

gratifying to me for having recognized promise in Evelyn when the rest of the world laughed at her. I had faith in Evelyn when she could not even put three words together to make a coherent sentence. And I have to hand it to Evelyn that she was willing to take me, a man a bit less than ten years her junior, and make me

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her inspiration, to emulate my style, to write in the fanzine I founded and to use it as a springboard to fame. There have been those who have asked don't I find bitter irony in Evelyn getting the recognition when it is clear to them I was the more talented. And the answer is "no." I love Evelyn and she is welcome to every idea she has ever borrowed from me. If she wins I intend to give almost all of the credit to her in my acceptance speech. Because I think that in a funny way this nomination is her honor also.

2. Attached is the list of this year's Hugo nominees. I note with some distress a pattern developing in the novel category: series nominations. Of the six nominees, four are in series, each of which already contains at least one Hugo winner (though the McCaffrey Hugo was for a novella rather than for a novel).

About Mark's comments above, I will merely observe that these come from a man who (can you believe it?) still doesn't use the subjunctive correctly. [-ecl]

3. And speaking of typing things in, a slip of the macros last week resulted in the loss of a few characters in the last couple of paragraphs of the fiction piece, which should have read:

"Oh, I see," said Pete. Wilson turned that faltering smile on Pete, but Pete did not react. He had an answer for every question, but he stammered more and more and stared at the floor. The minutes passed slowly as Pete asked question after question. Finally Wilson just stared wide-eyed at the floor. Then he was up on his feet. His answers became more and more elaborate. Pete's questioning seemed to touch a nerve. Wilson began lapsing into incoherence. His words made no sense at all. Then with a shriek he said, "Villains, dissemble no more! I admit the deed!--Tear up the planks!--here, here!--it is the beating of his hideous heart!"

Well, that was it then. We picked up the floorboards and found the old man's body. It probably wasn't there more than a couple of hours. Pete said, "Well, one of us should probably go up and tell Mrs. Lee she was right. Can't blame Wilson for going crazy. The sound of her damn rocking chair was driving me crazy too."

Mark Leeper
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...mtgzy!leeper

Virtue is more to be feared than vice, because its excesses are not subject to the regulation of conscience.

-- Adam Smith

Hugo Nominations

- Best Novel

Lois McMaster Bujold, B_a_r_r_a_y_a_r (Baen)
Emma Bull, B_o_n_e_D_a_n_c_e (Ace)
Orson Scott Card, X_e_n_o_c_i_d_e (Tor)
Anne McCaffrey, A_l_l_t_h_e_W_e_y_r_s_o_f_P_e_r_n (Del Rey, Bantam U.K.)
Michael Swanwick, S_t_a_t_i_o_n_s_o_f_t_h_e_T_i_d_e (Morrow), serialized in IASFM Mid-December 1990 and January 1991
Joan D. Vinge, T_h_e_S_u_m_m_e_r_Q_u_e_e_n (Warner/Questar)

- Best Novella

Nancy Kress, "And Wild For To Hold," A_l_t_e_r_n_a_t_e_W_a_r_s (Bantam Spectra) and IASFM, July 1991
Nancy Kress, "Beggars in Spain," IASFM, April 1991 (also published by Axolotl Press)
Kristine Kathryn Rusch, "The Gallery of His Dreams," IASFM, September 1991 (also published by Axolotl Press)

Michael Swanwick, "Griffin's Egg" (St. Martin's, Legend)
Connie Willis, "Jack," IASFM, October 1991

- Best Novelette

Isaac Asimov, "Gold," A_n_a_l_o_g, September 1991
Pat Cadigan, "Dispatches from the Revolution," IASFM, July
1991
Ted Chiang, "Understand," IASFM, August 1991
Howard Waldrop, "Fin de Cycle," N_i_g_h_t_o_f_t_h_e_C_o_o_t_e_r_s (Ursus
Press) and IASFM, Mid-December 1991
Connie Willis, "Miracle," IASFM, December 1991

- Best Short Story

Terry Bisson, "Press Ann," IASFM, August 1991
John Kessel, "Buffalo," F&SF, January 1991
Geoffrey A. Landis, "A Walk in the Sun," IASFM, October 1991
Mike Resnick, "One Perfect Morning, With Jackals," IASFM,
March 1991
Mike Resnick, "Winter Solstice," F&SF, October/November 1991
Martha Soukup, "Dog's Life," A_m_a_z_i_n_g, March 1991
Connie Willis, "In the Late Cretaceous," IASFM, Mid-December
1991

