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The fifty-fourth issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, member & founding member fwa, supporters afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at fanmailAPH@aol.com. See the back page for availability and trade information. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #250. Apparatchiki: Steve Green, carl juarez, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells (British Address: 24 Ravensbourne Grove, off Clarkes Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX, UK). A visiting member of Parliament is imperiled by pyrokinetic assassins.

Issue # 54, February 29th, 1996

APH here: STUFF A REAL NEWSZINE would have in it: PULPHOUSE PUBLISHING, who made a big splash a few years ago with a barrage of original writing in a bewildering variety of series, all of which seemed to issue new titles about every twenty minutes, has gone under. Founder Kristine Kathryn Rusch has long since transferred her efforts to P & SF, and co-founder Dean Wesley Smith says that he now wants to concentrate on his own writing career and return to the world of professional golf.

Pulphouse was notable for two things, the first being the way it swung a certain measure of the critical magnetism which usually cannot escape New York's event horizon onto the bucolic upper left hand corner, and the second, the frequency with which they released issues/collections/ trading card sets during their heyday. In many ways, they followed the classic fanzine model: early enthusiasm and frequent, zippy issues, replaced by groaning tomes and Harian Ellison chapbooks in the twilight of their old&tiredhood. Those of us who were neither invited to follow the Pulphouse flying wedge from party to party, nor shared in the shallow trough they laid for their writers most of whom honestly deserved every bit of the exposure and more, may take a small measure of satisfaction in their demise, but I admit I'll miss seeing the heaps of their oddly-sized and rather ugly little books at conventions around the West.

NO SOLID corroboration has reached us yet, but a report in SF Weekly On-line states that Galaxy-founder Horace Gold died earlier this month at the age of 82. The story lists Gold's nephew, Brian, as its source. We'll probably have more on this next time, assuming further details come to light.

I'VE ALSO received word that Brian Daley, fantasy author of "Doomfarers of Coramonde" and dozens of other original and adapted novels, has died at the age of 48, on January 11th, 1996, after a lengthy struggle with cancer. Daley was what I would call a "good hack" — he seems to have cranked out prose on a reasonably polished level without cease throughout his career, sometimes in collaboration, often pseudonymously, and very seldom in completion of contracts designed to place him at the head of the field. Writers who can do this with good humor are notable scions of the field, and worthy of our thanks. I haven't read anything by Brian Daley for 15 years, but when I did, I was glad to have him around. He was the right author at the right time for the average teenage D & D player.

IN CASE YOU were wondering, that ad that said IBM was developing transporter technology turned out to be a mistake. They do have someone on the payroll working on quantum teleportation, but he was just embarrassed by having people asking him to beam them up.

THE FOLLOWING have been named finalists for the Philip K. Dick Award, given to the best original trade or mass market paperback SF novel published each year:

"Virtual Death", by Shale Aaron (Harper Prism)
 "Headcrash", by Bruce Bethke (Warner Aspect)
 "Permutation City", by Greg Egan (Harper Prism)
 "Carlucci's Edge", by Richard Paul Russo (Ace)
 "The Color of Distance", by Amy Thomson (Ace)
 "Reluctant Voyagers", by Elisabeth Vonarburg (BantamSpectra)

I take some pleasure in seeing "The Color of Distance" make an award list after having seen it in workshop — it's an encouraging miracle to see a book go from first draft to the new arrivals pile at the bookstore, like playing with baby chicks after having a big omelette for breakfast.

THE SINGLE ISSUE most likely to concern the average Apak reader in the next two weeks is the question of where the 1998 Corflu is to be held. About two weeks ago, Lucy Huntzinger sent out a call on the Internet searching for a host of next year's con, and so far two groups have come forward.

The first of these is spearheaded by Lilian Edwards and Ian Sorenson, who would like to host a Corflu in Edinburgh (yes, the one in Scotland). There has been ongoing discussion of a British Corflu ever since PreCursor was such a success the week before Worldcon, but the roots of the idea apparently go back several years. This has been offered as a rough proposal in the absence of any other obviously interested parties — which is how most Corflu bids seem to get under way. If there was interest, Lilian and Ian could put together a good Corflu in no time — both have solid conrunning experience, and Lilian has actually been to a Corflu before, and probably knows what they should be like.

And before we begin to discuss the hundreds of reasons why a U.K. Corflu would be very impractical for the majority of regular Corflu attendees, I should point out that another bid has broken the surface. From Alyson Abramowitz comes word that she is heading up an effort to hold Corflu 1997 in Northern California. Spike Parsons and Tom Becker's names were also featured, as were one or two other usual BArea suspects. Since Northern California fans were unable to bid last year, and asked Las Vegas to stand in for them, maybe their request should be considered first? That would follow informal Corflu tradition.

Another complication is that Abbot, Dallman and Wells were planning to hold "Attitude: The Convention" in early 1997, and another fanzine-intensive event so closely on its heels would surely dilute the attendance of both. John Dallman was heard trying to suggest a combination of the two events while at Boskone last weekend, but neither party is likely to find that an especially satisfying solution. Clearly, this an issue that will require considerable further discussion.

Apologies to Dave Langford and Janice Murray for omitting to list Ansible among the fanzines both of us had received. Both of us consider it an honor to trade with you.

Comrades in fatigues as green as parrots gave the parrots their green mountains.

**TAFfragment #2:
You can't get there
from here**

by Dan Steffan, TAFboy

GETTING AROUND LONDON is a delightfully odd experience. You only have to look at a map of the Underground to know what I mean — it looks more like a circuit board than a map.

And yet, on a practical level, it all seems to work beautifully.

Okay, okay. I know. It isn't really all that wonderful. There are lots of bad things about the London Underground too, but I still think the charms far outweigh the shortcomings. Sure, the platforms are too narrow, but the stations and tunnels have so much *joie de vivre* that it doesn't really matter. You can't get that kind of atmosphere in the US anymore and I think it should be preserved. If that means the occasional loss of a couple of over-crowded pensioners, so be it. That's the cost of living in an antique city.

It is true that the tunnels and stairways can be pretty confusing at times, and the rush to catch your train can be like running with the bulls in Pamplona, but that's the price we must sometimes pay for the privilege of travelling from place to place without the aid of horses.

Some commuters complain about the stink of urine in the passageways and stairwells. Night after night they curse the poor ragamuffins that linger in the corridors. They pass them by without ever realizing that they, too, once had jobs and homes, only to have lost them one sad day when they took a wrong turn in the tunnels deep beneath Tottenham Court Road and were never heard from again. These are the dispossessed. They gotta pee somewhere.

Without the quaint homeless folks and the crowded tube platforms, the London Underground would just be another colorless and odorless network of featureless, boring, subterranean cattle cars. (Sort of like the Washington, D.C. subway system.) Those commuters don't know a good thing when they've got it.

Personally, Lynn and I had absolutely no problems with the Underground during our visit to London. Sure, it would have been more convenient if the trains ran after midnight, but we were usually so exhausted after a day spent exploring the Tate or the British Museum, that it really didn't make that much of a difference. We were usually collapsed in a heap somewhere, well before the tube stations closed.

