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APPARATCHIK

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This is the fifty-eighth issue of a Hugo-nominated bi-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, member & founding member IWA, supporters afal, at The Starliner Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at fanmailAPH@aol.com. Correspondence can be addressed to Victor at 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and via e-mail at Gonzalez@tribnet.com. See the back page for availability and trade info, including the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #255. Apparatchiki: Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Carl Juarez, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells.

Issue #58, April 25th, 1996

**Stuff a Real Newszine
would have in it**

Compiled by Andy

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTED from the colophon, Apak has been nominated for a Hugo award in the category of Best Fanzine. Victor and I want to thank everyone who took the time and effort to name us on

their nominating ballot, and we'd also like to thank Carl, Lesley, Martin, Steve, Pam and Irwin, plus all the lost, nameless souls languishing in the mailing label gulag, for all their help in making Apparatchik the fanzine it is.

The other major piece of news we've received in the past two weeks is not so happy. Noted futurist Harlan Ellison began suffering severe chest pains on the 10th of April, and was admitted to Cedars-Sinai medical center several days later. Tests later revealed that Harlan's blood vessels were so thoroughly blocked that an angioplasty was not an option, and he underwent a quadruple-bypass operation on the 15th of April. So far, reports have been encouraging, all things considered; as Harlan put it, the operation entailed "cracking my chest open like a walnut," so it will be some time before he's up and around again.

Harlan has made a special request that people NOT send get-well messages or flowers; while he has been very gratified to have so many people wish him well, he and his wife been swamped with flowers and faxes, and would just as soon not receive quite so much traffic while Harlan is recovering.

Another unhappy story: Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden were exiting a tool booth in Bayonne, New Jersey on the afternoon of the 18th of April when their Honda Civic was rear-ended by a Pontiac Firebird. Patrick was nicely squared in his seat, and merely bounced around in his seat-belts for a few seconds, but Teresa, who was driving the car, had turned somewhat sideways in her seat to look for a gap between a series of semi-trailers, and caromed smartly off the steering wheel and the gear shift.

While she doesn't seem to have suffered any broken bones in the accident, Teresa reported numbness in both her hands and right arm, and all the classic symptoms of someone who has been badly concussed — loss of memory and mental acuity, ringing in the ears and some major-league headaches. There's also a chance that she suffered some sort of nerve damage associated with "whiplash," and the hospital sent her home with a cervical collar that she claims makes her look like Herbert Hoover.

We hope you feel better soon, Teresa.

Reports from Las Vegas indicate that John Hardin and his family are planning to leave that city for an "intentional community" somewhere in the Ozarks. No doubt this will be quite a change for all of them, and I'm sure John would especially like to continue to receive fanzines from his acquaintances in fandom.

As soon as we have a change of address for him, we'll make it known to Apak's readers.

The 1995 Down-Under Fan Fund race to select an Australian fan to attend LACON III and selected other American cities has come to a close, and the winner is Perry Middlemiss, who returned a clear majority on the first ballots. The voting breakdowns read as follows, in this press-release posted by Australian Administrator Alan Stewart:

1996 DUFF Race to North America Results

	Australia	US	Total
Stephen Dedman	3	6	9
Danny Heap	18	26	44
Perry Middlemiss	21	42	63
No Preference	0	9	9
Write-In	0	0	0
Hold Over Funds	1	0	1
Total	43	83	126
Insufficient Funds	0	1	1
Postmarked after the 15th April	0	2	2
Unable to be counted	1	0	1
Grand Total	44	86	130

As the No Preference and Hold Over funds will not be distributing preferences, Perry has a clear majority [63]/[126-(9+1)]=63/116=54.3% and so Perry Middlemiss is hereby declared the winner.

Votes received by the Australasian Administrator appeared on forms distributed by Irwin Hirsh, Eric Lindsay & Jean Weber, Perry Middlemiss, Marc Ortleb and Alan Stewart.

Now, seeing as a mere 86 people from the entire country managed to register a vote in the DUFF race, it seems pretty likely that there are more than a few Apak readers who didn't remember to get their votes in. I am writing this column on the

IN THIS ISSUE: Accompanying this week's bumper crop of news is a separate box detailing the results and nominations of various SF- and fandom-related awards announced over the past few weeks. Lesley Reece then favors us with some thoughts on how hard it is to think of something to write every two weeks — especially with two such difficult editors as Victor and I. Victor follows on with some thoughts about the Hugo awards, and some salient features of his week at work. Victor's lizard logo is Lesley's work, but she doesn't take commissions. Andy offers an account of part of his recent trip to Louisiana, a journey which turned out to require travel in time as well as space, and finishes the issue with the usual fanzine countdown. Plus, letters from Flynn, Spiers, Lichtman, McVeigh, Joe Leslie Adams and others.

Um, I'd like to talk about roller-coasters for a minute.

24th of April, and it will most likely reach North American readers on the 30th. This leaves you four days to get your vote in to North American Administrator Dan Steffan, so if you get up as soon as you read this and fill out a ballot, and send it off immediately, you'll have a fair chance of getting it to him before voting comes to a close. We'll include a ballot with this issue if we can find room in the envelope; otherwise, the ballot is available on the internet, and Dan would probably be willing to accept a reasonable facsimile if you clear it with him in advance.

His address: 3804 S. 9th St., Arlington, VA, 22204

Oh, and don't forget to vote for Martin Tudor!

Lucy Huntzinger has posted her final report on Corfilu 13.

All copies of *Panthology '92* have been sold, and while she directs inquiries about additional printings to Robert Lichtman, Robert states in a letter to this issue that he is not the one to ask about them. So, apparently, *Panthology '92* is already out of print. Lucy does still have some handsome Corfilu T-shirts still available for \$10.00 each, sizes through XL.

She says that she has closed the books with a profit of \$58.00, which she intends to spend on a modest dinner out, a minor act of malfeasance that I doubt anyone will begrudge her. Lucy also reports that John Bartelt, will be leaving Vanderbilt U. at the end of the year; readers aware of any openings at their local high-energy physics department are encouraged to contact John and Lucy and help them escape Nashville.

A position of sorts is about to open in Seattle fandom; since Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins are in the process of buying a house of their own, half of the duplex occupied by them and Andi Shecter and Stu Shiffman is about to open up. It's actually a very nice house in a pleasant neighborhood; anyone interested in moving to Seattle's fashionable north side are encouraged to drop us a line, and we'll pass it to Stu & Andi.

From Martin Tudor come some bits of news from Eastercon: At Evolution, the 1996 National SF Convention held over the Easter weekend, there was a distinct shortage of Awards. The presentation of the British Science Fiction Association's awards was postponed due to "a technical hitch", and both the Ken McIntyre award and the Eastercon awards were cancelled due to a total absence of nominations. All of which meant that apart from Masquerade and raffle prizes the only presentation was the well-deserved Doc Weir award (for "unsung heroes" of fandom) received by Mark Plummer of the BSFA/POF/etc.

The United Fan Fund auction at Evolution raised 422.09 from the sale of goods and Robert Newman's haircut. The tradition of "sponsored" haircuts at UFF auctions was started last year by Nic Farey at Novacon 25, now popular pressure is building for it to be "topped" by cutting auctioneer Pam Wells' hair! Ms. Wells was unavailable for comment.

