

Fanzine Counts

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Statistician

While wrapping up the first stage of this project I ran into an odd fact: the very publication you are holding brings to exactly eight the average number of pages per issue of Apak.

A few weeks ago I started compiling basic information about every issue of Apparatchik to generate some statistics. I'm hoping to run a semi-regular feature called "Apak Stat Box" to print the stuff I come up with.

I became interested in doing this when I put together a

run of Apak, and spent some time rereading back issues. I started to wonder about some of the questions I'm answering here. I also realized that an index of the issues might come in handy in later years, and that if I put it off I would have to face even more work. Now, I'll put in an hour or two every 10 issues to keep up.

I'm also pre-empting the Joe Siclaris of the fannish firmament from doing the job for us; this way the statistics originate at home.

I did a capsule of each individual issue, and I also grouped issues in sets of 10. This is arbitrary, but it gives a clearer look at long-term trends.

Started by Andy Hooper in March, 1994, Apparatchik might be the greatest one-stamp frequent fanzine ever. Although no one could accuse it of being consistently brilliant, Apak has succeeded for two main reasons: it has had a consistent schedule, and a consistent approach. It serves both as a newszine and a place for opinion, analysis and humor.

Apak evolved distinctly over 70 issues. It started as a weekly, switched to bi-weekly with #11, and then to tri-weekly with #65. I joined the editorial team in #46, and Carl Juarez joined in #62. Starting with #26, people other than Andy started writing articles and columns. Andy first started listing the Apparatchiki in #35, giving credit for consistent contributions of all kinds.

Popular features such as Andy's "Fanzine Countdown" appeared (#27, Feb. 9, 1995), and became mainstays. Others, like Andy's "Air Kombat Korner" (#30, March 23, 1995; #31, April 6, 1995), peeled off and returned to base.

Once almost absent of art (there were four illos published in the first 50 issues), Apak now regularly features a number of graphic elements. The first 14 Apaks were dot-matrix printed. One of Carl's contributions has been a readable and attractive desktop-published design that fits about 14,000 words in every 10-page issue.

Apak's page count stabilized after it started hitting 10 pages (now the usual length), because 12 pages is the edge of the envelope for a one-ounce letter. But the average number of pages has been ascending for many issues. After #33, the shortest issue was eight pages. The shortest after #10 was four pages. The longest issue (#40, Aug. 10, 1995) was 18 pages.

Apak has hit its publishing targets far more often than it has missed them. The publishing schedule will be examined in an upcoming Stat Box (without wibbling essay).

Behind the evolution of Apak, the production process has transformed. In the beginning, it was an evening's work for Andy to generate two or four pages on the old computer, and then an hour in the morning at the copy shop and the post office. Even six or eight pages might fit into an evening. Now, the machine starts humming anew every time an issue is finished. In the three weeks before the final production meeting, Apparatchiki from across the nation and the world file copy. Letters are typed in and distributed to the editors via e-mail. Responses are collected, and a final edit of the letter column is done every third Wednesday. The issue is laid-out Thursday, and the editors gather on Friday to make final adjustments and publish.

Despite the fact that many people now write regularly for Apak, Andy still produces the plu-

continued on next page



Issue #72, January 3rd, 1997

This is the seventy-second issue of a tri-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper, Carl Juarez and Victor Gonzalez, members & founding member fwa, supporters afal, at The Starlitter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at fanmailAPH@aol.com. Correspondence for Victor should be sent to 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and at vxg@p.tribnet.com. Carl accepts e-mail at cjuarez@oz.net. Apak is still available for the usual, but note that trades must be sent to both Andy and Victor (Carl just wants the good ones, sent care of Andy), and/or you can get Apparatchik for \$3.00 for a 3-month supply, a year's worth for \$12.00, a lifetime subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a bottle of orange Jarritos. See the back page for the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #281. Apparatchiki: Jae Leslie Adams, Gregory Benford, Randy Byers, Steve Green, Woody Harrelson, Irwin Hirsh, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor, Pam Wells & Ted White. On the Web: <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK> Art this issue: Page one, five by Lesley Reece; pages three, four & six by Sue Mason.

rality of the material published. He keeps track of news and fanzines, writes essays and often responds at length to letters. He also maintains the physical plant.

Second to Andy, letters are the most consistent aspect of Apak.

Fanzine fandom evolved as a method of communication centered around letters. The functions and audience a fanzine serves are evident through the letter column. Apak has a fairly loyal core of many-time writers and also has involved a large portion of its mailing list in the conversation at one point or another.

So when I started keeping statistics, I paid a lot of attention to the letter column.

Even in the first 10 issues, five of which didn't have any letters, and which averaged 3.2 pages per issue, Andy published 32 locs from 20 different people. The second set of 10 issues, with 78 pages, contains 56 letters from 32 people. Letters often made up more than half of every issue before #50; they remain a large part of the fanzine.

There are two anomalous sets of 10 issues in terms of page count and letters published: #1-10, and #21-30. The first set is easy to explain; Andy was just starting the zine and it was still a weekly. The conversation was just getting warmed up, and people had only a few days to respond. Issues #21-30 reveal the only real slump in the overall curve; the largest issue was six pages, and only 34 letters were published. Andy was working hard on his free-lance stuff.

But issues #11-30 were also Home to the Enormous Loc,

some running thousands of words and taking up a majority of the fanzine. Several of these letters could have stood as columns. The trend since then has been toward more, shorter letters.

Whether the subject was TAFF (which must qualify as the most-used topic), KTF reviews, fwa past presidents or one of the scores of non-fannish items that have come up, the Apak letter column remains a place where people address the fannish audience. For those heavy hitters listed in the box below, I thank you very much (and keep it up — computing a batting average after the 81st game doesn't mean the season is over).

A point about these numbers: an infield hit is not the same as a grand slam. I've counted the number of times readers show up in the letter column, not the length of their edited missives. Robert Lichtman and Ted White both easily beat George Flynn and Teddy Harvia in terms of word count. Howard Waldrop's seven letters are funnier than any other letter-writer's stuff, in my opinion. A statistic called "slugging percentage" might be invented that considered the number of appearances, the quality, and the word count, but that would be complicated, and I suspect, too subjective to be reduced numerically.

On a similar note, there are elements that shifted from issue to issue that I haven't factored in. For example, the number of words per page varies (generally trending up), something I've ignored in compiling numbers about pages per contributing writer. Another example: Apak only recently started WAHFing locs. So, the number of letters published is roughly equivalent to the number of letters received, but only up to #52. A third

Apak Stat Box: Letters of Comment

A total of 458 letters of comment were published in a total of 556 pages from Apparatchik issue #1 (March 17, 1994) through issue #70 (Nov. 22, 1996). Only five issues, all in the first 10, had no locs at all.

