
APPARATCHIK

The TWENTIETH issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 200. The natives...they have a curious ceremony, Mr. Parker has seen it....

Issue # 20, October 27th, 1994.

I HAVE SUFFERED SURPRISINGLY LITTLE fallout in the wake of publishing the group's bowling averages a few weeks ago. I was a little worried that people might not respond especially well to having their skill or relative lack thereof publicized for the benefit of APAK's brobdinagian mailing list, but everyone seemed to be pretty pleased that their averages are as high as they are. Most of us tend to fixate on our bad games and assume that they are more representative of our overall level of success. Far from receiving a cold shoulder from my fellow bowlers last week, I arrived to find that Jon Singer had found success in another of his expeditions to find bowling balls and bags at Goodwill. As I walked in the door, Jon brandished a butterscotch-colored ball and suggested that I try it on for size. The ball is perhaps just a hair over 15 pounds, and while the finger holes were a tiny bit tighter than I was used to, I had to admit that they seemed to be perfectly aligned for my grip. I decided I had to give it a try.

Well, I bowled almost 25 pins over my average in both of the first two games, but what was more exciting was that Jon and I were neck and neck through the entirety of both games. I don't like to be particularly competitive when we bowl, but it's fun when you feel evenly matched with your opponents. John pulled away with one of his patented tenth-frame turkeys in the first game, while I held off his surge to win the second. And the really great thing was that I was picking some of those pesky one-pin spares that give me so much trouble most of the time....

I had to thank Jon for his effort, even though his investment in the ball was only about 50 cents, and paid for his bowling on the evening. "This is certainly worth writing up," I said, while walking back to the seats after one of my 6 or 7 strikes on the evening. And so I have.

I'M NOT SURE YET, but I may be taking another extra week off between issues of APAK. Next weekend I'm taking a trip to Niagara Falls for Contradiction, which promises to be a pretty tiring trip, if nothing else. I would normally publish the week after that, but now it looks like I might be going down to Portland for Orycon on the subsequent weekend, and that would mean I'd have to work pretty hard on various writing projects to be able to take another weekend off. It's also pretty hard coming up with interesting material every two weeks, as this issue probably indicates, so an extra week to gather ideas wouldn't hurt. I might be back on the 10th of November, but the smart bet is that it will be the 17th before APAK # 21 is finished.

ONE OF THE THINGS which I'll be publishing in the next issue is a new TAFF ballot, an opportunity for fen to choose

between Dan Steffan, Joe Wesson and a surprise last-minute additional candidate, one Samanda b Jeude (with a little accent over the ultimate "e"). Samanda comes to us with the nomination of Bob Shaw and Andy Croft from Blihty, and Charlotte Proctor, the Lynches, and Lan Laskowski from this side of the ocean. I got a little packet of ballots and originals to make my own copies from in the mail from Jeanne Bowman at the beginning of the week and thought I might be able to send some out with this issue, but it's grown as usual, and I'm a little worried about being able to send the thing with one stamp as it is. It's a little unfair to make any comments on this new candidate without running her platform (which mentions, among other things, her "magic tatoo's" (sic), her "flying kitten" and her Klingsons), but I thought I would mention that she was in the race and ask my readers if they have ever heard of her before. She's won a Big Heart award, which I believe might have been awarded in Orlando, but I have to admit that I don't remember her name ever coming up in any context before. I'm honestly curious here, I'm not making any kind of snide comments on her qualifications to be a TAFF winner or anything like that; has anyone who receives this fanzine ever met this woman before?

ANOTHER FLYER just arrived which notes that Silvercon 4 will be held September 29 to October 1, 1995, at the Best Western Mardi Gras Inn (\$60 single or double, 1-800-634-6501), with guests of honor Roger Zelazny and Bob Tucker. They're mad, of course; scheduling one of the more fannishly appealing events of the year a scant month after the Worldcon, and only six months after Vegas fandom will have hosted Corflu 12. When I mentioned this to Joyce Katz, she said something like "Hey, don't ask me. I told 'em they were crazy." She also said that they had to move the con away from the Union Plaza because the hotel figured out how little money we were losing in the casino (Although Dan & Lynn Steffan and I did our best to take up the slack for the rest of fandom) and told them that our business would have to be taken elsewhere. This is a more serious blow than you might realize, because it means we will now have to take a taxi to get to the Golden Gate restaurant, home of the massive shrimp sundae, famed in song and sign language. And when I mentioned to Arnie that I might not be able to take another trip down to Vegas less than a month after returning from our spending spree in Scotland, he intimated that he might therefore consider withholding my pay for various projects until after we returned from Intersection. To which Carrie asks that I respond by noting that if I don't get paid we won't be able to go to Scotland at all, which will require me to miss Silvercon in favor of a series of appearances in Divorce Court. Life in fandom is full of these little conundrums, alas....