Richard Powers, who popularized surrealist and abstract art for SF book covers, died on the 9th of March in Madrid, Spain.

Nancy Shaw is looking for any audio or video tape recordings of her late husband, Bob Shaw, especially his convention performances. If you have any such material, or know of someone who does, please email Tim Gatewood at 72740.3445@compuserve.com, or send a note to us and we'll pass it on to him.

Great Moments in the History of the First Amendment

"This court can find no meaningful difference
between a computer language and German or French."

A Plague of Awards

The following people and fanzines have been nominated for 1996 Hugo awards, to be distributed at LACon III. We list just the fan categories here; the full list is available from numerous sources, or we'd be happy to send it to anyone who requests it.

BEST FANZINE

Ansible, edited by Dave Langford

Apparatchik, edited by Andrew Hooper and Victor Gonzalez

Attitude, edited by Michael Abbott, John Dallman, and Pam Wells

FOSPAX, edited by Timothy Lane and Elizabeth Garrett

Lan's Lantern, edited by George "Lan" Laskowski

Mimosa, edited by Richard and Nicki Lynch

No Award

BEST FAN WRITER

Sharon Farber

Andy Hooper

Dave Langford

Evelyn C. Leeper

Joseph T. Major

No Award

BEST FAN ARTIST

Ian Gunn

Teddy Harvia

Joe Mayhew

Peggy Ransom

William Rotsler

No Award

The Philip K. Dick award, bestowed to the best science fiction novel originally published in paperback in 1995, was given to *Headcrash*, by Bruce Bethke, at Norwescon 19. The first runner up for the award was *Carlucci's Edge* by Richard Paul Russo.

The James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award, for the most notable achievement in gender-related science fiction has again been judged a tie: both Elizabeth Hand, for *Waking the Moon*, and Theodore Roszak for *The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein* will receive the award at Wiscon 20, over Memorial day weekend in Madison, Wisconsin.

DITMAR AWARD RESULTS

The 1996 Ditmars and ASFMA's (whatever they might be) were awarded at The Festival of the Imagination in Perth over Easter:

BEST LONG FICTION *Mirrorsun Rising* Sean McMullen (Aphellon)

BEST SHORT FICTION "Schrodinger's Fridge" Ian Gunn (Aurealis #15)

Best Publication/Fanzine (Periodical) *Eidolon* (J. Byrne, R. Scriven & J. Strahan)

BEST ARTWORK *Eidolon* #19 (Cover) Shaun Tan

BEST NON-PROFESSIONAL/FAN WRITER Ian Gunn

BEST NON-PROFESSIONAL/FAN ARTIST Ian Gunn

WILLIAM ATHELING JNR AWARD "The Hunt for Australian Horror Fiction" Bill Congreve, Sean McMullen & Steven Paulsen (*The Scream Factory* #16 Nov. 1995)

ASFMA AWARDS

BEST FAN FICTION ZINE: *Ethel the Aardvark*, Paul Ewins

BEST FAN NEWSLETTER: *Thyme*, Alan Stewart

BEST MEDIA FAN WRITER: Ian Gunn

BEST MEDIA ARTIST: Ian Gunn

BEST AMATEUR AUDIO/VISUAL PRODUCTION:

The Dalek Tapes (Albert Q.)

(An extortion indictment is expected to be handed down against Ian Gunn presently.)

Paper Monsters

By Lesley Reece

ONE NIGHT A FEW MONTHS back, Victor and I were sitting in the dumpy tavern we patronize without knowing exactly why.

"So," he said, "What are you going to write about for me and Andy this time?"

I dug my elbows into the scarred green vinyl padding that runs the length of the bar's edge. "Oh, I dunno," I said. "I haven't come up with any really good ideas, but I'm sort of working on a thing about Star Trek."

"STAR Trek?" he spluttered. "No way."

"Why not? What's wrong with Star Trek? I mean, for lack of a better subject."

Victor sighed hard enough to disturb the surface of his pint of Hefeweizen. "I don't want to publish anything about Star Trek in APAK," he said.

"But why not?"

"No! No way. I veto it."

"Fine," I said.

A couple of hours later, we were over at APAK Central Command, visiting Hooper. "So, what are you going to write about for us this time, Lesley?" he asked, in his usual polite, interested fashion.

"Star Trek," Victor said before I could say anything.

"AH-HAH-HAH-HAH!" Hooper bellowed. All traces of politeness had vanished utterly. "I am going to publish an article about STAR TREK in MY PAMPHLET! AH-HAH-HAH-HAH!" I took that to mean he wasn't going to.

"I vetoed it already," Victor piped up.

"Fine," I said, for the second time that evening. I started thinking of other things to write about.



"I sought for a theme and sought it in vain,
I sought it for six weeks or so."

—W.B. Yeats, "The Circus Animals' Desertion"

Knowing what to write about is always a problem. At any given time, I have three professors (not to mention the APAK editorial staff) all asking me to write things for them. I run out of ideas often. But, hey, if William Butler Yeats, the best English language poet of this century if not of all time, couldn't come up with something to write about after six weeks of seeking, where does that leave me? I'm beginning to understand why my academic advisor said, "Now you're sure you want to do that?" when she saw me checking the "writing emphasis" box on my application for an English major.

My professors, of course, are aware of this obstacle. Some of them try to narrow things down by handing out what they call "writing prompts," or questions they hope their students will answer in their papers. Frequently, though, this does not help. Last week, for example, I was required to answer the not-very-narrow query, "What made Frankenstein's creation monstrous?"

"Well, he was just plain ugly," I thought. "His looks kept people from understanding that he wasn't a monster at all; he was actually a pretty nice guy." I was all set until I heard some of the C-students in the back of the room saying, "Dude, this is easy! It's because he was ugly, right?" I knew immediately that if I wanted an A, I'd have to come up with something more complex.

The next thing I thought of was that the monster probably represented the evils of technology. I rejected that too, after a couple of minutes of considering how hypocritical it would be to use a computer to produce a paper on that subject. Furthermore, the stationery store probably didn't have any quill pens, and I wasn't about to try to get one by sneaking up on one of those mean Canada geese that wander around the UW campus. I'd have to write an epic poem, then recite it (with the proper lute accompaniment, naturally) to my professor during his office hours. No.

Over the next few days, I picked the foul rag and bone shop of my brain (sorry, Yeats) for suitable themes. The best one I came up with centered around the monster springing to life as a practical adult, without any females involved in his "conception." He seemed to be the ultimate fulfillment of one reason people have children, to copy themselves for posterity.

"Ugh," I thought, "What if making exact adult copies of yourself were the only way to reproduce?" I wouldn't want to have to live with a dozen more of me. I'd have to install at least eight additional bathtubs. Worse, what if there were eighteen Pat Buchanans walking the earth? A hundred Barry Manilows? If that was the possibility people saw when they looked at Frankenstein's project, no wonder they were frightened. I would have thrown rocks at him, too.

That thesis seemed like it would make an okay paper, but I trashed it when, after a little research, I realized it was a version of what is called the "horror of the simulacra" theory. In other words, some literary critics have said that seeing the monster suddenly made people understand that human life isn't sacred or divine at all, but cheaply and easily copied. So the sight of the monster supposedly made them feel devalued, and that's what caused them to chase the poor guy away.

That argument didn't satisfy me, though. It had a major hole in it: namely, the monster wasn't really a copy of Frankenstein. It had a way better personality, for one thing. Besides, since when are people afraid of other beings like themselves? Pierced noses and blue hair may give them a temporary case of the vapors, but that kind of outward modification is swiftly absorbed into the mainstream, where it loses its shock value. And there's always the fallback of not wearing your nose ring or dyeing your hair a color that could conceivably grow out of your head, so that you can be recognized, even by the stodgy, as a member of your species.

The monster didn't have that luxury, and at last, after only four days of seeking, I had a subject. Frankenstein's monster scared people because he was too original, I said. He was so completely outside the realm of human experience that people had no way of identifying him. It sounded like complete crap, so I figured it was worth a B at least.

I haven't got the paper back yet, but I don't have any more time to think about it now. I'm already trying to come up with a theme for a paper about Jonathan Swift, due next week for a different class.

If I'm lucky, who knows, maybe I'll get an APAK column out of that one, too.



"Theories of evolution would have been of particular interest to the young atheistic Shelley. If God did not have personal charge of creation, then might not the man control it? In Shelley's wife's hands, the scientist takes on the role of creator, the concept of Frankenstein rests on the quasi-evolutionary idea that God is remote or absent from creation: man is therefore free to create his own sub-life; this was in accord with Erasmus Darwin's statement that evolution, once it had begun, continued to progress by it's own inherent activity and so without divine intervention."

— Brian Aldiss, *Billion Year Spree*

Hugos and the Thin Blue Line

by Victor M. Gonzlaez
Staff Writer

FIRST OFF THIS TIME, I'D LIKE to thank all who nominated APAK for a Hugo. I doubt we'll bring rockets back to the Puget Sound, but this is the first time anything I've been nominated, and I'm truly honored.

Much of the credit — of course — has to go to Andy. He is the Central Shaft. Without him, forget it. But I think credit also has to be given to the team that assembled around him. Carl Juarez has vastly improved the look of the fanzine and regularly contributes great ideas. Regular writers Lesley Reece and Steve Green have broadened our appeal with a variety of essays.

Aside from my column, I've contributed what I hope is a more stringent and quality-driven content to the zine: shorter, better letters and other editing elements. I think the zine has got a lot more per page than it did two years ago.

Thanks again, and remember to vote for the most frequent fanzine in the world: Apparatchik.

• On a completely different line, I'd like to present two recent incidents that happened about 35 miles from each other, in different counties.

Months ago, Pierce County sheriff's deputies raided a house in Tacoma about 7 a.m. They had a search warrant for marijuana. The guy they wanted to bust has a brother in the sheriff's department, and they've said since they then believed the brother was involved in pot dealing.

Eight cops, in helmets and body armor, with weapons drawn, burst through the back door. The man, Brian Eggleston, apparently came out of his bedroom naked with a 9mm pistol in his hand.

In the gunfight that ensued, Eggleston was shot four times. One of the deputies took 10 — no shit — shots and died on

the scene. Eggleston is in jail charged with first-degree aggravated murder, and might get the death penalty if he is convicted.

Eggleston had no prior record. His defense is based partially on the idea that he didn't know the intruders were deputies. His parents were in the home. Deputies found about 12 ounces of mostly low-grade pot in the house, for which Eggleston would not have served jail time — if he hadn't shot the cop. It turns out the brother who is a deputy had moved out months before and wasn't involved.

A couple of months later, in Seattle, police responded to a domestic violence incident late at night. One cop chased an unarmed man, who had hit his wife, through a couple of backyards. The man, who was black, tripped over a fence, and the cop, who was white and had his gun drawn, stood over him.

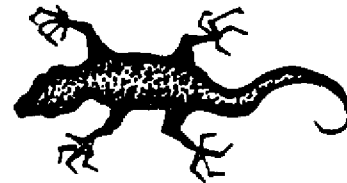
Then a bullet entered the man's throat and killed him.

The cop later said the gun, a 9 mm Glock, went off accidentally. Investigators put the gun in a bench-rest and pounded on it with hammers.

They were unable to make the gun go off. It would seem the cop had — just maybe — pulled the trigger.

A review board — with a six-member civilian jury — ruled the killing an accident and declined to file charges. The cop has been cleared and is working in another precinct.

I work with cops almost everyday, and I have a lot of respect for many of them. Cops have helped me out in several threatening or dangerous situations. But still, these two episodes juxtaposed makes my stomach turn over. What do you think?



Oh, this happens all the time in Dachau.

You Will Not Be Assimilated

By Andy

SOUTH OF NATCHEZ, Highway 61 is pared down to two wide lanes, winding over creeks and between ridges, giving

every appearance that it might dwindle down to gravel or even corduroy at any time. There's a massive project underway to extend the four-lane to the junction with Mississippi 24, but it looks like it will be several more years before that's done. For now, crossing into Louisiana gives the pronounced feeling of entering into some kind of wilderness, which is not an entirely inaccurate impression.

About 20 miles north of Baton Rouge, we picked up the four-lane again, passing by acre after acre of tank farms, refineries and chemical plants. The people who work in such places must be as careful as they can to keep toxic materials out of the soil, the air, the water table; after all, they have to live there too. But from Baton Rouge down, the towns around the river make up what's often called "Cancer Alley," places where the rate of cancer, leukemia, birth defects and other toxin-related maladies occur at many times the national rate. I thought about this, and about my sister Elizabeth and her unborn child living just sixty miles south in Montegut, as we hurtled through the city. When we stopped for the night at a pleasantly antiseptic motel just off the highway near the LSU campus, I gathered up an armload of sodas and used just enough water to brush my teeth.

We veered off the highway at exit 182, and went west to the

Sunshine Bridge and Donaldsonville. After passing another vast forest of oil refineries, we climbed high over the Mississippi River, and returned, at least nominally, to the west. Then we crossed to the west bank of Bayou Lafourche, and followed its course southward toward Thibodaux. Every trace of civilization — buildings, power lines, road signs — seemed clustered around the bayou in parallel lines running down each bank. Bayou is a word that can mean many things, but in the country we passed, the bayou is a street travelled by boats, with the same vagaries of traffic as you would expect on asphalt, except that most paved roads don't rise and fall with the tide. Without a boat, you might have to drive or walk six to eight miles to reach a house a hundred yards away.

We went by miles of bare fields dusted with dun-colored stubble that looked just like Wisconsin cornfields, but which we later learned were all devoted to sugar cane. Buildings attached to those farms were barely visible, hundreds of yards away from the highway. About one house in three had a little shrine or statue of the virgin in the yard, and every church was a Catholic church.

Past Thibodaux, we made our way to Houma, the parish seat and the only city of any size south west of New Orleans. Houma has an attractive central square, with old brick buildings and some outcroppings of French Quarter-styled ironwork. But the southern part of the city is thoroughly tied up with a massive bridge project centered on the intracoastal waterway, and we got badly turned around on our way out of town.

Of course, the fact that every road in the parish seems to have at least three names and two numerical designations didn't

help us very much. There were several bridges we could use, taking 3040 to 316 or 659, via 3087, or maybe even 24 if we went down 56 some distance, but it wasn't clear which of them would lead us to 55, the road Liz and Chris live on. We certainly didn't choose the most efficient route; after a few miles angling to the south, we were stopped at a drawbridge with a line of cars backed up behind it. We wondered what the bridge was up for; there didn't seem to be any visible barge or boat traffic nearby. Then I noticed that a large, square building made of some sort of corrugated metal seemed to be moving toward us. It had been mounted on an enormous barge, and two huge tugboats were pulling it down the bayou. The picture I took did not turn out to be especially impressive; it's very hard to convince the viewer that the large structure in the middle distance was moving at the time.

In a few minutes, we passed through a cluster of gas stations, churches and sea food shacks that make up the town of Bourg. "Resistance is futile," I muttered to myself, as we continued on the road that I was now convinced was Highway 55. It hugged the course of the bayou and now there were houses only on the left, or landward side of the road. Just a narrow strip of land separated the road from the water, and across from almost every house was a dock, most with a shrimp boat moored at them. The water in the bayou was extremely low; presumably the shrimpers would go out when the tide came back in.

Between five and eight miles above the point where the highway dribbles out into a line of gravel that eventually just stops, we found the town of Montegut. It was over quick, and we had to look sharp not to miss Elizabeth's house. I spotted the house with the right color of trim, and the local graveyard two doors beyond, and we rolled into the driveway just before 1:15 pm. It had taken nearly three hours to drive the 65 miles south from Baton Rouge.

Liz was glad to see us, and we her; two and a half months further along than when we had been together at Christmas, she had begun to resemble a brown-haired anaconda that had swallowed a capybara. We should see her boss at the lab, Liz told us; she was almost a week overdue, and everyone was under strict orders to keep sharp objects away from her. After we dropped off our bags and got a quick tour of the house (I think she must have the most nicely-decorated home on stilts that I've ever seen), she suggested we drive over to the lab and see where Chris and she worked. Plus, there was a restaurant near the lab which served the best po'boys within 20 miles.

Chris and Liz work at LUMCON, the Louisiana Universities Marine Consortium Laboratory. Lumcon is a blocky building on the edge of a huge salt marsh just north of the tiny town of Cocodrie, full of facilities for all kinds of marine science, meant to be shared by researchers from around the country. The lab has a small fleet of boats moored in an internal boathouse, and a fully-equipped research ship that looked to draw about 125 tons was anchored nearby. There's a research library on the site, which was how Chris had gotten a job there; in the year since taking charge of that area of the lab, he had placed its catalog on disk (they had been using a card catalog until then), and made numerous other improvements to the place.

Standing in the library, I saw a map on the wall which explained at least part of the reason for Lumcon's existence. It showed the way which the Isles Dernieres, just ten miles south of the lab, had lost almost 80% of their land mass in the past 100 years. The reason for this is that the Mississippi's flow has been diverted so much that almost none of the silt it carries is actually reaching the sea anymore. Steadily, the barrier islands which once protected the Louisiana coast have disappeared; the mainland coastline will be next to go.

Another important project coming out of Lumcon is the

study of hypoxic waters in the Gulf of Mexico, which threaten the entire fishing industry all over the southern coasts. The leading authority on the phenomenon works at Lumcon; her theory is that a combination of pollutants from the shipping and oil industries are killing critical algae that do much of the oxygenation of the ocean's waters. Sometimes, the water is so low in oxygen that fish actually swim right onto the shore in search of something to breathe.

Unfortunately, Liz explained, Lumcon does not operate at anything approaching its capacity. The lab director who was forced to resign just last year was apparently very jealous of his facilities, and was reluctant to let people use them without impeccable credentials and only then when they applied through formal (read "slow") channels. There are several empty offices and labs that are only partially in use. This state of affairs has recently come to the attention of the state's governor, and so now the race is on to attract more researchers to the laboratory, and to come up with some useful answers to the many problems which face the Louisiana fisheries industry.

While we were there, the place seemed pretty deserted. Liz said hello to just a few people as we toured the "wet wing" where all the labs with big water tanks were located. Because the lab is so far from anything else, people who work there sometimes stayed in the dormitory wing when they were working, and tried to cram a full week's hours into as few days as possible. Very, very few of them were willing to live right on the bayou as Liz and Chris do; most lived in Houma, with a few commuting from as far away as Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

Sitting in a handsome little restaurant and bar in Cocodrie, liberally decorated with stuffed fish caught in local waters, we could see why people might be reluctant. It was, without question, the flattest place I've ever been in my life, and I've been in southern Ontario. Most of the houses were supported a good ten to twelve feet off the ground on massive pilings designed to resist the flood tides caused by hurricanes. Given that the ocean could rise up and scour everything away at almost any time between April and October, it should have come as no surprise that there were no trees to be seen. Hell, there were hardly any shrubs. When Hurricane Andrew hammered Louisiana a few years ago, it had smashed out all the "hurricane-proof" glass at the lab, and destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of aquaria and equipment. For Liz, who used to suffer terrible panic during mere thunderstorms, it's an uneasy existence at best.

And did they have friends at the lab? we asked, people they saw away from work? A few, she replied, but most of them lived so far away that it was hard to get together. They were friendly enough, but sometimes it seemed like there was an insincerity to their pleasantries, as if they were meant to lubricate essential social interaction and *nothing* more.

"I feel bad about it, I feel like a terrible, close-minded person," she said, "but I'm starting to really hate the south, and southerners. Everyone has to be polite and friendly all the time, but you can tell that they don't really mean it. They just do it because it's expected of them. The truth is, they're pretty angry people, and they really hate having to explain themselves and the things they do. People around here really don't care what happens in the rest of the country, or the rest of the world."

We returned to the house, to find that Chris had returned from a library conference in Lafayette. We had fun catching up on family news and talking about movies, music, books, all things they struggled to keep up with. We'd brought a small package of spices and Asian delicacies with us, things that were in short supply on the bayou. We made chicken biryani with a jar of spice paste we had brought, which they devoured with delight (washed down with bottled water), although it occurred to me that it

wasn't all that far removed from jambalaya or dirty rice. After eating, we walked in their spacious back yard and looked at Comet Hyakutake through binoculars, bright and distinct in the dark bayou night. Back beyond the property line, neighbor children and friends had lit a bonfire and were playing loud music on their boom boxes. Behind the fire, the levee was a dark line, holding back a cypress swamp that would otherwise have consumed all the dry land alongside the bayou.

The next two days we made day trips to New Orleans and Baton Rouge, with a stop at the Salvador Wildlife Management Area, part of the swamps south of New Orleans collectively known as "Barataria." It was in this maze of channels and islands that the pirate Jean Lafitte had virtually ruled a state unto himself, preying on shipping coming in and out of the port until the merchants of the city found it more expedient to pay him to stop. Before him, aboriginal people had lived in the area for thousands of years; the middens they accumulated, huge piles of oyster shells, were regularly mined for road-paving materials in more recent years. Each day was full of historic and fascinating things like that, and we returned each night happily exhausted.

The last morning I was feeling a little melancholy; not only would I have to say good-bye to Liz and Chris, but Carrie would be returning to her daily grind, and I wouldn't have the chance to see as much of her either. It had been a wonderful vacation. With a few minutes left before we had to get on the road for the airport, we walked down the edge of the highway to the little cemetery and looked around at the tombstones.