A total of 125 people wrote an average of 3.66 published locs each over the 70-issue sample; 78 people were published more than once. The three loc leaders had at least one letter in each sample of 10 issues. Issue #40 (Aug. 10, 1995) had the most locs, with 15.

For timebinding purposes, #1 is dated March 17, 1994; #11, June 16; #21, Nov. 17; #31, April 6, 1995; #41, Aug. 24; #51, Jan. 18, 1996; #61, June 7.

Letters that weren't published are not counted. Multiple letters published in one issue count as one letter. "Average" equals the "total" divided by 70. "Total loccers" measures the number of individual letter writers in a sample. "Teddy Harvia" includes "David Thayer."

Apak Page and Loc Totals, Issues #1-70

	1-10	11-20	21-30	31-40	41-50	51-60	61-70	Total	Avg.
Total pages	32	78	56	94	102	96	98	556	7.94
Total locs	32	57	34	73	80	80	102	458	6.54
Total loccers	20	32	22	46	49	47	51	125	1.79
Total WAHFs	3	0	0	8	0	26	50	87	1.24
Locs per page	1.0	0.73	0.6	0.78	0.78	0.83	1.04		0.82



Apak Loc Leaders, Issues #1-70

	1-10	11-20	21-30	31-40	41-50	51-60	61-70	Total	Avg.	
Reaching for the Mendoza line: 28 letters from four people (Algeron D'Amassa, Greg Benford, Murray Moore and Howard Waldrop) tied with seven letters (.100); 60 letters from 10 people tied with six letters (.086); 24 letters from six people tied with four letters (.057); 42 letters from 14 people tied with three letters (.043); 64 letters from 32 people tied with two letters (.029); and 47 letters from 47 people tied with one letter (.014).	George Flynn	3	7	4	6	4	4	7	35	.500
	Robert Lichtman	2	1	3	2	4	6	8	26	.371
	Teddy Harvia	3	3	4	3	6	3	3	25	.357
	Ted White	3	5	1	0	1	3	4	17	.243
	Vicki Rosenzweig	0	3	3	3	3	2	3	17	.243
	Harry Warner Jr.	3	3	0	1	2	2	3	14	.200
	Joseph Nicholas	0	0	2	5	3	2	1	13	.186
	Richard Brandt	2	2	0	0	4	0	3	11	.157
	Don Fitch	2	3	0	2	2	1	0	10	.143
	Walt Willis	0	2	1	3	1	1	1	9	.129
	Steve Jeffery	0	0	0	1	3	1	3	8	.114
	E. B. Frohvet	0	0	0	0	0	5	3	8	.114

— Compiled by Victor M. Gonzalez

problem: the mailing list has expanded over time, enlarging the pool of potential letter writers.

There are many interesting numbers that are seemingly incalculable because the information is impossible or too difficult to obtain. For example, it might be fun to know what percentage of a particular letter-writer's submitted words were edited from the printed version. I suspect Gary Farber would be toward the top of that list, but I don't care to do the work.

If you think I've made a mistake (there are probably a few),

please send me a note explaining the problem and referencing the issues needed to verify the error. I will include revised information when I update these tables.

I've spent hours putting the numbers together, and I've found the process ignores the most fun part: what is actually in those letters and articles. The conversation itself. Needless to say, as I pored over the issues, scanning for names in bold type, I frequently stopped to read.

It was rewarding.

"Pontius Pilate at ten o'clock!"

Hard Physics: The Many-Volume Series II

by Greg Benford

After stalling yet again on my Galactic Center series, slowly I went back to fundamentals. I began envisioning what it might be like at stage center, where the diet of particles and photons is rich and varied. Only hard, tough machines could survive for long there.

In the fourth novel, *Tides of Light*, I drew out these contrasts. Hard work, but fun. I devised "photovores" and "metal-lovres" as adaptations to special evolutionary niches. After all, machines which can reproduce themselves would, inevitably, fall under the laws of natural selection, and specialize to use local resources. The entire panoply of biology would recapitulate: parasites, predators, prey.

How to envision this? I prepare for novels by writing descriptive passages of places and characters. In spare moments I began working up snapshots of possible life forms and their survival styles.

Years before I had found a technique to deal with "obstructions" — a better word than the fearsome "block"; and to me it meant something rather more subtle. At times I simply couldn't get my subconscious to flower forth with free material along the lines of the novel.

So I pretended that I was working on another story entirely and wrote that. Sometimes I found I was right — it really didn't connect with the novel. Most times, with some tuning, it did. I made a policy of following through, publishing the work independently if possible, out of an almost superstitious belief that my subconscious would catch on. So far it hasn't . . . I think.

That's why occasionally pieces of my novels appear first as short stories. I often don't know whether they fit the novel, sometimes until years later. This trick I had to use again and again, because my subconscious proved lazy and headstrong. I'd

planned to rap out three novels and be done by 1989, but #3 appeared in 1987, #4 in 1989 . . . and then I got interested in another novel, wrote it in three tough years, and ground to a halt. The pesky subconscious just wouldn't cooperate with my game plans. This cost me considerably, for the series' momentum broke and undoubtedly some readers lost the thread.

In 1990 I had to start from scratch again, thinking through the over-arching logic of the series. Slowly it dawned that some part of me had shied away from doing the "last" novel because I couldn't reconcile the many forces within the narrative. I realized with a sinking feeling that one more book wouldn't be enough, either.

Intelligent machines would build atop the galactic center ferment a society we could scarcely fathom — but we would try. Much of #5, *Furious Gulf* was about that — the gulf around a black hole, and the gulf between intelligences born of different realms.

For years I had enjoyed long conversations with a friend, noted artificial intelligence theorist Marvin Minsky, about the possible lines of evolution of purely machine intelligence. Marvin views our concern with mortality and individualism as a feature of biological creatures, unnecessary among intelligences which never had to pass through our Darwinnowing filter.