Throughout our stay in London there was the constant threat of a tube strike. Employees were proposing a work stoppage unless the Transit Authority met their demands for better pay and shorter hours. Twice during our visit strike days were announced, only to be postponed by last minute negotiations. A third strike deadline was then scheduled for what was to be our last evening in the UK and caused us no end of worry. In the days before the deadline, the television and radio news broadcasts were loaded with strike predictions and glib fantasies about the chaos that would follow.

"Shit," said Lynn. "Shit, shit," said Frank. "Somebody just kill me," said Dan.

The news programs were predicting a thirty to fifty percent shutdown of service, and we took them at their word. We had planned to do a great deal of travelling around the city on our last evening — including a small farewell gathering at a London pub — and feared the strike was going to interfere with our fun. So we decided to change our departure plans and ended up spending our last night at a hotel near Heathrow Airport, outside of London. We had booked an early Friday morning flight from Heathrow to Amsterdam's Schipol Airport and figured it would be a lot easier making it to our plane if we didn't have to worry about the tube strike.

Even in the best of times an early morning commute from Rob

and Avedon's in East Ham all the way out to Heathrow can take close to an hour-and-a-half (maybe longer when you factor in the hassles of transporting our many large, fanzine-laden pieces of luggage), so it made sense to prepare for the inevitable Catch-22 that was headed our way. Prior to this, all our travelling had gone off without a hitch. No booking difficulties, no horrible delays or inconveniences, no nothing. In fact, everything had been going so smoothly that I had, quite naturally, been waiting for the other shoe to drop. I knew it would happen sooner or later, so we took evasive action. Believe me, I know incoming footwear when I see it.

First, we cancelled our final day of museum touring and devoted ourselves to the journey to Heathrow and our "nearby" hotel, The Ambassador Heathrow. The trip from East Ham lived up to expectations and was the closest thing to sheer Hell that I experienced during the whole of my TAF trip. (Not counting the horrible sight of Greg Pickersgill's butt-crack, that is. But that's another story...) The Underground was very crowded that Thursday morning. At times there was barely room enough for the three of us, and even less room for our rapidly replicating baggage. (There seemed to be another bag to carry every time I turned around, dammit.) At one point, just in order to change trains, we had to hire a team of elephants to drag our luggage from one platform to the next.

By the time we reached the airport we had accumulated so many suitcases and bags that we were forced to pay a tribe of renegade pygmy Elvis-impersonating bellhops to assist us in carrying everything to the spot where the hotel van was supposed to pick us up. The line of small, brown, jumpsuited African stewards stretched from one end of the airport to the other — each one of them with a knapsack or a make-up case balanced on his carefully sculpted pompadour. By the time we reached the hotel our luggage had assumed epic proportions and we were forced to get them their own room.

We got back into London around 5:00pm and headed for the giant HMV music store on Oxford Street, where former Stranglers frontman Hugh Cornwell was performing a free, live show to promote the release of his latest solo album. Our timing was perfect. We got there about five minutes before the show started and enjoyed a set that included several Stranglers songs and a really powerful cover of John Lennon's "Cold Turkey." We followed the performance with an astonishing dinner in a nearby Korean restaurant called Arirang, on Poland Street (it's always a good sign when you're the only Caucasians in the joint). After the meal we waddled off to meet up with folks at the Yorkshire Grey.

The Yorkshire Grey is one of London fandom's regular meeting places these days and our final night happened to fall on one of their regularly scheduled Thursday night gatherings. We took advantage of this synchronicity and, at Rob Hansen's suggestion, turned it into a farewell party. We met up with Christina Lake (Christ In A Lake?) outside the pub. She had come down from Bristol that afternoon to hang out with us. Christina had decided to bop over to Amsterdam with Frank, Lynn and me for a couple extra days of fun before we headed back to the States.

In the time it took me to drink my first two lagers, we were joined by a group of other visiting fans and a generous sprinkling of London homeys. Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg, who were staying in Britain for another week or two, arrived with Rob and Avedon. Pascal Thomas and his girlfriend (wife?) showed up, as did John and Eve Harvey, and the always smoking Abt Frost. Coughing heartthrob Martin Smith talked baseball with expatriate/rockstar/diplomat/best-selling author/nutbag Jim Young, while international luvbug Owen Whiteoak did his impressive Marcel Marceau

The next day Dr. Perego called on Air Force General Pezzi.

impersonation.

In the time it took me to drink ten more lagers, we had to depart for our hotel. It was an hour's trip from the pub to Heathrow, so we had to leave a lot sooner than we would have liked to. (Yeah, about two weeks sooner!) The newspapers were still predicting a tube strike for the morning rush hour, but it didn't interfere with our commute. That trip to the airport was the only time during our visit that the Underground looked deserted. Ours was the last train to stop at most of the stations on our route. By the time we reached the end of the line, we were practically the only people on the train. The airport was empty, too. Our trip seemed irreversibly over.

After a short wait the hotel car arrived to take us to our "nearby" accommodations. With the driver's help, and the assistance of a handy crowbar, Lynn and I managed to interrupt Frank and Christina long enough to get them into the van and get them back to their room. Upon our arrival we discovered that our luggage — which had continued to multiply itself in our absence — was now being housed in its own suite of rooms and was busy running up a big room service bill. The next morning the hotel's staff actually wept as they loaded the bags onto the flatbed trucks that carted them off to the airport. As they waved

good-bye to us, they tearfully promised to name a new wing of the hotel after us and pledged to tell their children about us and our legendary luggage.

The flight to Amsterdam was flawless. The airline had complained that we were an itty bit over the 40 lb. limit and forced us to divest ourselves of some of our souvenirs. I was quite upset at the prospect of leaving behind a few of the mementoes that had come to mean so much to me during our visit. (I know I'll always regret sending that Rosetta Stone thingee back to the British Museum. It would have made a damned fine coffee table, dammit.) But, I took it like a man and fought back the tears. I knew there would always be a next time.

Besides, I already had plans to help myself to a couple of those little Vermeer paintings I'd seen on my last trip to Holland. I knew they'd make real nice placemats for the breakfast nook. So, even though I was sad about having to leave Britain after three whirlwind weeks of adventure, at least I still had something to look forward to.



Unfortunately, one Mosquito crashed into a school building and the others pounded the smoking ruin.

The Last Man at Fremont Station

by Andy Hooper

SOMETIMES, HE COULD see all the variables lined up in front of him, see the way each card was likely to fall, and he wondered if he could just do it

himself; send out orders in a dozen personal columns, harvest the secrets of SMOFs at home and abroad, then place the results in a plain manila folder on someone's personal desk. Pandom eluded control, it was anarchic, chaotic, and endlessly reinventing itself, he knew this; yet the desire not to see years of careful and passionate management of information wasted drove him to keep his networks active, lamplighters on the payroll, lizard money in the till.

Tinback was the key; Tinback was his agent in the heart of Albuquerque fandom, poised strategically to move against Las Vegas, Los Angeles or El Paso, clutching a list of people with whom there was an understanding in each area. Pegleg sent reports from North Hollywood, Lipstick was quiet, but always listening, in Las Vegas, and Patchkit, his own one-time secretary, toiled in hellish conditions in a one-room apartment next to a cracking tower in Juarez. Patchkit would have the Order of Roscoe for this, and an apartment in the country, somewhere.