Looking at the names — LeBlanc, Bourg, Robichaux — it wasn't hard to see why Liz and Chris felt like they were strangers there, and likely to remain so. Not Ledet, nor Ellender, nor LeBoeuf, they could hardly become part of a community that had roots stretching back to the early 18th century. One stone marked the grave of Rosalie Courteaux, a daughter of the Indian community which gave Houma its name. She was born in 1787, when the face of Marie Antoinette was still commonly found on cameos sold in New Orleans, and had lived until 1883. How many times had she seen the bayou spill over its banks, the tide surge up and sweep over the very ground where she was now buried? It made my head swim just thinking about it, especially when I looked at the water in the bayou; the tide was so full that a trick of perspective made it look as though its level was actually slightly higher than the stones we stepped over.

Walking by graves inscribed Calliou, DuPlantis, Naquin and Molineaux, it struck me that Liz might have been a little hard when she talked about how distant the other people at Lumcon often felt to her. Because they were not called Pitre, Crochet, or Hebert, because they had not been born on the bayou as were their parents, grandparents and every ancestor before to a stretch of ten generations, they would never be considered part of the local community. Even though the work they did at Lumcon might one day help to preserve the way of life of the entire parish, it was different from the way that every other bayou resident made their living, and made them outsiders all the more.

Chris explained: "Not only do most people stay in the parish they were born, and do the same work as their parents, many of them end up living on the same piece of land. The people next door to us, you can see that their house is now more addition than original structure . . . that's so the boys can have more room to live in without having to move away. Eventually, the oldest boy will get married, and he'll probably build a second house on that big piece of land behind the old one. You can see they already have two shrimp boats tied up, and I keep thinking any day

the younger boy will come around and ask if he can moor a third one to our dock. I say hello to them now and then, and they're friendly enough people, but you can see that they can't think of much to say to me because I'm not a shrimper."

Given the profound sense of separation from the rest of the communities all around them, it was understandable that the people at Lumcon tended to keep to themselves; after a while, they must begin to feel so alien that they can't imagine being close to anyone, even the other people in the lab. No wonder everyone at Lumcon was surprised that Chris had lasted out the year in his job. Living on the bayou with Liz, in a little island on stilts where the Minnesota Vikings and Bauhaus coffee table books were icons of choice, they must have seemed like Berliner Moritat singers abandoned among the bushmen of the Kalahari.

We came to a stop next to a dead fellow named Parisi, whose stone proclaimed he had been born in Brooklyn, or Boston, I don't recall which one; the notable thing was that he had married a girl named Naquin, and settled there long enough that when he died, he was interred next to the Bayou. That, I figured, was the only way an outsider would ever come to belong in Terrebonne Parish.

Even people that got out of the Parish tended to come back; I was struck by the case of Joseph Hotard and Joseph Edison Chaissy, two Cajun boys named Joe who had joined up with the army in 1917. Both had served with the 379th Bakery company of the army's quartermaster corps; presumably, they had supplied the troops in the trenches with fresh beignets. Both had come back to Terrebonne when their service was up, and went into the bon terre just a few years apart from one another. I wondered what kind of men they were, had they been friends; perhaps one of them had not been from Terrebonne at all, and had come there to make a life after leaving the army on the recommendation of a buddy who told him the shrimp practically jumped into the boat.

I wished there was someone around who could tell me these things, someone who knew the history of that little world; and as if by magic an elderly man appeared from the house next to the cemetery, and came up to us as we stood by Rosalie Courteaux's grave. When I asked him, he told us that it was called the Robichaux cemetery because that was the name of the family who had donated the land to the local diocese. I introduced myself and Carrie, then Liz and Chris; he said his name, but I couldn't understand it through his thick accent.

He regarded Chris: "You're who bought the (something) house from (someone)? You work out the Lumcon, then?"

"Yeah, we both have jobs there."

The man eyed Elizabeth for an instant, as if he was trying to picture her pregnant form behind a desk or maybe slicing mud samples from a core on a lab bench. "My son worked out to the Lumcon," he said, "but then he got hurt, you know, and now he's on disability. He's had all kind of trouble trying to collect from them, you know, because they said that the accident he had was partly his fault."

Chris said something more, but I didn't hear him. Carrie made an our-flight-is-in-just-so-many-hours-and-we-have-to-take-back-the-rental-car noise, so we made our apologies. "Nice to talk to you," I said, in a Wisconsin accent so nasal you could slice cheese with it. The man took his Sunday paper out of his mailbox and went back to his house. We said good-bye to Liz and Chris amid much hugging and promises to write, and strapped ourselves in for the ride to New Orleans.

"No need to hurry," I said, "It'll take at least two hundred years for us to get back home."

This is an argument for counting more peas.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: Victor's review of the first issue of fHapa continues to occasion considerable comment, as with this note from TOM PERRY (e-mail via tomperry@netally.com):]

I must say you are threatening to blow the whole racket, with your stark mentions of a con that wasn't much fun (and never is, I gather) starting out the magazine, and winding up with reflections on fanhistory being highly selective of fabulous, entertaining stories of the past. At this rate I'm not sure fandom can survive many more issues of Apparatchik. But ah, then I remember that fandom isn't actually the frail flower that we used to think it was — that in fact it's been fairly well established (in secret underground fanlabs whose work is classified, never mind as what) that you can't beat fandom to death with a stick. It may get groggy and forget that it's supposed to be about science fiction, and attach itself (like one of those motherless ducklings you read about) to something entirely inappropriate - a fat rich actor, say, or medieval fantasies, or computers or films or unicorns or some variety of the pure random noise that we oldsters know is all there is to what young people call music these days. But it remains fandom, cranking out fanzines with colophons and putting on cons.

Fandom has started to put me in mind of a short story from the early years of Galaxy, "The Snowball Effect." Andy, go get the issue out of that steffilled back room at your buzzardly book dealer and see if you don't agree.

I too was a little baffled by that first fHapa mailing. Joe Siclari's index of the contents of Slant looks just like what trufans used to make fun of sercon fans for doing with SF magazines, rather than enjoying the contents. In fact I distinctly remember Church Harris, having achieved prodom with his first sale, solemnly creating a checklist that indexed his sole work by author, by title, and by magazine. I kept staring at Siclari's index, trying to find an interlineation buried in it, or the name NINA spelled out in punctuation marks, or anything to indicate it wasn't what it appeared to be. But no. It was.

And then there's Leah Z. Smith. Please somebody tell me she's the finest parodist of the modern fan generation, that her modest proposal that everyone save everything had everyone else rolling on the floor laughing out loud. That she is today's Thurber and her family doesn't really save everything they can, using the attics and basements and garages of rental properties along with warehouse units and prefabricated storage sheds.

That she was actually trying like Swift to convey the message opposite to her words, so that everyone would reflect by themselves that no, not everything is worth saving; that the only kind of scholar likely to study a huge undiscriminating mass where Lighthouses and Hyphens mingle with Muzzys and Star Rocketses and Gemzines would be a student of abnormal psychology. If you'll just tell me that (take a deep breath) then I'll be able to get rid of these night sweats when I wake up with an urge to go make a bonfire of every fanzine I can lay hands on. Very persuasive writer, that Leah Z. Smith. I

Apparatchik though was much enjoyed, especially since I can read it in one sitting. I'm hurrying to get this all down in phosphor before the electronic edition pops up on my screen, which will require that I annotate this loc with perceptive witty thoughts about how the two editions differ; perceiving the differences, let alone being witty about them, would drag this whole production out of this simple ASCII editor and down into the depths of a word processor capable of footnotes.