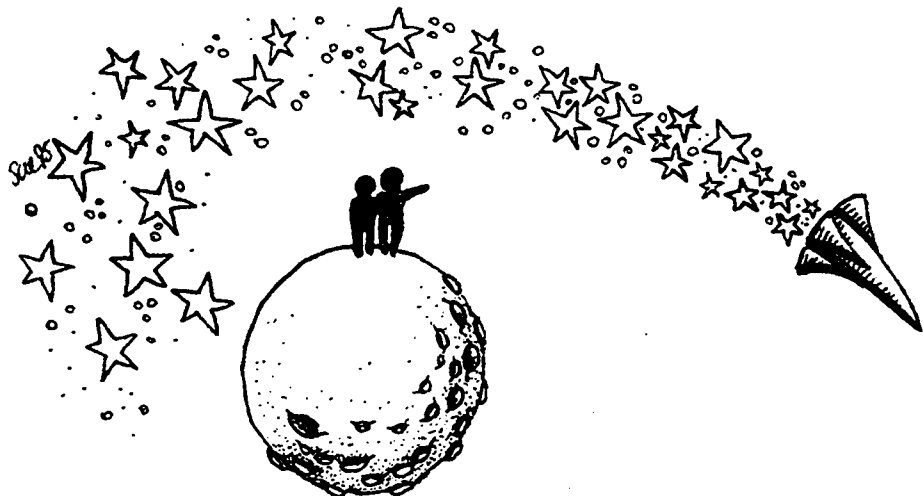
If we can copy ourselves indefinitely, why worry about a particular copy? What kind of society would emerge from such origins? What would it think of us — we Naturals, still hobbled by biological destiny?

Through books #3, 4 and 5 I had used the viewpoint of humans hammered down by superior machines. This got around the Walmsley lifetime problem, but demanded that I portray people enormously different from us. They had to seem strange, yet understandable — a classic sf quandary.

A slowly emerging theme in the novels, then, was how intelligence depended on the "substrate," whether in evolved humans or adaptive machines — both embodying intelligence, but with wildly different styles.

By the time I reached the last volume, in 1992, I had spent over twenty years slowly building up my ideas about machine intelligence, guided by friends like Marvin. I had also published several papers on the galactic center and eagerly read each issue of *Astrophysical Journal* for further clues.

I finished the last novel, *Sailing Bright Eternity*, in summer 1994. It had been 25 years since I started on *In the Ocean of Night* and our view of the galactic center had changed enormously. Some parts of the first two books, especially, are not representative of current thinking. Error goes with the territory.



I had taken many imaginative leaps in putting together a working "ecology" for the center. I included outré ideas, such as constructions made by forcing space-time itself into compressed forms, which in turn act like mass itself: reversing Einstein's intuition, that matter curved space-time.

All this was great fun, requiring a lot of time to think. I let my subconscious do most of the work, if possible — an easier way to write, but it stretches out projects, too.

Long-suffering readers wrote asking when the next volume would appear and I felt badly about it, but I knew the writing could not be rushed. I had not anticipated that each volume would demand so much thought, and still less that I would need an extra novel to do the job. By the end, all six books comprise about three quarters of a million words.

My published physical model of the galactic center is done in what I call the "cartoon approximation" — good enough for a first cut, maybe, but doomed to fail somewhere. Sf works in this approximation, necessarily. I had assayed a grand theme, how Mind relates to Nature.

In any case, models are like art, matters of taste. Nobody expects a French impressionist painting to look much like a real cow; instead, it suggests ways of looking at cows. Sf should do that.

I learned a lot of tricks along the way, many of them embarrassingly obvious. In 1969 I never outlined, though that year I had sold my first novel with a three-page description and 10,000 words of a novelette. By 1992 I kept notes by subheadings — INCIDENTS, NOTIONS, TECH, TIMELINE, CHARACTER, BITS O' BUSINESS, etc. — in a three-hole binder and on computer, so I could lift and insert.

More important, I had grasped that the climaxes of each book should resemble a stairway. Each should play for higher stakes which do not undercut the resolutions of the earlier novels. Each should open the philosophical canvas at least a bit, particularly in a galactic, hard sf novel sequence such as mine. Each should explain mysterious elements of the past novels, but leave some shadows to shed a glow into for the future. Each should tell us something deeper about the lead figure. Each figure should move through the defining moment of his life.

This last point may be crucial. I used two central figures, Walmsley and Killeen, neither particularly likeable. This may be a quirk of mine, but I've never enjoyed trotting around in the head of a bright-eyed, perpetual optimist; this may reveal more about me than I wish, but there it is.

Each of these men had to learn and grow, but not abandon themselves to the cosmic perspectives. As Gary Wolfe remarked in reviewing the last novel, "This is the classic problem of hard sf, of course: a rhetoric of action and human drama must be juggled with a rhetoric of science and philosophy in a way that must be made to appear seamless . . . [often] writers either give us cardboard characters against a spectacular backdrop, or fudge the science in order to make the plot work out . . ."

I felt the pressure of keeping these guys human more and more as the novels waxed on. So I gave them vices, irksome habits, troubles with their women, faults — big ones, including bad tempers and emotional isolation. (Even Einstein picked his nose, remember.) Yet each figure made progress, or at least came to understand himself better.

I didn't actually figure all this out clearly — in fact, some of the above paragraphs have made these points clear to me only while I was writing them. (This is a common experience for me, too. I don't know what I think until I express it. That old subconscious, again.)

I had always intended to make the series Stapledonian, but squeezed through the aperture of a modern, rounded novel. I used talks with aliens, with machines, with disembodied intelligences lodged in magnetic configurations, with archly amused denizens of the far future — anything, to avoid the overweening narrative voice; though I used that, too.

This single decision — more aesthetic than craftsmanly, and made unconsciously as well — created more work for me than anything else in the sequence. It is my preferred method overall, even outside the Galactic Series, but it imposes great constraints.

That fits with my own feeling about hard sf — that it works best because of its self-imposed restrictions, in the fashion that a sonnet does. Constraints improve.

Would I write a series again? Maybe, but not right away.

Do it this way again? Nope — I hope I'd avoid some of the traps.

Most important, I fathomed my own limitations, and how little my subconscious could be bossed around. It's useful to know who really does most of the heavy lifting.



SAD BASTARDS OF THE FUTURE NO. 5
THE ROCKET SPOTTER.

Problem elk are marked with a paintball.

The Trickle-Down Theory of Dr. Fandom

by Ted White

When I walked up to Steve Stiles, he was holding a tagger gun in one hand and a tee-shirt in the other.

"How's it going, Steve?" I asked.

"I'm just an ordinary guy, working in an ordinary shop," he said. "Actually, it's going pretty well," he added.

That was a few days into Steve's new job, here at Logotel.

Yes, Steve Stiles is working in the Logotel warehouse, tagging and packing tee-shirts.

He needed a job.

"I need a job, Ted," is about the way he put it. So I told him who to contact at Logotel, and he started working in the warehouse the day before Thanksgiving.

