

OPUNTIA

271

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OPUNTIA is published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. It is available for \$4 cash for a one-time sample copy, trade for your zine, or letter of comment. Americans: please don't send cheques for small amounts to Canada as the bank fee to cash them is usually more than the amount. US\$ banknotes are acceptable in Canada at par value; what we gain on the exchange rate we lose on the higher postage rate to USA. Do not send mint USA stamps as they are not valid for postage outside USA and I don't collect them. A cumulative subject index for all issues is available on request.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEWS

by Dale Speirs

In 1992, I reviewed in OPUNTIA #9.1 a batch of novels by Arkady and Boris Strugatsky, who are considered to be the best of modern Russian SF writers. A major difficulty in reading English translations is that often the story can be ruined by a poor translator. The original translation of the Strugatsky's novel ROADSIDE PICNIC was done by Antonina W. Bouis (1977, hardcover). I recently came across a new edition (2012, trade paperback) translated by Olena Bormashenko and decided to review the book again. The novel is about the abrupt visit and departure of six groups of aliens who landed on Earth, had what appeared to be a picnic, and left again without paying the slightest attention to the local bipeds. The aliens left trash behind that people are now trying to salvage and reverse-engineer without knowing what the objects are or what their purpose was. Officially only scientists are allowed to venture into the Zones, but black market thieves known as stalkers are a constant problem.

The story is narrated by Redrick Schuhart, a stalker sometimes working for a scientific institute adjacent to one of the Zones where the aliens visited. The Zones are deadly though. Hell slime is self-explanatory, probably a harmless fungus to the aliens but deadly to humans. There are all kinds of marvelous gadgets whose function no one can figure, tossed aside by the aliens like beer cans or hamburger wrappers. Anyone exploring a Zone has to

follow trails or mark new ones at great risk of being caught in a booby trap that might have been a bug zapper to the aliens, or silver threads that kill humans but could have been just a napkin. It's hard on the nerves scavenging from the Zone. Stalkers who survive trips into the Zone have other problems. Schuhart's young daughter was born with golden fur and pure black eyes with no visible pupils.

Schuhart's first-person narrative reads well, as he recounts the events of the book. This translation is better idiomatic English than the earlier translation. After reading the new version, I went back and re-read the earlier translation. It was noticeably awkward, with phrases that were grammatically correct but which no anglophone would use, and some compound nouns that were obviously translated with the help of a dictionary. Since the earlier version has been out of print for four decades, this shouldn't be a problem. I recommend the new version to anyone who wants to read SF that is genuinely different.

SHANGHAI STEAM (2012, trade paperback) is an anthology edited by Ace Jordyn, Calvin D. Jim, and Renée Bennett. It merges Chinese wuxia fantasy with steampunk. Most of the authors are western, and Jim is the only Chinese editor. The lead-off story is "The Fivefold Proverbs Of Zhen Xiaquan", about a dying philosopher in ancient China who sends his apprentice to buy an iron automaton that will store his words in

its memory bank and preserve them down through the ages. The difficulty is that the automaton's memory limits it to a maximum of five proverbs. The apprentice thinks he has a work-around. It proves disastrous but nonetheless manages to preserve the philosopher's name, if not his exact words. -2-

"Qin Yun's Mechanical Dragon And The Cricket Spies" by Amanda Clark is about a young girl overcoming her mishaps in creating a small steam-powered dragon. She ends up being recruited by what appear to be a gang of female warriors. Some sort of wish fulfillment story. The story ends abruptly, as if it were the first chapter in a projected novel.

"Moon-Flame Woman" by Laurel Anne Hill is about a team of Chinese coolies working on the transcontinental railroad. The heroine is a young slave woman working in the American Sierras in disguise as a man. Her owner has invented a phaser rifle running on sunlight-powered crystals, which she obediently uses for drilling blasting holes as the team blasts a railroad tunnel through a mountain. The overseer is a tyrant but she converts him into a nice guy at the point of the phaser. Not very believable and verging on the point of politically-correct wish fulfillment.

"Love And Rockets At The Siege Of Peking" by K.H. Vaughan is a vignette of the Boxer Rebellion when the international

legations in Peking were trapped in a siege by the Harmonious Fists. The story is re-written as steampunk, with the desperate Europeans defending themselves with cobbled-together steampunk weapons and waiting for relief from the dirigible gunships that would soon come floating over the horizon.

“The Master And The Guest” by Crystal Koo is about a android soldier in old China who visits the master who created him, seeking revenge. It and other androids were created a la Frankenstein, with bits of organics mixed in with the wood and metal. The organics were young boys kidnapped from the homes and turned into whatever the Chinese word for cyborg might be. The story didn’t particularly move me, but then again someone else’s angst rarely does.

“Ming Jie And The Coffee Maker Of Doom” by Brent Nichols is about a martial arts apprentice whose master has built a giant steam-powered coffee maker that seldom works properly, and might easily be replaced by a hand-grinder. Assassins are constantly trying to take out the master at the behest of British warlords, pardon me, the Royal Navy, who are meddling in an alternative history (AH) version of the Opium Wars. You can tell it’s AH because there are airships. The apprentice is trapped by an assassin but manages to take him out with the coffee maker. We all saw it coming.

“A Hero Faces The Celestial Empire” by Julia Rosenthal is about a Chinese woman who coerces a local hero into trying to kill a steam locomotive that killed her brother. Sort of a Chinese John Henry story, except that the steel-driving man doesn’t want to do the job, having no prejudice against steam. The ending is not that plausible. The basic idea is interesting but the story could have used better editing.

“Riding The Wind” by William Keith would have been better placed immediately after the “Love And Rockets” story reviewed above, as it is about a British dirigible en route to relieve the beleaguered legations in Peking during the Boxer Rebellion. America lost its revolution back in 1776, and of course there are airships to confirm the story as AH. There is a bit of martial arts excitement on board the airship, and in due time the Brits arrive in Peking and machine-gun the Boxers from the air to end the revolution. While it is AH and well written, it’s not actually steampunk and doesn’t belong in this anthology. One wonders if the term AH is going to be supplanted by its subgenre’s term, given that most steampunk fans came into the field from comics and costuming, and are to the original AH what Trekkies were to literary SF when they invaded fandom.

“Mistress Of The Pearl Dragon” by Shen Braun is about a man who stops a steam-powered dragon by going inside it and using chop-socky martial arts to wreck its innards.

There is a twist ending that doesn't work. The basic idea was interesting but the story could have had a better ending.

"Song Of My Heart" by Jennifer Rahn is about a female android in a community of floating spheres powered by some sort of mystical force. Everyone is struggling to stay inside the community but she finds out there is a wider universe out there. The basic plot has been done thousands of times before but the story reads well and stands apart on its nicely-drawn characters.

"Last Flight Of The Long Qishi" by Emily Mah is a vignette more than a story about a traveler arriving in a remote village in a post-apocalyptic world. Only a little girl pays any attention to him as he digs up and reactivates a steam-powered flying dragon that was abandoned years ago. The girl is scoffed at for her reports about the progress of the steam dragon. The villagers and their androids are indifferent, too focused on daily survival to spend any time thinking about what once was.

"Protection From Assassins" by Frances Pauli is set in a world where Hawaii is a Chinese colony and bodyguards are steam-powered androids. An apothecary's assistant meets up with a martial-arts assassin while preparing amulets for a local warlord, one of which is for protection against assassins. As the assistant and the assassin become friends, the plot and the denouement also become obvious.

"Seeds Of The Lotus" by Camille Alexa is set on Mars, where a dragon lady lives in splendid isolation with her maid. Some of the servants are steam-powered, so that makes it steampunk, and the maid is the latest in a line of clones of the lady of the house. It reads reasonably well, if too descriptive of kowtowing and imperial ways on a world that has no room for them. -4-

"The Ability Of Lightness" by Tim Reynolds takes on the standard sorcerer's apprentice plot, only set in old China. A young lad wishes to demonstrate to his master that the old ways of rooftop martial arts fighting are obsolete, and so invents a pair of steam-powered spring-heeled legs to help him leap from building to building. Things go wildly wrong, and unlike how a Hollywood movie would do it, the young lad is sent on his way.

"Fire In The Sky" by Ray Dean is set during the Opium Wars, when the British have cowed Imperial China by the use of airships. The story is about the beginnings of a revolution, as Chinese rebels use paper lanterns to bring down the airships. An interesting concept and well-developed within plausibility.

"The Legend Of Wong Heng Li" by Frank Larned is a re-write of the John Henry legend, this time with a Chinaman against a steam-powered android.

