

* * * * * The sixth issue of a weekly fanzine by Andrew
A P P A R A T C H I K Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, broadcast
* * * * * from The Starlitter Arms, 4228 Francis Ave. N.
6 April 21st, 1994 # 103, Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt
* * * * * Press Production # 181, accept no limitations.

So Porsche asks if she can be locked in the closet with all the boots

ODDS AND ENDS OF AN INCOMPLETE WEEK: As I write this, Turner is showing a colorized version of Willis O'Brien's King Kong. One objects on ethical grounds to the ham-handed magnetic paintbox of colorization being dumped all over the lustrous silver and black world of Le Gran Cinema, but in the modern late-night landscape, the magnificent Ted is to be commended for resisting the urge to broadcast nothing but weight-reduction infomercials from dusk to dawn. In this particular case, the grayish pastels, the neon peach-colored flesh, the silky blues and greens of the back mattes, look oddly appropriate. King Kong is reborn as a montage of hand-tinted postcards, the palimpsestic hues as unreal as the murky black and white of the original. On the small screen of my prosaically unholographic monitor, the extra light is welcome. And the frantic quality of Carl Denham's exhortations might infect me as I bang out this fanzine. He hasn't even had a change to change since he got back to the ship, still running around in the mustard-colored jacket with the right arm missing. Breathlessly, he demands of the sensible, phlegmatic ship's captain "Wait a minute! What about Kong?" And the sensible, phlegmatic ship's captain replies, "Well, what about him?"

ONE OF THE MORE commonly praised elements of this fanzine is the use of nonstop paragraphing and a font that resembles a dirty Sears portable typewriter to recreate the look and configuration of a fanzine from bygone days. I wish I could claim this was a design feature, but I fear it's simply a consequence of the decrepitude of my printer and the software that drives it, coupled with a desire to be as legible as I can with the materials at hand. But it does seem appropriate for some reason, in a weekly fanzine. You never thought I'd keep it up for six weeks, did you?

IT SEEMS CLEAR TO ME that APAK is something of a bully-pulpit for myself; this is the consequence of deciding to actually edit something (instead of just collating and studding Teddy Harvia cartoons all over it), in that one is expected to have something to say, and to endeavor to say it, through the judicious use of the editorial aside, and the original material that one chooses to present. I hope that this bold vision will not unduly torment those whose letters I choose not to print, either in effort of saving space, or because I do not wish to open the particular unlabeled bastard can of worms that they have chosen to dredge up from Pandora's footlocker of values, where Wednesday is always hot bologna day.

WHICH REMINDS ME, have you ever tried making up other anagrams of David Thayer/Teddy Harvia's name(s)? I came up with Diva Dryheart, Ida Thadvery, Vida Thready, Eddy Hayvirt, and Thad Ardivay in a few minute's doodling, and there must be a dozen more. Amaze your friends! These fantastic sea monkeys will move at your command!

IT'S ABOUT TIME to get to the letters, but here's a novel thought; I'll list the WAHF's first! Thanks also to Laurie Yates, Joe Siclari, Jon Singer, Tracy Shannon, Jane Hawkins Bill Donaho and Charles Burbee for their letters, and especially to Arthur Hlavaty and Dave Rike who sent both mail and money.

BLACK HOLE SUN, WON'T YOU COME AND WASH AWAY THE RAIN?

[Now for some more response on the issues of fannish identity and elitism that we have been kicking around here for the past few weeks. As always, my comments appear in brackets, like so: -- aph]

RICHARD BRANDT, 4740 N. Mesa # 111, El Paso, TX 79912 writes "People who distribute fanzines to 300 people at the most," you write in APAK #4, "Haven't any right to complain about the relative inaccessibility of on-line writing." True, on-line you can potentially (potentially) reach thousands if not millions more people. However, this is guaranteed to send me off on a tangent only vaguely related to fandom: In many parts of the Third World, such as the city across the river from me, the one indispensable piece of home furnishing is a tv set connected to a car battery. Television has always been something thrown out to the masses for free (paid for by those folks who choose to buy products advertised on the air), but the high-bandwidth super-duper infotainment services barreling down the Infobahn at us will doubtless cost at least as much as cable television does now, and not everyone in the world can afford to share in the yuppie geek high-tech nerd paradise envisioned by the builders of the dataramp, and will instead perhaps become the last Americans who actually live in honest-to-God neighborhoods devoid of virtuality, while all those guys who never leave their rooms will be fashionable at last."

[I share your generally jaundiced view of the Information subculture, but even if I didn't, I'd have to include your rant. It's almost worthy of Bill Humphries....aph]

RAPMASTER GEORGE FLYNN, P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142, observes of APAK # 3: "'It is a mistake to assume that we hold some deep-seated resentment or disdain for the people whom we fail to include in the faanish village.' But of course we do. Everyone does it. It is human nature to validate one's own group by putting down other groups; it takes a real effort to avoid this. (I shall restrain myself from pointing out the several instances of the phenomenon in this very zine.) Locally, I hang out with about five different more-or-less fannish groups, and I hear one group dissing another all the time (sometimes they do think to say, 'Oh, I don't mean you')."

[Which I suspect is quite true; they don't mean you, and they may well have no individuals at all in mind when they make their blanket indictments. It is very easy to be dismissive of people as a group, less so when dealing with them as individuals. And it is in that regard that I say there is no deep-seated resentment involved, no personal animosity directed toward individuals whom we do not mentally classify as one of "us." When challenged by a single person, most people espousing these divisive theories will expand them to embrace the person making the challenge, to wit: "Oh, I don't mean you." -- aph]

TOO TERRIBLE TEDDY HARVIA, 701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054, continues our musing on fannish community: "Steve Swartz never pointed a finger at me, but who I am is much too complex to imagine that a single sentence could describe me, or anyone. I like the analogy of fandom as a village equivalent. Only, each fan has his or her circle of 500 friends which overlap, but not exactly match, the circles of other fans. In that way fandom can number in the thousands but still remain intimate."

[Reasoned like a savant, good sir. Still, I'm sorely seized by a melancholy vision of living like the brain-injured, unable to see those individuals who reside in your circle, but not in mine. Would I perceive them as silver-shaded phantoms, unpersons, or as half-live mundane hybrids who may smile and smile and yet play the fugghead, a fine friend to you, but no more fannish than your favorite inflatable love doll? Or would your endorsement of them make them suddenly appear to me, full-color, in dolby surround? -aph]

TED WHITE, 1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046: "Us vs. Them: And there's Steve doing it again, as quoted by you on page three. He's absolutely right, of course, but it's something you're not supposed to talk openly about. The thing is, "elitism" cuts several ways.... My point is that there are many pockets of fandom that think of themselves as "us" and the rest of us as "them," usually with a more implicit sense of superiority than we "trufans" manifest. Southern Fandom is such a group, hanging pitifully on the outskirts of mainstream fandom -- the only regional fangroup that exhibits such an insularity and misplaced sense of superiority. I imagine there may be a local-fandom-chauvinism in a variety of cities as well (one thinks immediately of Los Angeles, but what about Madison?) to some extent -- although mitigated by the way fans so frequently relocate themselves from one fancenter to another (naming no names!)."

[Indeed, you had better not point that finger at me, as I lived in Wisconsin for 21 years before moving here. I think it's possible to have a sense of difference without having a sense of superiority, but it goes against the grain of human nature; we have a tendency to manufacture a moral context for our actions, regardless of how inappropriate we know it to be. --aph]

EDIE STERN, 4599 NW 5th Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431, while listing some options for rejuvenating the fan funds suggests we might: "Add a trophy. The Willis? The Vick?"