Steve had already answered an ad placed by our art department, and was in line for free-lance work, but he needed something with a regular paycheck. After he'd started here I took him over and introduced him to Tony Ritter, the guy in charge of the art department. Tony is an interesting guy — used to play guitar and sing professionally — and we get into long conversations very easily when we have the time. He loves Steve's work, and hopes to use him in developing our latest license, which is none other than R. Crumb. (Yes, it is a small world.) And a week or two later I introduced Steve to another of his fans, the latest addition to the art department, Rich Woodall. Rich is 21, and an aspiring comic artist, who wanted to show his samples to Steve and get Steve's opinion. After that meeting Steve remarked to me, "Wow, that was a real boost for my ego!"

It's still a bit weird to me to encounter Steve when I stroll through the warehouse — our offices bracket the warehouse and when I need to go to the front office, the route is the length of the warehouse — I've known Steve for nearly forty years now and the last place I'd have expected to see him is working in a warehouse. But it's also kinda neat to see him almost daily.

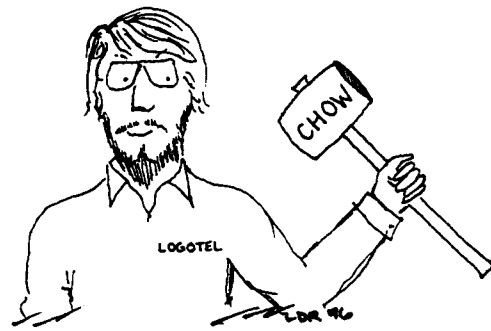
The only constant here at Logotel is change. We've grown enormously as a company, and are now in the process of splitting into three companies (under the same ownership), which changes and adds to procedures all the time.

We've also outgrown our building. When I started here, two years ago, we occupied one-third of our building. Six months later we took over the middle third, and by the end of my first year we had the whole building. It was originally a big warehouse with a small section set aside for offices. After we had the whole building we added a number of offices, one of which I used during the summer, and a yet another of which I'm in now.

Now we're negotiating a lease on the building next door. We toured it this week. It's all offices, and has lots of space. It was last used by a bank, has a vault, and in one area twelve cubicles — dubbed "Dilbertville" — but my department will get a room twice the size of our present one. Unfortunately, it has no windows. But we'll be next door to the art department, and they have a window . . .

So we're going to move most of our offices next door in a month or so, using our present building mostly as a warehouse. And we'll be opening up an outlet store in some of our new space (it will have a separate entrance). That means in the months to come I'll run into Steve less often unless he follows my advice and applies for an office job when one opens up (which they do, frequently).

"With your typing and computer skills, Steve, you'd have



I FEEL A STRANGE COMPULSION...

no trouble at all," I told him.

"Well, actually, Ted, I kinda like what I'm doing now," Steve said.

"Just wait," I said. "It can get cold out here in the warehouse during the winter." Last winter I had a "desk" in Dock C of the warehouse while I was Inventory Control Manager. I kept my heavy coat on all the time. "And in the summer it's not air-conditioned. It gets pretty hot."

But I could see Steve was having no part of my warnings. He was taking pride in his Honest Toil, in working up a Decent Sweat.

Just an ordinary guy in an ordinary shop.

▲▲▲

Reactions to my column on "aggressive driving" were many and varied, and probably greater in volume than responses to anything else I've written for a fanzine in a number of years. Obviously the topic struck a nerve with many of you. In addition to the responses published here, I received a long and interesting e-mail from Roxanne Graham-Smith, whose basic point was one others among you have made: the visceral, gut-feeling, instincts I rely upon as a driver are not gender-specific. She has them too, and, consequently, loves to drive. I wonder now if these instincts are what lie behind the joy of driving — if you don't have them, you won't enjoy driving the way Roxanne and I do. I find this fascinating, precisely because this is a little-discussed topic among most people.

What I did not do in that column was to go into greater detail about my driving habits. I did not mention — but maybe should have, to forestall criticism — that I seriously practice the Golden Rule of driving: I treat other drivers the way I wish to be treated. I try never to cut another car off; I get out of the way of those behind me who want to go faster than I'm going (what the hell: let them go first, flush out the speed traps, and get the tickets!); I signal turns and lane changes automatically; etc., etc. And I follow the "Two Second Rule": I stay at least 2 seconds behind the vehicle I'm following, when practical (not in stop-and-go rush hour traffic, but on the open road).

Ten or more years ago a man named John Nestor made a name, of sorts, for himself by boasting in the letter-column of the Washington Post that he liked to drive in the left lane of local freeways at exactly 55 mph, blocking faster traffic. It gave him a sanctimonious delight not only to indulge in this practice, but to brag about it. The letters in the Post buzzed for months about this "Nestoring," as this practice came to be known. Nestor had few defenders — mostly those afraid of speeds over 55, and those who felt this irrational speed limit was The Law, and thus required blind obedience. Many attacked his actions, including the local police and traffic experts, pointing out that he was encouraging accidents to occur, and impeding the smooth flow of traffic. He remained unrepentant,

Now, stop it, naughty boy, you're loosening all the cherries on my hat.

but has not been heard from in recent years — despite the occasional continuing reference to “Nestoring” — leading me to wonder if one day an 18-wheeler simply drove right over him.

▲▲▲

GENDER BLENDER: I referred above to something being (or not being) “gender-specific.”

More than once in recent years language purists have pointed out to me that I was misusing the word “gender” by using it in such applications. “Gender,” these snobs have insisted, is itself a linguistic term, and refers only to the “gender” of a Word, most commonly in Latin-derived languages in which nouns have male and female forms (a relative rarity in English),

or gender. To refer to a Person having a “gender,” I have been lectured, is incorrect. A person has a “sex,” not a “gender.”

To which I have responded in every instance, “Crap!”

Language evolves. Meanings and usages evolve. In our modern, Politically Correct, society (in which “person” has replaced “man” for many usages), “gender” is a far safer, emotionally neutral word than “sex,” which has entirely too many un-PC connotations, quite aside from the sniggering reaction it provokes in the Beavises among us. The word “gender” no longer applies purely to Words, and hasn’t, in common usage, since at least the 1970s.

▲▲▲

I suspect all potatoes are Peruvian.

A Three-Hour Tour

by Lesley Reece

My family lives in Portland, so I usually take the train down at Christmas. This year, on the trip South, I boarded right on time with no problem, even

getting a window seat. The tracks run along the edge of Puget Sound, so I had a gorgeous view to contemplate as I rode, listening to Mozart’s *Requiem* on my Walkman and knitting a black scarf. The four hours went by so quickly I was almost sorry to get off the train.

I should have known such a great trip down would mean trouble on the way back. The day after Christmas, there was freezing rain, and the local news said hundreds of people had lost power east of Portland. When I got to Union Station, the first thing I heard was the PA telling me my train was going to be delayed an hour, leaving at four instead of three. I pestered a porter until he brought me a luggage cart, then pulled out *The Thurber Carnival* and settled down on a bench to wait.