Have you forgotten the House of Pain?

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS

[Since I've dealt with the backlog of mail in the past few issues, I was worried that I might end up publishing a short and/or cheap issue this time out, but I hadn't reckoned with the energy and good humor of GERI SULLIVAN (3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315) who sent eight pages from which the following is excerpted:]

"So there I was about a month back, full of good intentions. Our new porch swing had been delivered that morning, and the afternoon's mail brought with it APAK # 17. Reading it was a fitting 'lift-off' for what I hope are many enjoyable, intriguing hours spent reading fanzines while swaying gently on the swing. I knew I needed to send you a letter, right away.

"Yeah, right.

"The weeks since have brought yet more work, and another copy of *Apparatchik*. And an unwelcome delay in the writing of this letter. Let's see if I can untangle a few of the threads I wanted to respond to....

"Reading fanish criticism never fails to remind me that the form of the criticism says as much about the critic as it does about the material being criticized. I spent most of my last two years at Michigan State serving as an undergraduate teaching assistant in the College of Communication Arts and Sciences 'breaker' course: Critical Perspectives in Communication. It involved thorough discussion, research and application of philosophic, aesthetic, pragmatic, symbolic and movement criticism. I even got invited to a national conference, where I presented the methodology and findings from my own 50-page criticism of a specific small-group meeting. In the years since my immersion in the topic, I've typically held back from participating in fanish discussions of criticism. But, like much of his writing, Luke draws me in. Rather than turning this into a 50-page letter, I'll simply touch on a few obvious points....

"To me, useful criticism includes mention of the criteria being used to judge. That marks the difference between a simple review ('good, bad, or two thumbs down' and a small excerpt or example to give the reader a taste for him or herself) and criticism. Reviews have their place; they help readers find fanzines of personal interest, and they give faneds some public feedback. But they're not real criticism.

"Real criticism allows the reader to follow the critics process of judgment, while also giving readers the tools to judge for themselves. Given the participatory nature of fanzines, I don't think that fanzine 'critics' hold much more 'authority' than anyone else. In more controlled media, yes. But not fanzines, where anyone can pub and it's only a matter of doing so in a way that others will want to at least read - and preferably respond to - your material.

"As for the genre itself, fanish fanzines in our case, good criticism helps 'raise the ceiling' and, in general, educates readers and faneds, broadening our understanding of this hobby in which we invest so much of ourselves. I see it as a good thing, yet all too rarely a thing done well.

"KTF' was forever twisted in my mind back in 1988, when I read P & TNH's collection of Chuch Harris' *Quinsy*. I'd heard of the 'Kill The Fuckers' KTF, but not of 'Kent True Fandom.' Both forms were used, with one writer talking about the former, another the latter. I think there was one letter with both forms used in different paragraphs, clearly with different intended meaning. 'Curiouser and curiouser,' I

thought. 'I clearly don't understand the true meaning of KTF, much as I thought I did.' I kept reading, until around issue #10, it became clear, even though I don't remember the second definition being spelled out in those pages. So you'll understand why my reading of the current struggles with defining KTF is overshadowed by my own fond memories of confusion with the term.

"I read Robert Lichtman's comments on the lack of publicity on the 75th anniversary of the iron and steel workers strike just a few weeks after seeing several newspaper articles and a TV documentary about the 60th anniversary of the Minneapolis Teamsters Strikes of 1934.

"George Flynn has far more Worldcon experience, but I suspect I know Winnipeg fandom better, and I found ConAdian to be anything but flat. It was delightfully small, with a wealth of interesting-sounding program items drawing from cultures around the world, in and out of fandom. As usual, I made it to none of them, but heard good reports on some I wanted to attend. Let me fast-forward to APAK #18 to relate my comments to George's specific concerns.

"Before the convention, I heard dire predictions that it was bound to be 'especially terrible.' I went planning to have a good time with friends, hoping that committee incompetence stayed low-key enough that it didn't sabotage our enjoyment of each other's company. What I found was a surfeit of competence. I registered in less than five minutes. Finding out where to go and how to get your Hugo Acceptor's information was equally easy. Yeah, the elevators at the Place Louis Riel were a joke, but I had a room on the 16th floor, and I doubt I waited for an elevator for more than five minutes the entire weekend. (So I was lucky to have gone to Spider's Place Thursday night during the two or three hours they were really fucked up.) Friday morning Tom Whitmore lead an 'How to Host an Elevator Party' training session for the people willing to take on elevator duty. As a result, the elevator monitors were cordial, and even entertaining on occasion.