[VMG: I'm glad that I wasn't the only one who had this

kind of reaction to fHapa. I think your reaction to it is quite astute, and I like the modest proposal you made. The truth of the matter is, indexes can be boring. But do you think they serve any purpose?

[APH: Was it just that these indexes were not really very useful, as asserted by DALE SPEIRS (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta Canada T2P 2E7)?:]

Apak #56 received. Victor's review of the Timebinders first apazine was of more than passing interest to me because I had only a few days before viewed their web page. No, I don't have a computer, but the local library now offers free internet access.

I went to the Timebinders' site with great expectations but was sadly disappointed. I visited <http://worcester.in.com/lmann/timebinders/tbstart/html> on March 31. The page had last been updated September 9, 1995. It contained brief notes about the group, out-of-date minutes, a lettercol whose letters were all dated 1994, Garth Spencer's brief introduction to the state of Canadian fanhistory research, and two essays on How I Became A Science Fiction Fan, neither of which have to do with fanhistory research. The site could have potential as a source of text-based essays on history, instead of a mishmash of trivial notes and jottings, much of which is off the topic.

A much better site for SF fanhistory is the SF Archives from Britain, available at <http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/> with lots of substance. Included on this site is Rob Hansen's fan history of British SFdom, back issues of Ansible, and reprints of such classics such as "The Enchanted Duplicator" and "The Last Deadloss Visions". This is what a fanhistory site should look like.

[VMG: I agree strongly with your feelings about fHapa. I haven't looked at the web version, but the printed apa needs some kind of refocusing.

Minutia is not history.]

[APH: My only comment on this is that while I didn't find those parts of fHapa especially diverting either, I think we need to be careful not to assume that they were meant to be finished products — and it seems to me that the authors might not have realized the degree of critical public scrutiny to which their efforts would be subjected.

Speaking of Fan records, GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142) is along to give us the scoop on recent Hugo-ballot history:]

"With regard to the mailing of Hugo ballots to Intersection members, "Maybe George Flynn can tell us." OK, but remember, you asked.

"The WSFS Constitution allows members of the previous year's Worldcon to make Hugo nominations (not to cast final ballots), but does not require anyone to send them ballots. There is good reason for this: A Worldcon committee a few months after its Worldcon often doesn't have the energy (nor, perhaps, the money) to organize a mailing, while the current year's Worldcon has enough to do keeping in touch with its own members. So traditionally it's been up to the members themselves to request ballots if they want to vote. However, Kevin Standlee (the finest smof of the younger generation), who was in charge of WSFS matters for both ConFrancisco and ConAdlan, produced a mailing for both years. This year things were . . . less organized.

"In Late January, Dave Clark (chair of ConFrancisco) asked Intersection if they'd like him to arrange a mailing to the North American members. They accepted gratefully. However, by the time the mailing materials had been assembled, printed, and collated; the mailing list procured and the labels printed; and the whole thing put into the mail, it was mid-to-late-February (I

"My God, Perry, where are we?" I exclaimed. "This thing is beginning to get on my nerves."

think Kevin Standlee again did most of the work). And bulk mail seems to have worked even worse than usual, so a lot of people got them quite late. (I still haven't gotten *my* copy.)

Meanwhile, Intersection itself was supposed to do a mailing to British members. But they had a cash-flow problem (something about a delay in VAT refunds; Dave Clark had to pay the \$2,000 for the North American mailing himself, but will presumably be reimbursed later), and when that was cleared up, the person who had the mailing list was out of touch (would you believe he was in Seattle?), and got it so late that they just gave up. (To quote Martin Easterbrook on this situation, "B****er!") There is much disgruntlement over this.

But to answer the points Vicki Rosenzweig raised: In some past years (like when I ran the Hugos), the postmark deadline was what counted. But the current administrators (David Bratman and Seth Goldberg) have made it clear that they consider the postmark deadline only advisory, with the date of receipt being what matters. And in fact, that they would count any ballot that arrived before they finished the preliminary count (which was reportedly at about 2 a.m. on March 28). Ballots were indeed available over the Internet, but this was merely a bonus rather than a default; they couldn't be cast by e-mail, but a fax was OK.

Was this more than you wanted to know?

[APH: Well, maybe just a little George; still, it was nice to see that I wasn't imagining all this.

A letter now from RANDY BYERS (1013 N. 36th St., Seattle WA 98103, e-mail at rbyers@u.washington.edu):]

I've been wanting to take a minute to express my pleasure at Lesley's recent contributions to APAK. Actually, I've been wanting to write a long "open letter" in response to her piece on reading "The Enchanted Duplicator". I've never read "The Enchanted Duplicator", and I was going to use that fact as a springboard for extolling the virtues of fringe fandom. However, in the end I thought it best to demonstrate the advantages of lurking on the fringe by letting the whole project slide. (Hm. I guess that doesn't distinguish me from real fans after all.)

As for arcade games, one of the games I got with my new computer is a video pinball machine called Space Cadet. I'm impressed with the animation and the illusion of gravity and inertia in the simulation. The occasional glitches in which the ball disappears for a split second only heightens the adrenallated, hallucinatory feel I get from even the genuine metal-glass-and-rubber article.

I'm sorry to hear that Lesley has graduated to the blood-drenched shoot-em-up games. Just last week, I got my hands on the Arcade package that includes two of my favorites from the Old Days, Centipede and Tempest. They allow me to indulge the American lust for firing a semi-automatic weapon, but without the gore of the *nouvelle vague*.

Finally, there's the Mariners. I anticipate a nice long article about Andy on the subject of baseball. Have those brain cells died, or did you fail to write anything about the Mariners' pennant drive last year? Please, man, you're one of the reasons I've become a fringe fan of baseball.

Or maybe the editorial team could go to a game and give us an appraisal of the newly-developed Marinermania. It's sweeping the nation!

Victor would have a chance for some on-the-spot investigation of the hot dog situation.

I was watching the Mariners game at the Big Time last Friday. You know, the one where Griffey launched the ball, as the PI managed to mention at least three times the next day, *over the*

Hard Rock cafe and off the fourth deck. It was a beautiful moment. I was half-way through my third pint, muttering "Come on, Ken" under my breath, along with the fifteen people crowded around me at the bar, and when his bat connected with the ball, I jumped up and yelled, "BOOM!"

Damn, that felt good!

It's ridiculous.

[APH: Yes, I suppose it is; but I know exactly how you feel. One of the things which made my trip with Victor to Las Vegas last October especially interesting was our struggle to pull in the Mariner games on the radio. We were in the California desert as they played their one-game play-off with the Angels, and we really were outside of Barstow when the bats began to attack.

Don't worry, I'm still excited; but it is a long season

IRWIN HIRSH (26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia) seems to really like this frequent fanzine thing:]

I was knocked out to see my letter regarding Bob Shaw in issue 56. I receive a fanzine from the US, write a letter, send it off, and two weeks later I'm reading it in the next issue of the fanzine! Who needs email?

I'm glad you enjoyed and reviewed The Best of ANZAPA. For far too long I've been thinking that I should review the fanzine, in order to spread the word around about the project and give some public kudos to Perry for his efforts. There aren't yet 15 volumes. The volume numbers relate to the appropriate ANZAPA year (which begins with the October mailing), rather than the number of volumes Perry has put to print. So far he's published just five volumes, covering the late 70s to early 80s, which is also the period of Perry's first stint in the apa. Even if Perry doesn't publish another issue the efforts he has made so far are noteworthy.

I'm impressed with Panthology 92. A few of the pieces published were from fanzines I didn't get, so it was good to have the opportunity of reading some of what I'd missed. If I have a criticism of Robert's efforts it is while he indicated which fanzine the articles were first published in, he neglected to tell us who were the publishers of those fanzines.

I agree with Robert Lichtman and Andy that it would be nice to have a current listing of available fannish special projects. Just last weekend, Alan Stewart and I were talking about this.

Victor wonders why The Westwind Interview Guidelines were included in the first fHapa mailing. My answer is that someone thought to send it in. I haven't received a copy of fHapa yet, so I can't pass specific judgment but I'm in general agreement with what Victor says in the last two paragraphs of his article. I'm not sure that fHapa or the Timebinders are being promoted to new fans, which is probably a good thing. I'm interested in the work fHapa stands for, but I also recognize that you need a balance and have to avoid being totally absorbed in fan history. I have this image of someone spending all their fanime indexing their collection of ye olde fanzines. This leaves them in some form of paradox: if they aren't involved in the current fanzine scene they isn't receiving current fanzines, and so how are they going to go about indexing the fanzines of the mid-1990s?

I didn't know I was going to be a member of fHapa or have a contribution in the first mailing until Perry gave me a copy of his contribution and discovered that he's listed me as a co-editor and publisher. Perry's intention is to gather together and make available as much source data about fan funds as he can get. It is easy to come across a list of winners, but who were the other candidates? Who were the nominators? How many people voted in

Tomorrow, surprise your Mom and Dad by making SOLAR TOAST for breakfast,

the various races? My involvement has been in rummaging through my study and providing Perry with photocopies of items like fan fund administrators reports and the relevant pages from newsletters (which is probably why he listed me as co-editor of his contrib). Once we've got a lot of data together you'll probably see us working on some narrative-based articles drawing together the data. Or Maybe Not.'

[VMG: Thanks for your kind opening comments. That's the way the APAK machine works. We're just happy you appreciate that; many others seem put off by the zine's frequency.

I can't imagine any new fan, aside perhaps from an accountant, who would be drawn to fandom by something so anal as fHapa.]

[APH: Certainly not KEV MCVEIGH (37 Firs Road, Millthorpe, Cumbria LA7 7QF UK) who is more interested in fan-nish personalities such as the late Bob Shaw:]

'Nice BoSh-ish. At the recent Bob Shaw Memorial day, a wake in effect, one of the recurrent conversations concerned the derisory coverage Bob received in Locus. His obituary took up half of one page, John Brunner received four pages recently, and in the same issue as Bob, Elsie Wollheim gets almost four pages. Some people were extremely angry about this, and considered it a serious insult to Bob Shaw.

'Everyone has a favorite Bob Shaw memory, but I must credit him with bringing me into fandom. I was 19, just gone to University, a reader of Asimov, Heinlein and Clarke. One Saturday I wandered into the local SF store by chance as Bob was signing. "Wow. A real live author, I must buy a signed book" I thought, imagining it would impress people, maybe even girls. So I bought one, loved it. Bought the rest. In one of them was an ad for the British SF Association, which I joined and got to hear about cons and fanzines and so on, and a dozen years later here I am. So, thanks Bob. (The rest of you may feel otherwise.)

[APH: Responding to #57 is ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442):]

'Victor's review of Ken Josenhans' music fanzine makes me curious to see it, even though my keeping up with music these days is minimal to non-existent. But I do know enough to agree with Victor that Kate Bush is better than Tori Amos.

'Your old prozine commentary was oddly captivating, and reminded me of the old "Renfrew Pemberton" columns in Cry of the Nameless way back when. I'll have to take a look in the basement at Carol's this weekend to see if the May 1969 Galaxy is there, so I can read that collaboration between Terry and Alexei. I wasn't aware of it previously, and it's not in The Light at the End of the Universe, the 1976 collection Harlan edited for Pyramid.

I agree with Lesley Reece about the differences between pinball machines and video games. I don't remember the names of any pinball games when I was much, much younger, but they had a tactile feel to them that's entirely lacking for me in computer-generated games. There used to be a bowling game at one of the bowling alleys I used to frequent for its pinball machines. Rather than the usual pinball set-up, this game had a heavy metal puck that one careened down a miniature alley. There were trip wires under the pins, which went up when the right wire(s) were slid over by the puck. I got quite good at getting series of strikes, and some afternoons would rack up more free games than I could play before it was time to go home for dinner. (This was when I was 12/13 or thereabouts.)

'Would you be kind enough to mention that Panthology '92 is NOT available from me. Those interested in ordering it should contact Lucy Huntzinger. She did the actual publication and has all the copies. Lucy asked \$2 for it at Corflu, but I imagine she'd

appreciate another dollar or two to cover postage. I mention this because I've already had one inquiry.'

[VMG: Go Kate, Go Kate, Go Kate, Go! What was that silly Patrick thinking when he wrote that drivel?]

[APH: Ah, screw the lot of you. I like Tori Amos. Plus, I like Jae Leslie Adams (621 Spruce St., Madison, WI 53715), whose comments look back as far as Issue # 53:]

'Dan Steffian's delightful description of the rail station in Glasgow is so exact ("the waiting room was so large that our hotel, the Central, was tucked away in one corner of it") that I am hoping he will go ahead and tell more about places and events that I was not able to get to — like Precursor. I was a little disappointed to get the story about his departure from London already. Isn't there more to come that happened before he left the U.K. somehow?

'The railroad piece also reminded me about the Tartan Tour's little railroad trip through Wales. George Flynn was there too. He said so little on the coach that it's interesting to read his stuff now. He is quite right that there are some things that democracy is not any good for. Choosing a meeting place, eating place, or bar are poor applications of democratic process, for instance, and it's always frustrating for me to watch.

'Victor has discovered a real use for college essays. I always found them awfully disheartening to write. The audience is small and inattentive, the making of grades a pretty bogus motivation. For better or worse I was able to earn a degree from what is frequently thought of as a major university without having to write any papers at all until I was a senior, and nothing of substance in my major (education). It seems like that ought to be a scandal.

'Victor's piece on the bovine image in Faulkner brings out an interesting contradiction. By likening the cow to Juno, Faulkner has invited comparison of that situation to the classic story of Europa and the bull (a manifestation or disguise for Jupiter/Jesus). Victor mentions that the usual attitude toward Faulkner's character Ike is disgust or at least disparagement; yet classical literature and art deal with Zeus in the rape of Europa pretty calmly, and sometimes quite explicitly. Sometimes we draw a discreet curtain over episodes of bestiality, sometime not. The story of Leda and the Swan, another similar tale, has been a popular romantic subject for poetry and sculpture. I am not sure what moral I can take from this. The Greek gods drew the line at women who turned into trees or reeds or whatever, and I can't think of any classic babes who weren't real babes.