An hour later, there was no sign of the train. An elderly Scandinavian woman next to me offered, in thick Teutonic tones, to watch my things for me while I went to inquire about the holdup, though I hadn’t been considering that until she spoke. The clerk told me the tracks around The Dalles were covered with ice and downed trees from the storm. The train wouldn’t be there until five.

I headed back to my seat and spent half an hour in conversation with my benchmate. She told me it was okay that I wasn’t married; she hadn’t gotten married until she was thirty-five and everything had turned out fine. Oh good, I thought, I

have two more years. Eventually she fell asleep, and I went back to “A Couple of Hamburgers,” my favorite Thurber story.

At five, the PA announced it would be another hour, and my new friend got up and called her son to come get her. She’d go home tomorrow, she said. She was replaced by a depressed fifteen-year-old who’d just had his vintage Fender Mustang guitar stolen. His father, he said, had gone to high school with the late Kurt Cobain. I felt a hundred years old.

At six, the announcer told us the train was just across the Willamette, but it couldn’t cross the bridge. There was another train in the way, and its engine was fried. We’d have to wait another hour, maybe two.

A woman nearby leapt to her feet. “Why is there no backup procedure?” she shouted. “We don’t have to take this!” I was tempted to cry out “Where is *Il Duce* when you need him?” but I knew that wouldn’t help, so I dug out my Walkman, selected a Brandenburg Concerto, and went back to knitting. I could still sort of hear her, but she quieted down after about fifteen minutes.

The train finally arrived around eight, and left at eighty-three. Amtrak felt so bad that they made us all a free meal with the supplies they had left in the dining car. Things were looking up until about ten miles north of Tacoma, when the train suddenly stopped. I looked out the window, but quickly jerked back when I saw huge blue flashes uncomfortably near the car. A tree, weighed down with freezing rain, had fallen onto the tracks, taking several power lines with it.

I’d waited all that time like a good little passenger; was I now going to be electrocuted for my trouble? I weighed this

experience against a 1990 trip where I got stuck all night in the downtown LA bus station, sitting between a hysterical Mexican family and a woman with terrible teeth who kept telling me “they” wanted her in Bakersfield. I decided my current dilemma was marginally better, but only because everyone else was asleep.

The train made it to Seattle around seven, a mere twelve hours late, only to find another snowstorm. The buses had stopped running. Luckily, an insane cabdriver — who told me he’d learned to drive in the Himalayas — picked me up and fishtailed me home.

My train was the last arrival for a week. Maybe next year I’ll fly. With enough delays, I’ll be able to finish that sweater I’ve been thinking about.



The Mounds of Brown

by Andy Hooper

For many years, I've enjoyed the legacy of the work of Charles E. Brown, but I only learned his name, and a little about his life a few days ago.

On my recent trip to Madison, while researching an article for another publication, I found myself tramping around the city examining Indian mounds, a familiar part of the landscape there. Between AD 800 and 1200, ancient Native Americans constructed more than 1,500 conical, linear and effigy mounds on the shores of Madison's "four lakes," and there may have been more than 20,000 such sites in the state of Wisconsin, including flat-topped pyramid mounds more than 100 feet on a side. Unfortunately, as much as 80% of these works have been destroyed by the demands of civilization, and the fact that there are any of them left at all is largely due to the efforts of Charles E. Brown, as I discovered in my research at the city library.

Brown was born in Milwaukee, and his father, a civil engineer and amateur paleological collector, instilled in him an interest in history, natural history and Native American culture from an early age. He was barely 20 when he joined the staff of the pioneering Milwaukee Public Museum in 1900. Despite his lack of formal academic credentials, Brown's seemingly limitless energy for fieldwork and administration swiftly made him a legend in Wisconsin's formative archeological community. In 1903 he founded the Wisconsin Archeological Society, and served as its secretary for over 40 years, and published over 160 volumes of *Wisconsin Archeologist*, the longest continuously-published journal of its kind in the country. In 1904 he gained appointment as the curator for the U.S. Philippine Exhibition of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which brought him to attention of the national anthropological community. Shortly thereafter, Ruben Gold Thwaites, director of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, talked him into becoming the first director and full-time curator of the Society's museum. He remained in this post until 1944, and died just two years after his retirement.

As a self-taught museologist, his professional achievements are remarkable. But even more impressive is the life-long campaign which Brown waged to preserve Native American sites in and around Madison and bring local attention to the region's priceless historical assets. As director of the State Historical Museum he was accorded a certain measure of civil respect, and the local newspapers knew he was always a good source for copy. At times, he seemed to have an almost paternal affection for the mounds, and often supervised their re-turfing or repair himself. To this day, the only survey or observations ever made of 90% of the mounds in the region was conducted by Charles Brown and his volunteer crews between 1910 and 1935.

I hasten to point out that while many of these mounds are merely low hummocks of turf and soil arranged in a cone or a loaf-shape, some of them are quite spectacular. The huge bird effigy on the grounds of the State Mental Hospital once had a wingspan of 624 feet, and is third-largest effigy in North America. One linear mound that ran through the center of the modern city of Monona, on Madison's east side, was 700 feet long. Many of the animal effigies take odd and stylized forms, and it was Brown's friendship with local Ho-Chunk (aka Winnebago) Indians that provided our current interpretation of those shapes. While the Ho-Chunk are a historical tribe, they've embraced the late-Woodland effigy culture as part of their own, and there is evidence that their spiritual beliefs have close par-

allels with the mound-builders who came before them. This relationship remained largely unconfirmed until Brown began his work, largely because no anthropologist had ever asked the Ho-Chunk what they knew about the mounds.

Unfortunately, many of his efforts at preservation were unsuccessful, and such spectacular mound groups as the Picnic Grove site, the Outlet Mound group, and the entire Dividing Ridge group, some 600 yards from end to end, were lost to development, private landscaping, and were sometimes even mined for topsoil or gravel. Probably his most bitter defeat was the eventual development of Frost's Woods, on the southeast shore of Lake Monona. This was the last tract of original forest left on the shoreline of the city's four lakes, and contained mounds of many types. Ho-Chunk families still camped there during the summer in the late 1920s, when the land came up for sale, and was slated for development.