"George said the fanzine lounge was underutilized. It was on the small side, though bigger than the horrible room given over to the fanzine lounge at the most recent Chicon. But it was an easy place to stop in at, and an easy place to hang out. I saw lots of different people there over the course of the convention, and enough of the same people to feel at home. I don't know the final dollar amount for fanzine sales, but everything I took sold out and Dick and Nicki Lynch collected hundreds in unexpected Canadian currency when I stopped by the lounge Monday to pick up the unsold copies of *Mimosa*. (I don't know if there were any issues left.) I expect we'll see more of the results in contributions to various fan funds.

"Lloyd and Yvonne Penney did a great job with fanzine lounge. I helped with the decorations, and with the booze (full details to follow). Well over a hundred fans and pros added themselves to Worldcon timeline I posted, even though I failed to provide any sort of instruction. Dave Kyle, Roger Sims and Bob Silverberg are a few of the people at ConAdian who show up 'way back' on the Worldcon timeline. There were lots of people whose first Worldcon was in the 60's or early 70's. And even a few Worldcon neos. I extended the timeline through 1996; it was fun to see people sign their intention to attend conventions yet to come.

"As for the booze, it's another example of the committee's ability to deal quickly with innovative offers to solve problems. And it's an opportunity to toot my own horn,

while giving proper credit to the fannish generosity of others, the latter being a trait to encourage.

"I declared myself to be a hero of the ConAdian fanzine lounge Thursday afternoon. The original plan called for the lounge to be up on the third floor, in the common area between the art show and hucksters' room. Plans called for either a bar or coffee/espresso service just outside the fanzine lounge. About two weeks before the con, the fire marshal required wider aisles (although Kurt Siegel told me they'd already allowed more than the stated requirements). The fanzine lounge got moved down to the first floor, into a real room (with walls and a locking door!), whose original purpose was a cocktail lounge. Much of the nicer furniture (captain's chairs) got moved into the green room, but we had a sofa, several small tables, chairs, and a real bar setup. Unfortunately, when I arrived Thursday afternoon, the bar sported only a few pitchers of ice water, cups, and an open container of lemonade crystals. The convention center wanted a \$500 daily guarantee on sales, with the convention making up any shortage. The ConAdian treasurer said, 'We can't do it.' He was apologetic, and even provided the lemonade crystals (although, as you are no doubt aware, contracts regularly prohibit providing your own refreshments in convention center space).

"Eyeing the crystals sitting boldly on the bar and the refrigerators tucked discreetly behind that space, I asked Lloyd how far we could stretch things. Aside from replacing one empty case of beer bottles with our own freshly emptied ones, there wasn't much we could do.

"OK. For the previous month I'd spent at least three times as many hours working as sleeping. Beside whatever effect that had on my judgment, it meant I could easily suffer from the delusion that I had money. Or at least Accounts Receivable. Thanks to the arrangements for the specialty beers we had in Orlando, I had vague memories of just how much beer we'd gone through there. I also had a vested interest in being able to sit in the fanzine lounge, down a fine, cold Canadian beer, and then turn down another.

"I turned to Lloyd and said, 'What if I guarantee it? At least for Friday and Saturday?'

"At worse, I'd be out something less than \$1,000. While that's perhaps a lot of risk for the pleasure of a cold beer, I expected it would cost me nothing, or maybe, realistically, a couple hundred bucks - Canadian bucks. When you've been working as much as I'd been, that doesn't seem like a bad price to enhance a good time for you and your friends.

"I put the idea in writing, and offered to 'put my money where my mouth is' in the form of cash, a check, or credit card. I dropped the note in the treasurer's mailbox. Less than an hour later, the convention catering manager was in the fanzine lounge, credit card slip in hand, asking our brand preferences and preferred hours of operation.

"It was a smaller convention, and the bar wasn't visible until you walked into the room. Friday sales were slow, but they were much slower at the catering department's other reported bar location (upstairs). Even though they dropped the minimum to \$200, we still came up a few bucks short in sales. Saturday we made our numbers with ease, and by then I found out the cost had changed, too. What they wanted was the bartender's wages, which turned out to be \$64 CDN. Given that trivial amount, and that fact that I was hosting the lounge Sunday afternoon, I said, 'Sure, come back tomorrow!' The bartender handed me the phone,

and as I was relaying my request to the catering manager, she gestured wildly, mouthing, 'Be sure to ask for me!' She liked working with us. The feeling was mutual.

"We made our numbers Sunday, again with ease. Spreading the news to the Brits helped; I think it was Sunday afternoon that the Intersection bunch held their staff meeting in the fanzine lounge, at the table nearest the bar. Before the convention ended, Doug Faunt, Dick Lynch and Spike Parsons had each handed me \$10 - 20 US/CDN to help cover Friday's shortage. When Spike handed me a \$20 US, I had to insist she take \$10 US back. It would hardly have done for my contribution to have been just \$2.22 US! In the end, we each chipped in \$10 - 15 US. Well worth it.

"While one could argue that it was unforgivable for the concom to have not negotiated better in the first place, or have guaranteed the bar minimum themselves, I prefer to praise them for their sense of fiscal responsibility and their quick response when an alternative solution presented itself. It would have been incredibly easy for them to have dismissed my offer, being too busy with other crises to consider it, or wary of spur-of-the-moment decisions without full consideration of the multitudinous ways in which it could backfire. It was a quick fix, implemented with style and grace. I'm glad to have had a hand in it.

[And really, it's quite an inspiring story...I just wish there had been some option like this open to us at the last Chicon, as you suggest. And it's great to hear that representatives of the Intersection staff definitely got a close-up look at your fan lounge and saw how well things were going. It bodes well for next year. -aph]

"Having had a couple of run-ins with John Mansfield in years past, and having heard of others, I was most looking for trouble to surround him. But besides the lack of nasty eruptions of committee fuggheadedness or ineptitude, John wandered through the fanzine lounge a couple of times and seemed downright relaxed and amiable. 'John seems to have had a tact transplant for the weekend,' explained one Winnipeg fan, and another later told me, 'The consensus is that John Mansfield has spent 30 years in fandom pissing people off and now he's thrown a really good Worldcon to atone for his sins.' While he hasn't moved onto my 'Ten Favorite People List' (as though I have one), I do have a healthy respect for his ability to pull off a Worldcon, no small feat.

"Ghads, it's 3 AM and I haven't even mentioned the Hugo ceremony, or the fun I had wearing your ribbon and mini-rocket for the weekend. 'But you HAVE to wear it!' the woman in the green room told me. 'Otherwise you won't be able to get into where you need to be.' I borrowed Jeff's Sharpie pen and added your name to my badge, with an arrow pointing to the Hugo nominee ribbon.

"Jeff and I missed most of the pre-ceremony reception. It was my fault. After planning carefully just what time we needed to be back at the hotel in order to have a 'room service' dinner and get spiffed up for the evening, I went and drank or spilled most of five beers in the fanzine lounge. Had a good talk with Martin Easterbrook, mostly about Intersection, but also just getting to know him better. Then, on my way back from a much-needed whiz, I stuck my head in the filk concert hall next to the lounge, to find Dandelion Wine performing (Dave Clement, who I expect you've heard at Minicon, et. al.). Well, I had to hear that! Jeff flagged us a rickshaw back to the hotel, the elevators were speedy, and he picked up dinner from the hotel restaurant (they didn't actually deliver) while I changed into velvet with

You see this? The first of them all to shed tears.

This time I'll burn out all the animal in her...

blue sparkles. Earlier that day, several fen had declared that if I was really going to represent you, I ought to wear a fez. Or a baseball cap. I figured the Tigers would be most appropriate, and almost did so, until Jeff priced caps while on an outing to The Bay (Hudson Bay Store). They were \$16 or \$25. Somesuch. Too much for a quick gag.

"We caught another rickshaw back to the convention center, practicing 'the wave.' You know, the regal wave, done from the wrist. Great fun, especially when dressed up. As if we were important or something."

[I'm glad you explained that. For a moment I was imagining you and Jeff taking turns standing up in the rickshaw, waving your arms in the air and yelling "Wooooooo!" -aph]

"We sat next to Marci Malinowycz and Tom Whitmore during the ceremony. When *Ansible* didn't win Best Fanzine, I was certain Langford would pick up the fan writer award. *Sigh*

"After the ceremony, it was back to the Place Louis Riel for the Hugo Loser's Party, my first. The food and drink were great, but one of my great discoveries of ConAdian is that I really don't like party hopping. Falling into conversation is tricky, made more difficult by the extreme ambient noise levels. I don't care to spend party time smoffing, especially about Worldcon bids, sites and committees. I have yet to master, or even imitate, the social skill of circulating through a party chatting briefly with everyone I know, meeting a few people I don't know and learning an interesting tidbit about their lives, to be filed away and recalled on demand later (along with their names, natch), then smoothly moving on to the next party room. I'd rather settle in with a smallish bunch, made up of people I know and a few I don't. and have the conversation wander as it will for a few hours...or more. I found such a 'party' late Saturday night (I think) when wandering back into the Place Louis Riel, on my way up to bed. There were the hard-core fanzine fans, including Catherine Crockett, Colin Hinz, Hope Liebowitz, Dick Smith, and several others whose faces escape my memory, sitting in the lobby. I joined them for a while, then the building's fire alarm went off. (And it wasn't even at the hand of stupid fen; we'd had a big rainstorm that night and water got into the wiring, setting off the alarms.) It was somewhere around 3 AM, give or take a half hour. After it became apparent that the alarms were not going to stop any time soon, we left the lobby, seeking the quiet of downtown Winnipeg. I was impressed to discover that the alarms were sounding equally loudly outdoors. I've never heard of outside alarms, but it makes sense in public buildings. We escaped to Hope's room in the Sheraton, where it was blissfully quiet until we arrived. We woke up her roomie, sleeping on the couch, whom she hadn't even expected to be back in the room yet. He didn't have a stitch of clothing on, but casually joined the circle of people as we settled at the other end of the room for a sercon ending to the evening. Dick Smith had the Hugo results, which I studied with some dumbfoundment. My tastes clearly differ from those of the other voters. It was interesting to see how many nominations *Idea* pulled in; I hadn't realized they released that kind of information. I failed to seek out the press office and get a copy for myself, or for you."

[Well, fear not, Geri, that kind of information is easily available on-line. I was encouraged by the fact that I continue to put distance between myself and "No Award"; perhaps, in time, the rest of fandom will come to agree with Arnie Katz, who magnanimously offered the observation that I had "earned the right to come in third or fourth place" a few years ago....

Actually, the thing that I found really striking was how close *Spent Brass* had come to being nominated, tied for seventh place in the balloting. 20 more votes, and Carrie can have her name mis-spelled in the program book and her biography mysteriously misplaced just like me.... And hey, I know I nominated *Idea*. It's had stuff by me in it, after all.... -aph]

"Back to the Hugoes, if I remember, Andy Porter wore a simple dark suit. Amy Thomson glittered as usual. You should have heard the yelp and cheer Ginjer Buchanan gave out when they announced the Campbell Award winner! I think she was as excited as Amy.

"Back to the rest of the convention (sorry this letter is so choppy; I'm trying to finish it and stumble downstairs to bed). Much as I disliked party-hopping, and the party scene in general (Found the bid parties, as a whole, to be boring, boring, boring). I would be remiss if I didn't mention the Dead Dragon Inn, the best party room and scene of the entire convention. Keycon, the ongoing Winnipeg SF con, supplements its consuite with a series of separate rooms sponsored by local sf-related groups: Star Trek Winnipeg, gamers, etc. But at the core, Keycon has a smoking and non-smoking consuite area. Several years ago, a group of fen said, 'We can do the smoking consuite better than this' and created the Dead Dragon Inn (or DDI). It's modeled after a medieval tavern, with the specialty of the house being Dragon's blood, a green alcohol-based punch that goes down smoother than blog, thank ghu. They started decorating to match, and in the years since, have elevated the Inn to high art. What they can do to a hotel suite or function room is nothing short of amazing. Black drapes everywhere a 'stone' fireplace with enormous mantle, wooden trestle tables and benches, candles everywhere, burning safely in large sand-filled pottery saucers with wire cages protecting unwary patrons from setting their sleeves ablaze. The candles also help tame the cigarette smoke. A local costumer's shop outfitted the DDI workers in period costume for the weekend. The ever-present bowls of popcorn were perhaps not period, but they were appreciated. Each evening, the DDI featured performances by local musicians, including the Dust Rhinos, a popular, loud Celtic band, and Dandelion Wine. One night turned into a drum jam. The whole thing was great, and several bid committees talked to the DDI crew about running their consuites should they win their bids. If this comes to pass, it could revolutionize Worldcon consuites. What a welcome idea! The whole DDI crew was friendly, hard working and well-organized. It was the only party of the con to regularly have a waiting line at 3:30 AM. (I'd estimate the room's capacity at 60-70 people. After the first night of severe overcrowding, they limited admittance, but did so in such a charming way that it simply added to the ambiance.) The Dead Dragon Inn was enormously successful, and unlike any party I've ever seen or heard of at a Worldcon. It was anything but flat. Even if George Flynn never got there, the party reviews in the daily newsletter should have given him the idea that here was something hot.