["The Schluck?" --aph]

PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN, c/o Tom Doherty Associates, Inc. 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010 sends along a copy of Teresa's new paperback collection of fan essays Making Book, with the observation: "APAK is interesting stuff, inspiring vast creaking thoughts on TAFF which may or may not become a real loc in the near future. Meanwhile, will you accept the enclosed as a kind of trade? In fact we are trolling for reviews and notices in what Teresa calls "High Church" fanzines like Spent Brass, since although they did the book out of genuine faanishness NESFA Press would nonetheless like to actually sell some copies."

[I'll be happy to review this collection in SB, Patrick, as soon as we go to press again with # 27. I can tell you that I'm impressed by the selection of material on first skimming the book, and it looks like NESFA did a pretty good job, aside from the extra copy of page 40 which found its way in. Actually, NESFA has been publishing a number of interesting things lately; the Langford reprints, the collected Cordwainer Smith collection, and now this. As the good Father intoned at Silvercon, we are in a new Golden age of fandom. --aph]

HARRY WARNER, 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740 brushes aside our semantic struggles, as well as my baseball predictions: "I have no trouble deciding who is and who isn't a member of science fiction fandom. He or she has or had an interest in science fiction or in the fandom that has grown up from it, and is more than passive. That is, the fan isn't content to buy and read the stuff or go to the movies or attend the conventions near home, but collects systematically or corresponds or contributes to fanzines or engages in activities at a local club or travels real distances to cons or does something other than just sitting there.

"Your baseball predictions seem mostly sane, although I don't share your belief that Texas and the Reds will be in the play-offs."

[Well, I admit that at the time I made that prediction, I didn't know the Reds were in the same group with the Astros. Of course, the Reds are currently leading that division. And as for Texas, one may as well predict the fate of the American League West by reading the entrails of a ritually-slaughtered cattle egret. --aph]

LEAH ZELDES SMITH, 410 W. Willow Rd., Prospect Heights, Il 60070-1250
"For me the two parts of APAK # 3 tie together. Before you define hat makes a trufan you must first define what makes a fan. Not long ago, I was...in an Internet argument with Karen Babich, among other people, about whether there was fandom in Chicago. I said there wasn't. There are fans here (and I do hope, by the way, that Dick and I, along with Karen, are included in the select number for whom you might make a slight effort to halt our dismemberment) [Yes, and I might have enough energy to spare Jack Targonski, too --aph], but we don't have any cohesiveness, and most of us see each other more often at cons elsewhere than we do in town. In the same conversation I said that the vast majority of people who attend conventions here are not fans. They may be sf readers...but by my lights to be a fan one must be part of fandom.

"And fandom is an international community of people who form an interrelated network. If you are hooked into that network, you are a fan, if you're not, you're not. It's as simple as that....

"This is by no means a group of friends. there are plenty of bona fide fans I can't stand the sight of. everyone who is in the network doesn't necessarily even know everyone else in the network, but as in a small town, if two members talk long enough they'll eventually come up with the name of someone they know in common. they also have in common a knowledge of the general history of fandom, and a shared attitude that fandom is a participatory culture (as opposed to something you pay to watch)."

[Ah, but even you can't stick to your simple definition of fandom, can you? That clause about general history -- which demands far more than simple contact -- creeps in to thwart your thesis, and brings us to a fitting end to the discussion for now. --aph]

APPARATCHIK IS THE SPORTS-RADIO BLOWHARD OF FANDOM, bellowing rage at fan editors who melt in the clutch, and fan writers who hear footsteps, they all oughta be ashamed of demselves. You can get three months worth of it for \$3.00, or a year's worth for \$12.00, or a lifetime supply for \$19.73, or in exchange for a few published LoCs or maybe it was decided that you would receive it a millennium prior to your birth, when dark prophecy said that one such as you would be born in a country of otter-mongers, and that none would understand you till they had already bashed in your head with a field-hockey stick. Next week, it's Portland's hardest-working band, The Crazy Eights.

Launched in March, this 142' wooden ship had the modern improvement...

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