In response, Brown founded the Lake Monona Wild Life Sanctuary Association, which struggled for three years to raise the funds necessary to buy the tract itself. To help attract funds, the Association commissioned a series of alternate-use plans for the property, including a multi-purpose cultural and nature center, a wild life sanctuary, an outdoor museum, a wild life school, a perpetual campground for the Ho-Chunk and a recreational area for youth organizations. Ho-Chunk leaders participated in public meetings at the capitol, conducted special tours and one friend of Brown, Oliver Lamere, opened his summer home on the site to visitors, allowing them to see a traditional Ho-Chunk hunting camp in operation. Lamere and Chief John Blackhawk, descendent of the historic Chief Winneshiek, were frequent guests in Brown's Nakoma neighborhood home, and from them came the modern theory that the effigy mounds were clan symbols, a kind of heraldry in earthwork.

Although the Association fell \$12,000 short of their goal, the land was developed and almost all the mounds destroyed, Brown's efforts became a model for such preservation efforts in the state, and created considerable public awareness of the mounds of the region and their loss to the bulldozer. The violence of Brown's condemnation of the Frost Woods development, combined with his rage at the destruction of the Picnic Grove mounds on the University of Wisconsin campus, which he had literally only finished restoring before the University chose to build a dormitory on the site, eventually began to have some effect. The Picnic Grove site brought the total of mounds destroyed by expansion of the campus to 12, each of which Brown was only too eager to describe to the local press. After being roundly caned on the editorial pages, the University went out of their way to contact Brown when they acquired the Picnic Point site (lots of picnics in old Madison, apparently), and asked his help in restoring and preserving the mounds there, promising him they had no intention of disturbing anything there.

State law now protects Indian mounds on both public and private land. Without Brown's efforts, who knows if this legislation would have even been conceived. More Indian mounds exist in Madison than any other city in the United States, and many of the sites are now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Several hundred are now designated city landmarks.

In an era when it was popular to consider the mounds the work of the lost tribes of Israel, or Vikings, or far-ranging Phoenician sailors, Charles Brown made sure that the scientific community knew that they were the work of Native Americans, whose descendents are still among us today. His legacy is not just the mounds themselves, but our understanding of them as well. I'm glad to have made his acquaintance.

"Can Hitler have a juice box?"

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: Various year-end loose ends to tie-up, such as this CoA from JANICE EISEN (3535 Tarrytown Road, Brookfield, WI 53005, e-mail to JMEisen.85@alum.mit.edu):]

'Many of you know that we're about to move to Milwaukee; those of you I haven't informed, I'm sorry, but as you can guess, things have been crazy. We are leaving Johnstown on Monday the 23rd to spend a week with my Mom, then going to Milwaukee; we're closing on the house on the 31st (deo volente), but we probably won't be actually in there till the end of the week, so phone calls should be held off. Anyway, here's the new address.'

[APH: See above.]

[VMG: Thanks for the update, Janice, and we're hoping your headaches have improved at least a little. We'd love to see you in these pages a little more often.

Now, welcome to Apak CHERYL MORGAN (21/60 Princess St. Kew, Victoria 3101 Australia, e-mail to 100610.3413@CompuServe.COM), with a loc converged from two rapid-fire e-mails:]

'Your Aussie agent has been busy. A copy of Apparatchik #70 arrived in my mail box this morning. I found it an interesting read. I was particular struck by Lesley Reece's article. As a Briton living in Australia and holidaying in the US, I am making a hobby of studying our cultural differences. One thing that I noticed in particular about Americans is that many of you live in fear of the end of the world. In Europe the Gulf War was annoying but hardly scary — it was just another war and we've been having them for 4000 years or so. And we are all happy about being at ground zero and don't think it is in any way dysfunctional. What is it with you guys?

'It can't be not being used to wars. You've had enough in your short history. Australians are not used to wars - you can tell by the way they celebrate their "victories" in Vietnam with such fervour. Maybe it is because your experience of wars has been limited largely to the total war concept (which you guys did a lot to help invent during the Civil War) and the nuclear age. Any thoughts?

'I'm pleased to see that Andy is making a contest of the DUFF race. Of course, as one of Janice's nominators, I can hardly vote for him. I also note that the modest announcement is not entirely in keeping with the scrawled exhortation to vote for him on the back of the envelope my Apak came in. But it will be a fun race.

'Not much to comment on in #71, I'm afraid. Victor says nothing nonsensical about driving and is therefore boringly non-controversial. Steve is nice about Kim Newman and is therefore right. I'm not entirely sure what the phrase "get a life" means, but it is plain from his piece that Carl has one and I don't. Damn.

'In the letters, I agree entirely with Pamela Boal about the relativistic nature of passengers' opinions. I have, after all, been a passenger in Karen Pender-Gunn's car, and I remember just how fast she took the bump over the railway line on Dawson Street.'

[VMG: "Boringly non-controversial"? How dare you!]

[APH: Irwin has been a little more enthusiastic in regard to my DUFF candidacy than I believe I ever authorized, flattering though it is. People can shout all they like, as long as they remember to vote.

The debate on driving skills and practices is starting to get to some readers, including KEVIN WELCH (PO Box 2195, Madison WI 53701:]

'Driving behavior has become the obsession of the media

lately (Apparatchik being no exception), attaining the level of interest once accorded to missing children, flag burning and the ergonomic hazards of break dancing. A generation ago it was all so simple; you were just expected to learn how to drive and if you broke the rules, well, at least you knew that you were cheating somehow. The fact that this nation now seems to need a debate on driving behavior seems ludicrous in historical context and can only be explained by the deeply held American cowboy ethic that it's my car and nobody is going to tell me how to drive it. There seems to be no general consensus any more that cutting people off and driving real fast is wrong. I don't think there will be any such consensus simply because we are spending all our time arguing about whether we should flip off other drivers or else simply pull out a gun and shoot them. Gone is the quaint notion that traffic rules are there for common sense reasons. Now, speed limit signs are seen by some as the cutting edge of a totalitarian new world order to be enforced by peacekeeping UN thugs from Canada in blue helmets. Have a nice holiday season.'

[VMG: I think you are simplifying what has been a fairly involved conversation, Kevin. No one in these pages has approved of either shooting, flipping off or cutting off other drivers; rather, the conversation had gone around whether it is appropriate to enforce the rules of the road yourself; for example, by doing the speed limit in the fast lane. And, since you've brought the issue up again, I thought I'd add something that I forgot in my column last time: If a driver pulled into the fast lane at the speed limit, got hit from behind by a car doing more than the speed limit, and later told the police why he pulled into the fast lane, the driver would be liable for a criminal penalty (probably reckless driving), I think. Enforcing traffic regulations on your own is at least as illegal as breaking the speed limit, for obvious reasons of safety.

Turning to ffwaw lore is TED WHITE (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22044, e-mail to Twhite@logotel.com:]

'Just a brief note to comment on Randy's Presidential Address:

'I don't, of course, know the rules and bylaws of the FFWA, but I do know the definition of "Past President," having assisted in creating the category and term in 1984.