'I could go on, but instead I'll just thank you for the news about Lisa and Greg's new baby in #57. I saw it here first.'

[VMG: I don't intend to run any more college essays (well, maybe one — an analysis of four lines from *Finnegans Wake*). I agree, though: what motivation is there to write an essay that will be read by one person, and will go no farther. And in most cases, students are asked to say the same thing millions of other students have said about the same books. You just don't have much of a chance to do anything that might be considered original.

Leda and the Swan is a good example of what you are talking about. The Yeats version is great, I think. The difference between fucking the swan and fucking the cow, is, as you noted, that the cow is real and the swan is really a Greek god — a superhuman in disguise. "His feathered glory" indeed. But fucking a cow is just fucking a cow, even if she does have good technique.]

WAHF: Teddy Harvia, George Flynn (again) Perry Middlemiss and Martin Tudor. Plus a late letter from Bill Donaho — next time, Bill!]

What was the truck doing in space in the first place?

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, April 11th to 24th

1.) Sidney Suppey's Quarterly and Confused Pat Monthly, Vol. VI, #1, edited by Candi Strecker at P.O. Box 515, Brisbane, CA 94005-0515: First of all, I should admit that I am desperately in love with Candi Strecker. She's one of my favorite fanzine publishers and writers of all time, plus, I think she's desperately cute. If she ever wanted to dump Matt and run away with me to the South Seas, I'm afraid you'd have to find someone else to provide your bi-weekly bread and circuses. This issue, the start of a new volume, is a "best-of," including a history of the zine, plus numerous excerpts from the first 4 years of its life (1979 to 1983). Like many people who began self-publishing at the end of the seventies, Candi recapitulated many of the classic elements of fanzine history without really knowing it or intending to; when she did make contact with SF fanzines, she found the long lettercols pointless and our loyalty to mimeography a sign of mental defect. She plunged ahead in a different direction, collaborating with people like Luke McGuff, Elaine Wechiser and Mike Gunderloy in the creation of a new zine gestalt that has its own traditions and touchstones. It's a real treat to read this stuff, which succeeds admirably in capturing the taste of those pre- and early-Reagan years, and most of which I never got to read the first time around. This material will speak most clearly to those of us who, like Candi, found our first exposure to DEVO a life-changing experience.

2.) Skug #12, edited by Gary Mattingly, 7501 Honey Ct. Dublin, CA 94568: I was pretty stunned to see a new issue of Skug in my mailbox only about a year after # 11 finally saw the light of day. It's enough to make me write a letter of comment! After all, how often do you see a fanzine with a cover by Bruce Townley these days? And there is some extremely impressive material in this issue, a superb, moving story of travel in Italy by William Breding, a clever meditation on the five senses by Townley, and two separate essays on the film "Apollo 13" by Terry Floyd and Dave Green. Good lettercol, and a selection of scanned photos taken at Corfu NoVa, always an important asset for fan historians to come. An impressive issue, beautifully executed and fun to read.

3.) Brodie #4, edited by Tom Springer, 3073 Conquista Ct., Las Vegas, NV 89121: Good follow-up to Tom's first three issues, only slightly moldy for having sat on disk since last September. Excellent, free-wheeling editorials about reprints, the future source of new fanzine fans and the historical Steve Brodie, who every Bugs Bunny fan knows once jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, but who was not the inspiration of the fanzine anyway. Also featured are a silly little piece on local fan politics by Arnie Katz, a reprint piece on the original insurgents by Rick Sneary, and a chilling account of how Bill Kunkel once ended up in Redmond, Oregon, when he was supposed to be in Redmond, Washington. (The difference, for those of you outside the NW, is considerable). The lettercol is also quite good, and Tom's responses are thoughtful and fun. I hope that financial woes will not keep Tom from publishing for another year; he seems to have a real gift for fostering dialogue, and one hates to see that dimmed by such a long period between issues. Of course, if he cut down on the very large and friendly print size, I suspect this 36-page effort could have been brought off in something around 20 pages, but this is apparently Not the Vegas Way.

4.) Balloons over Bristol #10, edited by Christina Lake, C/O Pete & Sue Binfield, Top Flat, 160 Wells Road, Totterdown, Bristol BS4 2AG: I find it remarkable that such a good and useful fanzine can send me into such a towering rage. *Point One:* The

address offered above appears to be a CoA, and is described as an "ALL NEW EDITORIAL ADDRESS," but there is no other reference therewith to C.'s having moved — do I send this fanzine to that new address, or just cut her off the mailing list? *Point Two:* C. spends five pages reviewing some portion of the fanzine bounty distributed at Novacon, through which device I discover that numerous people on our mailing list — people who have received bi-weekly issues of this fanzine gratis for nearly a year now — cannot be bothered to send even one copy of their fanzine to us in trade. The lake of fire beckons, people. *Point Three:* Despite my tireless industry in issuing reasonably hyperbolic praise of Christina's efforts, she manages to slag me twice in the course of this fanzine, once herself, and once through the agency of a letter from the suspiciously familiar-sounding Ken Lake, who asserts that I can neither spell nor recognize "humour." Well, Ken I have such a good sense of humor that you can rest assured that my pledge to devote the rest of my life to having you skinned, broiled and served on toast to a pack of slavering Blake's 7 fans is merely a joke. Probably. Aside from these complaints, this is a good fanzine. I particularly enjoyed the selection of postcards sent to Frank Lunney from MISaigon, and an article on the sexuality of Dr. Who by someone called "Dr. Skagra." The lettercol, as I noted, is somewhat cantankerous, but nicely edited. I was less enthused by the sixth installment of Tim Goodrick's selections from the demented correspondence of his former neighbor Miss Lee, since there was nothing in it that was not established by any one of the five previous chapters. Christina's articles about music are entertaining and atmospheric, but don't tell me a lot about the bands in question beyond what they look like, and that too many of them sound like they fell out of the sixties into the present. *Quelle horreur.*

Also Received: The Strangely Deformed Round Thing #1, Danny Heap; Ansible #105, Dave Langford; Critical Wave #44/45, Martin Tudor & Steve Green; Jomp Jr. #16, Richard Dengrove; Second Coming? Slight Return!, Kev McVeigh; The Flying Pig #36, Darroll Pardoe; Brum Group News # 295, File 770 #112, Mike Glyer; PhiloSf #2, Alexander Slate; De Profundis #288, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS



APPARATCHIK is the Josh Gibson of fandom, the only player ever to hit a ball out of Yankee Stadium, but who had the misfortune to develop a brain tumor and drop dead just prior to the end of the color barrier in baseball. It's still available for the usual, but note that trades must now be sent to both Andy and Victor (see the front colophon for both our addresses), 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 an answer to that burning question: Why does the porridge bird lay his egg in the air? For readers in the United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, from 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Off Clarke's Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX, UK. Australian Readers can subscribe through Irwin Hirsh, 26 Jessamine Ave. East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia, for \$4.00, \$16.00 and \$26.31 Australian. Lifetime subscribers: Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Tracy Benton, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Vince Clarke, Scott Custis, John Dallman, Bruce Durocher, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Margaret Organ Kean, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Mark Plummer, 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. **ca**