[Hmmm...your enthusiasm is obviously heartfelt, but I would hope that if these people were contracted to host the con suite at a future Worldcon that they would either drop the medieval theme or diversify their focus to some degree. It's cool to have something like that around, but if the entire Worldcon hospitality suite looked like something out of a Diane Duane novel, it might be enough to make me turn my back on the convention forever. Some of us feel like there is entirely enough

quasi-dark age fantasy and its trappings in fandom already.... Also, this business of limiting attendance in a 'charming' manner seems to be something one would have to be in the proper frame of mind for.... The whole thing sounds rather like a Minneapolis music party room, with fake fur and black drapes. A nice thing to have around, but appealing to a select section of fandom. - aph]

"While you won't be surprised to read that MagiCon still ranks as My Favorite Worldcon, I got far more enjoyment out of ConAdian than either of the two Chicon's I've attended. [Hell, I got more enjoyment out of ConAdian than either of the two Chicons I've attended - aph] And for very little work or financial investment on my part. Six room nights at ConAdian cost under \$300 US, while seven nights at MagiCon ran us over \$1,600, and we had more space than that provided by the admittedly opulent Peabody parlor and bedroom we paid for (with help from Minn-stf, who sponsored the Minneapolis in '73 party). ConAdian was incredibly cheap. It wasn't perfect (our cheap room had two SINGLE beds - how absurd in an all-suite hotel), but it was a fine time.

"Oh, ghads, here I am at the bottom of another page, only to remember one last story I need to tell...again...It is the story of the Zucchini Bearers.

"No shit, there we were, sitting around the convention center waiting for Jeff to return for our prearranged dinner expedition. Jeff was off transferring party supplies to the cars of other Minneapolis fans. Perhaps a bit of setup is in order.

"I ran Parties for ReinCONation this year, with help from two of fandom's most talented hosts, Don Fitch and Jack Targonski. Bored with the typical fare found at Minneapolis cons, and wanting to carry the flavor of ConAdian back to ReinCONation (much as we did two years ago from Orlando), I decided to spend the majority of my parties budget in Canada. Saturday afternoon I drove over to nearby St. Boniface, stopping first at a Liquor Mart for beer and hard cider, then onto grocery stores for goodies seldom found on the south side of the Canadian/US border. (I heartily recommend President's Choice Key Lime Temptations - a cream sandwich cookie with Key Lime filling. Yummers.) About \$600 CDN later, my car was full and I was eager to get back to the convention center.

"I'd already arranged with several fen to take a duty-free allotment of beer or cider, and with Karen Johnson, who had an empty back seat, to transport most of the groceries back to Minneapolis. Everything with alcohol was out of sight, but the back seat was piled high with potato chips: ketchup potato chips, vinegar potato chips, jalpeno potato chips, parmesan ripple chips, pickle potato chips, and even some plain potato chips. About 50 bags in all.

"Rather than attempt to transport all that stuff (about three cart loads, in elevators that only held three people and one cart) up to the 16th floor, only to drag it all down again the next day, I left it in the car. There was a security shack at the garage entrance and things felt pretty safe. Besides, the alternative just wasn't reasonable.

"Back to the con. Jeff showed up 15-20 minutes later, saying, 'Well, they didn't get your stereo.' He'd returned to the car to find a pile of broken glass that had clearly once been the front passenger window, and a note from hotel security asking that he stop by the front desk.

"The security guard had found the broken window around 5:30 that afternoon. They swept the glass into a pile,

and removed everything in sight (the aforementioned potato chips, a cooler with \$75 in Canadian chocolate bars, grocery bags filled with coffee, tea, gummi sharks, and about three dozen bags of cookies). It was all safely locked in the bellhop's storage room. They hadn't found the release and checked the hatch. Jeff popped it, and found a trunk pretty much filled with drinkables, and the backpack with my car stereo.

"He walked over to the Charter House, where Steve Glennon, Floyd Henderson, and David Emerson were waiting for him. He met up with Beth Friedman on the way. Explaining what had happened, everyone trudged back to the Place Louis Riel, and took what they could. Then Jeff came and found his dinner party.

"We went back to the hotel to get the rest of the stuff out of the unsecured hatch. From what was left, and Jeff's description of what the Minneapolis Fen had taken, it was clear that nothing had been stolen from the car. The glove box wasn't even rifled.

"Given those facts, the city, and the season, the most likely explanation we could come up with was that some kindly Winnipeggers, seeing all those potato chips, figured we had a lot of mouths to feed and would no doubt benefit from a front seat full of zucchini. Such an opportunity to rid themselves of even a small portion of their crop certainly outweighed the regrettable need to break our window. But there effort must have been interrupted, for there wasn't so much as a single zucchini to be found.

"The hotel was very apologetic, and quite helpful. The security guy vacuumed out the car, than had us park it within sight of the security shack, next to a brick wall, so that no one could get into it without breaking another window. They offered to help us find a repair shop, though their advice was for a full body shop that could 'do everything' when all we needed was a simple window replacement. They didn't charge us a parking fee for our entire stay, and were very good about us traipsing in and out of the bellhop storeroom at all hours until we'd distributed the last of the goodies.

"Jeff got up Tuesday morning, called Speedy Auto Glass on Pembina highway (our road out of town) and found out they could replace the window in 45 minutes and bill it directly to our insurance company in the States. Hell, we even got a GST/PST refund on the cost of the glass at the border! When I offered the refund to my insurance company (they were the ones paying the bill after all), they said, 'Oh, keep it.'

"Yes, the whole thing was an annoyance. And it could have been a lot worse. The unknown 'they' could have made off with all those ReinCONation party supplies. Or they could have made off with the car and the supplies. But that didn't happen. Instead we're left with yet another example of things in Winnipeg being handled with style and grace.

P.S. "Lloyd and Yvonne Penney are running the fanzine lounge at LACon, under my guidance. Joe Siclari is in charge of space allocation for us, so you know we'll get prime consideration. Sounds pretty ok, doesn't it?"

[Sure it does! I'm sure that you guys will do a superlative job, especially given that all we really need is a clean, well-lighted place where we know we can go and meet other fans. The rest is all gravy, as far as I'm concerned. My, you were getting tired there, weren't you? The zucchini theory is an interesting one, but not the one that would have occurred to me

The stubborn beast flesh creeping back...

That's unfortunately what happened to some asparagus...

first. Thank you for giving us another picture of the goings-on in Winnipeg....

Now, a few words from HARRY WARNER (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740) in response to matters raised recently in APAK...]

"You are blessed by the postal gods. The Friday the thirteenth Apparatchik arrived three days after the date on its postmark. Contrast that with five days on the road from Falls Church to Hagerstown for Ben'zine and eight days for a check to arrive from Philadelphia."

[Donar's law, coined by an old camp counselor colleague of mine, states that the speed of the U.S. Mail is inversely proportional to the amount of money enclosed within a given letter. - aph]

"Kate Schaefer intimates that I wrote All Our Yesterdays on the basis of recollections. I didn't and I'm sure anyone else who was in fandom in the 1940's would find many things different in his or her recollections because it's impossible to remember things accurately at a distance of a half-century. Virtually everything in All Our Yesterdays derived from primary sources: fanzines, professional publications, correspondence, audio tapes, the Fanzine Index and a variety of other materials that mostly got inscribed soon after the events occurred. My recollections entered into the fannish history only in that I guided my choice of how much or how little space to give a topic, what to include and what to leave out, partially on the basis of how I remembered the thing in question to have seemed important at the time it was happening, partially because of the significance it may have had in later decades. It's true that I've been a lifelong hermit but the lifelong wasn't as extensive as it is now. All Our Yesterdays was published when I was 46 after I'd spent a couple of years researching and writing and arguing with the people at Advent about such things as the fact that the Boston fan group really was called the Stranger Club, not the Stranglers as one Advent partner thought."

[I'm glad you took the time to point this out, Harry; I think many people unthinkingly accept the fallacy that you either made both All Our Yesterdays and A Wealth of Fable up out of the whole cloth of memory, or based them entirely on the record of the fanzines of the period, without cross-checking any sources or accounts. It's hard for me to understand how anyone who knows anything about either your fannish or professional careers would assume that you'd be that sloppy.

On the other hand, I do think that your presence on the physical periphery of fandom has given you a uniquely detached perspective on its history. This frees you from the kind of soap-boxing that characterize works like The Immortal Storm, et al, since all of the personality conflicts and wrangles that tend to cloud the minds of club fans, smofs and apparatchiki, will come to you second-hand, if at all. But I think this is also a handicap for someone who is writing social history, which is what most fans expect fan history to be. I regard your work in fan history as an invaluable resource, a distillation of millions of words of primary source material, and mandatory reading for people trying to understand the roots of modern fandom. Still, history is best studied from a variety of perspectives, and I think there is a lot of room for other work on the periods you have covered, something which you've never denied. I would love to have some anecdotal, prejudicial, personal recollections of the great events of the forties and fifties to go alongside your more scrupulous work, especially something that could be put into

print on the same scale. What I find missing in your books is a real sense of scandal and outrage, which we know to be such a big part of the way fandom has always conducted itself. Where are the tri-racial isolates and doomed utopian experiments (aside from the obvious examples issuing from Indiana) of fannish history? Where is the color, the texture, the stench of fannish life?