'Therefore, I regret to inform Randy that his term is already over! If the FFWA follows the format established by the FWA (or "fwa," to be technically correct), existing as it appears in parallel to the FWA, then it has no present president, only a president elected retrospectively to preside over a previous period of time.

'Each year, as you know, we elect a new Past President of the FWA at the annual Corflu. At the forthcoming Corflu Wave(less), for instance, we will elect the Past President for 1996. At present, FWA has no president, its last having been selected, earlier this year, for 1995. And that's the point, of course: There never is a current president of the FWA, nor ever will be. When the Past President is elected, his or her term is already over. Thus we circumvent the perils of bureaucracy!

'Sorry about that, Randy. But hold your head up high! It is, at this point, indeed A Proud And Lonely Thing to be the Past President of the FFWA. You are unique!'

[VMG: Randy might be "Past Dictator-for-Life," which presents us with an interesting contradiction in powers. What do the other fringies think?

Here's a brief, declarative pocsarcd from HEATHER WRIGHT (418 E. Loretta Pl. #107, Seattle, WA 98102), spread-

Those who do open witness surreal calm.

ing the word on ffwa:]

'Sacre pâté de FFWA gras! Fringedom is no chopped liver!

[APH: Who can argue with that? And now here's this week's dispatch from ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442):]

'To answer a couple of your questions about Corflus both past and future:

'The last to publish a mailing list of members was Corflu Nova in 1994. And yes, Virginia, there will be a fanthology for this year's Corflu — I'm editing it again. A few months ago, I'd seriously considered backing out due to an inability to face having to type lots of it myself (about half of last year's was available on disk) and wrote Spike Parsons of my concerns. She called and agreed to handle the typing of everything that didn't turn up on disk, and with that assurance I agreed to carry on. I've made a final selection since then and sent out letters asking for permission to reprint. As with last year's volume, printing and distribution is the province of the Corflu committee (whoever it is this week) and inquiries should be directed to them.

'Yours in the first mention of FAAn Awards being made at this upcoming Corflu. One hopes to see a ballot soon, since February 28th isn't that far off. With this short notice, I might tend to lend more credence to the results of Arnie Katz's poll — provided his long lead time and wide ballot distribution led to high participation. I hope he's able to publish and distribute the timely report of the results that he promised on the ballot form.

'Congratulations to Randy on being voted first past president of ffwa. (In looking ahead to possible successors, once you get shot down as dictator for life, I beg you to consider the estimable Tami Vining.) I seem to qualify under his strict tenets for both fan and fringe fan in that I still have an interest in sf, though these days it seems to manifest itself more as interest in reference works about sf than in reading the mother literature itself (and much of my interest in fandom is social). Fringe fandom has a long and noble history. Max Keasler was an early fringe fan. In her 1959 article, "I Remember Keasler," in my own *Outworlds* No. 1 (and only — Bowers picked up the title five years later not knowing I'd used it), she writes of Max: "Max was the personification of Sixth Fandom in America: young, witty, enthusiastic. He openly avowed that he never read science-fiction. (In Sixth Fandom we broke fandom's ties with the mother literature. We weren't SFans. We were friends in search of fun.)" It's a proud but not especially lonely thing to be a fringe fan.

'Loved Randy's sly reference to the Thor Power Tool decision. Rest of issue also enjoyed, particularly Greg's look at his own process.'

[VMG: Now wait a minute: Arnie's poll is for 1995 fanzine activity. Apak already won the best fanzine award in the 1995 FAAn balloting. We need a new fan poll, not a rehash of last year. The FAAn awards serve a purpose that the Fan Hugos long ago lost — recognition of fannish fanzines — and would, I hope, be continued.]

[APH: Good news about the Fanthology! And the more I think about it, the more sense a separate association for fringe-fans seems to make. A lot of my best friends in fandom have been openly averse to reading SF, yet loved to contribute to fanzines. But wait, where do fake and fringe fandom begin and end? Help!

A kind comment from GREG SHAW (P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, e-mail to Squishy@aol.com):]

'I want to thank you for sending the last few issues of

Apparatchik. At first I wasn't sure what it was, then I realized: it's an actual fannish fanzine! I really didn't know such things still existed. Then I see names like Ted White, Bob Lichtman, and (for gods sake) even Harry Warner, Jr. Is this a timewarp? Now I read that Science Fiction Five Yearly is coming out again! Just too much.

'I don't know what I did to merit free copies but I do want you to know I appreciate it. I was also flattered to see myself reference in the last issue. I didn't think I'd left much of a mark on fandom, despite being active for 4 nutty years, being quite deeply involved in the Berkeley scene of the time, being a member of FAPA, etc. However my fannish activities moved over to rock & roll and after 1968 I never looked back. I wonder if whatever "fannish fandom" consists of these days has ever given itself the proper pat on the back for having inspired the enormous world of rock & roll fandom? I've always tried to apply the fannish aesthetic in everything I've done, as has Paul Williams and others of my generation who made the same transition. Anyway, I just want to say it's good to see you keeping the old traditions alive (though I have my doubts about TAFF . . .) and thanks again for thinking of me.'

[APH: Glad you liked the ish, Greg, and an SFFY is on its way to you as you read this. Death will not release you.

Bay-area scion BRUCE TOWNLEY (1732 Washington St. #8 San Francisco, CA 94109-3625, e-mail to SF1.BAT@orrick.com) also graciously accepts his egoboo whole:]

'Thanks very much for the very kind but, as always, accurate and insightful review of Oblong #4. "Meatball fanac" sounds just right and how did you know about my plans for starting a Strecker Worshipping Mystery Cult (should be a pretty good tax break y'know)?

'On another topic, zine-wise, I was wondering if any back numbers of Spent Brass are available? Please let me know the ordering particulars by e-mail at your convenience.

'Thanks again for the swell review and hope you have a good Christmas and New Years.'

[APH: All of my fanzines from over the years are generally available, and I can make copies of those in short supply as well. Anyone wanting back issues of Spent Brass, Apparatchik, Prang, Nine Innings or any other fanzine I've published need only ask for the numbers they like and we'll go from there.

Now, from a much larger letter, a note from MURRAY MOORE (377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2 Canada, e-mail to murray.moore@encode.com):]

'Because of APAK, I possess, courtesy of Bob Tucker, a copy of the seventh edition of THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM (October, 1996). The text, by Tucker and others, is basically the same as the text in my copy of the first printing of the second edition (1966).

'I noticed that The Usual is not mentioned or defined in either edition. Neos are warned, in fact, to be careful in sending money for subscriptions to fanzines.