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- Best Non-Fiction Book

Charles Addams, T_h_e_W_o_r_l_d_o_f_C_h_a_r_l_e_s_A_d_d_a_m_s (Knopf)
Everett Bleiler, S_c_i_e_n_c_e_F_i_c_t_i_o_n:_T_h_e_E_a_r_l_y_Y_e_a_r_s (Kent State
University Press)
Jack L. Chalker and Mark Owings, T_h_e_S_c_i_e_n_c_e_F_a_n_t_a_s_y
P_u_b_l_i_s_h_e_r_s:_A_C_r_i_t_i_c_a_l_a_n_d_B_i_b_l_i_o_g_r_a_p_h_i_c_H_i_s_t_o_r_y, 3rd ed.
(Mirage Press)
Jeanne Gomoll, Diane Martin et al., T_h_e_B_a_k_e_r_y_M_e_n_D_o_n't_S_e_e
C_o_o_k_b_o_o_k (SF3)
Stephen Jones, C_l_i_v_e_B_a_r_k_e_r's_S_h_a_d_o_w_s_i_n_E_d_e_n

(Underwood/Miller)

- Best Original Artwork

Tom Canty, cover of W_h_i_t_e_M_i_s_t_s_o_f_P_o_w_e_r (Roc Fantasy)

Bob Eggleton, cover of L_u_n_a_r_D_e_s_c_e_n_t (Ace)

Bob Eggleton, cover of IASFM, January 1991 (illus. "Stations
of the Tide")

Don Maitz, cover of H_e_a_v_y_T_i_m_e (Warner/Questar)

Michael Whelan, cover of T_h_e_S_u_m_m_e_r_Q_u_e_e_n (Warner/Questar)

- Best Dramatic Presentation

T_h_e_A_d_d_a_m_s_F_a_m_i_l_y (Paramount)

B_e_a_u_t_y_a_n_d_t_h_e_B_e_a_s_t (Disney)

T_h_e_R_o_c_k_e_t_e_e_r (Disney)

S_t_a_r_T_r_e_k_V_I:T_h_e_U_n_d_i_s_c_o_v_e_r_e_d_C_o_u_n_t_r_y (Paramount)

T_e_r_m_i_n_a_t_o_r_2 (Carolco)

- Best Professional Editor

Ellen Datlow

Gardner Dozois

Edward L. Ferman

Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Stanley Schmidt

- Best Professional Artist

Tom Canty

David Cherry

Bob Eggleton

Don Maitz

Michael Whelan

- Best Fanzine

File 770, Mike Glyer

Fosfax, Janice Moore and Timothy Lane

Lan's Lantern, George ("Lan") Laskowski

Mimosa, Dick and Nicki Lynch

Trapdoor, Robert Lichtman

- Best Semiprozine

Interzone, David Pringle

Locus, Charles Brown

New York Review of Science Fiction, David G. Hartwell, Kathryn

Kramer, Gordon van Gelder

Pulphouse, Dean Wesley Smith

Science Fiction Chronicle, Andrew I. Porter

- Best Fan Writer

Avedon Carol

Mike Glyer

Andrew Hooper

Dave Langford

Evelyn Leeper

Harry Warner, Jr.

- Best Fan Artist

Brad Foster

Diana Harlan Stein

Teddy Harvia

Peggy Ranson

Stu Shiffman

- John W. Campbell Award

Ted Chiang

Barbara Delaplace

Greer Gillman

Laura Resnick

Michelle Sagara

MEDITERRANEO

A film review by Mark R. Leeper

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Capsule review: During World War II, eight Italian soldiers are sent to secure a Greek island. Cut off from their commanders, they turn the island occupation into a three-year vacation and find they are becoming Greek in the process. This film is a short vacation in itself, even if the story and situations are much cliched. Rating: +1 (-4 to +4).

It's an old story really. The conqueror conquers the land, stays, and then the land conquers the conqueror. It happened many times in Chinese history. It is really what L_o_c_a_l_H_e_r_o and D_a_n_c_e_s_w_i_t_h_W_o_l_v_e_s were about. There are references to it happening in James Michener's H_a_w_a_i_i (There are probably better examples.) In M_e_d_i_t_e_r_r_a_n_e_o, set during World War II, eight fairly incompetent Italian soldiers are sent to secure a small Greek island. An enemy attack destroys their boat and incompetence destroys the radio. There is nothing they can do but secure the island for Italy and wait out the war with almost no responsibility. Over the course of three years they become more Greek than Italian.

This is an amiable and likable comedy that won the Academy Award for Best Foreign-Language Film of 1991. While many of the situations are cliched, the film never appears to be trying to be more than it actually is. The Italians are led by Lt. Montini (played by Claudio Bigagli), who wants to make art, not war. Considerably more aggressive is Sgt. Lo Russo (played by Diego Abatantuono), who is anxious to get on with the war but will settle for soccer. If the film has any message it is that people can learn to adapt to good climate, beautiful scenery, dance, easy sex, soccer, drugs, and no responsibility.

One place the film does have a problem is in the passage of time. What seems to the viewer to be a couple of months the dialogue tells us is three years. Then again, good climate,

beautiful scenery, dance, easy sex, soccer, drugs, and no responsibility might easily make three years feel like two months.

M_e_d_i_t_e_r_r_a_n_e_o is directed by Gabriele Salvatores, who previously directed M_a_r_r_a_k_e_c_h_E_x_p_r_e_s_s and T_u_r_n_e. This one is guaranteed to lower your blood pressure. I rate it a +1 on the -4 to +4 scale.

TRAMP ROYALE by Robert A. Heinlein
Ace, 1992, ISBN 0-441-82184-7, \$18.95.
A book review by Evelyn C. Leeper
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These days even death doesn't slow an author down much. This is Heinlein's second post-mortem book (the first being G_r_u_m_b_l_e_s_f_r_o_m_t_h_e_G_r_a_v_e), there was also R_e_q_u_i_e_m (which was mostly tributes from other people, though he was listed as the primary author), and I wouldn't doubt that there are more coming. But this volume has little to recommend it except Heinlein's name.

As a travelogue it can most charitably be termed "of historical interest." The trip described was taken in 1953 and 1954 (and the manuscript written then), so conditions were very different than now. Anyone reading this as current--as one is apt to do with such a new book--will get a very out-dated view of the world. Unfortunately, even keeping in mind that this is forty years old, one can't help but carry away misimpressions. Heinlein's excoriation of New Zealand, for example, was probably unfair even then, is certainly inaccurate today, and yet still leaves a negative impression on the reader.

Everything people love or hate about Heinlein is here. Either he patterned all his fictional characters' dialogue after the way he and his wife Virginia talked, or (more likely) when he writes up

dialogue that supposedly took place, he remembers it as being the way his characters would speak. In any case, Robert and Virginia Heinlein sound just like two characters out of one of his novels, complete with his patronizing and condescending attitude toward her. (Yes, it's her business if she wants to put up with it, but when he puts it in a book, the reader gets to object to it as well.)

Heinlein's politics also come roaring through. McCarthyism wasn't all that bad, he says, because they were after Communists and because, after all, no one was thrown in jail after they testified. (Failure to testify led to being cited as in contempt of Congress, which at that time did result in jail. Now, of course, it's the feeling of the average citizen.) I wonder if he would have defended Meese's intimidation of the distributors of P l a y b o y et al the same way--after all, there was really no force of law behind those letters that his office sent to the stores saying that they might be guilty of marketing pornography. When Heinlein asked to be taken to the slums of Buenos Aires, he found them remarkably clean. The possibility that he might have been taken to someplace other than the worst slums did apparently occur to him, but he seems perfectly willing to accept the driver's statement that these were the worst slums. His judgements on the various governments are equally naive, and his opposition to apartheid seems to focus rather more on how

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difficult it makes it for a black man to buy a wife than on its obvious faults. (But then his objection to the Aztec custom of sacrificing virgins seemed to be more than they wasted a natural resource that way than that human sacrifice was a bad thing.)

In the introduction it is claimed that this manuscript didn't sell at the time because of the depressed publishing industry. (Depressed because all the best people left because of McCarthyism? Sorry, that was a cheap shot.) But I suspect it wouldn't have sold in any case. It lacks the insight of the timeless travel journals (such as Charles Darwin's V o y a g e o f t h e B e a g l e , Cabeza de Vaca's

A d v e n t u r e s i n t h e r i o r
 A m e r i c a , or John L. Stephens' I n c i d e n t s o f
 T r a v e l i n t h e Y u c a t a n , or even some recent works such as James

Michener's Iberia, Vikram Seth's FromHeaven
Lake, or Ronald
Wright's CutStonesandCrossroads. and
consists more of complaints
about small ship cabins, bad food, and unfriendly customs agents.
I've seen better travelogues on Usenet. (Before anyone points this
out, yes, my travelogues are filled with minutiae as well. But they
are written primarily for family and friends who care about such
things. I would never expect anyone to publish, nor would I expect
readers to pay \$18.95 for one.) TrampRoyale was published now only
because there is perceived to be a large audience for anything
Heinlein wrote or was connected with. If you're in this audience
nothing I say will deter you, but for everyone else, skip this book.