“Flying Devils” by Derwin Mak is an AH about how China might have had its own military airships in the 1890s, instead of ossifying because of a corrupt Imperial Court. More of a secret history, explaining how it almost happened but for the distraction of the Boxer Rebellion.

“Legend Of The Secret Masterpiece” by Nick Tramdock is set in a vertically-built city that reaches up into the upper sky. A street kid gets caught between two warriors feuding with each other, and a thick layer of martial arts mysticism is troweled onto the story. The bad guy gets his when his soul is reflected back at him with a magical mirror. It seems like it was written with the 14-year-old boy in mind as the reader.

The final story of this anthology is “Jing Ke Before The Principle Of Order” by Minsoo Kang is set in Beijing after the Great Eradication, when steam-powered androids rule the world and humans are gone. The problem is, some androids keep seeing humans about, a distressing matter. The story is well done and ties in beautifully with a quotation that opens it: “The instruments of the state’s power must not be revealed to anyone”.

All told, this anthology wasn’t too bad. The clunkers were matched by some good stories, and the book was an experiment worth doing.

WHAT WAS, WAS by Dale Speirs

RADIO IN THE TELEVISION AGE (1980, hardcover) by Peter Fornatale and Joshua Mills covers the three decades after World War Two when old-time radio (OTR) was killed off by television. Contrary to predictions, radio itself didn’t die but was utterly transformed. The authors of this book make the point that as television spread, people still listened to radio but now listened to stations, not programmes. The public owned more radios than ever before thanks to the transistor. In the OTR era, a radio was an expensive large cabinet in the living room that the family gathered around. By the early 1960s, radios were cheap and portable. Instead of owning just one, most households had a clock radio in the bedroom, car radios, and book-sized radios for the kitchen or office. Teenagers carried pocket-sized transistor radios. The advantage of radio is that one can listen while driving, working, or pattering around the house. Radio ownership is higher today than it was during the 1940s, the golden age of OTR.

The death of OTR would actually have come much sooner had it not been for the Great Depression and World War Two. Television was just starting to develop in the late 1920s when the Panic of 1929 killed off funding for it. The Great Depression that followed dropped consumer spending off a cliff.

Just as the economy started to recover circa 1939, all major factories were diverted to the war effort. Without these two divergences, an alternative history would have seen mass-market television by the middle 1930s. After the war, television finally made up for lost time. OTR peaked in 1947 as measured by advertising revenues. 1948 is considered the birth year of mass-market television. Advertising dollars left radio, and networks were forced to use their profits to subsidize television startups. The money went where the ads were, and radio stagnated.

Radio stations ditched the big-name stars and expensive orchestras. They saved money by playing records instead; a disk jockey was the only cast member and much cheaper. By the late 1940s, radio stations had mostly converted to formula radio, also known as format radio, where the music or talk followed a consistent theme such as hit parade music or country-and-western. A new synergy developed due to several trends. Firstly, the Baby Boomers (anyone born between 1945 and 1965) began reaching their teenage years in the late 1950s and 1960s. They listened to music, not boring old geezers like Fibber McGee or Jack Benny. They had lots of disposable income, which brought back advertisers. They had transistor radios, which meant that they listened to it more hours.

Secondly, radio became considerably cheaper to advertise on, which meant more local businesses buying ads. The ability of radio stations to specialize in specific audiences meant more

listeners. Television was a mass-market medium, and not until the advent of cable services could they specialize. It cost considerable money to put on a television show, and thus it needed a national generic audience. Disk jockeys sitting at a radio microphone didn't need production crews and stage sets. Radio had black audience or Hispanic stations that could reach listeners who didn't particularly care for endless television sitcoms with all-white casts in all-white suburbs.

-6-

Another change was the advent of reliable car radios. At the end of World War Two, 10% of cars had radios, 50% by 1963 as transistors became standard, and 95% by 1979. This led to the rise of drive-time shows. As suburbs expanded after the war and more people spent more time sitting in traffic jams, radio stations used the morning and afternoon peak-traffic hours for a rapid-paced mix of news, sports, weather, and lots and lots of ads. Unlike television, radio ads could be targeted to specific audiences by format stations. As the authors write: "*Few hemorrhoid ointment ads were broadcast on Top 40 stations; few ads for blue jeans were broadcast on classical music stations.*"

Todd Storz (KOWH, Omaha) invented the Top 40 concept in 1955. There had been many hit parade shows prior, but they were shows, not continuous format. Storz got the idea while sitting in a tavern where customers kept playing the same few songs over

and over again on the jukebox. Near closing time, he saw a waitress go to the jukebox and put some coins in to play the same song she had been listening to all day. Learning from that, Storz reduced the number of songs played on KOWH to forty, and played the top few songs hourly. Another station owner, Gordon McLandon, modified this format by making the DJs into stars, with some crazy name or gimmick.

By the 1970s the individuality of radio stations began to suffer as independents were bought up by chains. DJs no longer decided the playlist. Talk show hosts could say anything but had their knuckles rapped if they upset a national advertiser. The rise of the Internet has allowed some individuality to return via streaming micro-stations. The problem with them though, is that few can sustain 24/7 broadcasting or reach an audience that isn't tied to a computer. The birth of the mp3 has, however, paradoxically revived interest in OTR and made it easy to download shows from the golden age.

“Moonlighting Becomes You” is a 1970 episode from Season 5 of GET SMART, a television comedy featuring the bumbling counterspy agent Maxwell Smart, his wife the suave and beautiful Agent 99, and their boss The Chief, head of the CONTROL agency. The assignment in this episode is to infiltrate an old-time radio show known to be using coded messages in the scripts to contact enemy agents overseas working for KAOS.

The show is a live-to-air drama written, directed, and produced by Hannibal Day, who is also the lead actor. He is a physically large man with an ego about the same size. In 1970, OTR was well and truly dead, so this episode is anachronistic in many ways. The show's music is played on an organ the same way it would have been done forty years earlier. The deep-voiced announcer, played by a midget for comic effect, finds every stereotyped phrase from OTR and drags them kicking and screaming into 1970. The sound man uses physical effects instead of pre-recorded clips.

The Chief arranges for Agent 99 to become Day's new secretary. This was not difficult, since Day is a tyrant whose behaviour results in considerable staff turnover. On her first day on the job, another vacancy suddenly opens up when the sound man, an undercover FCC agent, is electrocuted by a deliberately sabotaged piece of equipment. Maxwell Smart is the replacement for the deceased sound man. Naturally he messes up every cue. Since the show is live-to-air (also an anachronism; transcriptions to disk or tape began in the 1940s for scripted radio shows), Day has to do considerable ad-libbing. But during the show, the KAOS agent is discovered to be the sound engineer and the case is solved.

The producers and writers of GET SMART were all middle-aged men with fond memories of OTR, and so were most of the audience. But OTR shows were dead and gone by then, so the producers were out of touch.

I've accumulated many OTR shows, mostly comedies, mysteries, and police procedurals. After listening to them, I've noticed a number of cliches in the shows. The most common one was that no house in the world had carpeting. All the characters wore tap shoes and walked only on hardwood floors or concrete pavement.

When you're at home and someone knocks on the door, you walk over to the door and open it to greet the caller. In OTR, characters invariably would raise their voices slightly and say "Come in!", and the caller would instantly do so. Now even if you were in the front hallway, it would be debatable if the caller could hear you, but in OTR the callers had Vulcan hearing. If the character was in the kitchen at the far end of the house, callers could still hear them. None of the characters had the energy or politeness to walk to the front door and greet their guests in person. Further, they seldom asked who it was. It could have been a man wearing a mask and carrying an axe.

Car driving was another cliché. Or rather, car braking. Every OTR vehicle coming to a stop squealed like a hog. There were no mechanics in the OTR universe to fix brakes, and characters drove cars with no linings left on the brake pads.

Dialects were exaggerated as a matter of course in OTR. Every Jew sounded like he just got off the boat from Brooklyn. Stage Irish accents were heavily larded with begorrahs.

WHAT IS FAPA?

-8-

I circulate OPUNTIA through a science fiction apa called Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA). For those of you receiving this issue who do not know what an apa is, please read on.

Modern zine publishing as we know it today began in the middle 1800s as cheap, home-use printing presses became available to the general public. Zinesters developed a distro method called the amateur press association (apa) where members sent x number of copies of their zine to a central mailer (also known as the official editor). The zines are collated into bundles, and each member gets back one bundle of everyone's zines. There is an annual fee to cover postage, but this works out cheaper than mailing individual copies. Apas have a minimum level of activity required, such as publishing 8 pages a year. It must be emphasized that apas are not for passive subscribers; you must commit to the minimum activity level or you will be booted out.

The oldest apa is the National A.P.A., founded 1876. FAPA was founded in 1937. Details from Robert Lichtman, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, California 94611-1948. In addition to articles, there will be mailing comments on other apazines in the last FAPA bundle. I quote the remark I am commenting on or otherwise make the context clear, so hopefully an outsider can still read the comments with interest.

MAILING COMMENTS ON FAPA

FAPA bundle #305 postmarked Bristol, Virginia, on December 3 and received in Calgary on December 18. The FAPA Clearcut Award for the most pages in a bundle goes to Dale Speirs with 24 pages (= 48 half-sheets).

I Surrender Dear #1 Your comments about the Georgia Tech and Virginia Tech libraries having SF collections with which they do little or nothing confirmed my suspicions about library collections. That lit crits do not research SF in depth other than reading a few politically correct authors was no surprise either. Literary academics like to construct beautiful theories that are in no way damaged by the facts. Probably the most common one in circulation is that the pulp era of SF had only a handful of female writers, and all the editors were misogynist.

A Propos de Rien Your repeated Internet translations of the phrase “Fandom is just a goddam hobby” back and forth between languages was amusing. I liked best the version where the phrase finally comes back into English as “A cathedral of the ventilator is sufficiently crowned pastime”.

Canada is an officially bilingual country, even if it isn't in actual practice, and some of the French equivalents on English public signage are odd. The Royal Canadian Air Farce comedy troupe

had a sketch where the owner of a British-style pub in Montréal got into an argument with a language police inspector about how to translate the names of English dishes. Toad-in-the-hole became *crapaud dans le trou*, which led the publican to protest that his customers weren't going to walk in and say “*Oi squire! A plate of your best crapo!*”. *Bangers-and-mash* became *explosif de puree*. *Bubble-and-squeak*, however, completely stymied the language inspector, who thought the publican was just teasing him. [For my non-Canadian readers, there really are language police in Canada, the *Office de la Langue Francaise*.]

Lofgeornost #113 Congratulations on your retirement, impending as I type this but which will be fact by the time the next bundle of FAPA circulates. Most people do financial planning for their golden days but forget to consider what they will do to keep busy.

I'm sure you'll enjoy learning German and doing a lot more reading. One thing I didn't plan for and had to learn, was how to slow down and take it easy. Now I use monthly bus passes to do most of my traveling around Calgary and only use the car for evening meetings and grocery shopping, as well as driving out to the mountains. When you're used to rushing around to do errands, it can be difficult to pace your life to a slower beat.

Adventures On Earth #21 You mention whether or not World Science Fiction Conventions should be individually named as they are now or numbered as an ongoing sequence to impress upon hoteliers and neofandom that they are nothing new and have a track record. The same discussion goes on with stamp shows, which mostly operate as [name]PEX [year], where PEX stands for Philatelic Exhibition. Calgary's annual show is CALTAPEX. Instead of CALTAPEX 86, it was CALTAPEX 2013. (Calgary's first public stamp show was in 1927.) Likewise for all the other hundreds of stamp shows around the world every year. National and international shows tend to follow the same pattern, the name and year. Since all levels of shows are hosted by a local club, it is difficult for a national organization to insist on naming rights because they need volunteers to do the physical work of the show.

You mentioned fubbing as a new term, which it certainly was to me, for people who are reading their smartphones while they are talking to you. I've had this happen a few times to me and just walk away or stop talking to them. They look up in surprise and I then ask if I can have their undivided attention. To the younger generation, fubbing is just multitasking, not rudeness. It used to be that if you were walking down the sidewalk and saw people talking to themselves, it was because they were crazy. Now it's because they're talking on a Bluetoothed cellphone. My favourite story about smartphone users, which made the news December 17, was about an Australian woman

who was texting and fell off a pier into the ocean. She didn't know how to swim but knew enough to float horizontally on her back until rescuers pulled her out. She was still clinging to her smartphone when they lifted her out of the water. Sounds like something Stuart Stratu would have in his Australian zine GRUNTED WARNING, which covers weird news of the world.

-10-

For FAPA *“One big problem looming from 2008 is that faith in money has been lost. I think that ties in with the need to leave the gold standard and embrace fiat money.”* Technically it is fiat currency, not money. Money is a store of value, and humans have only ever accepted two kinds of money: gold and silver. Ever since the world went off the gold standard in 1971, when Richard Nixon repudiated it, no currency has been backed by anything more than the willingness of governments to take paper notes as payment for taxes and fees. For the past few years, the USA and Britain have been net exporters of physical gold, while Asian, Arabian, and Slavic countries have been net importers of gold and are frantically building up their reserves against the day, coming sooner than you think, when inflation shifts into double-digit mode in developed countries.

Entropy Blues Re: your remarks about the unwelcoming nature of SF trufans towards media fans or others. I suppose that part of this is because older fans (older in terms of time in fandom, not age) get tired of dealing with gosh-wow fans who barge in, take

advantage of hospitality, and then disappear. Having said that, I don't see why SF fandom has to unite under one big tent. I don't think a convention with 2,000 people of diverse interests is any better than one of 200 people who focus on one theme. I've been to large conventions with overweight teenaged Klingons roaming the halls and only attended the science and literary panels where the costumers were noticeably absent, so it works both ways. I also attend readercons where costumers are not wanted, and only attended the science and literary panels where I get just as much enjoyment as the big-tent conventions.

In stamp collecting, for example, there are the national societies, hundreds of local societies, and dozens of specialist societies. The specialist collectors welcome newcomers but don't go out actively recruiting them. Indeed, actively recruited members are less likely to stay because they only joined under impulse or because of pressure. The ones that find their own way to, for example, the British North America Philatelic Society, are sufficiently motivated to stay for a long term.

The greatest fallacy of trufandom is that there must be a centre, and they are the centre. I do not believe that SF fandom has to have any centre or commonality. Like mail art or philately, it should be a network of links with no centre. Different people have different links and rarely intersect in more than one or two places. I have never watched a teenage-vampire-in-love movie

and don't care whether or not those fans show up for a general SF convention. Trekkies can dress to please themselves and if they don't read my zine, so what? I don't read their blogs. There are those who babble about how we must be tolerant and welcoming, and that diversity is a wonderful thing. Why must I welcome someone who thinks the Harry Potter movies are the epitome of fantasy? If they don't like the Strugatsky brothers' novels, or more likely never heard of them, it does not offend me.

Big-tent conventions have to be inclusive in order to pay the costs, and in order to pay the costs they have to let everyone in. On the other hand, small specialized conventions can break even or make a profit with only a couple of hundred members, none of whom are overweight Klingons.

Why is the total attendance considered to be the only measurement of success for a convention? A Worldcon with 3,000 members is not necessarily a better convention than a readercon with 200 attendees. Indeed, when I read Worldcon reports from old-time fans, many of them only hang out with their friends, and just attend a few panels in their interest group. So why were they there if they weren't going to mix with the browncoats or Trekkies? Why not just stick to small conventions?

I am probably the last old-time editor to win a major award for a print zine, the 2008 Aurora. But then again, I don't define the success of my zine by awards.

THE STATE OF ZINEDOM AS OF 2013-12-31

by Dale Speirs

On the next page is a comparison of two apas,
one electronic and the other on the Papernet.

-12-

My annual count of Papernet zines I received is shown below.

The numbers seem to have leveled off into a long tail.

Year	Australia	Canada	Britain	USA	Others	FAPA	Other apas	Totals
1998	23	31	39	244	7	155	10	509
1999	14	51	67	213	19	150	125	639
2000	7	55	55	161	29	140	90	537
2001	9	42	35	172	25	132	68	483
2002	10	40	42	184	31	102	42	451
2003	4	72	27	171	26	111	34	445
2004	1	33	19	172	34	135	53	447
2005	8	34	14	148	27	116	dropped	347
2006	5	10	32	130	18	120	all other	315
2007	5	32	12	139	10	105	apas	303
2008	5	28	10	136	7	115		301
2009	5	31	8	143	5	105		297
2010	6	26	5	138	8	98		281
2011	16	33	7	127	4	92		279
2012	8	35	7	85	4	103		242
2013	4	36	5	121	7	76		249

Year	eAPA # of pages	FAPA # of pages
1997		1,348
1998		1,454
1999		1,540
2000		1,463
2001		1,266
2002		1,389
2003		1,273
2004	n.a.	1,903
2005	424	1,065
2006	722	1,287
2007	494	1,019
2008	448	1,088
2009	497	1,011
2010	414	1,011
2011	348	1,062
2012	456	1,007
2013	402	638

ZINE LISTINGS

by Dale Speirs

[The Usual means \$4 cash (\$6 overseas) or trade for your zine. Americans: please don't send cheques for small amounts to Canada or overseas (the bank fee to cash them is usually more than the amount) or mint USA stamps (which are not valid for postage outside USA). US\$ banknotes are still acceptable around the world.]

[SF means science fiction. An apazine is a zine for an amateur press association distro, a perzine is a personal zine, sercon is serious-constructive, and a genzine is a general zine]

Tightbeam #267 to #268 and **TNFF V72#5** (US\$18 per year (includes both publications) from National Fantasy Fan Federation, Box 1925, Mountain View, California 94042) SF clubzines, with news and notes, activity reports, short fiction, and even SFnal recipes.

Banana Wings #54 (The Usual from Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer, 59 Shirley Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7ES, England) Nicely-produced digest-size SF fanzine in card covers. Extended remarks on SF fandom and conventions, miscellaneous articles, and lengthy letters of comment.

Vanamonde #918 to #922 (The Usual from John Hertz, 236 South Coronado Street #409, Los Angeles, California 90057) Weekly single-sheet apazine.

Bomber Command Museum Of Canada Newsletter V27#2 (\$20 per year from Nanton Lancaster Society, Box 1051, Nanton, Alberta T0L 1R0) Well-illustrated throughout, and published by an aviation museum specializing in Canadian bomber aircraft of WW2. Nanton is a rural town about an hour's drive south of Calgary on the main highway. This issue reports on their Lancaster bomber, too valuable to fly, but which they brought out into the parking lot on the main street for a ceremony and revved up all four engines. I don't imagine anyone slept in that day! Various events are reported including fly-ins and the delivery of a Messerschmitt Bf109 fighter plane, the kind that brought down so many bombers. Also a report of ceremonies honouring the RAF 617 Squadron's famed Dambusters raid. Thirty Canadians flew on that mission, from which only half of them returned.

The Life Of Rodney Year 65 #1 (The Usual from Rodney Leighton, 11 Branch Road, RR #3, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia B0K 1V0) Perzine with book and zine reviews.

Xerography Debt #34 (US\$4 from Davida Gypsy Breier, Box 11064, Baltimore, Maryland 21212) Reviews zines from a broad spectrum, with multiple reviewers to give perspective. Also contains essays on zinedom.

EOD Letter #28 (The Usual from Ken Faig Jr, 2311 Swainwood Drive, Glenview, Illinois 60025-2741) Apazine

devoted to H.P. Lovecraft and his circle.

-14-

This issue has solid reviews of recent books about HPL, pastiches set in the Cthulhu Mythos, and small-press publications on SF and weird fiction. Also a convention report about NecronomiCon 2013, which had 1,200 members attending.

The Fossil #357 (US\$15 per year from The Fossils Inc, c/o Tom Parson, 157 South Logan Street, Denver, Colorado 80209) Published by a group of zinesters devoted to preserving the history of zinedom from its origins in the late 1800s (not the 1970s as many think). The lead-off article is about a new zine library and printing museum in Englewood, Colorado.

Spartacus #2 (The Usual from Guy Lillian, c/o Joe Green, 1390 Holly Avenue, Merritt Island, Florida 32952) Perzine of political commentary on the Snowden affair, the Kennedy assassination, bullying, and some letters of comment.

Alexiad V12#6 (The Usual from Lisa and Joseph Major, 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky 40204-2040) SF genzine with many book reviews, particularly on alternative history. Also convention reports and lots of letters of comment.

OSFS Statement #415 to #416 (The Usual from Ottawa Science Fiction Society, 18 Norice Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2G 2X5) SF clubzine with local news, reviews, and an astronomy column.

Christian New Age Quarterly V21#1 (US\$5 for sample issue from Catherine Groves, Box 276, Clifton, New Jersey 07015-0276) A look at the increase in the pace of life over the years, reason and spirituality in relation to brain activity, and letters of comment.