'When did The Usual become the usual way of receiving a fanzine? When did cash become unclear? When did faneds shift from trying to break even or pay most of their expenses, and become willing to bear and pay all of the costs of production and delivery to their audience, desiring a non-monetary response and discouraging cash?'

[WAHF: Harry Andruschak, George Flynn, Terry Frost, Kim Huett, and Candi Strecker.]

Fna fna o o o, wa a, dey de bey, wa satt ha batt, a matter of dust contamination I want them now.

1.) **fHapa #2**, collated by Lindsay Crawford, 5335 Daisy St. #94, Springfield, OR 97478: I think the misleading thing about fHapa is that the various official minutes and notes of Timebinders meetings give an impression of being an official record, while the rest of the zine/apa verges on total anarchy. I choose to regard the more serious aspects of the fanzine as anomalous, and choose to concentrate instead on the personal fanhistorical research of some of the members. This issue features a segment of Rob Hansen's continuing history of fanzines in the eighties, and Vince Clarke's discussion of the final year *Novae Terrae*, Britain's first fanzine, both solid, engrossing articles. Perry Middlemiss offers some discussion of very early Aussie fanzines, and an annotated contents list for John Bangsund's *Australian Science Fiction Review*. And Ahrvid Engholm is back with another Smorgasbord of odd material, including a dialogue between a neofan and a Zine Master, and a list of Swedish/English false cognates. One's eyelids tend to droop at the endless listing of Universities with SF collections, and some of the less creative personal memoirs included here, but even so, fHapa contained the best material to arrive during this last month of the year. I hope this will make Crawford feel better, as Victor's review of fHapa #1, way back in Apak # 56, seems to have sent him into a prolonged funk and he offers this as one of the reasons why this zine is about nine months late. Nigel Rowe is listed as being the editor for the next and subsequent editions (5224 N. Glenwood, Chicago, IL 60640), so perhaps this will free Lindsay from the effects of such reviews in the future. But honestly, Lindsay, are you responsible for all the material here? If I speak in less-than-glowing terms of Garth Spencer's laborious 20-page contribution, why should that reflect on you? As long as it remains unclear whether this is more an apa or more a fanzine, it is also not clear how much responsibility the editor should take for its contents. Now *that* situation would depress me more than any bad review.

2.) **Canadian Journal of Detournement #14 & 15**, created by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2E7 Canada: I'm almost reluctant to review these, because I'd love for you to experience the full chilling effect of them on your own. All Dale has done here is print some poetic excerpts accompanying clip art and Xerox photo images of space technology, yet his ironic subtext comes roaring through loud and clear. These tend to come in an envelope with issues of *Opuntia*, and I'm always struck by the immediacy of their impact when compared with that more involved project. I imagine one of these being picked off a freebie table by someone at a Canadian convention, and the head-shaking discomfort that would probably result. Now that everyone's pet rhino is no longer doing mail art, the effect of an individual piece is much greater.

3.) **Lettersub #12**, written and edited by Terry Hornsby, 66 Johns Ave., Lofthouse, Wakefield WF3 3LU, UK: Great Ghu, another one! Terry Hornsby seems to lack the mechanism which prevents most people from telling unhappy stories about their friends and family, let alone putting them into print. It is

his tendency to relate events most of us would shy away from that keeps this from being a standard letter-substitute or perzine. His portrait of brother Derrick and his family is deservedly scornful, but I kept catching myself thinking, "My God, why would you want people to know this stuff?" But for Terry there seems to be a certain catharsis in all this, and he's no less unblinking in his fiction. #12 has the last segment of his story "Burning Down the House," still a unique item in my fannish experience, and another blow to the notion that no fiction published in fanzines is any good.

4.) **Ethel The Aardvark #70**, edited by Ian & Karen Pender-Gunn for the Melbourne Science Fiction Club, P.O. Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria 3005, Australia: My fears that Ethel would suffer an interruption of publication after the departure of the former editor have proven to be unfounded. Ian and Karen Pender-Gunn, who are doing their best to give the impression that they *are* Australian fandom, have taken over editing the zine and seem to be doing a fine job so far. Reasonably interesting club news redeems Phil Wlodarczyk's computer game reviews and the Australian SF TV listings by James Allen. Pleasant surprises come from Cheryl Morgan and Michael Jordan (perhaps a middle initial might help, Michael), describing recent trips to the US. Jordan describes his trip to Seattle on a quest to meet Julian May, and offers a short interview with her to prove he was successful. And Cheryl offers a *review* of The Bay Area Science Fiction Association, a unique and entertaining piece of writing. I hope that Karri Valkova's cover is an indication of the sort of things we'll see with a fan-artist like Ian editing the fanzine. And thanks to Karen for mentioning our web site in her review of fanzine-related sites. An excellent example of what a clubzine can achieve with creative editorial control.

5.) **The Rogue Raven #49**, written and edited by Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. SW, Seattle WA 98166: This arrived just before I departed for a Christmas visit to Madison, and it would have been valuable to look a little more closely at Frank's descriptions of his experiences in Reno before I left. We were within a hair of being stranded there by floods, and perhaps Frank's descriptions might have directed us to a hotel on high ground Also featured is a letter from Randy Mohr about his trip to various sites in Israel, some brief but fascinating reading recommendations from Frank and some discussion of events at the Puyallup Fair, an event with which Frank has a sixty-year acquaintance. It takes a good fan-writer to time-bind around a county fair, but Frank pulls it off. A fine model for beginning perzine publishers to follow.

Also Received: *Ansible* #113, Dave Langford; *Opuntia* #29.1, Dale Speirs; *Vanamonde* #184, 187, John Hertz for Apa-L; and at the very last minute, *Wave* #1, a 12-page Corflu progress report from Alyson Abramowitz (more on this next time).

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK is the Brian G. Hughes of fandom, a Brooklyn banker and practical joker who liked to drop boxes of glass beads on the sidewalk in front of Tiffany's, who once announced a plan to exhibit a rare South American animal known as a "Reetsa," which eluded capture despite running backwards. When reporters gathered at the quay, led down the gangway was — of course — a steer. 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 \$4.50, \$17.00 and \$28.09 Australian. Lifetime subscribers: Harry Andruschak, John Bangsund, Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Tracy Benton, Bill Bodden, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Chris Bzdawka, Vince Clarke, Scott Custis, John Dallman, Bruce Durocher, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Margaret Organ Kean, John Hertz, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Mark Plummer, Barnaby Rapoport, Michael Rawdon, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Nevenah Smith, Dale Speirs, Geri Sullivan, Alva Svoboda, Steve Swartz, David Thayer, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner.