie outside of the N3F sphere. They have their place even if it isn't the place for everyone.

It would certainly seem that fans may be predominately "cat people". Perhaps this is due to the independent streak that tends to distinguish both fen and cats. I know that I miss our Pancho, the family cat for 17 years. He died a number of years ago, but I still see him, sometimes, out of the corner of my eye, as he scoots around a corner or through a door in our home. I would not have another cat, I just couldn't handle the parting again.

☺ ☺ ☺

Ned Brooks Jr. / Sept. 19, 2004

Were you psychic to get out of Florida before this year's string of hurricanes? [If my husband hadn't died in January 2003, we might

still be there, so I'd have to say no. We were planning to move to Michigan, though, if Kenn could have found work up here.] The tail end of Ivan spawned a lot of tornadoes here in Georgia. All I got was half a day without power and some water in the basement – just enough to be a bother to clear up, no damage to anything. [Gee, not even a t-shirt?]

There was a lot of comment on the Net about Frank Wu winning the Fan Artist Hugo – Frank Who? I looked at his website and couldn't see much art (well, it's better than I could do!) and nothing fannish at all.

With regard to the horses of the Shire, they may have had them, but apparently did not generally **ride** them – they could be used for carriages and plowing after all – judging from the comment that “Bandobras Took, the Bullroarer, was 4 feet tall and could ride a horse” as being an example of a rare giant hobbit.

The spelling of Latin is simpler than English and, as **E. B. Frohvet** notes, the grammar is perhaps more regular. The trouble with Latin is that it has **too much** grammar. Does anyone learning English miss the mad notion of every noun having a gender?

I have the 666 by Salem Kirban that **Joe Major** mentions – I thought I had mentioned it once in *It Goes On the Shelf* but I never did. It was successful enough that a sequel was published, titled 1000. The art is copious in these books, but not very good. Much of it seems to have been lifted from other sources, but some (such as the drawing of a guillotine in front of a contemporary church) must have been done to order.

I love the illo of the old printing press on p. 12! Bill Danner actually did his zine that way for about 50 years. Few of us would have the patience!

☺ ☺ ☺

Paul Di Filippo / Sept. 21, 2004

A splendid issue of PN. I'm thrilled to hear you had some relief from your symptoms. Long may your good health reign! [As long as I can keep my appointments with the acupuncturist and the massage therapist, I should be doing well. The needle lady treated a

*new point two weeks ago, on the top of my head, and it felt like a big wind was rushing out of my body. Weird. Felt a heckuva lot better afterwards, though the after-effects lasted a few days. She treated the same point a few days ago and the result wasn't as pronounced, but I still felt it. The vertigo is a rarity these days, and lasts for a few seconds only, for which I am profoundly grateful.]*

I was tickled to see that you used my illo. Thanks! [*Thank you for sending it – as you can see from this lettercol, others appreciated it as well.*]

You got to see Bela Fleck live! I'm jealous. One of my faves, ever since seeing him on “Austin City Limits” years ago. [*Parallels: I got that way about John Mayer (“Wonderland”) after seeing him on the same show this past summer. What a talent he has; I was originally interested in his singing style, and was flattened by his guitar skills when I saw him on ACL. I keep a list of musicians whose CDs I want to buy, and he's been added to it.*]

Thanks also for the Website plug and kind words anent Mouthful. [*You're quite welcome; both are deserving of more of the same.*]

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Brad Foster / Sept. 23, 2004

**E. B. Frohvet** notes how fan category nominees for the Hugo have been exactly the same the last few years. Actually, no. There have been “the usual suspects” in each category, but there has been variation, and looking at the final results, the winners have been spread around pretty nicely (save for the Langford award) over the last few years. If the phrase “several are due for a crippling attack of shame” means, as others have said for various categories in the past, that people should bow out of their nominations, I know in my own case while I have won several Hugos myself, the last time I did so was a decade ago. It has been nice that folks still consider what I do worthy of nominating me, but the award has been spread around quite a bit. Don't mean to jump on Frohvet, I think it is just one of those cases of wanting to say something for a while and holding back, and finally just decided I needed to have my say, then shut up

again. Awards are weird things, I've won a few, and I've lost a hell of a lot more. No control over it, just feel lucky if it happens and not dwell on it if it doesn't, since no matter what, I go on doing what I wanted to do before the award ever showed up.

Bela Fleck and the Flecktones! Yeah!!!!!!

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E. B. Frohvet / Sept. 18, 2004

In Diane Duane's High Wizardry, the witch-child Juanita has a conversation with a “cat bird,” then it flies off on “white-barred wings.” In fact the grey catbird *Dumatella carolinensis* is a solid slate grey all over, including the wings, with a black “cap” on top of the head. The common grey bird with broad white bars on wings and tail is the northern mockingbird, *Mimus polyglottus*. No one with even a superficial knowledge of eastern birds would mistake one for the other. [*Well, they must do, otherwise why did you bring it up? And this comment is in reference to what?*]

July was a slow month for fanzines: a *Knarley Knews*, an *Opuntia*, and *Argentus* #4. August was much more productive. If my notes for several years are at all representative, the busiest time of year for getting fanzines is May and June. The numbers drop off in summer; there's a modest uptick for November, presumably from faneds avoiding the Christmas mail rush. The winter months are the slowest time of year, then things begin to pick up again in March. Do other fans find this typical of their receipts?

**Sheryl Birkhead**: My source says formerly Trinity College, renamed Duke University after a tobacco merchant who donated several millions. I stack all my outgoing mail for the week on the table by the front door and mail it on Monday morning.

**Brad Foster**: Janine explains about the reflexive mindset of military service better than I could have. Something you learn at an early age tends to stick with you. It was the point that the waitress was ignorant of military protocol – in spite of all the blather about “supporting our troops,” few Americans have any grasp of what their own military is about. Maybe Heinlein's idea of a mandatory school course taught be veterans isn't such a bad idea after all.

**Trinlay Khadro:** End-of-the-world novels which emphasize survivor skills – Alas, Babylon, and I seem to recall in Niven's Lucifer's Hammer there was a guy who preserved a whole library of basic-tech books (basic engineering, planting, simple weaponry). Haven't read that book in a long time. One could also make a case for S. M. Stirling's Island in the Sea of Time.

**Joe Major's** reference to a story where everyone left a city for no apparent reason (believe it or not, btw, Mack Reynolds was once a very popular writer) reminds me of Dhalgren.

**Lyn McConchie:** Similarly, I've tried to keep personal problems out of my fanac. Of fiction writing, the “open a vein and bleed all over the paper” writing typified by, say, Harlan Ellison in his prime, can be effective in the hands of a brilliant writer; it can also be leadenly boring. I've read stories where I wanted to tell the author, “Don't tell me, tell your doctor!”

**Lloyd Penney:** Interesting observation about hobbit diets, though there are several references to hobbits being overweight. It may be a metabolism difference; the almost instinctive desire for mushrooms may suggest something of the sort. (See the Fuzzies in the H. Beam Piper stories, who would eat *estafee* and *zatka* even if not hungry, a dietary instinct.) [*Or parrots which regularly eat the chalk from certain cliff formations; turns out they need the minerals in the chalk to stay healthy.*]

**Bob Sabella:** Exactly the point, one person is not a society. (Paul Simon, however: “I am a rock/I am an island..”) Clearly some would do better in small groups where, as I said, specialized skills could be preserved as the group supports persons not directly involved in food production. Utterly alone, one person could survive quite well on hunting, gathering, and very small-scale agriculture, e.g. potatoes, corn. [*Given that they already possess the knowledge for this, not all of which is obtainable in books.*]

Locally we have Columbia Festival of the Arts in June, in which I've attended events and (briefly) worked on. They had Harry Connick Jr. as headliner this year. “Cool jazz” is not especially my thing though I did like Modern Jazz Quartet – an MJQ piece figured prominently in a story which I not only wrote, but actually got

published.

Stories supportive of motherhood: Connie Willis' “And Come From Miles Around” in her collection Fire Watch, also “Inn,” from her Christmas collection. You could make a case for F. M. Busby's Rissa Kerguelen series. And for parenthood, John Wyndham's Chocky.

Bratwurst and bee for dinner, yum! Spare me that “cholesterol” nonsense. My grandmother lived to be 98, and fried vegetables in lard all her life. [*Perhaps if she'd steamed instead of fried them, she'd have lived to 118?*]

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*Christopher Garcia* / Sept. 16, 2004

As you mentioned in PN 4.2, the Retro Hugos did not award a Best Dramatic Long-Form award this year. To me, this highlights the foolish division of Short-Form/Long-form for Dramatic Presentation. It's not that I don't think that the idea is a good one, in fact I do, but 90 minutes, even today, is the length of a good many feature films. 75 or even 65 is a better delineation, though I am all for the division along medium lines (TV vs. Film).

Let me also add that “Krippendorf's Tribe” is a fantastic little film that most of my film geek friends insist is awful, but I enjoy the hell out of. Perhaps it's the anthropological connection that hooked me, but it's a fun movie with some very funny scenes. Jenna Elfman's movie work has never been as good as it is in KT. The book is certainly better, but the film gives us a better look at Richard Dreyfus as Dr. Krippendorf. I'd say that it's well worth a watch with a big bag of popcorn.

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*John Hertz* / Aug. & Oct. 2004

Rumors you will revive *Steam Engine Time* with B. Gillespie, hurrah!. [*No rumor, just fact: SET 4 is scheduled for December 2004 publication. Send yer filthy lucre to Bruce, please.*] Thanks for PN 4.2. The Hugo ballots would be better if the people with such great and discernment nominated instead of fleeing. [*Heh, I've often thought that myself, but it would take a lot of force to cancel out all that inertia and actually move them to action.*]

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Trinlay Khadro / Sept. 19, 2004

**Brad Foster:** Nice roboduck! A friend passed me an article where the scientists were working to perfect robot locomotio, in part with the consideration of using robots as farm workers. Perhaps on their days off, robot farmers may go out and hunt robot ducks. Though, since one of the scientists has a Japanese name, I imagined a crew of humanoid robo-farmers, drumming and singing and planting rice as in the end of “The Seven Samurai.”

I think the weird effect might be to do some scanner settings [if one has a scanner]. I get good results with making sure the settings are for b&w line art when that's what I'm scanning, and reminding the word processor/layout software that it is b&w or greyscale.

Does anyone know how or if I can get Megumi registered as a support animal? She assists me in so many ways -- “Sit down, you silly pink monkey, before you fall down” -- but doesn't guide, carry, fetch, or do the jobs usually associated with a service animal. [*I would think that if a dog can be a registered service animal for an epileptic, and the dog's primary job is to warn the human when it senses a seizure approaching, then Megumi ought to be able to be registered as a service animal. I don't know who you should contact, but you might try googling “service animals” and inquiring of those groups which provide them.*]

**Sheryl Birkhead:** Have you looked on Amazon for the Foxfire books? Once in a while I'll see one, well battered, in a garage sale. I know so many skilled people in fandom & SCA that if I should need a skill I'll either know someone who can do it, or know someone to ask to find that person. I'm learning how to spin, but don't know anyone locally with sheep or llamas. [*Once more, Google can be your friend; try “Wisconsin llama ranch” and see what results.*]

**Re: my cmt to Sheryl,** I was “not right” for years & went through several doctors before it got so bad; when I got a new doctor, it was diagnosed right off. I think it made a difference that my current doctor is female. It seems the big task with managing the fibro is

maintaining good morale (I had a week I cried at **everything**) and respecting one's limitations. I'd always pushed myself and I'm having to learn that I just can't do that anymore. [*It's the same with Meniere's. Tough lesson to learn, too.*]

**Ned Brooks:** Up here in Wisconsin (Mt. Horeb, specifically), there is a mustard museum, apparently self-supporting. I wonder if there are societies of typewriter lovers or some such. Perhaps a typer museum would not be a one-man endeavor, and might be eligible for some sort of grant? They still make them, I've seen new ones in mail-order catalogs. Uncle has an antique one in the basement that KT used to play with.

I'm reminded of years working customer service, where **all** customers were sir or ma'am. [Re: human interrelationships] I think some of the touchiness/rudeness we see is in people who spent too much time alone both currently and while growing up, and not enough time just talking to **people**. Some folks are addicted to drama . . . and some minimally socialized people mistake “mean” for “strong.” Sigh.

**E. B. Frohvet:** But perhaps Hobbits would utilize the huge Shire horses as elephants are used in S.E. Asia (a tractor with four feet). <grin> I sure wish you'd do a 'zine again! Of course it's a hobby & not a job – but I miss *Twink*. (Yes, that's a hint.)

We have a similar issue with deer here. Wealthy people build in the woods and then are surprised that wildlife raids the garden & eats the shrubbery. I practically grew up in the woods so this seems incredibly funny. . . Oh, and to top it off they get irritated when neighbors feed the wildlife. (Up here, squirrels are rodents anyway, the joke being they're tree rats.)

Your film review was fun; I enjoyed some of your phrases immensely.

**Bob Sabella:** But you cook, don't you? If we suddenly lose fast food and packaged food, people who can cook and understand nutrition would be **very** valuable.

**Lyn McConchie:** KT got an A for a speech in English class about the child support system. She cried, but had done a lot of research and was actually able to get up in front of the class. She got

home & slept. [You go, KT! Sleep is entirely understandable, as it is often what the body resorts to when faced with severe stress, once the stress situation is resolved or interrupted.]

[And now, Trinlay Khadro presents the Flying Sheep Story, Illustrated:]



**Dave Szurek:** Hi Dave! Would The Postman be a post-apocalypse story that **does** take the great distances into account?

**PN:** Did you realize your dominant dingbat this ish is “Om”? Nice dingbat <g> on p. 16 too. [That would be a Trinbat(R)(T), actually. And no, I had no idea I even had a dominant dingbat.]

I went to DVR (dept. of Vocational Rehab) last week hoping they could help me get a job that could let me work at home or work around when I'm sick. Apparently that's really too much to ask from an employer. Sigh. Hopefully the SSD will be approved soon and eventually I'll be able to get my work up on eBay, but I've got to have cash/spare money to do that. And advice or guidance is appreciated. [Start going through everything in your house now, so over the winter you can build a pile of stuff for the big yard sale you'll have next spring. Look at every item you own and ask yourself whether you really need it any more; if you haven't used it in 6 months, it's likely you won't ever use it again and thus it's a yard-sale candidate. Yard sales aren't big-money events, but if you're lucky and get good weather combined with shoppers who want what you're selling, you can make between \$50 and \$100, and that's a conservative estimate. Most local newspapers don't charge for garage sale ads in their classified ads sections, and yard sailors do use those ads, so

remember to use them. I had a comparatively tiny yard sale in Florida and made \$85, mostly on clothes and kitchen stuff. The weather was cold but in my favor because I was selling cold-weather clothing.]

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Joe Major / Aug. 11, 2004

**Sheryl Birkhead:** In answer to the Frohvet question: Duke. James Buchanan "Buck" Duke, founder of the American Tobacco Company (as in Bull Durham) and Duke University.

**E. B. Frohvet:** If he will come to Kentucky we will show him the Shires at the Kentucky Horse Park. "Well, Mrs. Major and Mr. Major, here are your admission stickers and you say he's your son?" We have a family membership at the American Saddlebred Museum, which is on the Horse Park grounds, and it allows admission to the Horse Park too, as well as the Kentucky Derby Museum here in Louisville. They also have miniature horses (not ponies), about nine hands high, which would be small for hobbits but you get the idea.

Hans Leip had two girlfriends: Lili and Marlene. So when he wrote the song about the lonely soldier on sentry duty and dreaming about his girlfriend, he put their names together.

I have heard deer referred to as rats with hooves. There was an article in *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago about the deer problem in Marin County; they had killed off all the predators and to boot imported exotic deer. So when the rats with hooves started killing off the trees some of the inhabitants wanted to cull the herd, but sobbing portrayals of brutish crude thugs killing Bambi stopped them. Was it the fault of Whittaker Chambers (translator) or Felix Salten (author)? [Nope. Bambi was held hostage to a human political gambit. Blame PETA. And Marin County should bring back the grey wolf; that'd take care of the deer population (wouldn't necessarily significantly reduce it, but the deer would get the hint and go elsewhere), and what could PETA folk say then? I just loooooooove apex predators...]

I don't know about the others, but Flynn and Berkwits (two of the repeaters) seem to feel they have every right to ask their friends to nominate them. After all, they write in fanzines like *Starlog* —

magazines about science fiction. The distinction is different in the field where they write.

**Trinlay Khadro:** Cats also have a way of weaving in and out of one's feet. And somebody gets hurt.

Survivors with skills — That's the case in John Ringo's There Will Be Dragons where a nanotech future suddenly runs out of power . . . and all the survivors have to find people with skills. What makes their problems worse is that the advanced technology is still there, it's not a post-nuclear holocaust where they **know** there's nobody else left.

**Me:** Comely young men in Speedos: only if the passer-by who figured the group of pacifists really needed an armed dictator to run things was gay.

**Dave Szurek:** If the survivors in post-doomsday films didn't live in relatively close proximity to each other, half the movie would be long dull treks to get all the characters together. Perhaps that's another item for Ebert's book of movie cliches.

**Frovhet on Film:** Considering that the "gentle Tasaday" were created by order of Ferdinand Marcos, the setup in "Krippendorf's Tribe" is hardly implausible. Not to mention the case of the two Samoan girls who thought it was really funny to make up stuff to tell Margaret Mead . . .

**Fannish Pet Heroes #1:** Who says cats are aloof and uncaring?

Re: PKD, the problems with making a movie out of Solar Lottery are 1) it's a very cerebral movie, with much of the "action" being Cartwright's discussion of the problems of the System; 2) all the bare-breasted women.

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Lyn McConchie / Sept. 21, 2004

Well, my agent, may his name be praised, appears to have pulled off a hat trick of late. He's sold the first two Beast Master books for Russian translation and publication there, and the third (which I finished at the start of this year) Tor have accepted. I received the news with yips of delight and danced Tiger around the kitchen. He was happy with that, any attention at all pleases my

spotted feline friend, and having me happy also pleases him.

[*Excellent news! Congrats to all concerned. I still haven't read Beast Master's Ark but it's on the to-read shelf.*]

I sympathise with Trinlay about doctors -- as she knows. Back in 1977, I had been ill for almost a year and it was becoming so bad I was unable to work. Finally my GP said that in her opinion I had psychosomatic symptoms and she believed I was having a nervous breakdown. None of my friends could believe that. I'm the casual laidback sort who doesn't live on my nerves. But she insisted, and sent me to a psychiatrist -- who looked me over, said I might be eccentric but that I was "quite stable mentally," and returned me to the GP. Subsequently the GP went away overseas for a month to a medical conference. . .and I went to another doctor -- who took one look at me, hurled me into hospital for physical tests, and yes, I was very ill all right. Not from my nerves but from a known deficiency disease, pernicious anaemia -- where the body, for some reason, stops taking B12 from food, and without it you start to die slowly as it's an essential vitamin. I had to have immediate intramuscular injections, and bounced back in a few months -- but, because of the time I was left in that condition, it's now permanent and I have to have the injections every few weeks for life, or I start dying again. So I too don't consider doctors as gods -- or anything like. [*I woulda suuuuuuuuuued! How terrible!*]

As for farm stories, I've been amused lately with "The Great Hen Mystery." Despite it being winter, my free-range hens and bantams were ignoring the season and producing eggs. But I had a problem; I'd found one nest in my hay barn, but I was sure there was a second. I climbed into the back of the hay barn past nest one and checked. No sign. It couldn't be down the front, that was where Fluffy the barn cat always sprawled, so she was able to watch the house for me appearing with food, or where she could bask in the sunshine which shone in there -- while the roof above provided shelter for her.

After a week I was still baffled. A couple of the hens kept wandering out of the hay barn singing an egg song, but the second nest was nowhere to be found. However, in the way things happen, I

chanced on it by accident. One of the hens, Mrs. Black, had taught her chicks to enjoy raw mince. I could say all I liked about hens not being carnivores. Hen and chicks were convinced they were, and ate any raw mince I put down for Fluffy. So to be sure my little barn cat got her own meals, I started giving them to her in a dish at the front of the barn where she lay like a small lion halfway up the hay bales.

It was then that I discovered to my astonishment that the hens had dug a comfortable nest in the corner of a hay bale beside her. To my amazement, there was Fluff, devouring mince, while only thirty centimeters or a mere foot away a bantam sat, comfortably ensconced. I waited until she'd left, then removed almost a dozen eggs. I'm not sure what Fluff gets out of this, companionship perhaps. I can only assume the poultry feel safe with Fluff there guarding her territory and incidentally them too. Like sheep with a sheepdog. But the current set-up makes me smile now any time I look out of the back door and see the fur and feather partnership.

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Lloyd Penney / Aug. 19, 2004

**The letter column:** Distributed Proofreading, hm? Must be voluntary. I'd like to get paid for it, if possible. [*Voluntary and unpaid, yep. But paid proofing is a hard gig to get.*]

I hope there is the possibility of **Lyn McConchie** coming up to North America on a book tour -- I'd like to meet her.

**Sheryl** mentions Tom Sadler; does anyone know how Tom is these days? His *Reluctant Famulus* was such a good zine, and it's one zine I miss.

**E.B. Frohvet** is right about the Hugo ballot -- I'd like to see Sheryl, Alan White, Kurt Erichsen and Marc Schirmeister on the ballot for Best Artist. That's how I voted this year.

**The SF Hall of Fame** at the University of Kansas is, I believe, being relocated to the SF Museum recently opened in Seattle. [*Correct.*] Seattle's a great place for it, just wish there wasn't so much geography between me and it.

Blepharitis is probably the most innocuous disease you could ever catch. It was diagnosed not by my doctor, but by my optometrist last time I had my eyes checked. Gotta go back again soon -- my eyes

are getting so bad, and my prescription is changing. I like to think I came into my adulthood late, and now I think I'm getting into my dotage early. I saw something on television about having the white of your eye pierced so that something decorative (the piece on TV had a tiny silver foil heart) can be inserted.

I understand only too well **Joseph Major's** frustration on Berkwitz and Flynn climbing onto the Hugo ballot. If they hadn't done what they had done, I would have appeared on the ballot a couple of times. The Worldcon newsletter now has an issue distributed as people leave the assembly for the Hugos, detailing the placing of those who were nominated for the Hugos, but did not get onto the ballot. I've placed sixth a couple of times.

Too many people in fandom have negative things to say about another fan or an organization, or a convention, or a (fill in the blank). Time to bare a bit more of my soul -- my first entry into fandom was through Star Trek fandom, and one of the first organizations I belonged to was The Star Trek Welcommittee. It was an organization that served to bring Trekkers together, and to disseminate any information about Trek that was available in the pre-Trekmovie era, which wasn't much. If nothing else, it brought people together who felt they were alone, and that built a cohesive fandom many people needed. Yvonne and I were members of the STW for 15 years until president Shirley Maiewski shut it down, citing the World Wide Web as doing the Welcommittee's job far better than it could by itself. Shirley died just a few months ago, too -- I hope there is suitable recognition for her efforts at the Boston Worldcon; she lived elsewhere in Massachusetts.

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Steven H Silver / Aug. 10, 2004

**Frohvet's review of "Krippendorf's Tribe":** While the humor was obvious, it is an enjoyable film, made the moreso for me by the fact that it includes one of my favorite actors, Phil Leeds (1916-1998) in his penultimate role as Dr. Harvey. Leeds made his debut in 1949 on the DuMont network show "Front Stage Center" and his feature film debut in "Rosemary's Baby" as Dr. Shand.

**N3F:** I was a member for maybe a year several years ago, but didn't get much out of it personally. Certainly not enough of an experience to determine if it is a worthwhile venture for other fans. My advice would be to try it and see for yourselves.

Elaine (my wife) saw Bela Fleck in concert several years ago in Louisville. Up to then, I had never heard of him. She has become a fan of his music insofar as she is a fan of any music. She tends not to think to put in a CD for background noise, instead turning on the television for said noise. When she does listen to music, she tends to tune it out and can't tell you the words, or frequently what the music is.

Since you enjoyed Dann's Jubilee, you might want to track down his other recent collection, Visitations, published by Five Star (my review is at <http://www.sfsite.com/~silverag/dann.html>). Back in the mid-70s, Dann edited the two Wandering Stars anthologies of Jewish science fiction and has written extensively in that strange subgenre since. [*Thanks for the tip, I'll add those to the list.*]

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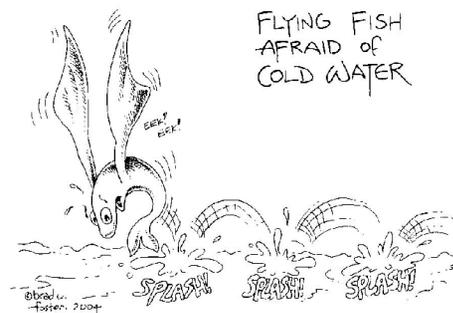
Joy Smith / Sept. 24, 2004

Lovely cover! And I like the way the title flows into it. Do you need more stickers? I accumulate them, and I have a number of those that you put on windows. (Do you know what I mean? Not decals; they're backwards.) [*I have more stickers than I can use in a year, mostly from unrequested address labels; if you have anything more interesting than flowers and animals, send them on. I don't decorate my windows with any sort of sticker, so those you can keep <grin>.*]

Thanks to **Ned Brooks** for a more complete quote from Kipling's "The Ballad of East and West." (Usually it's quoted incompletely the way Frost's "Good fences make good neighbors" is.)

Re: **E.B. Frohvet's Hobbit agriculture** article, that was really interesting, and I enjoyed the background about how he came to write it.

Re: **Trinlay Khadro's** idea about the value of survivors with agricultural skills, etc. and SCA and reenactment members in an end-



of-the-world environment. Good premise.

I loved **Lyn McConchie's** Raccoon the lamb and Curly the gander story! I hope she's collecting these!!

Re: **The dissing of the N3F**; I'm aware of a similar situation – or more – and it

gets real tedious. (Not enough balanced background, to say nothing of beating a dead horse into a bloody pulp.)

Any more info on the Andre Norton Female Writer of the Year Award? [*Not yet.*]

Thanks for putting the fanzine list into different fonts for the different categories. That's nifty.

And thanks for the book reviews. I'll mention Maps in a Mirror by Orson Scott Card in his folder on the AOL SF Authors board. I don't recall that one – nice title. [*It's a trade paperback reprint of the hardbound edition that was originally published in the early 1990s, if I recall right.*]

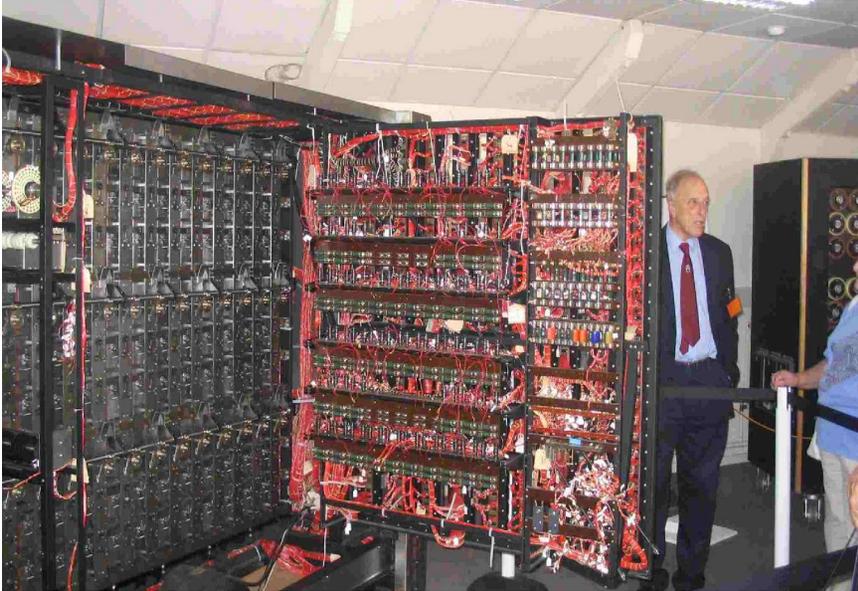
## A Webdings Letter

Dear Ralph,

This summer we decided to go  on the . But the s kept crawling into our sleeping bags and I got tired of waking up with gauze across my eyes, so we went on a  trip instead.

Boy were we surprised to see a  go by the next morning. I'll write again when we finish the trip. Sincerely, George.

*Peter Jarvis poses next to a Turing Bombe*



*[Editor's Note: Peter Weston originally posted his comments about his visit to Bletchley on the mailing list Fmzfen. I asked if I could run it in PN, since BP has many touchpoints for me and my genzine. And I could hardly pass up the opportunity to run an article mentioning Colossus, when one of my favorite (albeit not among the best) SF movies is -- did you guess? -- "Colossus: The Forbin Project." Some responses to the list post are included here with their respective authors' permissions.]*

For those with any interest in the history of cryptography, code-breaking machines, or military intelligence in general, the name Bletchley Park conjures up a cozy nest of spooks in the English countryside during World War II. If you've never heard of Bletchley Park, here's a little paraphrased background from their Web site at [www.bletchleypark.org.uk](http://www.bletchleypark.org.uk).

During World War II, the Nazi military's classified codes were broken at Bletchley Park, giving the Allied Forces vital information to guide their battle plans. Situated 50 miles northwest of

## **Adventures in the Spook Trade: Visiting Bletchley Park**

Compiled by J.G. Stinson  
Photos by Peter Weston

London, Bletchley hosted a diverse group of code breakers, among them Alan Turing and Dilly Knox. Perhaps the most well-known ciphers were broken there were Enigma and Lorenz.

A trust was created in 1992 to assist in preserving Bletchley Park as a historic site, and in 1999 the Trust completed a deal with the property owners to secure the site's historic areas.

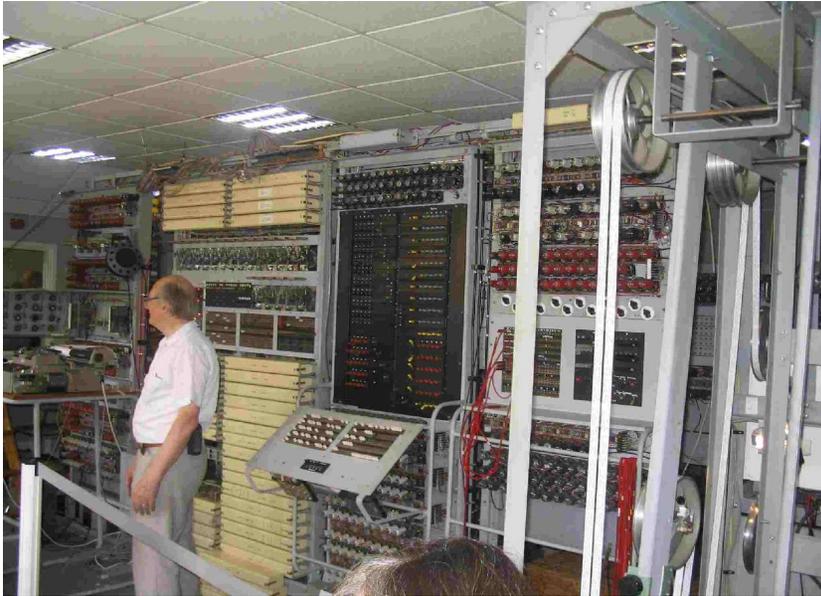
In the summer of 2004, Peter Weston and Bill Burns took separate trips to visit Bletchley. Their comments make up this article. In modern journalistic fashion, their e-mailed comments are treated as direct quotes. Imagine you're listening to this conversation taking place in a fan lounge...

"[My] visit actually took place on July 27<sup>th</sup>," Weston said. "It's interesting that Bill was there only a few weeks before me, and he spoke at more length with Tony Sale, the man who actually re-built Colossus."

Discussion of Bletchley Park turned to whether the Germans had any clues as to its existence. Ahrvid Engholm said, "Actually, there are indications that the Germans at times may have suspected something. They made changes to the Enigma machine, like changing the encryption wheels or even adding an extra wheel -- which may indicate they didn't feel too sure about the system. This usually threw the people in Bletchley Park off track for a few weeks, before they had broken into the new system.

"Another indication is the 1944 Ardennes push, the so-called Battle of the Bulge, which was a huge surprise for the Allies who were caught off guard. One reason for this was that nothing of the planning before the offensive was transmitted by radio or wire; it was

## *The Mighty Colossus Rebuild*



all done by messengers. To me this sounds like there were some suspicions -- which doesn't have to mean that such suspicions were widespread and it didn't stop the Germans from using their encryption devices.”

Jim Linwood agrees. “Hitler was aware that the Allies were obtaining German secrets somehow, but his paranoia led him to believe he had a spy within his close circle. Nevertheless he forbade any telegraph, telephone or wireless transmission of information regarding the Ardennes Offensive. Messages were to be delivered by courier with a Gestapo escort.

“Wireless intercept stations in Britain were feeding information to Bletchley Park to be deciphered and emerge as material codenamed ULTRA. Although, because of Hitler's order, there was no increase in wireless activity, there was sufficient information on troop/aircraft movements and the radio silence that, had it been properly interpreted, would have given the game away.

“Charles MacDonald's definitive book [The Battle of the Bulge](#) gives the best account of Allied intelligence regarding the

Ardennes Offensive.”

“And although Peter notes, 'Eight of these incredible devices were put into service and they could crack the most complex codes at about the same rate as a modern laptop,' I strongly suspect that a modern laptop, given the right software, would be thousands of times faster,” Engholm said.

Bill Burns, however, disagreed. “Actually, no. I was. . . chatting with Tony Sale, who built the Colossus repro, as Peter notes, from a fragment of a schematic and a few photographs. The speed of the Colossus derives from its being a special-purpose hard-wired machine. In his booklet on the project, written in 1998, Mr. Sale notes that Colossus was just about twice as fast as a Pentium PC solving the same problem. Of course by now the Pentium 4 is somewhat faster, but not thousands of times as one might expect.”

Engholm replied, “Given the right software, I suspect a modern Pentium would be much faster. The right software would, to begin with, mean that you'd leave that Master of Inefficiency, Windows. I'd load the computer with some good DOS software, for instance. Some years back I had programs for both Windows and DOS, and found out that the DOS program typically would perform these calculation-heavy tasks at least ten times faster than the Windows program. That was maybe 8-10 years ago. Today Windows is even more complex and even more inefficient, and I'd guess it'll be 20-30 times slower. If you really wanted to, you could also write the program in an assembler language, instead of a higher level language, and you'd probably get a further 10 times speed increase.”

“Yes, I'm sure you're right -- in fact, we need much more information on how Tony Sale proposed to run the Colossus operation on a Pentium PC, which he doesn't mention at all,” Burns said. “One problem would be hooking up a 5,000-character-per-second punched paper tape reader, I imagine! I suspect he just did a rough calculation of the number of operations per second required to emulate the Colossus, and translated it into terms that the average layman might understand.

*Tony Sale discusses Colossus*



“What I found amazing, looking at the complexity of both the Bombes and Colossus, is how they managed to build so many of these machines in such a short time, under wartime conditions. Gives an idea of how critical it was -- Churchill basically told other government branches to give Bletchley whatever they needed, and the GPO did a lot of work, too,” said Burns.

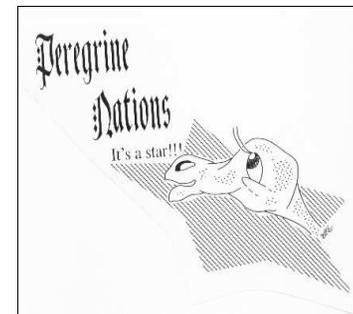
“It's an ever ongoing debate who invented the 'first computer,' ” said Engholm. “The Bletchley Park machines were certainly very important, but it depends on how you define a computer. Some say that even not the US ENIAC, operational in 1944 or 1945 (and shown to the public for the first time in 1946), was a real computer since you didn't program it with software but by manual rewiring. Even the Germans had things going on. One Konrad Zuse designed the machines he called Z1, Z2 and Z3 (the last one was the most advanced and used telephone relays, just as early US and British computers or computing devices).

“I must at the same time point towards a parallel project

within the Swedish wartime secret service, which broke into the German so called G-schreiber – Geheimschreiber or 'Secrecy Printer,' which was the machine the Germans used for wire traffic. The Enigma was for wireless traffic. During the war the Germans rented wires through Sweden to Norway and Denmark, which the Swedes of course tapped. The G-schreiber is said to have been at least as advanced as the Enigma, if not more advanced.

“One mathematics professor, Arne Buerling, was recruited into the decryption unit in Stockholm. With the help of a functional mock-up of the G-schreiber and pen and paper he broke into the system in about two weeks. There's a book on the subject, which I understand has been translated into English too. Buerling was recognized as genius and after the war inherited Einstein's office at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study.”

So, what are those touchpoints I mentioned that made this discussion worth running here? First, my nine years as a “spook” for Uncle Sam: in my training school for signals intelligence analyst, Bletchley Park was certainly mentioned. Second, PN's stated overall theme of journeys: this article reflects three of them – one each by Peter Weston and Bill Burns, and for my readers and myself, a journey back through time (so to speak).



# *What If We Gave A Con and the Ghosts All Came?*

by Christopher J. Garcia

My first convention was the 1975 NASFiC, which coincidentally happened to be the first NASFiC. Pops dragged my Mom, who carried the 9 month old me, to the con. I can't remember any of it, but my Mom said that I liked the masquerade, though some of the costumes scared me. That was my first introduction to fandom, and from then on whenever there was a con within a state and a half of us, we'd be there. Mom and Pop broke up in the mid-80s, and since I was livin' with my mother, no cons for me until I was in high school and started working as a gopher. I learned to read from old issues of *Granfalloon* and *Algol*, but never got too many of them on my own. My dad got hit by a car in the late 80s, leaving him with serious mental and physical problems, not the least of which being a memory that frequently forgot things as simple as the names of his two kids. His stuff was all boxed up and got stored at our house, completely unlooked at for the next few years.

I found myself being far more interested in the story of my dad's days in fandom when I made my first voyage in at the various San Jose conventions of the early 1990s. I could remember the stacks of fanzines and other paraphernalia that dad used to have around his apartment and figured that I should start a search for them. I never found them, but I did find a folder marked *Concept*. Knowing Pops, it could be anything. I opened it up and found a number of rather strange sketches, scribbled ideas, even a couple of the proverbial napkins that inventors always seem to have lying around. It took me a while, since I have always had trouble figuring out what the arcane symbols my father calls letters turn out to be, but I figured out that it was a plan for a meeting, or more appropriately, a con.

Dating back to the early 1970s, Dad had been interested in the

paranormal. I can remember Dad talking with Sylvia Browne and Richard Senate before they were household names in the field. About twice a year, Mom and Pops would pack me up in the car, drive the couple of miles to the Winchester Mystery House, one of the most eclectic Victorian/Edwardian houses in existence. Built by Sarah Winchester from the 1880s through the 1920s, the Winchester House could have been inspired by Sarah's desire to confuse the ghosts of those killed by the Winchester rifle. There are doors to long drops, stairs that end at the ceiling, strange cabinets only an inch deep. The place is generally creepy, but the plans that I found in the notebook would have been perfect.

On one of the sheets, there was the header 'Winchester Mystery Con'. The concept was pretty simple: get a bunch of fans of ghost films, Masked Mexican Hero films, and science fiction fans together for a day of discussions and panels in the few public function spaces that the house had available. During the day hours, when the house would be open to the public, it would be a pretty simple affair. When the place closed to the regular paying customers, then it would get interesting.

My dad and his friends were all fans of the Lucha-Hero films, and they would often get into the old arenas and watch the films there to heighten the connection. The Mystery Con idea would take that to the extreme: watching ghost films in the darkened house and having séances and such. It would be the dream location for horror fans, especially if anything strange happened, such as the windows closing by themselves or doors slowly floating open, as we had seen several times at the house on our tours.

I knew Dad wouldn't be able to give me an answer due to the brain damage, but I had run into one of his long-time pals, Tony, at Silicon 1992. I figured I would run into him again at BayCon, and I thought right. I bought him lunch and brought the notebook with me.

"So, what do you know about Winchester Mystery Con?"

"Man, I forgot about that." Tony said, pulling the notebook away from me and flipping through the pages. "Your Dad was nuts for this. He totally wanted to rent the entire place out for the night, show old movies. I remember he got in trouble when we were

thirteen for staying in the house after it closed. The security guard found him hiding.”

Tony hadn't looked at me at all, focusing completely on the papers. He pointed out a few parts where the scribbles were his and not Pops'. He pointed out the idea of hanging a screen using monofilament fishing wire and showing the movie where it would look like it was floating in air.

“That one was my idea.” He beamed.

He pointed out a few other strange concepts, such as a consuite on the stairs to nowhere and doing Guest of Honor interviews in the parlor with the organ and two stained glass windows that contain cryptic messages that have yet to be deciphered.

“Why didn't he do it?” I asked.

“Hell, you know why.” Tony said, turning another page.

“You try to convince the owner of a major tourist attraction that they should let a bunch of reckless fen run around their historical landmark house over-night. Even your dad's charm wasn't enough. I don't think they had a real meeting. I think he just mentioned it on the phone one time and they said no right then.”

I felt a little fallen, but that had always been my dad; great on the idea side, weak on delivery. I let Tony have the notebook, and when he reconnected with my Dad a year or so later, they looked at it together.

“I still think it would be a good idea.” Pops said, a little confused.

“We all do, John. Just not the folks who count.” Tony said.

The two of them, after not having seen each other for more than eight years, went over every scrap of paper in the notebook. After Tony left, Dad kept on looking it over.

“Kid,” he said, “if we can't have a con there, at least make sure that's where we have my wake.”

I agreed and wondered what sort of hoops they'd make me jump through so that could happen.

[*Christopher J. Garcia is a computer historian and writer from Campbell, CA. He has spent a good deal of time bouncing between*

*the East and West Coasts, writing on everything from professional wrestling to alternative press issues to 1950s computation. Chris has worked at the Computer History Museum since 1999 and has had the privilege of getting to know many of the pioneers in computing and video game history. Chris has also worked with various film festivals and has worked on several short films. His writing, under several names, has appeared in Nth Degree, Blood Samples, Up & Coming, The Swamp and Doom Darling. He is a regular columnist for fanboyplanet.com. He can be contacted at the following address: Christopher J. Garcia, Assistant Curator, The Computer History Museum 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd. Mountain View, CA 94041.]*



## Frohvet on . . . Film

Reviews by E.B. Frohvet

**“The Family Man” — Directed by Brett Ratner; Nicholas Cage, Tea Leoni, Don Cheadle; 2000; rated PG-13.**

Also not an SF film, this is a direct descendant (a harsher critic would say “derivative imitation”) of “It's A Wonderful Life.” And like that famously cheesy Christmas flick, it involves an “alternate reality” which will be conceptually familiar to any SF reader.

Aspiring business exec Jack (Cage) says farewell to his girlfriend (hottie Leoni, in real life Mrs. David Duchovny), promising that after a year's internship in London they will resume their life together. They don't see each other for thirteen years.

On Christmas Eve, Jack — rich, single, and lonely — encounters a strange personality (Don Cheadle). Jack goes to sleep in his sterile Manhattan penthouse, and wakes up in the life he might have had, if he married Kate: kids, dog, minivan, modest house in New Jersey. No one notices it hasn't always been this way, except 6-year-old Annie, who asks sadly, “You're not really my daddy, are you?” The child examines his face, concludes “the aliens” did a good job faking the likeness to her father, and essays a brave greeting for

this stranger: "Welcome to Earth."

Anyone who has seen the original, or understands the customs of romantic comedies, should be able to anticipate the rest. This is meat loaf and mashed potatoes, a comfort film, reassuring in its predictability. On the modest level of what it is, it works very well.

## Paying Another Visit to Aunt Dimity by Lyn McConchie

Back in 1992 I was lucky enough to lay hands on the first in this series, Aunt Dimity's Death. I was caught immediately by the skillful blending of three genres so that none is more important than the other. Here you find a ghost tale, a love story, and a whodunit, all given equal time and all of absorbing interest. In each too the mystery to be solved usually consists of a wrong which needs to be righted and with Aunt Dimity's help Lori always seeks to do this. But Penguin paperbacks and Viking hardcovers are hard to obtain in New Zealand. As a result over the years since while I'd been able to find six of the nine books in the series, I was unable to lay hands on the other three.

Last year, *Peregrine Nations* published my overview of the series with brief reviews of the six books I had. But this October I was sent the missing trio from America and I can now review them as well, with minor repetition on the whole series for those who may have missed the previous article. I can also assure those who may be interested, that the author continues to write and even as I write this, a new book has been completed and will be out soon.

Aunt Dimity Beats the Devil is the sixth in the series and one of the best, at least, to my personal taste. In this adventure Lori has left her husband to take care of their eighteen-month-old twin boys while she takes a brief break from motherhood to value an old library at Wyrdhurst Hall in Northumberland on the Scottish border.

Naturally, being Lori, she takes with her Reginald, the pink flannel rabbit, adored companion still from her childhood, and the journal with the blue cover - through whose pages her dead Aunt

Dimity still communicates. And it's as well she has their support. She is driving to the hall through heavy downpour when a landslide carries her small car to the edge of the road. Lori leaps clear just in time but everything else is carried over the edge.

With no choice, she begins to follow the road on foot and is deep into hypothermia when she stumbles to the front door of a small cottage. The inhabitant, the gorgeous Adam Chase who may have his own agenda at Wyrdhurst Hall, rescues her. As may the two owners of the hall, Jared Hollander, and his wife Nicole who is half his age and oddly nervous about the hall which her uncle gave her as a wedding present.

It isn't long before Lori discovers that there is a mystery as to how she even came to be on the road to the hall, since it is part of the army's training area and the gate should have been locked. Did someone unlock it deliberately and if so, was it to lure her into danger - or someone else? And what agenda has Captain Manning who seems so interested in the hall and its chatelaine in particular?

With sage advice from Aunt Dimity and moral support from Reginald, Lori battles strange events, footsteps in the night, and unexpected explosions. The resolution is well crafted writing. I found the explanations sympathetic and believable and the characters three-dimensional. And, despite what you might think, although this is the coziest of cozies in one way, in others it is also right up to date in its exploration of people and their motivations.

The next book I'd missed to date was Aunt Dimity Takes A Holiday, eighth in the series. It is useful that the author has cleverly written these books both as a series, but also so that each may be read as a stand-alone. If you read the series you can see the characters grow and develop, but each is also a neatly complete tale in and of itself.

Something some series do not follow and I appreciate that these do, amongst other points, it makes them good presents for family and friends who like a mystery but may not be able to afford to buy a series at once. And it has enabled me to enjoy each book thoroughly without having it spoiled because I missed the occasional volume here and there.

In this book Lori's husband Bill is summoned to the reading of a will. Lori comes too and together they arrive at the stunning country estate of Lord Elstyn, an aged autocrat with a determination to bend his family to his will. And yes, that pun was intentional. But since when was anything ever simple when Lori is around? It certainly isn't going to be here.

Even before Lori sets out with Bill, her old friend and neighbor, Emma, reveals that Emma's husband Derek is actually titled and a member of the Elstyn family. Still reeling from that Lori arrives at the estate with Bill, to find a valuable piece of topiary in flames, possibly by arson. Lori moves rapidly into family feuds, verbal attacks from one family member, attempted seduction by another, and a riding accident that may have been no accident.

It looks as if someone within the house isn't happy with the disposition of Lord Elston's estate. But who is it and in which direction do they plan to incline the outcome? Before Lori discovers the truth she herself will be in grave danger from the perpetrator, a marriage will fail, and an estate's disposition will be settled in a way most do not expect.

Again, this book had an excellent, cohesive and fascinating solution. The sort that makes the reader sigh contentedly when they finish reading.

The third book missing was the newest, [Aunt Dimity Snowbound](#), published by Viking in 2004. Again it was an excellent read, the chill of one of the worst storms in England in living memory being very realistically depicted. In fact halfway through the book I found myself trotting out to stoke the fire quite unnecessarily.

The book begins with Lori treating herself to a daylong hike through the English Cotswolds. (Not something I'd do myself without survival gear, I've heard about that area.) And as might be expected the worst snowstorm in very many years strikes just as Lori realizes she may be on the wrong trail. She stumbles into the nearest shelter which turns out to be an old building, Ladythorne Abbey, previously owned by a mystery woman who died two years earlier and now the property of an actress who is a client of Lori's lawyer husband Bill.

This is very useful since two other trampers have taken

shelter in the unoccupied house, and the caretaker, arriving with a shotgun to repel burglars is still less than amused to discover that while they aren't the burglars or vandals he fears, all three of them are Americans - whom he likes only slightly less. Lori is able to use her knowledge of Bill's client to persuade the old man that they should be permitted to stay in shelter, but while the caretaker now seems to believe that her companions aren't criminals. Is that true?

Lori isn't sure when she finds that one of them may be prying about in the attics, and that the other may not be telling the whole truth about himself either. With the help of Bill - on her cellphone - and Aunt Dimity - who's along in journal form in her haversack, Lori sets out not only to discover what her fellow trampers are up to, but also why the caretaker hates Americans, and what happened to the Peacock parure, a fabulous treasure which may, or may not, have been stolen from the abbey's previous owner during the war. With Aunt Dimity's information about the days of the war, and a little pointing from Reginald, all is revealed and old wrongs and sorrows explained and righted.

The Agatha Christie comment, that 'old sins have long shadows' is used here and in truth it encapsulates the whole plot. In the light of modern attitudes the final decision seems naive, and yet it feels right for the characters and the book. The next --number ten -- in the series will be [Aunt Dimity and the Next of Kin](#). I have as yet no exact information when this will appear but I for one will be eagerly anticipating its publication. For those too who may be interested, there is a website for this series, [www.aunt-dimity.com](http://www.aunt-dimity.com) Recommended to almost any one who likes a good mystery and enjoys that leavened with a ghost, a romance, and Reginald for Furry Fandom.



## The Cherryh Odyssey

Wildside Press is proud to present another volume in its Author Study series: *The Cherryh Odyssey*, edited by Edward Carmien (0-8095-1070-7 [hc], \$32.95; 0-8095-1071-5 [tpb], \$19.95).

For over 30 years, Hugo Award-winning author C.J. Cherryh has been writing science fiction and fantasy novels of depth and complexity. Her style ranges from deadly seriousness to the driest humor, and her characters reflect the diversity she sees in humanity's future among the stars. But how did she develop her writing skills? What led her to writing SF and fantasy? What impact has she had on the field? What is coming next? And what's with the H at the end of her last name?

*The Cherryh Odyssey* answers most of these questions (a writer has to have a few secrets). With an introduction by James Gunn and articles by John Clute, Janice Bogstad, Betsy Wollheim, Jane Fancher and others, *The Cherryh Odyssey* is a must-have book for Cherryh's fans as well as anyone interested in a wide-ranging and readable scholarly study. Editor Edward Carmien is himself a fiction writer and an academic and is uniquely positioned to select the writers, scholars, editors and others who appear in this work.

Praise for *The Cherryh Odyssey*:

"C.J. Cherryh has written some of the most important science fiction of the last thirty years, and is one of the small handful of major female writers of hard sf, and yet astonishingly she has received very little critical attention. This collection of essays, together with its wonderful bibliography, ought to be consulted by everyone interested in the very best of modern science fiction."

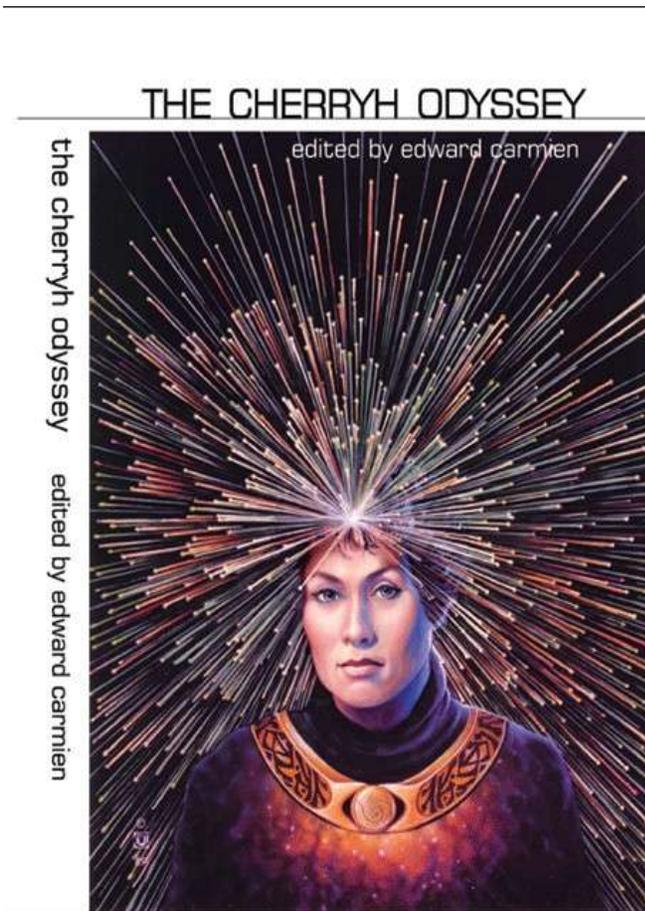
—Edward James, author of *Science Fiction in the Twentieth Century*, co-editor of *The Cambridge Companion to Science Fiction*, and Professor at University College Dublin

*The Cherryh Odyssey* is a full-spectrum portrait from both peer and scholarly sources of

one of speculative fiction's most innovative and far-reaching minds." —Lynn Abbey, co-creator of *Thieve's World* and author of more than a dozen novels, including the "Orion's Children" series

*The Cherryh Odyssey* is available from Wildside Press as of September, 2004. Order online at [www.wildsidepress.com](http://www.wildsidepress.com), or send your order form request to: Wildside Press, P.O. Box 301, Holicong, PA 18928-0301. Other inquiries: Edward Carmien ([carmien@mac.com](mailto:carmien@mac.com)), (609) 921-7100 X8235.

[I'm running this press release in PN because I have an essay in this book: "The Human as Other in the Science Fiction Novels of C.J. Cherryh." This isn't strictly an academic book; it can be used as a reference text by students and teachers, certainly, but fans of CJC will also find much of interest here. All the contributors will be paid royalties on the sales, so anyone purchasing a book would be helping me put some change in my pocket. Thanks to all those folks in advance. Please pass the word around.]



## In the Interim: Fanzines Received

I ran out of time for reviving my fanzines reviews column, so we're all stuck with this for now. New fanzines are in bold; one shots and specials are in italics.

ALEXIAD VOL 3 NOS. 4 & 5// ANSIBLE 206-208 // \*brg\* 37 // CATCHPENNY GAZETTE 5 // CHUNGA 8 // CONVERS (AT)IONS 5 // DE PROFUNDIS 381-382 // eAPA 5-7 // eI 15 & 16 // EMERALD CITY 104 // FILE 770 143 // FLICKER 3 & 4 // FOR THE CLERISY 57 // *HOW GREEN WAS MY VEGRANT* // *THE INCOMPLEAT BRUCE GILLESPIE* // THE KNARLEY KNEWS 107 & 108// THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN VOL. 4 NO. 3 // THE NEW PORT NEWS 217 (SFPA 241) // **SOME FANTASTIC 1** // SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN VOL. 8 NO. 6 // UNNAMEABLE 2 // VANAMONDE 553-562 // WEEKLY TAFF NEWS 2 // WHO IS THE STAR-SPANGLED TORQUEMADA? (SLANAPA 416) // *THE YEAR OF LIVING FRANTICALLY* // ZOO NATION 5

## The Free Book Deal

Our query for Contest #10 ran about screaming: “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?” The correct answer was K, for Kindred, as in Philip K. Dick.

None of my regular-mail readers entered this time, so there will be no award in that category. (Gee, does that mean I owe Marty Cantor a book?!?)

For the online category there were four entrants, and the winner is Lloyd Penney, who will receive a copy of Beyond World's End by Mercedes Lackey and Rosemary Edghill (aka eluki bes shahar) (and it's a better book than you might think, Lloyd). Congrats

to the winner, and thanks to all who entered the contest.

Contest #11 is announced. What, you thought I'd stop after 10? I still have books left! This time the question is a really fannish one: “According to *The 2000 Old Fan's Almanac* by Dick & Leah Smith, which four writers (all of whom have written as fen and “pros”, as far as I know) have birthdays from Nov. 23 to Nov. 25? Just the names will do, folks. There's a big HINT in the question, so please pay attention!

Anyone who doesn't have a copy of Robert Bloch's The Eighth Stage of Fandom is encouraged to enter at least the regular-mail contest. The online contest prize is a secret. <grin>

**Entry deadline is Jan. 10, 2005.**



Will the Real Swamp Thing  
Please Stand UP?  
editorial

For those interested, I haven't heard anything further on the so-called Andre Norton Female Writer of the Year award. I did a Google search and nothing turned up, but I didn't spend a lot of time checking the links for Andre Norton, either. Anyone

who does find something about this is welcome to send it to me so I can provide an update.

I managed to delay this long enough to include a Turkey Day report. My mother cooked up a mess of turkey and all the trimmings, my brother came up from Royal Oak, there were five of us for dinner on the day, and there was much rejoicing. I showed off the book (The Cherryh Odyssey) and everyone one oohed and ahned, and I relieved them of having to read my article by describing it as “kinda academic and English lit in tone.”

Because the original film version was a favorite of mine and because a friend was cast as Theo, I went with my “needle lady” to see the Manistee Civic Players production of “The Haunting of Hill House,” adapted from the Shirley Jackson novel by F. Andrew Leslie. I'd never seen this play before, nor read it, so I had no idea what to expect.

If I hadn't had to go fetch my son from a football game by 9:30 p.m., I'd have found another excuse to bail. The production was well-intentioned, but the director had barely had time to get her cast into rehearsals before the actor who was to play the professor's wife became very ill. The director took over the role. Perhaps if there'd been more rehearsal time, the director would have perceived that the text as written was very wordy and could be pared down with some succinct rewrites. As it was, there were long stretches of info-dump from the professor and a great deal of ad-libbing (it was opening night, and I should have known better). It was painful. My friend the actor did well in her part as Theo, but the production began to devolve into a comedy by the time I had to leave. That's a shame, because the first scene where the group experiences what's haunting Hill House started off very well. There were crew members in the basement of the theatre, or there was some kind of special-effects contraption set up, to create thumps that came through the floorboards of the theatre. The key point here is that the Ramsdell Theatre is over a hundred years old, so we're not talking hi-tech. Despite the miscues from the stage crew (sound and lights), I got goosebumps on my arms, so I know it worked at least in part.

As my mother reminded me, musicals here are much better done than dramas. I kept to myself the added thought that it all depends on who's in the cast and who's directing.

My next scheduled foray into the arts will be in March 2005, when I'll ride up to Interlochen with my “needle lady” (the word acupuncturist is long and difficult to type) and her mom to hear Ladysmith Black Mambazo. I'm treating myself for my birthday. Like many others, I first heard Ladysmith when they provided backing vocals for Paul Simon on several tracks for his album *Graceland*. I

look forward to hearing them in a live context for the first time.

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After watching the show several times on the DIY Network, I succumbed to the lure of scrapbooking (aka cropping, for the frequent cropping of photo prints involved). All that paper, in all those gorgeous colors and patterns, and the inks in the pens, and rubber stamps, and on and on. Well, what's a stationery addict like me supposed to do, when all that swag's waved in my face like cotton candy? It didn't help that an entire shop devoted to this hobby has recently opened in downtown Manistee. I got the started kit, began organizing my photos, and once I'd done my first two pages, I was hooked. I showed it to Mom and explained some of the techniques to her, and she got hooked. My aunt (Mom's sister) got hooked when she and my uncle were here over the summer to visit and I took her down to the scrapbooking shop (cleverly called Scrap To It! with the exclamation point included).

So what's the point of scrapbooking? Well, the thing about it that attracts me (besides all the aforementioned swag) is that it's a fun and effective way to present a photo collection in something besides plastic pages. One can include written notes (called journaling) and dates and captions on a traditional scrapbook page, but the newer version is acid-free and archival, which is supposed to make the photos and everything one uses to present them last longer. Longer than what, I don't know, but it doesn't matter. Traditional scrapbooks never had this much decoration.

On a recent trip to the grocery store, I cruised the magazine section and saw a new knitting publication. It looked like it had some interestingly modern patterns in it, so I bought a copy. When I read it later, I was amused to see a photo ad for a dog jacket where the jacket had the following saying: “mama is a yarn ho.” I think I would have preferred “yarn slut,” but that's the glory of crafts – one can customize to one's heart's content., Fortunately for me, I don't have a dog that needs a dog jacket. Siberian Huskies are born with their own fur coats. That reminds me: I wonder if I still have that pattern for a sweater made from Siberian Husky undercoat yarn . . .