Fadeaway #38 (The Usual from Robert Jennings, 29 Whiting Road, Oxford, Massachusetts 01540-2035) SF fanzine with articles on building a replica of Dominic Flandry's rifle (the one with two in-line telescopic sights), a history of one of the rarest pulp magazines MIRACLE SCIENCE AND FANTASY STORIES (published two issues in 1931), and lots of letters of comment.

Brooklyn! #82 (US\$10 cash only for four issues from Fred Argoff, Penthouse L, 1170 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, New York 11230) A look at Coney Island, which is no longer an island, and baseball crowds in Brooklyn.

Flag #10 (The Usual from Andy Hooper, 11032 - 30 Avenue NE, Seattle, Washington 98125) This issue has an extended piece of fan fiction based on the editor attending an SF convention, mixed in with locs from his readers transcribed as conversations taking place at the event. An interesting approach.

SF Commentary #85 (Zine trade or substantial contribution from Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard Street, Greensborough, Victoria

3068, Australia) The finest zine in terms of printing quality, full size with colour card covers, illustrated throughout, 92 pages, and offset printed. The first part is lists of books and CDs read in 2012, but this should have been posted in a blog somewhere and the space used for more substantive articles. The letters of comment are lengthy and in some cases could stand alone as essays. There is a review of the rise of modern physics and the wonders of quantum mechanics such as the graininess of space.

BCSFazine #487 (The Usual from British Columbia SF Association, c/o Felicity Walker, 3851 Francis Road, #209, Richmond, British Columbia V7C 1J6) SF clubzine with letters of comments, event listings, some reviews, and detailed minutes of the meetings.

For The Clerisy #75 and #76 (The Usual from Brant Kresovich, Box 404, Getzville, New York 14068-0404) Reviewzine, this time looking at various old movies from the 1930s to the 1970s, as well as older books that deserve renewed attention.

Ray X X-Rayer #99 (The Usual from Boxholder, Box 2, Plattsburgh, New York 12901-0002) This issue documents a feud between two UFOnuts who are uncle and nephew, and discusses another one who writes dense sentences that even an academic can't understand.

Friction In The Hub (The Usual from Rodney Dickinson, 3019 East 23 Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia V5R 1B2) Second in a series of one-shot titles about Rodney's jobs. This issue looks at his time as a bicycle mechanic. The job gets no respect from cheapskate customers, pays poorly, and has no prospects for advancement to a living wage. Hence the sub-title of this zine "Why I Quit My Job As A Bicycle Mechanic".

Grunted Warning #19 (The Usual from Stuart Stratu, Box 35, Marrickville, New South Wales 2204, Australia) Cut-and-paste zine with weird news stories from around the world, although this issue has a lengthy section on a major problem in Japan: groping on trains. Too, too real.

Littlebrook #9 (The Usual from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins, Box 25075, Seattle, Washington 98165) SF genzine with fannish news, an essay on Buster Keaton's films, and lots of letters of comment.

Night Train To Mundo Fine #14 (The Usual from Frederick Moe, 36 West Main Street, Warner, New Hampshire 03278) An account of modern-day moonshiners in New Hampshire, just good ole boys looking to refine some home brew.

Probe #157 to #158 (The Usual from Science Fiction and Fantasy South Africa, Box 781401, Sandton, 2146, South Africa) SF clubzine with some news and reviews, but which

carries mainly short fiction written by its members. **-16-**

Handsel (Mail art Usual from Deborah Weber, Studio Bibelot, 5652 West Giddings, Chicago, Illinois 60630) Oneshot zine in the shape of a hand, with the theme of hands, both history and art related. Includes art pasted in.

The Ken Chronicles #29 (The Usual from Ken Bausert, 2140 Erma Drive, East Meadow, New York 11554-1120) Perzine, with a report on the Brooklyn Zine Fest, trips to Newport and Florida, and household repairs.

Leeking Ink #32 (The Usual from Davida Gypsy Breier, Box 11064, Baltimore, Maryland 21212) Perzine, this issue recording a vacation trip Davida made with her husband and son around the island of Puerto Rico.

WORLD WIDE PARTY #21

2014 will be the 21st annual World Wide Party on June 21st at 21h00 your local time. Invented by Benoit Girard (Québec) and Franz Miklis (Austria), the idea is to get a wave circulating the world of zinesters and SF fans toasting the Papernet. At 21h00, you are requested to raise a glass to zinedom.