There were dozens of others ticking over quietly, waiting for the order to strike — to steal critical ledgers, pour glue into locks, bash holes in boats, bend mimeo cranks, publish scandalous truths, serve poison cocktails, slide whippy little blades between the right ribs, and open a dozen bus station lockers to withdraw the whirring stainless-steel marvels inside and press the button marked ARM. Some he had trained — Corndog, Lintrap, Lugnut — others had been to school after he'd stopped teaching, after events had driven him to service again.

Messages came and went, just to keep the ciphers current. The boys and girls kept up their tradecraft. But there was, as always, a failure of resolve at the top. Or perhaps the trufen were really in bed with the con-runners, who were also running around with the drobes, who were diddling trekkies on the side — all loyalties were perpetually in question.

The network was in place — he could close his eyes and imagine each operative as a yellow pin on a big road map, connected with special cars, unmarked aircraft, sealed cases — and

everyone chafed in their perpetual readiness. What was the overarching strategy they were to implement? Were they to seize the profits of convention fandom? Roust complacent BNFs from their semi-gaflate slumber, to be herded through the streets by jeering student mobs in a fannish Cultural Revolution? Were key editors to be kidnapped and forced to publish stories people could actually stand to read? Anything was acceptable, any purpose at all, anything but this endless oblivion of peace.

The morning was for messages: dispatches tapped out on unfriendly frequencies, snarled in coils of code. Afternoon was for the cover. A tottering stride to the bus, affect a limp as if he'd had a bad war, wave hello to the locals in the market, the antique dealers, the friendly and uselessly chess-playing bookseller, with a new edition of Rushdie for him, and a lovely Vintage Naipaul. What had Smiley played at, in the LeCarre novels? Goethe Translation. He chose international contemporary novels, at least in part because their jacket cover was so comfortably distended and generic: every novel was a delight, wickedly funny or deeply wise, no young novelist should be allowed such grace, among the very brightest of our dour, young storytellers. People were always pimping each other, carrying the shame of how they had consigned their whole families to the fires of Belsen on a lonely railway siding in a town that sounded like a rabbit throwing up. He envied them the breeze full of ash, the dull glint of teeth and other things that do not burn.

And now the damned Chinese restaurant had closed. No doubt the suspicious and jaundiced owner had flicked off the neon OPEN sign just as he'd seen him coming. Why do people who hate to serve invariably open restaurants?

He stopped in a hamburger joint, a big friendly, phony revival diner. The local weekly was open to a story about how a local woman had sunk millions of kopeks into a huge private garden, something of a horticultural milestone, and which she had left to the public, but which was now at the center of debate over access. Just the kind of thing people worry about, he thought, why shouldn't I just pull the plug? Kids asleep in the streets, but they worry about some rich dead lady's hydrangeas.

One day, they would all live under huge pressure domes, breathing helium-rich mixtures, and they would thank him for it.

Helter Skelter

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

THE SEATTLE-TACOMA area is usually temperate in weather, mainly because it is protected by the Olympic Mountains to the west, which

softens the fronts as they come through. It's called the "rain shadow." The Cascades, to the east, also play a part in creating this effect.

Temperatures beyond the Cascades, in Eastern Washington, frequently reach near-midwestern levels.

But the all-time official low temperature at Sea-Tac International Airport is 0 degrees Fahrenheit. Lows below 30 degrees are uncommon.

However, sometimes the snow falls, and the temperatures stay down, and the Pacific Northwest media throws a great big hissy fit. When heavy, warm rain follows snow, the hissy fit becomes clinical hysteria as the various rivers flowing from the mountains flood.

For weeks, me and my counterparts at newspapers and broadcast stations stood in the cold or rain and talked to other cold or wet people, most of whom were unhappy.

Joy oh joy.

Late January was like that: it got cold, it snowed, it stayed cold. About six inches fell in Tacoma, but a great deal more — several feet — fell in the mountain passes, where the local ski resorts are situated.

So, despite having to drive through pretty hazardous conditions, the skiers and snowboarders were enjoying the spate of white weather.

Then it started to rain. It rained all one day, in early February. Early in the evening (I work a swing shift), the Associated Press filed an alert that there was a man trapped in an avalanche on Interstate 90 near Snoqualmie Pass.

I was given no choice: within minutes my editor sent me out into the night, ultimately to get "color" for a story about the avalanches. I-90 is one of two major ways to get across the Cascades; Stevens Pass, the other major route, was closed almost simultaneously for similar reasons.

Driving out took a while, but it wasn't too bad. I drove until I couldn't: like all the other stranded motorists, I was stopped at Edgewick, about 20 miles from the actual pass. A light rain fell on the bare roadway. I parked under the overpass, across from a Channel 11 satellite truck and several other media vehicles, and walked toward a bunch of people talking near the gate that barred reentry to the freeway.

As luck would have it, the first person I interviewed was about 100 yards away when the giant wall of snow slid from the slope above the road, filling all four lanes with a pile 10 feet high and 100 feet long.

"It was like a big puff of smoke," he said.

Then I noticed there were no cops around. I asked a Channel 11 tech where the cop might be. Can't write that the road will be closed all night unless a cop says it. The cop was here, the tech told me, but he already left.

"Would you like to come up into the truck?" he asked.

"We've got him on tape." They showed me the videotaped interview, and I took notes as though I was actually interviewing the guy. They even rewound the tape and played it again so I could double-check the spelling of the cop's name.

"T-u-r-n-b-u-t. Okay."

After that, I waited, called in what I had to the paper, and interviewed more stranded motorists, including a good-looking young woman reading a book near the gate in the driver's seat of an aged El Camino. Her big white malamute, Torka, sat beside her.

Eventually, the cop, actually a state trooper, came back and offered the assembled media a chance to drive closer to the snow slide itself, "at your own risk." About eight reporters drove up in a loose convoy. Soon the bare road gave way to patches of thick mushy snow — especially slippery on bridges and overpasses — and I found the speed limit actually made sense for once. I-90 is a beautiful road, and I once drove it to Yakima in my grandfather's Cadillac. Top speed was well over 90 mph.

Then it started to rain, and I kept my foot even closer to the brake. Finally, we stopped at another roadblock, still two miles from the avalanche site.

This, the cop said, was as far as we were going to get. The rain was getting harder and colder, and there was now six inches of slush on top of a coat of ice. We could see absolutely nothing more than we could 20 miles farther west, but one of my shoes had started to leak.

Disgusted, I asked a few questions and decided my night was over.

I pulled off the freeway at 5 mph and got into the westbound lanes. I had the whole road to myself, but as the rain turned to sleet, I didn't feel good about anything more than 40 mph. When I crossed bridges, where the sheet of ice was thicker, I could feel the wheels were sliding.

So long as I didn't touch anything, that was okay. But when I tapped on the brake, the car would start to rotate.

I was sure I was either going to crash or have to drive at 10 mph. But an amazing thing happened: every time the car started to swap ends, the anti-lock brakes would clank in, and the car would straighten up again.

That was pretty cool. At least I could do 40.

