



**VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE / OCTOBER 2002**



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## Additional Art:

Alan White / cover, masthead

No page numbers again, still haven't figured out how to make Word do that without futzing the thing...

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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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"As Perrottet explains...the Pax Romana...in the first two centuries of the Christian era...made possible for the first time the concept of tourism...and with it all the accoutrements still known in the travel industry: *peregrinatores*, the tourists themselves; *mystagogi*...guides; *periegesis*, ...guidebooks..." // From "On Tour with the Ancients" by Louis Werner, *Archaeology Magazine*, Nov./Dec. 2002, p. 57. Well, now, ain't that a hoot.

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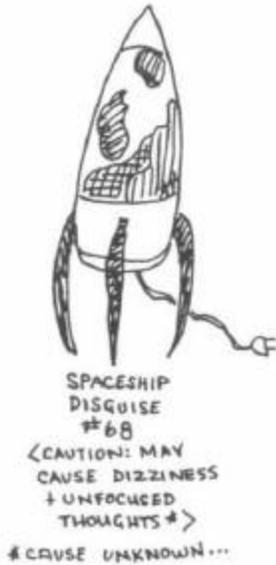
Contributions are welcome in the form of LoCs, articles, reviews, art, etc. in e-mail to: **tropicsf@earthlink.net** (please use Peregrine Nations in the subject) or via regular mail. **No attachments unless previously arranged.** Clearly scanned artwork is also welcome. Main articles should be around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

**Next editorial deadline: Jan. 20, 2002.**

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER THREE / OCTOBER 2002

# Silent eLocutions

*dwain Kaiser*



Another successful issue of *Peregrine Nations*. And by the way the issue looks really primo printed on “*Nonstop*” blue paper.

One of the major problems I see with e-zines and PDF files is that they don’t work on all machines; my home computer (for whatever reason), won’t do illos. I’m sure it’s some technical problem, and one easily solved by anyone with a slight amount of technical ability, a level which I sometimes -- in my wildest dreams -- might aspire to, but certainly one which I’m nowhere near at now... my grandson’s machine handles everything perfectly, and my daughter’s printer nicely double-sidedly printed it up. The end result...a nice package, delivered postage-free to my house. Of course I’m picking up the printing costs, but with the additional bonus that there is something there to pick up. An event that might be unlikely without the aid of computers. I guess in some ways we *are* in

the 21st Century. [*I plan to return to offering a paper version to all, if/when I can afford it again later on.*]

Then I’m the one who still loves “deadtree” zines, even when they’re printed up by myself. Somehow reading it on the computer screen just doesn’t do it for me...damn hard to comment on at the time, and completely unreadable in the bathtub (my favorite fanzine reading venue). Still it’s an interesting idea...doing a PDF e-zine... I’ll have to give it a serious “think”.

I’m sure that you, like myself, would love to pub an issue without needing the “dedicated to”. I never knew Ron Walotsky (which seems to be my loss), but Don Franson I did know. In our extended family of fandom he was the “friendly uncle”.

If you define the LASFS as fandom then you’re right. I’m too old fashioned I suppose, I consider a “fan” someone who is active in a number of areas of “fandom”. I would define those areas as publishing (apa/gen/e-zine), writing or artwork (e-lists to letter hacking to producing pieces for lucky editors like us to publish), club attending, and con attending. If you do three of the above you’re a “fan” in the sense I mean it. LASFS is its own world, for better or worse. There’s a handful...of attendees who have joined the larger world of fandom (hmmm, more than ever maybe that should be trufandom...it’s hard to say that without a chuckle however). But you’re right that Marty is out there pushing the fanzine part of the mix...ghu bless him. I wouldn’t be surprised to discover... that LASFS’s average of active fans is higher than that of many clubs. Three genzines published by club members isn’t a bad “average”. APA-L still stumbles along, with some mighty good writing contained within its small package, but the average is still too low for my taste.

Lyn McConchie is right concerning convention size: Small is better in most cases, and the closer to the “family” unit it is, the better. Now my wife is very outgoing, so not being in familiar territory is not as much of a handicap for her. I tend more to hold back when I don’t know anyone around, [and] it certainly sounds like Lyn and I [have] that disadvantage [in common].

It was delightful, at the last WesterCon, to be able to put a “face” on such letterhacks as Marisol Ramos-Lum. Fandom of late has too many aging graybeards (like myself), I’m always cheered by the influx of new blood into this hobby of ours. (This “way of life” of ours?)

“State of the Art” is a true learning experience. I just wish it wouldn’t be so expensive (I must get some of those titles to discover how much Hogarth and I agree, tastewise).

Concerning the main points made in “Blowout in the 1990s” I must completely agree. Our beloved SF is often dependent (maybe too often) upon Sense of Wonder (“gee what a neat concept/idea”), and character development (much rarer). Neither [wears] well when thinned out by...unneeded verbiage...It

takes less skill to write a largely padded novel than to turn out a work that tells you what you need to know with a accomplished austerity of words.

[Re:] your comments concerning Earl Kemp's writing. His comments are pared down to the universe as he sees it, as he lived it. And that's exactly how he says it, to the point. [The] end result is admirable for its honesty and frank nature. But then I'll admit that it is a matter of taste (which in the end was the point you were making). Earl's rejoining fandom was one of the high points of the last few years in my view. There's an honest choice for best fan writer.

Reading your zine reviews, I noticed that *Nonstop Fun Is Hard on the Heart* isn't on the list...hmmm, that means I had better get off my butt and get busy finishing up the issue so I'll have something to trade for your continually evolving and delightful zine.

*Joseph Major*

Well, we could always write about the Derby Festival, when all Louisvillians flee the city.

The first Eric Frank Russell book I remember is Men, Martians, and Machines which had some interesting things to say about blacks, artificial intelligence, and Dickian thought. (Playing chess when you can't be sure the move you see is the real one . . .)

I understand Wasp may have been based on some of Mr. Russell's connexions with a real department of HMG. "My name is Russell. Eric Russell."

New cons can be intimidating. Perhaps Lyn McConchie should have gone to Kubla Khan in Nashville, which in 1995 was under 200. RiverCon in Louisville was around 700 that year so might have been more of the same, but -- for a foreign guest Khen Moore would probably have bought her dinner.

When I started reading about Jordan's Wheel of Time (I gave up reading the books themselves after the second book resolved absolutely nothing) I ran across a review where the reviewer thought the third book might be the end of the series. Or maybe not. I understand he is saying now that it might end after the twelfth book. Or perhaps the fifteenth.

I presume "their turn on the wheel" refers to the professors who assign books they haven't actually read themselves. [*Well, yeah, them too.*]

It may interest you to know that about fifteen years ago Dan Caldwell put on a convention in Nashville. He called it Xanadu. He specifically told me that no roller skates would be allowed. "Ya seen one fanatic, ya seen 'em all." But those are my fanatics! (Well, more or less. I presume, for example, that I will be going to the Heinlein Society dinner at Torcon next year.)

I can remember the fourth line -- "And death's my destination" -- but not the third. Aaaaarrgh! [*Hint: It's in the book. No one said you have to produce the answer from memory. Heh. There might even be a Website where the four lines are quoted -- but only those truly interested in the prizes are likely to bother with Web surfing for the answer, I guess. And the fourth line changes, by the way.*]

Regarding Lyn McConchie's comments on "Blowout in the 1990s", I have noticed this. For some reason we have a lot of older books, and they are very slender, running on the average at a little over 200 pages. (I remember a high school class where we had to read a book, and the teacher specified it had to be longer than 200 pages, and everyone's book was just over 200 pages.) The works to hand are Ben Bova's The Watchmen (1994), which is Star Watchmen (1964) and The Dueling Machine (1969) in one volume, and is 424 pages, and Guardians of the Lost (2001), which is 642 pages. That is, books have approximately tripled (assuming the two sixties books are about half the size of the combined edition) since the sixties. And those two Bova books would have been 75¢ or perhaps 95¢. (The combined edition is \$5.99) Guardians of the Lost is \$7.99. As for padding I agree. For example, Connie Willis' Passage (only \$6.99 but 780 pages long) was definitely padded. Had an editor said something like "Is it really necessary to describe the route taken through the hospital in full detail every time?" Willis might have said, "Well, I guess you don't need to publish my book after all, I'm sure other publishers won't insist on this nasty cutting."

If you want encounters with the weird, look at my family. Which includes a gaggle of Fundamentalists, one genuine psychic and his association, a clear-quill eccentric (he let his teeth fall out because it was too much trouble to go to the dentist), an acting teacher gone Hollywood, and on and on. We get used to strangeness.

*[Sadly, the rest of Joe's LOC disappeared in a puff of electronic mayhem. I tried several times to recover it from the saved e-mail (saved as .txt) but to no avail. Steps Will Be Taken, however...]*

*Lyn McConchie*

*[In which our correspondent recounts the latest lamb lollapalooza from Farside-- among other things...]*

In the last P.N. Mike Rogers asked if it was true an author can't sell a book without an outline for the next two. To date I've sold six books in America. The first two as single books, the other four in pairs. But I'd find it almost impossible to sell on outline. I don't write that way. In fact, when a book signals to me it's ready for me to start writing, I may have no more than the last paragraph. Or the first. Or the name of a character. It's rare that I even have a slender skeleton of what the plot might be. And once I begin writing that may well go by the board anyway. So, no, none of MY publishers have demanded outlines before they'll buy. It's possible some publisher somewhere is doing it, but not to my knowledge, either personal or anecdotal from writer friends.

And in reply to Erica Lacey, yes, Cherry Wilder wasn't unknown in Australia, or in New Zealand for that matter. But her output over so many years was so small, many people hardly remembered her work. She did have fans, some very fervent ones, but I always felt her work was not honored as it should be. Small output, yes. But high quality. And you do remember right. Cherry wasn't Australian. She was born in New Zealand and lived here her first 26 years. It was only then she moved to Australia, and later, to Germany. Then she returned home here in 1994. Once she was back we talked on the phone every day. I miss her.

Catherine Mintz: Shy writers. Yes. The problem is that nowadays one can't afford to be. Readers expect to [be able to] attend book signings, hear "their" writer at conferences, and be able to meet them at various writer events. I live in a rural isolated area, but I'm still grabbed several times each year to do talks to local groups of around 30-50 people. I go to an average of a con a year minimum and often end up on panels. I'm just really grateful I have no problem with that. I enjoy talking about my work to anyone. I've done signings and really enjoyed them. I'm told that makes me more valuable to publishers. I hope so.

And right now Winter is officially dead on Farside. Unfortunately someone forgot to tell Winter. Outside as I type, it is raining, blowing half a gale, and temperatures are far enough down I'm glad the fire is burning. So are the cats. I've fed Emily the orphan lamb who has vanished into the depths of the covered yards. No fool she, despite what they say about sheep. No fool, but brother, is she loud. Last Saturday, I'd been reading late and woke up to the fact about 11 p.m. Oh dear. Emily was due for her late-night bottle -- oh well, at least it was a fine night for once. I hastily warmed the bottle and hurried out to the gate, calling her name and tapping the bottle in the usual signal. No Emily. I tapped and called louder. No reply and I didn't want to be out here half the night, it was cold even if it wasn't wet or windy.

I raised my voice and hammered her bottle vigorously. From far away came a scream, another, but no closer. I yelled, Emily screamed back. She'd like her bottle. So, come and get it. I can't. Oh heck. Grimly I opened the gate, and began to trudge in the direction of the screams. But what with me yelling and Emily too, I'd woken up the kid's dogs which assumed something was going on they should mention. They did -- loudly. Dean and Diane (my best mate Ginger next door's son and his girlfriend, they have a house truck on the corner of my farmlet) emerged from their house truck with torches. What was going on? From his next door bedroom Tony (my mate's husband) noticed torches flashing about the paddocks and the dogs going crazy, since by now they had also set the geese off, there was quite a carnival atmosphere. Tony wandered out waving his torch in turn to enquire, Ginger followed.

By now I'd reached my screaming orphan and found the daft lamb had crawled under the end gate and joined Ginger's sheep down the back. Then when I started calling, and in pitch dark, she couldn't find the

gate to return. I opened the gate, Emily rocketed through still screaming, and started hitting me about the knees in search of sustenance. I led her back down the paddock and fed her where she should have been to start with, back at the gate by the cow bail. Everyone else returned to bed and the creatures finally shut up as well. Emily retired grumpily to shelter in the covered yards and I trudged back inside. I've now started feeding Emmy only twice a day, once around 8 a.m., then again around 8 p.m. If we have that circus again at least I won't be waking up the entire area as they wonder what's happening on Farside NOW.

But Emily can make herself heard anywhere anytime all right. While the writers group was here a couple of weeks earlier I suddenly heard all hell break loose near the back door. I glanced at my watch, made a couple of assumptions and shot out with the bottle. Sure enough, I was late. Em had marched to the nearest gate and screamed. A couple of the ewes in the next paddock had come running to see why. That put the ewes right by the goose's nest and the gander had gone off like a bomb about it. I fed Emily, the ewes wandered away, and Curly the gander shut up. A visiting friend a few days later looked up around mid-afternoon and asked what on earth that awful noise was. It sounded like an operatic diva in the throes of passion. I sighed. Only Emily, but she certainly can hit some of the higher notes. If anyone ever decides they should train a sheep to sing Wagner, Emily would be ideal.

*Lloyd Penney*

I've got with me a printout of Peregrine Nations, V2#2, WN6. Looks like another big issue, with lots of black making the white look interesting indeed. With some luck, perhaps I can add to that black in the next issue with this loc.

We are not filkers, but Yvonne and I have been assisting the local filkers with their annual convention, FilKONtario, for 13 years now. For ten years, we ran the con suite, but now I'm hotel liaison while Yvonne is transportation chief and sound ninja. Because of our work, we've met people like Heather Alexander and Talis Kimberley, and they are great people to be able to simply sit down and chat with. (With Talis, it's a good cuppa tea in the con suite.) They even sound wonderful; great singers, but what experience I have with filk proves to me that for every sweet singer, there's a dozen baying at the moon. Fortunately for those who must bay, filkers are a forgiving lot.

Lyn, if you ever do that tour of Canada, let us know, and we can help get the fannish masses out to see you. I've got contacts across the country, and know who to contact to get more. There's only a handful of SF stores across the country, but there are plenty of readers. I wish you'd been able to come to World Fantasy in Montreal last year. It was a small, friendly convention, and even though we were minor committee, we had a great time. Your experiences at WFC in 1995 shows that the pros can be as insular as the fans.

Marisol Ramos-Lum spells out a problem that attacks the fannish pocketbook these days, the inability (or unwillingness) of authors to write for clarity and conciseness, rather than to see how many words can be squeezed into the story for maximum cents per word. I still remember Cliff Simak novels that were sometimes no more than 130 pages...it really was a pocket novel back then, because it could fit. Now, thousands of pages tell a story, and to me, it's indication of an authors inability to write, and an editor's inability to edit. The bottom line rules all. I'll jump ahead to Lyn McConchie's article on just this topic, and it reflects what we've been saying here, that authors pad their manuscripts so that they are paid more, and editors demand the padding so the publisher can demand more at the book store. The final consumer, namely us, pays in many ways, in money and time and patience and faith. I have always thought that the best stories were big stories in small books; I guess that's my journalism training influencing my tastes. *[Some writers claim that their publishers demand they write longer, because the publisher's marketing people say bigger books sell better, so pad away because it doesn't cost the publisher but a few cents to add 200 pages to a 200-page novel, thus*



*they get a larger profit margin. Writers faced with such demands are often those who aren't bestsellers, and can't afford to be choosy if they want to try to write full-time and make a living from it. Of course, there are other writers who just write too much and don't have editors with the cojones to stand up to the writer and the publisher and defend the worth of a concisely-written book. All the editors are apparently MBAs now, more's the pity...]*

I look forward to Earl Kemp's next eI, for many reasons, not the least of which is to discover what response there was to the zine as a whole, and to my lead-off article about American government actions since 9/11/01. I gather reaction was about as voluminous as crickets in a country field, faint and few. I hope there'll be better response to eI4. [*The analogy stumps me; I thought crickets were legion in country fields.*]

So many authors I know are shy, and of course, the best known ones are the ones who aren't shy. Mike Resnick and Rob Sawyer immediately come to mind, can't think of why... The non-shy ones get lots of attention, but some of those who are shy crave it, and even appreciate the attention given all the more.

Contest #2...The verse by Alfred Bester (no, not the PsiCop) that mentions Gully Foyle is so familiar, but I looked it up, just to make sure... No doubt, Bester's fine work was the source of goshwow and sensawunda for a lot of us little brats, back when we actually were little brats. (Now, we're old brats. Just because we got older didn't mean we grew up.) [*It still is, for me; I happen to like Bester's work a great deal, since it was "Stars" and Andre Norton's Moon of Three Rings that got my hooked on SF in eighth grade.*]

Tobes Valois chummed his way through local fandom here a few weeks ago on his cross-continent TAFF excursion, and we had a good time pubbing with him. We spent the evening with him at Mike Glicksohn's favorite bar, Bert & Ernie's, and spent it with Mike, Hope Leibowitz, Colin Hinz, Catherine Crockett, Charles Levi and Murray Moore. An enjoyable evening indeed. [*Down here in our shark-populated waters, chumming has an entirely different meaning among those who fish, but in Tobes' case it's entirely applicable. Hee!*]

I've run out of zine, so I guess I've run out of letter. I wish you were coming up for Ditto. It takes place in a couple of weeks, and it's here in Toronto, with Murray Moore as chairman. We're looking forward to it, and we're hoping for a few more past the 35 or so registered for the con. Quantity will be supplanted with quality, and we wish you were coming to add to the mix. [*Me, too, Lloyd -- but no can do this year. Have some extra fun on me, okay?*]

*Henry Welch*

Thanks for the link to the latest PN. It printed up quite nicely. In answer to your contest "Deep space is my dwelling place" as reported by sfsite.com and tracked down in less than a minute by Google. I suspect there are many of your readers who will recognize the source.

My demise as a regular reader can be traced, in part, to the bloated books of the 1990s. In some cases the padding was so bad that a 1,500-1,800 page trilogy could have been done at about 500 pages. I've even wondered if the editors have stopped actually editing. Some of this is due to technical advances that don't require the publisher to retype the entire blasted thing for the typesetting. [Writers, however, do have the option in contracts of reading and revising galley proofs, and it used to be the editor's responsibility to edit. It seems these things fall by the wayside in many cases nowadays, in the rush to get product on the shelves. This is what happens when business dictates to creativity to the point where the work suffers.]

Sorry about the mis-crediting in TKK. The hazards of cut and paste are clear and present and the table of contents is usually something I forget to do until the last minute. [*I thought it was kinda funny, myself, and you're certainly forgiven.*]

E. B. Frohvet

Receiving *Peregrine Nations* is the highlight of an otherwise dull and rainy Thursday. Okay, the rain is right up there too, as it has been desperately needed. I will assume for sake of discussion that you and Big Pine Key are still there, having evaded any hurricanes. Good timing, as this enables me to enclose my letter with the current mailing of my own zine, thus saving one stamp.

dwain Kaiser: My view of clubs is much like yours, their interest seems to be mainly local -- as it should be -- but even those which throw large cons seem to have very little interest in fandom beyond their own area. I have given up on trading for clubzines as there appears very little chance of getting meaningful responses... Marisol Ramos-Lum makes a good point, that nearly everyone on receiving a fanzine looks to see if their LOC was published. Either putting the lettercol first, as you do, or indexing LOC's, as they do in *FOSFAX*, makes it easier. As for C. J. Cherryh, I like most of her SF (though the "Foreigner" series is dragging a bit) but her fantasy mostly leaves me cold. I agree with you, Janine, I find reviewing easy; to some people it is more stressful... Mark Plummer: On one occasion I received six different copies of the same DUFF ballot, with six different zines. I once distributed ballots myself, indicated I would do so again if asked, no one ever asked... Mike Rogers: I heard the Harlan Ellison anecdote second hand, but from someone who insisted that Harlan often told the story about himself... Joseph T. Major speculates about making up a book for an academic class. More truth than fiction, I guess. I once invented a book for a book review which I sent to a (famously kind but gullible) faned, who published it... The plural of "medium" is "media." I leave it as an exercise for the students, to note who used the wrong form... Lloyd Penney: I announced my *Twink* #20 as "Fifth Anniversary Issue", on the cover no less (thanks again to Trinlay Khadro for titling help), but that's the first and only time. Some people enjoy the clutter and personal interactions of Worldcon, Lloyd, and some just find it tiresome (and, yes, even lonely) after a while...

I don't know of any cases of writers specifically interacting with musicians, but less direct cases of cross-pollination do occur. Joan Vinge was once inspired to write a particular story by the Doors' "The Crystal Ship". I don't believe that was the title of the story but can't remember. Hmm, "Pictures at an Exhibition", composed by Modest Moussorgsky from the inspiration of an artist friend's showing at a gallery. [*Which Emerson, Lake and Palmer later used as the basis for their musical exploration of the same name, back in the 1970s; that was one of the more ambitious "progressive-rock" concept albums recorded, but its success or failure lies with the listener.*] I think Harlan Ellison once wrote a story suggested to him by a picture at a convention art show. [*He's also ensconced himself in bookstore windows to write a story in a day based on ideas selected at random. But the pinnacle of this kind of inspiration, I think, was when Ellison looked at over 30 paintings by the Polish surrealist Jacek Yerka and wrote stories for each. The result, from Morpheus Books in 1993, was Mind Fields -- an incredible union of words and images.*]

Actually, I'm pleased to know that I got the "prize" on recognizing the poem by random drawing. I had read the first two of Diane Duane's "wizard" books but was never able to locate the third, so that was interesting, though I imagine both my taste and Diane's have moved on since 1990. I know the reference to Gully Foyle is from a famous SF book that I have not read, or at least not in numerous years, so I will refrain from guessing.

One advantage of the bigger books is that two pre-1980 novels can be published as a single book, which makes reprinting out-of-print classics easier.

No violent disagreements with your fanzine reviews (some specific differences of opinion). I had observed elsewhere that Steam Engine Time actually happened. I received the first issue in July 2000, sent a LOC, and that was the last I ever heard of or about it. Wonder if that LOC was ever pubbed or even WAHFed? [SET #2 Nov. 2001 and SET #3 Dec. 2001 both appeared, more closely together than Bruce Gillespie intended. #2 had a nice chunk of LOCS and an extensive WAHF list, neither of which included your name when I scanned the pages. #3 had no LOCS at all. It seems your letter never arrived. I e-mailed Bruce; Certain Parties seem not to have done their disty duties, and he apologizes. He says if

*you'd kindly send him a few TWINKs, he'll gladly send back SET 2 and 3 and (when it's ready) SFC 78. If you want to make other arrangements, by all means do so. The rest of you lot with pocket change, send Bruce some green stuff so we can all share in the joy of SFC 78, okay?]*

*"Who the hell is Tom Sadler and why is he sending my address to strangers?!?!?" Tom is the Michigan publisher of The Reluctant Famulus; and everyone in fandom pinches, steals, and recycles addresses of possible trades/contributors. I received a LOC and some art from Jukka Halme in Finland and encouraged him to write/contribute to other American fanzines, specifically mentioning you by name, Janine. (and I had gotten his address from *Trap Door*...) [I was being sarcastic; I knew who Tom is. Grin. I just thought it was odd he'd been recommending me to other faneds when I'd never received his fanzine. I'm not even sure he was on my earlier mailing list, but he's on it now.]*

*I fail to find Ansible amusing. Whether this is just a failure of overlap between Langford's sense of humor and mine, or because I violently resent what he has done to the Fan Hugos, I will leave for someone else to analyze... [Note: Smartassery filter engaged...I suspect your lack of response to Ansible, humorous or otherwise, has more to do with your feud with Langford over the fan writer and fanzine Hugos than any inability to appreciate his style of humor. Then again, there are lots of people who think "Monty Python" is just plain stupid. The only thing Langford might have "done to the Fan Hugos" is not withdraw his name from nomination, and until the WSFS changes the rules, there's nothing that prevents voters from nominating him.*

*[Notice that the same names are usually nominated for the Best Pro Artist, Best Fan Artist, and Best Pro Editor Hugos as well. If one is going to carp about a person being perennially nominated and selected in one category, one should consider being magnanimous and railing against the lot of them.*

*[From where I sit, what the "Langford controversy" boils down to is a basic difference of opinion on what a fanzine is supposed to contain. It seems the Worldcon members/attendees who like Langford's zine and writing style have used their votes to make their opinions known on this.*

*[Having to join the WSFS (according to the rules) in order to either nominate and/or vote for the Hugos is the way the contest runs. And it is a popularity contest. It's the same set-up as the Nebulas, the Emmys, the Oscars, the Tonys, and just about any other award one can name. A group of people compiles a list of people/works they like, then all the group members eligible to vote do so, and a winner is announced. For professional writers and editors, getting a Hugo might help a little at contract-negotiation time, but there's no tangible value to it for other winners beyond acquiring a nice statuette.*

*[I'm beginning to think that the Hugos mean very little now, compared to when they were first given out, because SFnal concepts and styles (wrongheaded or not) have deeply permeated the general human consciousness via movies and TV. SF isn't "special" any more, it can't be ghettoized because it's been chucked out of the ghetto and into the spotlight where everyone can see it and say, "Oh yeah, I know what that is." There is nothing anyone can do about this.*

*[Anyone who wants to change the rules concerning how Hugo nominations are made will have to mount a major effort to change the relevant WSFS rules. As the old saw goes, if you don't vote, you have no business complaining about the results. Did I vote? No. For right now, being a supporting member of a Worldcon is a luxury I can't afford. And I don't complain about the results.]*

*Noted your comment about the South Florida SF5 needing "new blood" for the ICFA. Funny, I was left with the impression that anyone without serious snob-value academic credentials was unwelcome. I would be pleased to be proven wrong on that. [Then why not write to them and find out? According to the SFSFS Shuttle article, last May the president and vice-president of IAFA, which puts on the ICFA annually, announced their resignations effective March 2003. IAFA's problem isn't money, it's manpower. Their current leadership is aging and there doesn't seem to be enough new members joining to spread out the workload of holding the conference. There's also talk about the conference location changing in two years, when the current hotel contract expires. The IAFA could decide to move the conference out of Florida altogether. This, understandably, is a worrisome possibility to the SFSFS members, who get some benefit from having the ICFA so near to them. SFSFS isn't a huge group, either, though. I think it'll take*

some doing on the latter's part to keep that conference in South Florida. I wonder if Brian Aldiss has some relatives he can send over on work visas?.....]

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## SMOKE & MIRRORS

*Some thoughts on 40-odd years of arty stuff, in and out of fandom*

by Alan White

Gray and stooped over a keyboard, my weak and watery vessels squint against the monitor, straining to see detail I add to my latest masterpiece. As I work in shadows of ancient ruins, keeping the chill from these old bones by tossing the odd fillo into a fire, I think back to days gone by. Youngsters gathered 'round may doubt this tale of things called "hand waxers" and "Zipatone". And yet, I swear, like 10-inch vinyl voice recordings they did exist! Back in the days when babies (they say) boomed I perused a holy scripture called *Famous Monsters of Filmland #1* and heeded the siren song to the Mansion of Acker and became one with an alternate universe called Fandom! Oh yes, for I lived in the vicinity of a SMOF called Bjo who in turn belabored the SMOF called Pelz to shower upon me scads of gifts called "zines". And there in these hallowed tomes of fuzzy pages and words that struggled to become legible did I find my salvation. And here my tale begins...



It was 1959, I was 12 and discovered I hadn't a jot of writing talent and certainly no means for reproducing anything if I had. Hardly a pediment, as my mother's office had a device that copied documents! Propelling your original page and a treated paper through a lighted box and then through a tray of chemicals, you created a negative of your original page! By running the negative through the device with another sheet of magic paper, voila! you've created your copy! My first zine, *Recoil*, had 4 pages, and took over an hour to print 5 copies. I made the leap to mimeography and sadly, was still incapable of stringing two words together. While it was possible to scratch a simple sketch into a stencil, even turning the crank was a talent I was bust to muster. There were results, however -- a zine called *Orbit* which circulated around school with, at best, mediocre reviews. I found it easier however, to turn a crank than find someone to submit anything.

I'd mastered the concept of which end of a pencil offers which results and thus contented myself to emulating the art of these glorious artists that caught my eye: Alicia Austin, George Barr and Tim Kirk.

In 1969 Ed "Big Daddy" Roth was known for such automotive sizzlers as "Mystron" and "Druid Princess," yet here I was sanding car bodies and watching the master at work. Meanwhile, Xerography had become a viable means of copy and thus with my portable Corona I created a zine called *Odyssey*. It boasted a Gray Morrow cover, a Big Daddy sketch on the back and 20 pages of fun writing while the art consisted of a series of ATom knockoffs. Roth, also known for his "Rat Fink" creation, knew everybody and was routinely visited by several of my heroes: Robert Crumb, Rick

Griffin and Robert Williams. Watching the ease and attitude with which they drew their cars and monsters was as important as what they drew.

I returned from a stint in England freshly basted with fanac and moved to Hollywood in 1970, working for fly-by-night film producers that, if nothing else, taught the basics of layout, advertising design and ballyhoo; repackaging foreign films for U.S. distribution; designing posters, press kits and such (a few of these films are listed at [www.imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com)). Graphic art was a tangible field. Everything had a texture, a smell and a fragility. Typesetting houses delivered type in long strips of photographic paper, photographs were shot and altered with airbrushes and then by use of huge cameras, turned into halftones for printing. "Layout" and "Paste-Up" were actual job classifications and graphic artist Saul Bass became an immediate hero. His work on movies like "Vertigo" and "Man with the Golden Arm" showed me the importance of simple, dynamic graphics.

The world of graphic design seemed light years from fanzines, but complete control of the end result rather than confinement to primitive technologies like mimeography had great appeal. Since I was bereft of writing skills, quality production of the work of others seemed an appropriate alternative. Tom Reamy knew this 5 years earlier. His zine *Trumpet* served as my carrot-on-a-stick, and an art supply dealer in Los Angeles opened my eyes to a myriad of things with which to experiment. In fact, the potential was so stupefying, I am still unsettled on any particular medium; a dilettante in every sense. Technical pens, drafting tools, watercolor, acrylic, airbrush; comics, fanart, fanzines -- so much to do and so little time.

Filler sketching was another matter and mailing them was a hazardous proposition. At times, the faned was never heard from again, and thus art and time creating the art was lost. I began sending copies yet was chided by a New York faned that copies were "...against the very nature of fandom!" I won a few awards at the cons, but more importantly, selling art paid for attending and left a few bucks for supplies! As the art GoH at a convention in Leicester, England in '75, I nipped over to Paris and visited the Metropolis bookshop, a hangout for Moebius, Phillip Druillet, Enki Bilal and a few artistic expatriates like Jeff Jones and Richard Corben who were already famous in Europe yet relatively unknown in the U.S. I was introduced to *Metal Hurlant*, the magazine that would translate into *Heavy Metal*. Here was the art and printing techniques James Warren would capitalize on and use to launch a new comic industry in the U.S.

Back in the States, Kathy Hammel's *Fantasy Artists Network* showed an eagerness to create a sophisticated magazine and gave me full reign of layout. While my improvements were dubious at best, the zine was nominated for a Balrog. The rub came with letters claiming the new look was "More sophisticated than the people the magazine goes out to and should return to the old format." Despite the setback, I produced *Airwaves* on my own, utilizing all the graphic and typesetting techniques I'd learned thus far. It was offset printed, typeset text, wraparound covers and saddle stitched. Graphic-heavy to be sure, boasting both art and photography portfolios. Artists would have the most crisp line art and blackest blacks while authors would have the best layouts and illos to accompany their articles. When I pitched the idea to Robert Bloch, he immediately gave me a story to include and illustrate. I was proud as hell, but presenting the zine to LASFS, the first person to flip through it claimed it "...wasn't a Fanzine" and threw it on the floor! After 7 issues I put the zine to rest.

No doubt the 70s and 80s were a heyday for fan art. I produced boxes of illos that went all over the world and there wasn't a Westercon and LosCon where I wasn't in the art show plus huckstering art, art books and movie material brought back from Europe.

Stoked by Mike Glycer's *File 770* and Mary Cantor's *Holier than Thou*, I was producing my zine *Delineator* with an Amstrad computer when Apple released the Mac Plus in 1984 and graphics would never be the same. The computer offered access to the Internet and thus boodles of postage was saved by e-mailing fillos throughout Europe. Each issue of *Delineator* contained over 100 pages, over 200 fan photos and piles of art, it was also the first time Steven Fox, Terry Jeeves and others would see



their work in color, yet my local target audience would have nothing to do with it. And thus, through most of the 80s I was content to merely send sketches here and there but at the beginning of the 90s I moved to Las Vegas and dropped out of fandom entirely.

Throughout the 90s, computer technology went wild. T-Squares, waxers, rub-down letters gave way to bigger and faster computers and digital software I first saw at MacWorld/San Francisco in the 80s later became standard in the printing field.

Finding work in graphics kept me up-to-date with the advances in technology, and I attempted to use it wisely in all things fanish. Simple things like creating a halftone of a color piece would break color into shades of gray, thus turning work unprintable on simple copying machines into successful covers. This worked well on several covers for *File 770*.

As a diehard Mac fan, it was the Mac G3 and G4 that gave me the power needed to operate sophisticated upgrades of Photoshop, Illustrator and other graphic software. All this led to a comeback in the late '90s which I owe to Joyce and Arnie Katz who revived my Sense of Wonder with not only the desire to create a zine, but to use the newest technology for its creation and distribution. Technology is available to let anyone create anything at any time and send it anywhere in the world, absolutely free! Thus a PDF zine, *Smokin' Rockets* was born (available from [www.efanzines.com](http://www.efanzines.com)) and two issues proved an interesting experiment. Meanwhile, while learning Adobe Photoshop I made the natural progression into 3D computer graphics.

Like thinking a mimeograph and new typewriter ribbon would turn me into Hemingway, there are those who think the right software will make them an artist. Nothing could be farther from the truth in either case, and expensive lessons beckon. To make the leap from paper to pixel is more daunting than you might believe, but the results can be stunning and the potential for expression unlimited. Here then, the most valuable commodity becomes time; there will never be enough. To create the cover for this issue, I took glaciers of time over three weeks using both Bryce 5 and Poser 4 plus 19 hours to render. Then of course, the image is taken into Photoshop for color correction and adding finishing touches here and there.

The pen and paper haven't been deserted however; I still send a lot of stuff around the country when time allows. Some faneds say "Thanks", some don't; a few send copies, some don't; sometimes art credit goes to someone else -- a predicament befalling all fan artists, I suspect, and so the next time you see someone's art that tickles your funny bone or gives a thoughtful pause, if you're loccing anyway, make a comment. Fan artists work hard to entertain, or at least fill a space.

I'd love to hear from those likewise occupied; please drop a line to [vegasite@aol.com](mailto:vegasite@aol.com) and visit my website: [www.fansite1.com](http://www.fansite1.com) and Chaz Baden's snippet at: [www.scifiinc.org/gallery/bio/White,\\_Alan.htm](http://www.scifiinc.org/gallery/bio/White,_Alan.htm). And with that, pardon while I toss another fillo on the fire.

*Alan White is a graphic artist for a number of casinos in Las Vegas and never turns down a request from faneds in no hurry. He even does stuff without asking.*

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## Saints by E. B. Frohvet

I should point out that I am not myself Catholic, nor even much of a church-goer. In the Protestant tradition in which I was instructed in my childhood, we were taught that every person may take his problems directly to God; no intermediaries were required. Nevertheless, I can see something interesting and even appealing in the traditions of the saints.

The term "saint" (Latin *sanctus*, from the verb *sancire*) is one of those words that seems pretty obvious until you start to think about it. Webster's New Collegiate gives it as both "one officially recognized esp. through canonization as preeminent for holiness", which is a good sense of what it means in current canon law; and "one eminent for piety and virtue," which is a fair traditional meaning. The term is also claimed

in a more generic sense by certain groups, notably the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons) and the New Orleans football team.

The everyday use encompasses the first two senses. For the first 1,000 years or so of the Christian era, deficiencies of transportation and literacy were such that many individuals were revered locally as "saints" by acclamation. Many such did not receive formal recognition from the Vatican for centuries; in some cases, not at all. A lot of these were "grandfathered" in after the fact, the Church acknowledging them as suitable for local veneration without bothering with the rigors of a formal canonization procedure.

We generally think of creating saints as the purview of the Pope (John Paul II has canonized more than 300 in the past 23 years) and the Church of Rome. In fact, other bodies claim the distinction. The Russian Orthodox Church recently conferred sainthood on the last Czar, Nicholas II, and his family. Not my place to argue whether Nicholas was "eminent for piety and virtue", but he was killed by the atheist Bolsheviks (though their motive seems to have been more political than theological).

Any fair-minded observer also has to admit that what has come down to us concerning the saints is a blend of history, tradition, pious exaggeration, borrowings from various mythologies, and outright invention. What, for example, to make of Saint George and the dragon? Obvious problem there, right? As in, where do you get your dragon? Did Saint George actually kill some predator -- a bear, for instance -- and someone thought a dragon would make for higher drama? More likely we are intended to take the whole episode as allegorical.

For centuries, Saint Christopher was recognized as the patron saint of travelers because of a tradition that he had been assigned by a holy hermit to help people cross a river. Being a strong man, this was not a problem, until one day a boy sought his aid. The child grew heavier until the mighty saint reached the far side, when it was revealed that he had been carrying the Christ Child, and with him all the sins of the world.

The only trouble with this quaint story is that when I read it as a child, it was in a book of fairy tales, clearly labeled as such, and the mighty figure was just "a giant", not a saint. Very likely this was possibly a pre-Christian fable that was assimilated and conflated into the legend of an historically doubtful saint.

Still, if you've been creating saints for 2,000 years, there is likely to be one for nearly every occasion.

Most of the scholarly professions have their patrons. Writers may claim Saint Francis de Sales, 17th Century bishop of Geneva, because his Introduction to the Devout Life, not a leaden treatise on theology but an upbeat guide for the lay reader, was hugely popular and was translated into many languages. Here was the original of the now proverbial, "More flies are attracted by a spoonful of honey than by a whole barrel of vinegar."

There does not appear to be a separate patron of editors, but Saint Thomas Aquinas, 13th Century Dominican theologian, is the patron of printers because he wrote extensively. Booksellers may claim Saint John of God, who in the 16th Century was a highly successful seller of religious books. Librarians have the patronage of the 5th Century scholar, Saint Jerome. Though not himself a librarian, he was much indebted to the libraries of the time for his crowning achievement, the first definitive Latin text of the Bible, the Vulgate.

Schoolteachers may call upon Saint John-Baptist de la Salle, who in the 18th Century founded the still-extant teaching order commonly called Christian Brothers. He was himself a noted teacher and well ahead of his time in such practices as teaching in the vernacular instead of Latin, and encouraging both literacy and practical craft education for poor children. Saint Madeleine Barat and Saint Angela Mirici were influential in founding schools for girls.

Accountants may claim the apostle and Gospel writer Saint Matthew, who was a tax collector; and architects have the apostle Saint Thomas ("Doubting Thomas" because he was said to have built a palace for a Syrian king. Tradition, or legend, take your choice, place Saint Thomas in Eastern sites: Christians in both Syria and Malabar claim direct lineage from his evangelizing.

You know the joke about the engineer who was accidentally sent to Hell, right? Saint Peter calls the Devil on the telephone and tells him to send the man back to Heaven, but the Devil refuses, because the engineer is fixing all the air conditioning and so forth in Hell. Saint Peter gets angry and yells, "You'll

send him back, or I'll get a lawyer and sue you!" And the Devil laughs and says, "Yeah? And where are you going to get a lawyer?"

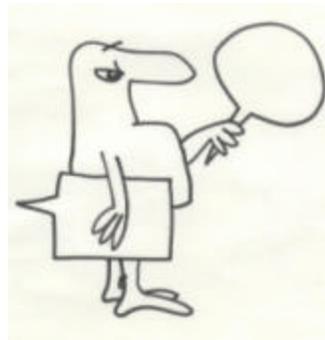
In fact, lawyers and judges have a patron in Saint Yves (variously "Ivo") of Brittany. In the 13th Century he was a lawyer and a judge, is said to have represented widows and orphans for no fee, and had a reputation for fairness. He often encouraged litigants to settle out of court. He was nearly 50 when he left the law to be ordained as a parish priest; however, for the rest of his life he was called upon to settle disputes.

Saint Peter would have other legal resources: Saint Turibius was a lay professor of law at Salamanca University before, at the age of 42, he was abruptly appointed a bishop (for Lima, Peru). In vain he pleaded that he was unqualified for the office; the Church consecrated him a bishop and shipped him off to South America in 1581. In fact he devoted himself to his new position and proved highly successful. Saint Raymond of Penafort had degrees in law and taught at the University of Barcelona. Several popes had degrees in canon law.

Not surprisingly, natural conservation and ecology can claim the patronage of the famed Saint Francis of Assisi, founder of the Order named in his honor. His Canticle of the Sun, which emphasizes consideration for all aspects of the physical world, together with anecdotal accounts of his kindness to animals, makes clear there is history to support this patronage.

Students of the natural sciences have the patronage of the scholar Saint Albert the Great ("Albertus Magnus", see the reference in Heinlein's Glory Road) who wrote many treatises, learned by the standards of the 13th Century, on astronomy, chemistry, and geology.

Artists have the patronage of Saint canonization, someone asked where to his frescoes on the wall of the place, and said, "There." Musicians According to the account, Saint to a pagan. The husband agreed he the marriage if she could prove her chamber, miraculously transformed and an angel appeared and crowned be husband was so impressed he and agreed to live celibate.



Fra Angelico. On the occasion of his were his miracles? The Pope pointed chapel where the service was taking may appeal to Saint Cecilia. Cecilia was married against her will would not press her to consummate faith. She led him to the bridal with heavenly music and flowers, her with lilies and roses. The would-converted to Christianity on the spot,

There's a lot of flower magic in these early stories, as in the case of the 4th Century martyr, Saint Dorothy, patron of florists. As she was being led to execution for the offense of refusing to sacrifice to pagan gods, a man mockingly asked her to send him fruits from the gardens of Paradise. After her death, an angel appeared, to give the man a basket containing three apples and three roses. (A more probable variant suggests Saint Dorothy sent the flowers herself, via the medium of a jailer she had befriended, and the mocker was stricken with remorse because she had done this kindness even on the brink of being executed.) There's a similar unlikely incident involving Saint Elizabeth of Hungary.

The medical professions are well represented. Physicians have the patronage of Saints Cosmas and Damian, legendary early martyrs to whom were attributed many miraculous cures. As they are said to have treated animals as well as people, I suppose veterinarians fall under their purview also. Saint Luke the evangelist and Gospel writer is said by the Bible to have been a physician (Colossians 4:14); Saint Antony Zaccaria received a medical degree from Padua University and practiced medicine before becoming a priest.

Nurses have Saint Camillus of Lellis, who founded a nursing order in the 16th Century. He is described as having been a large man, a soldier in his youth, "hasty in temper and an inveterate gambler" before finding religion. Wisdom as well as compassion marked his later career; he insisted on fresh air and suitable diets for patients, and isolation of the infected, long before these were conventional medical wisdom.

The patron saint of midwives is Saint Raymond Nonnatus, for the possibly dubious history that he was

extracted from the womb of his mother after she died during childbirth. (The appended surname "Nonnatus" is a Latin pun, literally, "not born.") There is also Saint Margaret of Antioch, who among her numerous attributes promised her protection to pregnant women; however the Oxford Dictionary of Saints discounts the historicity of this figure, calling her probably "a character in pious fiction."

Dentists may claim the patronage of Saint Appolonia. According to legend, she was an aged deaconess at Alexandria who, during a persecution of Christians, was tortured by having her teeth broken or pulled before being burned to death. The picturesque detail of her promising to help all who suffered from toothache, is probably a later addition to the tale.

Saint Nicholas of Myra, one of the most popular and generous of saints, lends his patronage to apothecaries (today's pharmacists). Pawnbrokers also claim him; reportedly the pawnbroker's ancient symbol of three gold balls derives from the tradition that the saint provided bags of gold to three orphaned girls as dowries so they could make respectable marriages. The debased form of "Santa Claus" apparently springs from a Dutch custom of giving gifts to children on his feast day (December 6). As he was a bishop at Myra in Turkey, it seems a safe guess the worthy saint was unacquainted with reindeer! The red suit? Your guess is as good as mine.

There is Biblical evidence to support the attribution of Saint Joseph of Arimathea as patron of undertakers: in the Gospel according to Mark (15:43-46), this "honourable counsellor" claimed the body of Jesus from Pilate and placed it in a rock tomb, from which Jesus was resurrected. The later claim of this saint as having come to Britain and pioneered Christianity at that site now called Glastonbury, appears to be fable.

Household domestics fall under the patronage of Saint Zita, who spent most of her life as a humble servant. She was renowned for her generosity to those even poorer than herself, despite being misunderstood and criticized" by her employers for giving away their food; their annoyance is perhaps not entirely unjustified!

The Biblical record again supports Saint Martha's patronage of cooks and housekeepers (Luke 10:38-43). Jesus was received into the house of Martha, the sister of Mary (apparently Mary Magdalene). When Martha was left with the entire burden of domestic duties, she protested that Jesus should tell her sister to help her; but Jesus gently reproved her.

Saint Fiacre, an Irish-born hermit who lived and died in France, is the patron of gardeners, "because of his skill in this craft." In a related vein, wine growers and those connected with the wine trade may call upon Saint Vincent of Saragossa, because his aid was frequently invoked to protect the vines from frost, common on or about his feast day (January 22).

Saint Martin of Tours is the, or a, patron of tailors, from the tradition that he tore or cut his cloak in half to give part of it to a beggar. The connection with weather may explain the expression "Saint Martin's summer", unseasonably warm weather around his feast day (November 11). Oddly, there is a reference to this saint in Verne's The Mysterious Island. In a time when there was more attention to religion, the author simply assumed his audience would be familiar with Butler's Lives of the Saints or some similar volume. Tailors and cloth merchants may also call upon Saint Homobonus. Yes, his real name: Latin, "good man". Whether his parents were intuitive, or he tried to live up to the name, it seems apt; Saint Homobonus was noted both for piety, and for more practical concerns, as feeding the hungry and burying those too poor to afford a funeral. As a married layman of common birth and mundane occupation, this saint is unusual, as were the circumstances of his death, which were rather dramatic. At a considerable age by the standards of the time (76 or 77), surrounded by his children and grandchildren while at Mass as the Gloria was being sung, he "stretched out his arms in the form of a cross" and fell dead on the spot.

Jewelers and metalworkers have Saint Eloi (also "Eligius"). He was so skilled as a worker in precious metals that he was made Master of the Mint in Marseilles, and kings sought his talent. Later he became a priest and bishop, and was accounted an influential preacher. Saint Eloi also influenced the Council of Chalon, which decreed that slaves might not be forced to work on Sundays and other holy days. According to our present views on slavery that may not seem like much, but in the 7th Century it was probably regarded as a very liberal concession.

Shoemakers, cobblers, leather workers, may appeal to Saints Crispin and Crispinian, on the tradition that they lived by their skill in this trade so that the alms of the faithful could be put to more charitable ends than supporting them. Carpenters, obviously, have the patronage of Saint Joseph, who supported Mary and the child Jesus by his skill in this occupation.

The archangel Michael is mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments (e.g. Daniel 8:15), but most notably as the angel who informed Mary of the coming of Jesus (Luke 1:26-38). In recognition of his role as God's messenger, Pope Benedict XV in 1921 proclaimed Gabriel the patron saint of postal workers, telephone and telegraph workers. I recall reading somewhere that the Vatican has been petitioned to name a patron saint of the Internet! As far as I know that is still under study.

As might be expected, some rather quaint, though often logical, attributions have crept into the process. Mountain climbers have the protection of Saint Bernard of Aosta, because he built shelters and guest-houses in the Alps to protect travelers there -- and yes, the breed of dogs is named in his honor. The Pope who declared this in 1925, Pius XI, had enjoyed climbing in his own youth.

Even the homeless have their own, Saint Benedict Labre. A religious eccentric (today we might well call him a psychiatric case), he spent his life as a vagrant pilgrim, living on handouts and wandering from one church or shrine to the next. He died in Rome in 1783, aged about 35, from some combination of disease, exposure, and self-imposed malnutrition.

On a more serious note, race relations has its patron in Saint Martin de Porres. Himself of mixed race, the illegitimate son of a free black woman in Lima, Peru, he became a Dominican brother and spent his life caring for the poor and sick of the community without regard to race or color. He obtained many cures regarded as miraculous, though not canonized for more than three centuries after his death. On a related note there is the recognition of Saint Peter Claver, "apostle to the Negroes", a 17th Century Spanish Jesuit who spent more than 40 years tending to the physical and spiritual needs of blacks at Cartagena, Colombia, a center of the slave trade at the time. On his death in 1654, the local authorities who had long considered him a nuisance, finding him safely dead, generously gave a substantial funeral. Blacks of course were not permitted to attend -- so one of the saint's fellow priests walked out of the event to hold Mass among those to whom Saint Peter had devoted himself.

Dropped your keys? Misplaced your wallet? Saint Anthony of Padua, the highly esteemed Franciscan preacher of the 13th Century, is often invoked as the finder of lost things; more broadly, he may also be invoked for those who have lost something more abstract, as peace of mind, zeal, or sobriety. It stems from the account of a novice brother who had borrowed the holy man's psalter without permission, returning it hastily after seeing a "fearsome apparition".

If the whole thing is getting you down, there's always Saint Rita of Cascia, the patron saint of "desperate cases." Having, in deference to her parents' wishes and against her own preference, married a man who was prone to violence and treated her badly, Saint Rita endured 18 years of infidelities and abuses with devout patience. After he died, she returned to her own original inclination and became a nun.

The court of last resort, so to speak, would be an appeal for help from the patron of lost causes and hopeless situations, Saint Jude. He is said to have received that distinction because no one invoked him for any other purpose, as his name so closely resembled that of the betrayer Judas. There is regularly an ad in the *Baltimore Sun*, offering a Solemn Novena at a local shrine of Saint Jude.

Geography has its attributions as well. England has Saint George, Ireland has Saint Patrick, and so forth -- the list is quite extensive. If you're wondering, by the way, the patron saint of the United States is the Blessed Virgin Mary. This seems to be the Church of Rome's fallback position for nations which are either not predominantly Catholic, or have not been around long enough to produce saints of their own; Honduras and New Zealand share her patronage, among others.

As I said before, many of these tales are obviously fictional, or at least wildly exaggerated. Many are clearly historical. Some are in between. All of it is part of a long historical and cultural tradition to which the western world, at least, are collectively heirs. There may be room for some truth or inspiration in the history of which this is a very superficial survey. Tradition and Scripture (e.g. Saint Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews) say that God speaks to us in "many and various" ways. I'm prepared to believe that some people

have had a glimpse of the transcendent.

[*Note: Lives of the Roman Catholic Church saints have interested me for a long time as well, more for their story value than their religious significance. Since this is the October ish of PN, I thot this article belonged here, since the day after Hallowe'en is All Saints Day on the Christian calendar. And in a way, saints are sort of like ghosts....*]

## State of the Art: Graphic-Novel Writers -- Coda

by Will Allan Hogarth

### **Brian Azzarello**

This Brian-Michael-Bendis-in-training got attention when he, an American, took over the writing on the most British of series, *John Constantine, the Hellblazer*. Although it's too soon to tell, he seems to be developing into something special.

*Place to Start:* *100 Bullets* (trade paperback) or *Hellblazer: Hard Time*.

*Pro:* His plotlines are as clean as those by Bendis.

*Con:* His dialogue, though good, can't match that of Bendis.

### **Katsuhiko Otomo**

Otomo has big things going on in his head. Massive thunderheads of concept float by in their dangerous aircraft-carrier-like majesty. You might say that he's Japan's answer to Jim Starlin. But, unlike Starlin, he doesn't seem silly or out of control. As a writer, he can be serious without being maudlin or pompous. As an artist, he creates the prettiest squalor.

*Best Place to Start:* The megalithic *Akira* just might be the best Manga ever made. (The movie version just scratches the surface.) An earlier work, *Domu: A Child's Dream*, manages to cram a world full of tension into a single small apartment block.

*Pro:* Unlike most Manga artists, each character looks unique, so it's easier to tell them apart.

*Con:* Due to the incompetence of a post-DeFalco Marvel Epic, the last dozen issues of the US's color version of *Akira* are almost impossible to find.

### **Moebius**

The French have feelings too, and what they usually feel is wry amusement. If you liked "*The Fifth Element*", you can now get acquainted with the writer/artist whose body of work inspired it. Jean Giraud (aka Moebius) is France's King of Comidom. From his moody and bright early works (*Arzach*) to his dabbling with Westerns (*Lt. Blueberry*), he never fails to entertain.

*Best Place to Start:* Although most fans enthusiastically point at some of his *Airtight Garage* work (available in the US in graphic-album form from Dark Horse Comics), I prefer the witty and wild *Incal* mini-series. You gotta love a guy who names his protagonist John DiFool.

*Save this for Last:* *Moebius 0 - The Horny Goof* is something only a Frenchman would enjoy. It dances on the tightrope between droll and juvenile...but gets far too close to juvenile.

*Pro:* Like a previously mentioned writer, "He thinks up 10 cool things before breakfast..."

*Con:* He's an artist you either love or hate. If you find any of his work "too-cute-by-half", sorry...it's *all* like that.

### **Terry Moore**

Tired of Superheroes? Here's some real-life amusements. Moore writes lovely stories about realistic people.

*Best Place to Start:* Nearly all Moore's work is in one series: *Strangers in Paradise*.

*Pro:* Moore comes close to achieving that "eavesdropping" feeling.

*Con:* After the adrenaline rush instilled by all the other writers on this list, you might feel compelled to dismiss Moore's tales of ordinary folks with (almost) ordinary lives as tame or prosaic. Don't. The more you read, the more you'll like.

### **Jhonen Vasquez**

This cynical LA MexiGoth specializes in turning out nursery rhymes for deranged monsters. His masterwork, *Squee!* tells the sad tale of Todd Casil, an adorable, high-spirited preschooler with the world's most neglectful parents. What's worse is his only two friends in the world are Johnny (who is a psychotic serial killer) and Pepito (who is literally the Antichrist). No, really! As you can tell, it's a lighthearted comedy.

*Fun Fact:* If you've ever seen Nickelodeon's "*Invader Zim*," you are looking at a kid-friendly, animated version of Vasquez's artwork. "*Invader Zim*" is to Jhonen Vasquez's *Squee!* what "*The Simpsons*" is to Matt Groening's *Life in Hell*.

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**Jhonen:** Heeeyyyy. Waitaminute. You're the Devil, aren't you?

**Quiky Mart Clerk:** No I'm not. Go Away.

**Jhonen:** C'mon...yer the Devil.

(*Quiky Mart Clerk transforms into his true form*)

**Quicky Mart Satan:** Curse you, Jhonen and your Dreaded Word Probe!

Now prepare to feel the wrath of my Satanic Head Bitey!

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*Best Place to Start:* Although *Squee!* and *I Feel Sick* are his two best works, reading the primitive but still amazing *Johnny, the Homicidal Maniac* gives you a lot of background about Todd (the protagonist of *Squee!*) and Devi (the protagonist of *I Feel Sick*.)

*Save This For Last:* *Filler Bunny* is sickly cute but not required reading. (It's actually an ashcan quickie to appease the fans while he works on the new *JTHM* series.)

*Cons:* Vasquez writes for a PG-13 to R audience. His work is the definition of "Black Comedy" in all its gory spite. (*Johnny the Homicidal Maniac* is especially gory...But that's to be expected...It's about an angst-addled teenage SERIAL KILLER, after all.) Well, actually, all of his work is pretty disturbing.

*Warning!:* Don't waste money on the series called *Anti-Social*. It's a rip-off cash-in cobbled together by a semi-skilled imposter who lacks Vasquez's wit and \*cough\* taste.

### **Roman Dirge**

Continuing in the "Funny Horror" vein of Vasquez is the calmer and more contemplative Roman Dirge. Dirge's *Lenore* is Goth-friendly and low-key, like "Anne of Green Gables" on lithium as filtered through the brains of Edward Gorey and Tim Burton.

*Best Place to Start:* So far, all his work is in the series *Lenore*.

*Pro:* Excellent read for teenage or older kids, and any adults who like Vasquez's work *in theory* but who still find him too "excessive."

*Con:* Could you believe it? Sometimes Dirge gets a little too precious and cute. Like an undead Smurf.

### **Dave Sim**

Sim has spent more than two decades hammering away at the same self-published independent comic. Why? Because it still sells. Why does it still sell? Because it still rocks! *Cerebus* started out as a silly, low-budget "funny animal" parody of *Conan*. Over time, it developed into a rather highbrow dissertation on BIG ISSUES like politics and religion. And his prose sometimes feels like actual (gasp!) literature! The *Cerebus* milieu also bristles with nearly as much distinctive detail as the fantasy worlds of (gasp!) "real" writers who write "real" books. No wonder people keep going back. It feels like home.

*Where to Start:* If you want to skip the developmental stages (imagine an Elric-like character with a silly hat who talks like Foghorn Leghorn) and want to get right to the stuff that made him famous skip to **Cerebus: Church & State Vol. 1**.

*Pro:* His phone-book-sized trade paperbacks make for great sitting-by-the-fire-with-a-snifter-of-cognac reading.

*Con:* Some accuse Sim of indulging in a smugly obtuse flavor of misogyny. I suspect he's merely mental. 20 years of drawing drunken aardvarks is bound to turn your brain to guacamole. Also, Cerebus has been going on for so long, it would probably take you 10 years just to read what he's *already* written. (Hint: skip to **Church & State**. And if you start at the beginning...it'll be underwhelmingly corny (it started out as a joke, remember?))

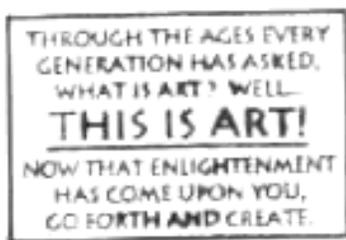
### **Drew Hayes**

This writer/artist condenses many good points of the greatest of the "independent self-published" creators. Drew Hayes' **Poison Elves** sports characters as interesting as those from Terry Moore's **Strangers in Paradise** in a setting as rich as the world portrayed in **Cerebus**. And it nearly matches the crazed mind of Jhonen Vasquez for sheer intensity.

*Where to Start:* All of his published work is in the series **Poison Elves**. The first five major storylines (**Requiem for an Elf**, **Traumatic Dogs**, **Desert of the Third Sin**, **Sanctuary** and **Guild War**) are collected in trade paperback.

*Pro:* He has all of Dave Sim's good points and none of his bad ones. As for the misogyny issue...although the female characters in **Poison Elves** are comically over-endowed creatures with big metalhead-groupie chick hair, they still are great role models for little girls. **No, really!** They are competent, smart, skilled, independent and more than a match for the male protagonist. Both Hyaena and The Genii make Luciphur Malache look like a dimwitted dolt by comparison. And that's a compliment, because the rest of the time, Malache is sharp as a razor.

*Cons:* He does his own lettering and sometimes his handwriting is sloppy. (Which is odd for someone with such deft pencilling). Luckily, typos are generally few and far between.



## *The Faned Article Pool*

Here's the latest update. I've decided not to include the ideas that have popped up on the Memory Hole mailing list because they haven't been written yet, and I should claim only to speak for myself when announcing plans to write items. If anyone wants to give me permission to announce their planned items, just let me know.

The whole point of this notice is to let other faneds know what's cooking in my writing cauldron, and what's ready for publication from others who are participating. If you are interested in anything that's not promised elsewhere, I can provide text via regular mail or e-mail.

### **Items Ready to Send**

#### Book reviews

1. **Iron Shadows** by Steven Barnes. Private detective agency ops go undercover to reveal the secrets of a quasi-religious "sex cult" for a client whose rich relative has been "brainwashed" by the cult's leaders. What they find is something a lot scarier than they expected. A good read. Reviewed by: J.G. Stinson. About 575 words.

2. **Heavy Weather** by Bruce Sterling. Cyberpunk maestro hacks future weather, and shows us some

major disturbances. Interpersonal relationships are a focal point, as who the heck can write a good SF novel about weather? Reviewed by: J.G. Stinson. About 1,300 words.

3. The Living Blood by Tananarive Due. This former Miami Herald newspaper columnist's fourth novel dabbles once again with the supernatural, as did her novels My Soul to Keep and The Between. Reviewed by: J.G. Stinson. About 1,300 words.

4. Dragon Hunter: Roy Chapman Andrews and the Central Asiatic Expeditions by Charles Gallenkamp (Viking Press, 2001). A biography of an American explorer and naturalist who was born in Beloit, Wisconsin. Reviewed by: E.B. Frohvet. About 1,000 words. Ask me and I'll OCR it and e-mail it if that's preferred.

#### Articles

1. "Collegiate Zen and the Pennsylvania Turnpike" by E.B. Frohvet. An essay on family dynamics and engineering history. Scan & e-mail service available on this one, too. About 3,000+ words.

2. "The Aesthetics of the Dump Truck" by E. B. Frohvet. "Dump truck" being a euphemism for the military aircraft officially known as the C-130, this is about the aircraft itself. Comes with three b&w photos. Scan & e-mail service available on this one, too. About 1,500 words.

3. "Five Mundane Films I Like" by E.B. Frohvet. Scan & e-mail service available on this one, too. About 700 words.

#### Items Planned

##### Articles:

"Why There Will Never Be A Worldcon in the Keys" by J.G. Stinson. Probably an amusing slant. About 500-700 words.

#### Items Planned and Spoke Fer

##### Articles:

1. "An Acquaintance With Death" by J.G. Stinson. An article about my discovery that a high-school classmate and fellow choir member — someone I'd called a friend — had been arrested, tried and convicted for the murder of one of his own children, for insurance money, and suspected of committing at least two more infanticides. Promised to CHALLENGER.

2. "Voice of the Xtabay" (working title) by J.G. Stinson. Concerns the Peruvian singer Yma Sumac, a woman whose vocal range still astonishes listeners today. Promised to eI.

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## Will the Real Swamp Thing Please Stand Up?

editorial

Back when I was conducting semi-regular revisits to the world of Dune (by re-reading the novels), I recall thinking that it would be great if a novel about the Butlerian Jihad would get written. Frank Herbert's son Brian and co-writer Kevin J. Anderson have finally done so, with Dune: The Butlerian Jihad (Tor, Sept. 2002, hc). This duo has begun the arduous and difficult task of writing a series of novels which chronologically pre-date Dune and the later books FH wrote. They seem to have a wealth of source material, and neither man is a neo to writing; they both had their own careers well started before they began these Dune books. I must say, when Dune: House Atreides was published, I tried it but couldn't get into it at the time. But I think I'll be better able to appreciate Atreides once I finish BJ and read the



next two novels planned (same timeframe), The Machine Crusade and The Battle of Corrin.

As I write this, PN is late again and it's All Saints Day on the Christian calendar, the day after Samhain on the Celtic/Druidic/pagan calendar. This ish was supposed to be out in advance of Oct. 31, but you know what they say about plans -- I had one of those, and it broke.

After 4.5 months of feeling relatively normal (no wooziness, no vertigo, sleeping and eating well, plenty of energy, etc.), around 9/19 that high-pitched whine and numbness of the ear exterior returned and worsened. This, I've decided, is the precursor to another episode of vertigo attacks in my version of Merniere's disease. After two rather ugly emotional explosions, I finally believed that stress does play a major role in triggering vertigo episodes for me. Since those two days, I've worked diligently at controlling my temper and letting go of things that used to drive me batshit. I feel much better now as a result; today is day 4 of not needing the vertigo meds, and even the wooziness is gone. I plan to make this next "normal" stretch of time last as long as possible by maintaining my new "rules." I really have no other choice, if I want to get anything done.

As a result of the episode, PN was again delayed, along with many other things. Things will be handled one at a time and with as little stress as possible, so if anyone is waiting for anything from me, please bear this in mind.

\* \* \*

### Free Book Deal: Contest #2 Winners

Be honest now -- how many of you thought this contest wouldn't last beyond the first or second prize handout? Hah. Fooled you.

On page 8 of PN 2.2, July 2002, the contest question asked, "In the four-line poem that begins 'Gully Foyle is my name' what's the third line?" The correct answer was "Deep space is my dwelling place." Those who answered correctly may now treat themselves to the beverage of their choice. Please also have one for me.

The winners were chosen in a blind drawing conducted by my spouse, who promised not to peek and selected the online winner from folded slips in the N3F ballcap. There was only one respondent for the regular-mail contest, insofar as I received only one entry.

The **winner of the mail-respondent prize is Mark Proskey**, who gets The Iron Dragon's Daughter by Michael Swanwick. **The winner of the online-respondent prize is Henry Welch**, who gets Lilith's Brood by Octavia Butler. Loud applause from fannish homes the world over ensues.

Congratulations to the winners. I hope you enjoy your prizes, and if not, maybe you can unload them at the nearest used-book shop or give them away to someone who might like them.

### Free Book Deal: Contest #3

**To be eligible to win Contest #3, entrants must correctly answer the following:** "I'm a book written by Isaac Asimov and first published in the U.S. in 1972. I'm not part of a series, and I won both a Hugo and a Nebula award. John Clute describes me in The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction as 'a complex tale involving catastrophic energy transfers between alternate universes...and...intriguing alien beings.' What is my title?"

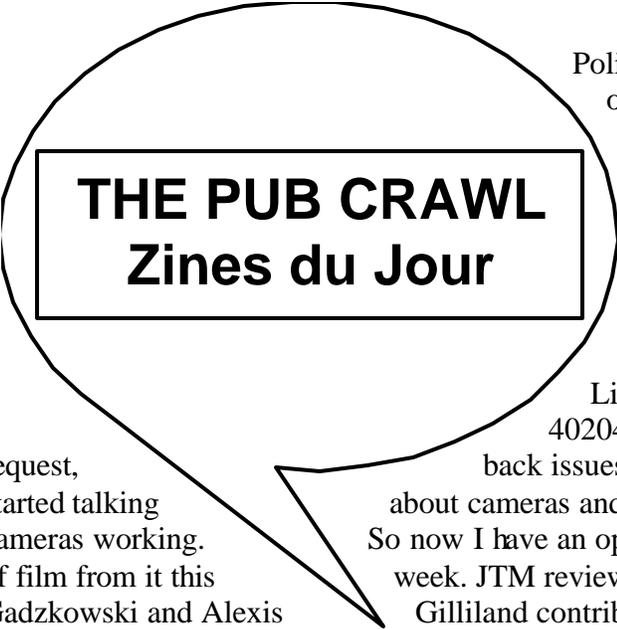
Entrants may consult whatever references they wish. **Important note:** In order to be eligible for the regular-mail prize, entries **must be made via regular mail**. One cannot send in an answer for the regular-mail contest via e-mail. This hasn't happened yet, but I thought it should be clarified.

The prizes for this contest are Cosmic Critiques: How & Why Ten Science Fiction Stories Work (non-fiction) by Martin Greenberg and Isaac Asimov (with commentaries by Ansen Dibell) for the online winner, and A Woman of the Iron People (SF novel) by Eleanor Arnason for the regular-mail winner.

All answers will be collected until the next editorial deadline, which is **Jan. 20, 2002**. All correct answers will then be divided by the online or mail category, and a blind drawing from each group will be

held to determine each group's winner. The winners will be announced in the next ish of PN, and I'll mail them their books as soon after they've won as I can, but no later than 30 days after Dec. 20, 2002. Paper replies can be on potsacrdcs or in letters, doesn't matter, as long as they're legible (so PRINT NEATLY) and contain the entrant's name and regular-mail address.

Good luck to all the participants.



## THE PUB CRAWL Zines du Jour

Policy change: Zines reviewed here are less than **four** issues old, or new to me. All others received since lastish are listed at the end **titles only**, sometimes with comments. New zines are reviewed through their fourth ish, then move to the received list. Zines new to me but past their fourth ish will be reviewed once, then listed. Whew!

request,  
started talking  
cameras working.  
of film from it this  
Gadzkowski and Alexis  
version of Cliff's Notes for The Black Stallion, and a bundles of LOCs are also included, among other things. If you aren't reading this yet, why not?

**ALEXIAD** Vol. 1 No 4. (August) and 5 (June), from Lisa and Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Ave., Louisville, KY 40204-2040. 6/yr. Available for The Usual, samples on back issues \$1, subscription \$6/year. // It's all Lisa's fault -- she about cameras and I got interested in trying to get my husband's old So now I have an operable Canon AE-1P and will be turning in my first roll week. JTM reviews 11 books! I wish I had that much time to read. Paul Gilliland contribute delectable snickery art-fillos. Lisa continues her

**BURSTZINE** #1 Sept. 2002, from Michael and Nomi Burstein, PO Box 1713, Brookline, MA 02446 USA. On the Web at [www.burstzine.net](http://www.burstzine.net) for the downloading, or for the Usual, or \$3 for a sample or single ish. Irregular but not specifically stated. // Now-pro writer Michael and Nomi Burstein decided to try getting back to their fannish roots, and chose a fanzines as one way to do so. Nice return!

This arrived unannounced, so I thank the Bursteins for including me in their mailing list. They chose to do themed issues, and this one deals with "the thin line between prodom and fandom," which most of the articles include. Contributors are Mike Resnick, Bob Devney, Daniel Kimmel, Rich Lynch, Dr. Solomon Davidoff, Teddy Harvia and the Bursteins. A nice re-entry into fanzines; do go read a copy.

**CHUNGA** 1 "Bugtown Chunga" from Andy Hooper, Randy Byers and Carl Juarez. Inquire for paper copies at Chunga, 1013 N. 36th, Seattle, WA 98103. Also available for download online at [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com). [E-mail addresses not included here because I don't have permission yet] // Well, at least the title's kewl. Heh.

This zine is from a triumvirate of fannish veterans (as any fule no, if one's been reading fanzines for more than a year). The editing, design and publication of this new entry into the fanzine milieu bespeaks their combined experience, not to mention able DTP skills. For a first zine from experienced faneds, it's a little above the average, but content (or the lack thereof) can make or break any zine. The Chunga crew's opinion of what makes a fanzine they like will certainly differ in some way from other faned's opinions. Anyone who's read more than one ish of PN will know I tend towards the "sercon" side of fandom's house, but I do appreciate well-written pieces from the fannish wing.

That said, I did like "Tobes for TAFF -- What *Have* We Done?" by Max, and "A Brief Interview" by Hal O'Brien and Andy Hooper. The former is an insightful examination of why choosing probably the most well-known (some would say notorious) European fan as a TAFF winner was a good idea. The latter appears to be an exposé on why Republicans in office act so "odd" -- and perhaps ties in with the zine's cover. I'm not a mind reader, so I can't be sure.

Luke McGuff contributes the SF connection with a pair of "Skiffy Corners" in which he reviews a

Sector General omnibus by James White, and Samuel Delany's Trouble on Triton.

"Helicon Fanzine Blues" by Claire Brialey presents some thoughtful questions on why fanzines and fan writing are created -- and not the same old boring ones, either. This article could -- and should -- spark some debate on these questions.

I guess I watch too much TV (Animal Planet, PBS, National Geographic, The Learning Channel, etc.) to have much more interest in elephants in zoos than I've already achieved, so I found Andy Hooper's "Never Forgets" well written but not very informative. A note at the end about Bruce Pelz doesn't improve the flavor much, either, despite the fact that I knew Pelz was fondly known as the fannish elephant because of his vast memory.

CHUNGA 1 is about what one would expect for a first ish these days from fanzine "pros" -- not a crudzine, but not a brightly shining star, either. I hope to be pleasantly surprised by future issues.

**e.I** Vol. 1 No. 4, from Earl Kemp, available online only via efanazines.com in HTML or printable PDF.

// I wouldn't be surprised if some PN readers that I'd stop reading this memoirs-zine after my review of the third ish. Gotcha. Ish 4 has "Shiny Black FBI Shoes" stamped all over it -- and I'm not sure I have the skill to describe this excellent selection of articles dealing with various encounters with the Frighteningly Banal Inquisitors. But I will endeavor to succeed.

It is such a joy to read something from someone whose voice is so clear one could pick it out of a hundred manuscripts and say, with great surety, "That's him." Kemp's passion for the written word and for the freedom to speak as one wants is evident in every ish of this zine-memoir, and whether you agree with his opinions or not, he can be quite riveting in his writing style.

Reading Kemp's "Playing the Game" was like reading a spycraft handbook. I recognized a lot of the things he mentioned from the advice I was given as an Army sergeant stationed in Frankfurt am Main, West Germany in the early 1980s, when the Red Army Faction (aka the Baader-Meinhoff Gang) was busy in Europe planting bombs at U.S. military buildings. One of them went off less than a quarter-mile from my barracks one Saturday morning. Do I know from paranoia? Oh yeah, you betcha. I never want to live like that again. Neither, I'm sure, does Earl. But his experience came from a very different direction, as you'll discover in this ish.

Mike Resnick continues the theme of playing cat-and-mouse with the Funny Boys Inc. in "Me and the Kingpin," in which he discusses Reuben Sturman, dwain Kaiser and Robert Silverberg relate their run-ins with former employees of the Funny Boys Inc., and Stephen J. Gertz has an excerpt from his soon-to-see-print book An Amazing Kingdom of Thrills: American Pulp Erotica 1966-1973. What ties all these articles together is the topic of erotica and what the FBI was trying to do to those who published it in the U.S. during the reign of J. Edgar Hoover (may he wail in hell for all eternity). Hoover represents one of the ugliest and most shameful episodes in American law-enforcement history, and Kemp lays all that ugliness out in full view here. The ugliness wasn't in what Hoover was, but in how he publicly despised what he truly was while hiding it from the world. He lived in a time when being gay was generally anathema, and he encouraged that idea in his professional life. I thank Earl for separating the FBI of Hoover's era from today's organization, which has progressed a long way from the idiocies Hoover perpetrated.

At times painful, at other times provocative or funny or head-shakingly amazing, this ish is a solid success, front to back. The art is well-chosen and the overall design is easy on the eyes. Using an article on Rotsler's "eyes" as a closer was a fine choice, too. Hey Earl! Great job!

**LITTLEBROOK** 1, August 2002, from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, 3522 NE 123rd St., Seattle, WA 98125. Also available at efanazines.com . No subscriptions, just The Usual. Irregular. // Is it just me, or are there a lot of new fanzines showing up lately, particularly from veteran faneds?

I really liked this one a lot. Kaufman's "Bewitched, Bothered and Bemildred" was engaging and amusing in style and content, as was Moshe Feder's "improved" GoH speech from Corflu 19. Andy Hooper's "Sausage Time" is billed as "a column about contemporary fanzines." Hooper admits to having not kept up to date in his current fanzine reading, then goes on to say generally nice things about four fanzines (*Plokta* 25, *Wabe* 5, *Quasiquote* 4 and *Rune* 86). Being familiar with three-fourths of the list, I

could compare Hooper's opinions on those zines with my own, and found myself mostly in agreement with his views of them. I haven't seen a copy of *Wabe* yet, so anyone who's got spares they'd care to send me would be very much appreciated. I have no clue if I'll ever reach the point where I actually ask the editors for a copy.

Art thish is able handled by Stu Shiffman, Rhonda Boothe, D. West (from a reprint of *New Routes in America*, for you collectors out there), and Craig Smith, along with "embellishment" from the editors and some clip art.

All in all, a very readable and entertaining publication, and thanks to the editors for making it available at efanazines.com .

**SLOTCH** 1, Sept. 2002, from Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur Blvd., PMB 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107. Inquire for availability there or at [crossfire@lvcm.com](mailto:crossfire@lvcm.com), or download from [efanazines.com](http://efanazines.com). Announced as monthly. // Just when I thought Arnie had fannishly ridden off the edge of the earth, he reappears with a new fanzine. It's All Arnie, All the Time (except for LOCs-to-come), as usual, but this is a lean, clean, hard-chargin' fanzine in comparison to its predecessor *Jackpot!* .

This time out, Katz includes a glowing account of this year's Westercon FAPA party, and castigates the con's LASFS meeting and Bruce Pelz memorial events while contrasting them with a report from the Rotsler party at the same con. I suspect reports other than the one printed in a recent *De Profundis* will differ from Katz's views, but I could be wrong; such things are, after all, a matter of taste.

Also covered in thish are a trip to the Classic Games Expo (where the Katzi have a long history), the 2004 Vegas Corflu plot, the price of fanzine production and mailing, FAPA's enduring presence, and nicknames. Nice to see ya back in the ring, Kingfish.

#### ZINES RECEIVED:

**ANSIBLE** (May-Oct. 2002); **ALEXIAD** (), **COVERT COMMUNICATIONS FROM ZETA CORVI** 10 (with one-sheet one-shot **quetzalCOAtI II**, an address-change notice); **DE PROFUNDIS** 355-358; **FANZINE FANATIQUE** Summer 2002; **FOR THE CLERISY** Sept. 2002 (no numbering included); **IT GOES ON THE SHELF** 24; **THE KNARLEY KNEWS** 95; **NO AWARD** 12; **NONSTOP FUN IS HARD ON THE HEART** 5; **PLOKTA VOL. 7 NOS. 2 and 3**; **THE SHUTTLE (SFSFS)** "Volume 148" (probably should have been Number 149, in keeping with established numbering system, and there's no mention of intentional change in the contents), Sept./Oct. 2002; **SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN** Vol. 8 No. 1, now edited by Randy Cleary; **TWINK** 27; **VANAMONDE** 468-477; **VISIONS OF PARADISE** 92 (*The Passing Scene* and *Wondrous Stories*).

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Well, there weren't any scary true stories sent, perhaps because no one else had any they wanted to talk about. Or maybe they just didn't have any at all. So, to one and all, in observance of the day, I say...

BOO!

See you in January.....

RED X EQUALS LAST ISH — *CONTRIBUTE AND SURVIVE!*  
(ON THE MAILING LIST, THAT IS)

*Peregrine Nations*  
c/o J.G. Stinson  
PO Box 430314  
Big Pine Key, FL 33043-0314  
USA

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