Turned out the avalanche was caused by wet snow falling on cold, frozen snow. Or so they said. And the guy who was caught in it really was, but escaped unharmed. I interviewed him the next day and got a pretty good story.

The rain continued to fall, pretty much continuously, for the next three days. On Thursday night — the last day of my work week — I had spent the night picking up the loose ends left by reporters covering the extensive flooding that was wiping communities out right and left. I was dry, for a change, and as 10 p.m. grew closer I thought I would escape the whole miserable affair.

But then the scanner call: two houses had been pushed into the Tacoma Narrows by a mudslide.

"Go!" said my editor. He admitted it was too late to make the morning paper, but he thought we should be there. I grumbled. One of the copyeditors told me "You've never seen anything like it." I scoffed. Grumbling and scoffing, I went.

A drive to northwest Tacoma brought me to a dirt road protected by a gate. I walked down the road with the help of a flashlight, until I came to an 18-inch deep impromptu lake in the middle of it.

Remembering my leaking shoes, I had put on a pair of galoshes. But I could tell they weren't quite tall enough. After a couple of minutes, I said "fuck it," and waded across. The water poured into my galoshes.

Eventually, I reached an area of non-residential sheds, with a fire truck and a few police cars parked there. One cop told me he'd "walk me down" to where the houses were, and I agreed. Not that I needed his protection, but because I wouldn't waste time. The path was the only way to these houses, except by boat.

But when we got to the hard-dirt path leading down a 100-foot cliff, two other cops came up, expressing their happiness that the cliff hadn't fallen on them.

"I wouldn't go down there," said one.

I looked briefly at my "escort," who wouldn't meet my eyes.

Then I headed down alone. I met several residents, including one who had helped save a man trapped in the house after the mud had slapped it into the water. Hippies, I say. Those people were hippies.

Then I went on, down to the bottom of the cliff, to see for myself. A strip of houses had been erected — half on dirt, half on pilings — right where the water met a thin beach. The houses were old, wooden constructions with sheds for cordwood in the back and no obvious lighting. On one side was the cliff, dripping and splashing rainwater like a garden hose over the thin path. On the other side, eight feet from the cliff, the dark houses. The mudslide had blocked the path, and my galoshes sank several inches in the deep brown wet dirt as I traversed it.

I carefully stepped onto the deck of one house and walked out until I could see the smashed homes, flattened, struck in the low tide.

Then I reversed the whole process, finally getting back to the paper after midnight, when I sat down and wrote up the story.

Which never really ran. A reporter talked to the guy who'd actually been rescued, cannibalized what she needed from my thing, and gave me a co-byline out of courtesy.

It took three days for my shoes — well-used Doc Martens — to dry out, and they were finished. I picked up another pair over the weekend, and I hope they last as long.

The day after the mudslide, the Tacoma Fireboat Commencement was called out to the Narrows. Turned out a container boat had noticed something drifting in the shipping lanes.

The fireboat towed the poor hippie's house back to a place where it could be securely moored.

Police Beat

THOSE OF YOU who read last issue's article might recognize a major theme from Finnegans Wake from this story that I wrote for The News Tribune. By the way, it's pronounced "pew-al-up":

A man acting as a lookout while his friend relieved herself ended up in the tank Saturday.

Police officers pulled over when they saw a woman urinating in a parking lot in the 1200 block of East Puyallup Avenue. By the time they had stopped she had returned to her vehicle, joining a man who had apparently been acting as a lookout, police said.

The woman explained to police that there were no public bathrooms in the area, and that she had been unable to continue without a stop.

But when officers checked on her 27-year-old companion, they found three \$1,000 warrants for his arrest on charges of assault and destruction of property, police said.

The man was arrested and booked into Pierce County Jail. The woman was warned not to do it again and released.



And when the cages were opened, they all flew in the same direction, like arrows

FANNISH MEMORY SYNDROME

by Steve Green

SO THERE I AM, warm within the embrace of the wonderful Royal Clarence Hotel, audience to yet another stirring call to arms

from the world-famous fannish philosopher Mr Gregory Ptkers-gill, late of darkest London and currently on missionary duty in the Welsh wilderness. "D West says the best place to read old fanzine articles is in old fanzines," he tells me, underlining the gravity of our exchange with mention of the well-known Yorkshire philanthropist and party animal, "but I don't think he means the same when he says that as I do."

I nod thoughtfully, and not only because that gives me a slim chance of constructing a response which won't simply be shredded on Greg's barbed-wire logic: this is MiScon, after all, and my thought processes are already overloaded with fannishness and real ale. Too late: he's already on to the next stage, unveiling his tentative plans (cash and time willing) to reprint entire fanzines rather than the odd article or two, combining archaeology and necromancy in one glorious paean to the past.

This is by turns Greg's most admirable virtue and his most alarming. Whilst most of us occasionally toy with such schemes as the Mexican Hat (a central agency to pool fannish donations and farm them out as loans for worthy projects) and Memory Hole (a clearing-house for old fanzine collections), few of us share the cocktail of monomaniacal fervour and sheer *chutzpah* which swims around Greg's brain and daily persuades him that such endeavours are not only possible, but essential. Worse, his evangelical assaults — perhaps best observed during the Sunday afternoon debates he chaired at the three MiScons — spread the lunacy out amongst fellow fans, like the Iowa farmer in W P Kinsella's SHOELESS JOE: he builds it, and we come.

It's Memory Hole which dwells upon my own thoughts eight days later, as I relax in a coffee bar and immerse myself in Arnie and Joyce Katz's delightful twenty-fifth anniversary edition of THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE. Chuckling aloud (and attempting to ignore the puzzled gazes from other diners), I still couldn't help wondering if Charles Burbee's wit would shine yet brighter if I'd read it within its original context. This is not in any way to deprecate Arnie and Joyce's achievement, but I pondered whether they considered resurrecting the original printing technology (which no doubt pegs me as an unrealistic Luddite) or, at the least, attempting to mimic the visual style of the period.

I am drawn in memory to one summer evening in the early 1980s, during Peter Weston's gallant (if ill-fated) struggle to preach the Fannish Word to the largely comatose Birmingham Science Fiction Group, by then already more than a decade old and growing increasingly fossilized by the second. To Peter's relief, however, a fanzine "underground" had already emerged in the region, first in the form of the Solihull Group and later as the MISFITs (whose creation of the MiScons kinda brings that thread of the tale full circle), and it was at this point that he rummaged in his attic and unearthed the fannish equivalent of the Dead Sea Scrolls: a bound set of HYPHENS.

Sitting in the pub that distant night, drinking anachronistically cheap ale (a one-off promotion), I found myself drifting back in time, much as the playwright in Richard Matheson's BID TIME RETURN, only without Mahler's Ninth on the jukebox. Maybe I succumbed to the ancient mimeo fumes, but for two golden hours I was transported into the company of Willlis, Shaw, Berry, Thomson et al, turning the pages as if they had arrived in that morning's post. Years of feverish fanac condensed into a single evening: sheer heaven.

Which is why I am instantly attracted to the logic of Greg's argument, but as part of a wider panorama. Arnie and Joyce Katz have provided a long overdue showcase for classic works by Charles Burbee, Ted White and Bob Tucker (and even a potentially unpublished 1970s column by the late, much-loved Bob Shaw), just as Ken Cheslin has resurrected John Berry's "Bleary Eyes" fanfiction: Ted has himself joined with BLAT partner Dan Steffan to rescue from obscurity "lost" issues of EGOBOO and Frank Lunney's SYNDROME (better yet, they even *looked* the

part). And there, bang between both ends of the scale, stands Greg and his proposed reprints.

Later, sorting through a stack of Memory Hole donations, we stumble across a *samizdat* copy of Greg's own RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK: he has no idea who's responsible, but I suspect he'd like to go over and pat them on the back.

[Material can be donated to Memory Hole at 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, SA61 2XG UK.]

From Unnatural Soul to a 270 degree back-leg crossover.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: PAMELA BOAL (4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxfordshire OX12 7EW) writes:]

'Here I have Apparatchik 52 to hand — congratulations to you on your half century.

'Victor — an incident involving our daughter recently was a mildly amusing but slightly sad reflection on the British press.

'The media as a whole has been sympathetic and supportive towards our daughter, her partner, our son and some friends who are fighting for the right to live their own sustainable life style on their own land. When a reporter discovered that sustainable and close to the earth did not mean primitive and uncomfortable, our daughter and family were quite happy to scrunch up in corners of their bender for six hours, while a photographer went to work on the visual images to accompany the reporter's insight.

'We naturally bought copies of the paper on the due date... no article. Finally made contact with the reporter who informed us that the article had missed the deadline because the editor had insisted that she rewrite the piece taking out the facts. According to the editor, readers are interested to learn that people use wood burning stoves but don't want to know about the efficient design of the stove or the why, which and wherefrom of the wood. Duly rewritten it is coming out this week end. I wonder what good a glossy mood piece on the interior of a bender will be to the readers or the people trying to demonstrate that you do not have to deplete the earth's resources to live a comfortable life?

[APH: I think most people have similar experiences with reporters; you sit there and give them whatever they ask for, for however long it takes, and all that narrative/dialogue ends up compressed into six inches, or a 45-second blip at the end of the 11:00 pm news. Fans are so prone to disappointment at this transaction that they end up telling their own stories.

Now, HARRY WARNER JR., (423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740) also takes up the issue of reporter access, presently:]

'Robert isn't the only fan who received a copy of Twink. Mine came after 18 days in the mails between Ellicott City and Hagerstown, a distance of maybe 75 miles. Twink's editor had put the wrong zip code on the address and it must have taken postal employees two weeks to remember what to do when that happens (go to the zip code directory that every post office owns and look up Hagerstown).

'Greg Benford's letter makes a great deal of sense. However, I am somewhat doubtful about the heat-source investigation. Bems whose flying saucers can perform such unprecedented maneuvers might also possess perfect insulating substances that would not only help keep the temperature comfortable for themselves but also prevent radiation of heat from the base.

'If the United Kingdom's railroads ever fall into the same desuetude as those in the United States, the problem of providing new stadiums for baseball and football teams in the United States will be solved. The huge, domed railroad stations that Dan Steffan

describes could be shipped across the Atlantic, since they would no longer be needed in England, and erected at whatever points happen to need a roomy, all-weather stadium which doesn't look at all like the cookie-cutter football stadiums that used to be all the rage and are now in disgrace.

'The poor relation train to which Dan changed at Swansea must be quite similar to the one that used to run from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad station in Hagerstown down the valley to connect with the main line just across the Potomac River. This was the only train known to me that stopped when it came to every grade crossing and the engineer looked up and down the intersecting road to make sure no autos were coming, before proceeding on his way.

'Your 52nd issue was partly useless as a source of comment hooks because so much space was devoted to TAFP and I've decided not to write anything more about that topic or read the rehashes of the differing points of view on the topic except for a hasty skimming. But I did very much enjoy the page about what news can be printed and what can't. It's now a dozen years since I retired and I get the impression that newspaper people no longer are trusted as much as they were when I was a journalist. The local dailies seem to be excluded, for instance, from some union meetings at which I used to be welcome, like strike votes and decisions on whether to accept a new contract. There are many "executive sessions" of various government boards that are closed to the press, usually about personnel problems and promotion decisions, that I used to be allowed to sit through on the condition that I didn't publicize decisions until the people involved had been notified of what had been decided. The climax came the day I read in the newspaper that the local NCAAP group had decided to hold a mass meeting that was open to the public but closed to the media. Yipes, I know it isn't the NCAAP, but I'll leave it that way to demonstrate what has happened to my intellect after all these years.'

[VMG: These days, reporters tend to look very carefully at the laws governing what they can and can't see. There are dozens of devices various public bodies will use to keep information to themselves; from outright suppression to subtler means. I once forced a small town south of Tacoma to change its policy on the price of photocopies. In the old system, they charged a rate that escalated according to the number of copies; the more copies, the more per copy. I pointed out this was against the law, and within weeks the law was rewritten.

A scant ten days after we lobbed Apak #53 his or her way, E.B. FROHVET (4725 Dorsey Hall Drive, Suite A, Box 700 Ellicott City, MD 21042) responds to the assessments of their fanzine, Twink #1, in last issue's lettercol:]

'Dear Messrs. Hooper and Gonzalez,

'Are you on our mailing list? Well, you are now, of course. Ah yes, we see the connection via Mr. Lichtman's letter. We have exchanged letters with the gentleman. (Private correspondence is less than 5 percent of the Postal Service's workload.) Well, thanks

to Mr. Lichtman for commenting on our modest first issue, and thanks to you for giving it some publicity.

'A few brief comments: Considering the art work, it was stated in *Twink* #1 that we had no artistic talent, but we had to start somewhere. As to the remark that the illos were "a slight step up from L. Garcone", someone will have to help us out here: is that a compliment or not? *Twink* #2 is coming along. We hope that you and Mr. Lichtman will consider it at least a slight improvement. Yes, there will be a letter column, in fact we already have several pages of letters. The print run of the first issue was modest but the mailing list is still in flux. Contributions of short articles, book/film reviews, art. conreports, or LOC's will be gratefully accepted.

'Any comparison to the "Unabomber" is, to put it kindly, a rather extravagant metaphor. There's a huge difference between terrorism, and merely being irritated by techno-nerdish foolishness.

'Sad news indeed about Bob Shaw. We never knew him personally though we probably attended some of his panels at one Worldcon or another. We admired the work of G.C. Edmondson, especially the time-ship stories ("The Ship That Sailed The Time Stream" etc.).

'Re: Mr. Flynn's discussion of democracy in fandom, everyone knows that the Hugo Awards are a flawed system. On the other hand, we can't really object to voting for site selection. We would be content to see fandom run as a benevolent oligarchy — assuming it isn't already — but the reason we're not active in convention fandom is because we don't want to do fannish politics.

'Mr. Gonzalez's dissertation on Faulkner was truly enjoyable, though the connection to fandom is rather obscure. It's true that no one turned a descriptive phrase quite like old Bill. An SF writer in an offshoot of the same Southron tradition might be Terry Bisson. . .

[VMG: Thanks for the compliment. And I agree: Terry Bisson's work, and his accent as well, and even perhaps his drinking habits, might well draw from Faulkner. Did you know Faulkner wrote "As I Lay Dying" while he was employed to shovel coal into a boiler at the University of Mississippi?

Speaking of issues with a southron slant, GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Station, Cambridge, MA 02142) holds out hope for last minute travelers to Nashville!

'Lucy did get me a room, for Corflu, and tells me that the front desk doesn't know what they're doing (so what else is new?).

'Much of fannish import happened at Boskone: Gary Farber showed up for his first con in years. At a panel on fan feuds through the ages (which managed to avoid starting any new ones), Gary came up with an on-the-spot taxonomy of feuds: rules-based, issues-based, and personality-based. John Dallman floated a trial balloon for a bid to combine Corflu with Attitude-the-Convention. (I demurred, "Interesting idea.") And some grandiose plans for Fanhistorical publishing projects were adumbrated.'

[APH: This is I had not heard before — a move to combine Attitude-the-Convention with Corflu. This is another reason why I support the idea of having Corflu in Blighty in 1998 — Pam, John and Mike have already done hard work to stake their claim to hold the "most fanzine-intensive British convention of 1997" and it would be a shame to dilute their attendance base.

Why is it that I am not surprised that Gary Farber was able to synthesize a new theory of fannish psychohistory with nothing but a bent pin, two limes and wire coat hanger? To make it diffi-

cult you could at least have suspended him upside down in a tank of chilled water, his wrists and ankles weighted with a run of Yandro.

George, you drew a measure of response with your piece in #53, including this note from DALE SPEIRS Box 6830 Calgary, Alberta Canada T2P 2E7) who asks:]

'APAK #53's commentary by George Flynn on the controversy of traditionalist fans versus populists, litfans versus the media barbarians, and such, has me wondering about e-mail fans. I don't have a computer (the mortgage comes first) and have no idea of what is going on via the Internet. Perhaps someone can write this up?'

[APH: Dale goes on at some length here, and makes a number of cogent points about the possibility of on-line cliquishness providing another schism to parallel zine/con fans, and and sercon/media fans, but it's ground that has been covered before and I couldn't resist the temptation to end with his request for a *precis* of the Net, something which I have often wished for.

My honest observation, Dale, is that while there may be logistical challenges to fandom in the proliferation of netactive fans, the latter do not, as yet, seem to possess a meaningful degree of self-identification as "Electronic fans." Just as the distinctions between con-runners and zineheads and drobes and trekkies are generalizations which apply poorly to individuals, most assumptions regarding "generic" netheads, and especially those about their tendency to feel any sense of community based of their on-line connections, seem to regard persons who do not actually exist.

The way I think about the net is this: It's a system that allows me to send telegrams anywhere in the world for free. Anyone who has the wire and the right glorified morse key in their home, can send telegrams right back. And the telegram can be of any length, too. Nice though this is, I am unlikely to begin to identify more closely with the people who send me telegrams than the people who I get to see face to face, albeit intermittently. . . no matter what I may have written elsewhere that might suggest otherwise.

While your trying to recover from that, we'll move on to a message from TED WHITE (1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046), who also liked George Flynn's piece in #53:]

'I should be writing a report right now, and from a distance I probably appear to be doing just that, but as you know, I'm writing this letter of comment on APAK #53. (My job has definitely gotten more interesting — in the good sense of that word — and will become more so soon. I suggested that we do a newsletter, for our customer base, and the idea was immediately welcomed with open arms by both our sales manager and upper management. But the idea has evolved from just a newsletter to a website Home Page, which I envision as a constantly evolving pool of material from which we can draw newsletters on a periodic basis. All of which means I may soon — well, eventually, anyway — gain my own direct access to The Net, complete with an e-mail address and All That Stuff. We shall see. . .)

'George Flynn's piece for you strikes me as excellent and very sensible and proof that George should write for more fanzines than he does. I wish he had suggestions for solutions; his understanding seems remarkably clear — there is nothing I can even quibble with.

'On to Kev McVeigh's letter. I don't want to argue with him about the Beatles. I suspect this is one of those generational things. You hadda be there. I mean, I bought The White Album the day it came out: Murray the K played all four sides right

. . .to their mountains. But there were 47 dead.

through on his radio show that day. In fact, the album saturated the radio waves, at least in NYC. There were chunks I liked less well: I rarely played the last side, for instance. But there was so much that one could easily immerse oneself in the album, coming up only rarely for air. It was an *event*. Now I wasn't a screaming Beatles fan. I was coming from a background of jazz and there were other rock artists (like Brian Wilson) whom I liked better. But starting with *Rubber Soul* I started liking Beatles albums better and better. Kev's notion that the Beatles "produced far too much drug-addled tripe, and weak copies of true originals" strikes me as pretty far off the beam. The "weak copies" came early in their career; once Lennon & McCartney hit their stride they were true originals in their own right. It's easy to look back from a vantage point of nearly thirty years later and disparage them in the light of all that has followed, but the Beatles revolutionized pop/rock, and for me they still hold up. (For what it's worth, ELO was created — by Roy Wood and Jeff Lynn — to pick up where the Beatles left off with "I am the Walrus." And that first album by ELO had a quirky brilliance which left ELO with Wood . . . and which Roy himself never really followed up on, subsequently. I wish I regarded Harrison's solo efforts — after the post-Beatles double album — as "an odd hybrid between ELO and the Beatles," but I don't think it was that good. Harrison needed the other Beatles to butt heads against, to hone his work. He sounds good on "Free as a Bird," though . . .)

'Glad to see Lichtman mentioning INDIAN SCOUT. This was an excellent fanzine produced by the Cretins, a Scottish group that included Jimmy Robertson, whose own 23RD was no slouch either. Phil Palmer gave me a file of SCOUTs and other early-80's Cretinzines to read while stayed with him in 1985 (When I went over for Rob & Avedon's wedding). I stayed up all night reading them. The problem (for the rest of us) is that these fanzines were produced in very small runs — maybe 35-50 copies — mostly for circulation within the group, and much of the contents of IS was not attributed to any specific author (although written first-person as often as not), since they all knew who each piece was written by. Brilliant stuff. I wish someone would produce a collection of it.

'Great letter from Greg Benford.

'Time to go: I've still got that report to write.'

[APH: I'm very intrigued by these references of INDIAN SCOUT — perhaps this would be an ideal reprint project for Memory Hole . . . just the kind of thing that contemporary fans would probably most appreciate having access to. Now, IRWIN HIRSH (26 Jessamine Ave. East Prahran Victoria 3181 Australia) directs our concern to another current fan-fund race:]

'Should Perry Middlemiss win DUFF he will certainly be visiting Seattle. One of his nominators is a resident of your fair city, and I believe Perry and John have discussed a Microbrewery crawl. It was Perry who introduced John to Redback beer, the brew after which John titled his DUFF administrators report. Speaking of this sort of stuff, the attached article (regarding "DUFF Beer" an Australian brand) appeared in the pages of a recent daily newspaper. I've been wondering how we can use the beer within the context of the Down Under Fan Fund. Have the candidates line up for a beer drinking contest, with the winner getting 30 votes. Or have as a nominating condition the requirement of being able to drink five glasses in a two hour period. In any case, Perry is one of Australian fandom's premier drinkers and I think it is appropriate that he wins DUFF in the year in which Duff beer first hits the shelf. I encourage you to promote Perry within the pages of Apak. Should he win and Martin Tudor wins TAPP the fanfund panel should be convened in the Mickey Mouse Bar where the masses can watch the two chaps discussing the merits of refrigerating beer.

'Issue 49: If Ted White owns a copy of "Imagine: John Lennon" (the album issued with the late-80s documentary, not the early-70s record) he'd have heard "Free Love" as many times as he's listened to the album. A non-Beatles version of the song is the first track on the album.

'If there is to be a distinction applied to fan fund candidature I'd like it to be between people who are and aren't fan fund aware. Meaning: I'd like the candidates to be people who have had some consistent involvement with fan funds. They've voted in a number of races, have met some of the winners, and over time have picked up a feeling for the traditions, history and place of fan funds and expectations and responsibilities which come with winning. Every now and again our fan funds throw up someone who, as administrator, makes mistakes, and more often than not that someone is a person who, in my estimation, hadn't been much of a committed fan fund supporter before standing. Consequently they hadn't picked up on the need for timely announcements that nominations are open, distributing ballots early enough so people can use them, etc.

'Thanks to Pam for her intro to Simo. This is an area of fan funds which is often forgotten. Someone stands and as a result is introduced to those on the other side. That person doesn't have to win for these sort of ties between regions to be strengthened. I'd seen Simo's name in British fanzines, but hadn't built up a picture of who he is.

'I don't get Wild Heirs (though I guess I should do something to rectify this situation) but I can see some advantage to having 23 editors: that's 23 nominations and votes in the Hugos and FAAAAs.'

[APH: Excellent comments, Irwin. Now, JOHN WESLEY HARDIN (jwesley@wizard.com, 5004 Celebrity Circle, Las Vegas, NV 89119) also seems to have the number "23" on his mind:]

'Greetings, you miserable bastards: (oh, I'm sorry, for a moment there I was channeling the spirit of Joseph Nicholas).

'First off with the COA. I am now John Hardin, 5004 Celebrity Circle, Las Vegas, NV 89119. Actually, that's the 2nd new address I've had since December. My gracious former employer "moved me to freelance status" three weeks before Christmas. The subsequent shock of not being able to support myself in the style to which I had become accustomed forced me to move twice. But now I'm here and by God, I'm not moving at least until April. In penniless slacker terms, that's long enough to put down deep roots.

'I am at such an utter lack of words about Bob Shaw's death that I feel sociopathic. Reading about Walter M. Miller Jr's suicide only made it worse. *A Canticle for Leibowitz* was/is one of my favorite novels. I didn't even know the stupid bastard was still alive, and then I find out he's killed himself. Hell. The book didn't need a sequel anyway....

'All of which sets the tone Perfectly for my comments about APAK #51. The only thing that comes to me now is Victor's remark to the effect that Wild Heirs "reduces the meaning, and thus the status, of editorship to nothing." Now really, Victor, you're not serious? Please tell me how much Status there actually is in amateur publishing. I mean, is someone giving you hookers and booze and you're not telling us? Come on, we're just having fun doing what we're doing; who gives a fuck about some metaphoric status that the act of publishing supposedly bestows upon us? We're all vain enough to think that other people might want to read what we have to say. That's our status.

'Speaking of which, I don't suppose it would be convenient if you could send us 23 copies of APAK in trade....'

[VMG: Well, I disagree. While it is easy to say that editorship means nothing because we're all just here for the fun of it, that doesn't mean editorship doesn't carry status. Getting fanzines sent

to you personally is one aspect of that "status," as is being nominated for or winning fanzine awards. There are other ways to achieve such a status, like locating many fanzines or contributing to one or more on a regular basis — but status it is. Perhaps the word you thought I said was "prestige."

Furthermore, the word "editor" means "one who edits." As Arnie said so clearly, not every editor actually contributes to every issue. And mere contribution doesn't mean a person helped in the editing process, one of deciding what will go where, what is too awful to run at all, etc. Should the definition of "editor"

be reduced to "occasional contributor," we would need to come up with another word.

But "editor" still means something in fandom. Unless you edit for *Wild Heirs*, in which case no one will take that seriously because the list of "editors" is actually a contributors list. Which also might explain why we don't send 23 copies.]

WAHF: Teddy Harvia, Steve Jeffery, Laurel Krahn, Jeanne Mealy, Murray Moore and Candi Strecker. Thanks, everyone!

The revolution also belongs to lakes, rivers, trees, animals.

Sacred Texts

by Lesley Reece

I'M A STUDENT. That means I spend most of my time attached to a book. Sometimes it's one I've read before, like a few weeks ago when I had to read *Wuthering Heights* for about the fifth time. I'm not complaining, though. My love for books is what made me overcome my fear of perennial underemployment and become an English major.

I love computers, too. I just recently got unlimited Net access, so I thought it might be fun to read the online version of *Wuthering Heights*, just for variety. I did a quick Net search, and sure enough, there it was. I pulled it up, and ignoring the temptin' button labeled "Go to Best Part," I began to read.

After about a chapter, though, I noticed a few problems. For one thing, the font, a sort of squeezed-looking Courier, was pretty hard to read. My eyes had begun to hurt, and scrolling down to the next page every couple of minutes didn't help, either. I kept losing my place. Worst of all, I had no way to underline anything. How was I going to come back to the salient parts when the time came to write my paper?

Undaunted, I adjusted the screen settings and found some paper for notes. That worked for a while, but still I was dissatisfied. My chair was getting uncomfortable. I longed to snuggle on the couch with the cat in my lap, but I knew there wouldn't be room for a full-size monitor, CPU, and keyboard, and her too.

The other place I usually read is the bathtub. My eyes did stray toward the bathroom once, but I quickly yanked myself back to reality.

Finally, around Chapter Seven (just as Cathy came home from her first stay at Thrushcross Grange), I gave up. I had to admit that what I missed most of all was holding the book, the tangible, made thing, in my hands. With the computer, there was no paper-smell, no nice crisp page-turning sound, no feeling of accomplishment as the right-hand section of the book gradually got smaller. Regretfully, I logged off. I grabbed a lovely green leatherbound copy of *The Works of Charlotte and Emily Bronte* (which I'd rescued from the flotsam in the back of Victor's car), and headed for the couch. The cat was already there, waiting.

My involvement in fandom began about a year and a half ago. Getting into it has gone a lot more slowly than my college education has, though. For one thing, fandom doesn't send out grade reports, so I don't spend as much time thinking about it. Besides, I can go into any bookstore, no matter how small, and find the classics of English Literature at affordable prices. Great fannish works are much more difficult to locate. You either have to know someone who owns them and is nice enough to loan them to you, or know where to get your own.

I'd wanted to read *The Enchanted Duplicator* for a while, so I asked Andy if he had a copy. After a short search of his crammed bookshelves, he handed me an expensive-looking hardbound volume. It was heavy. I looked at the title stamped in gold on the spine: Warhoon 28. The elusive Willish! I never thought I'd see one.

"I can't borrow this," I said, my voice squeaky with awe.

"Just be nice to it," Andy said.

I read *The Enchanted Duplicator* the next day. Jophan's journey through Mundania to Trufandom reminded me of Christian's quest in *A Pilgrim's Progress* (which I'd been required to read and had actually liked). It all seemed good, level-headed advice, with one exception: the dying neofan who warns Jophan not to trust Swift and his brothers, Offset and Litho. I had to roll my eyes a bit at this seeming technophobia. The only time I ever had to type or draw on stencils was in high school in the Seventies. All I remembered was cursing as I threw away mistake after mistake, and wishing I could attend a school that had its own Xerox.

Wanting to know more about this person who'd cowritten *The Enchanted Duplicator*, I turned to Harry Warner's biography of Willis, *A Wealth of Fable*. There, I read how Willis wanted to publish his own fanzine so much that he and his friend James actually produced 150 12-page copies of *Slant* on a printing press that consisted of not much more than a metal box with a lid. When they ran out of the letter "I" halfway down a page, they either eliminated any words with "I" in them, or cut their own additional type. The finished issue was sewn together.

Suddenly, I understood why the Willish itself was produced on stencils, whereas before I'd felt only pity for the person who'd had to type them all. These writers had truly crafted their work, not just written it, and things like a lack of staplers hadn't stopped them. I immediately felt guilty as hell for ever wondering why anyone would use a duplicator.

The history of fandom looked impossibly complicated to me when I first encountered it. Since reading Warhoon 28, however, I have realized that it's impossible to ignore. What I saw as pointless nostalgia was actually useful information that I simply couldn't interpret right away.

I haven't changed my mind about computers, or about commercial printing either, but I am sorry that the duplicated fanzine is vanishing. For the first time, I feel like I've missed something.



I couldn't do it. He just looked too much like a Groucho Marx cocoa mug.

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, February 15th to 28th

1.) **Zorn #4**, Mike Scott, 2 Craithie Road, Chester CH3 5JL U.K.: Mike has been knocked off the admirably frequent schedule followed by issues one to three, but three months isn't much of a lag by contemporary standards. It's given Zorn's readers time to build up a healthy wave of letters, which dominate this issue. The rest of it generally concerns the moral and socio-economic impact of the Worldcon on UK fandom, both the real effects of the recent events in Glasgow and the predicted effects of future bids. I especially liked the idea of the "Distributed Worldcon," which would be licensed to dozens of locations around the world, and linked by the Internet, or a bunch of soup cans and a large, large ball of twine. Its a pretty good read, although I do hope we're introduced to some other obsession of Mike's sometime soon. I also prized this one for the chunky list of fanzines and addresses that finish it up.

2.) **Opuntia #27.1**, edited by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7: Dale underlines his contacts with other sorts of fanzines by imbedding a really solid review of a St. Louis punk fanzine and a few other unusual publications among a small sea of the usual suspects. Apparatchik #51 elicits one sentence, of ten words. More interesting are the essays which accrete around Dale's review of some books he's read, including Pagan Kennedy's "Zine" and Milton Rokeach's "The Three Christs of Ypsilanti," and which touch on psychotherapy, radio history, obsolete technology, leading into a brief, but intriguing letter column. Opuntia has not received the fanfare which other frequent titles have over the past three years, but it is a consistently entertaining zine, with a unique perspective. I recommend checking it out.

3.) **The Canadian Journal of Detournement**, edited by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7: I find these little graphic zines, a single sheet folded to form a four-page digest-size, surprisingly powerful. All Speirs does is clip out some cartoons from mainstream newspaper comic strips, and remove the word balloons or captions, replaced with a legend of his own. #9 is sort of diffuse, but generally pointed at the kind of genital anarchy that mail artists most commonly embrace, while #10 is a more-or-less coherent admonition toward content and message in mail art. Dale is thus himself an interstice between the mail-art universe and the sf fan universe, one with a laudable degree of self-awareness and the ability to translate material for both subcultures.

4.) **Twink #1**, January, 1996, E.B. Frohvet, 4725 Dorsey Hall Drive, Suite A, Box 700 Ellicott City, MD 21042

Well, now, let us be frank: this is not an especially good fanzine — in fact, it's got many of the classic elements of a first-attempt crudzine. But people should not be quick to assume that I am therefore rejecting it out of hand, or saying that it is entirely without merit. The definition of a crudzine is motile, but to me, the term has always indicated a lower level of expectations, a feeling that certain niceties of layout, design, editorial discretion and restraint have been suspended in favor of actually publishing something. Instead of struggling to reach a higher level of polish which might

never see the light of day. Besides, crudzines give the editor a lot of room to grow; compare the rudimentary and quasi-coherent first issue of this very fanzine to its latter-day incarnation to see evidence of that! This issue features book and fanzine reviews, some personal philosophy, and a strangely detached third-person editorial voice that leaves me puzzled. The author refuses to make his or her true identity known, so I find myself wondering: is this the first effort of a young writer who can be expected to grow beyond the artifice of the pseudonym, or is the work of an experienced fan who is operating at the extreme range of their intellectual wherewithal to produce this sketchy first issue? Needless to say, I'm curious to see what the May issue will bring.

5.) **Riverside Quarterly, Vol. 9, #3**, edited by Leland Sapiro, Box 958 Big Sandy, TX 75755: This issue of the venerable sercon digest is dated June, 1995; I don't know if this means that I've received an especially late copy, or if the entire mailing was delayed over six months. But with RQ, the point is generally moot. Little of the criticism seems to be directed at anything published less than three years ago, and the best piece, Brad Linaweaver's "The Monster God of Dreams" is concerned with H.P. Lovecraft, whose output has dropped off rather steeply in recent years. The fiction and poetry rise above the level of criminality but I can't honestly see any good argument for publishing the vast majority of it. Jim Harmon's memories of Bob Bloch are well done, and the letter column has a nice spark to it.

Also Received:

Machinations #34, edited by Anita Rowland, et al, for the Seattle Cacophony Society. Twink and Zorn also received by Victor.



APPARATCHIK is, one might hope, a kind of Ernesto Cardenal of fandom, driven by equal measures of holy mystery and campesino fervor. We wish we might one day equal the art of "The Stone", which eventually "came to rest on a plain/its size being reduced little by little./ by the rain, the sun, the wind/ smoothing it and making it almost round/ its size smaller all the time/until one rainy September morning/ when the filibusters attacked San Jacinto/ Andres Castro picked it from the ground/and killed a Yankee with it." It's still available for the usual, but note that trades must now be sent to both Andy and Victor (Victor can be reached at 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and electronically at VXG@p.tribnet.com), and/or you can get Apparatchik for \$3.00 for a three month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life-time subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for the high-pitched cavitation of propellers from afar. For readers in the United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, see his address in the colophon on the front cover. Lifetime subscribers include Tom Becker, Judy Bernis, Tracy Benton, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Scott Custis, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Barnaby Rapoport, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Nevenah Smith, Dale Speirs, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, Michael Waite, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner. The point is, you're on our list. Your file is active and open.