PLEASE don't get me wrong, Harry, I love your books. It's just that they're so good that they arouse a hunger for more, and there isn't a lot more out there that's easily available to the contemporary reader. Perhaps these schemes to put important fanzines on CD-ROM will eventually address this problem. -aph]

"Maybe my credentials as a baseball fan will be irrevocably withdrawn by the admission that I didn't watch the Ken Burns series. There were several reasons. I would want to tape it if I watched it and there were several television offerings during its run that I wanted to tape more urgently. I was turned off by all the critical praise the series received before its publish showing, because I know from bitter experience that telecasts the critics admire aren't to my liking. And I felt prejudiced against the series since it seems to have been more an account of controversies in major league baseball than an overview of the baseball phenomenon in general. I'm sure it'll be rerun at least once and I might commit it to tape at that time.

"That was Julius Schwartz who snuck off from the first Worldcon to attend the Lou Gehrig farewell game at Yankee stadium. I don't think the incident was ever made public via fanzines until just a year or two ago. I wish I'd known much earlier because it would have made me feel less heretical one day in Boston in the early 1970's. I was there to attend the first Worldcon in that city as fan guest of honor. Nobody could answer my question about what a fan guest of honor was supposed to do when he wasn't making a speech at the Hugo banquet, so I had decided making myself visible and available for chatter was a satisfactory form of conduct. But the Red Sox were in town, I knew it might be my only chance to attend a game in hallowed Fenway Park, and with great timidity I approached a committee member, probably Tony Lewis, and told him of my dilemma. Bless him, he told me to go ahead and see the ball game and even offered to pay the cab fare from the Worldcon treasury. I walked instead of riding and was so excited by the adventure that I didn't realize until the ninth inning that I'd forgotten to buy a program for souvenir purposes. This bothered me as I was leaving the shrine and what should I see as I passed a trash barrel but a mint, unsullied program lying on top and after I got it back to the Worldcon hotel I saw that the previous owner had scored the entire game on it, to help me remember the afternoon. If a fannish god like Julius had made known at the time his side trip 35 years or so earlier, I wouldn't have felt so guilty about leaving my duties for three hours."

[Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry...don't you know that the greatest embarrassment most con committees suffer is that they can't figure out anything for the fan GoH to do beyond introducing them at opening ceremonies and providing them with an empty room for their speech or reading? If every fan GoH could find a ball game to go to for a few hours, it would be a great relief to many of the con-runners of the world....

Actually, a number of conventions I have been to in the past few years have organized official trips to ball parks. Chicon V set up a trip to New Comiskey park, and sold it to fans with the added attraction of George Alec Effinger, who is a life-long

Cleveland Indians fan. I don't know why we didn't go in San Francisco; it wouldn't have been that easy to get to either park, but a day game in either Candlestick or Oakland-Alameda would have been great. Maybe the teams were out of town. Corflu has also been a good candidate for baseball games; we went to the second half of a double-header at Shea at Corflu 7, a very entertaining minor-league game at Corflu Ocho, and checked out the Hubert H. Humphrey Metrodome at Corflu 6.

Unfortunately, the Hatters were out of town during the Madison Corflu. I have to admit that the baseball schedule is one of the reasons why I prefer to see the convention held in May.

Your observation about the Burns film is reasonably apt; it is more interesting in a documentary sense to focus on periods of conflict and dysfunction than on the thousands of games that went off without any strife or unhappiness. But I thought there was a lot of fun there, too, and I encourage you to tape the series when you get the chance again, and watch it in manageable doses.

Now, some lines from TED WHITE (1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046) in our ongoing conversation about various essential elements of fandom:]

"You're right: I can't think of a specific example of a 'double-standard' applying to the AQ art. What I've picked up has been inferential, and casual-conversational, nothing specific that I can point to. It had little to do with 'Capitol-letter Feminism,' or those associated with it. But you'll notice that I used the term 'fannish feminism;' that's my copout. But I wasn't referring to any reactions to my criticism of AQ's art - none of which I have yet seen. Maybe it's because it appears that the reason Joe Maraglino didn't use my LoCs to AQ was due to the art criticism in them. Perhaps he regards his artists as above criticism, I dunno.

"If people don't like your criticism, it's because they don't like your criticism, not because they think you are chromosomally-challenged.' That would be an extra X or a fractured Y, right?

"Why assume that I was responding to criticism of me or of my criticism, when I uttered that remark, anyway? Do you think I take everything personally? (*Sigh*....)

"I wonder about the choice of words in your final response to me. '...it doesn't require any special degree of maliciousness or arrogance to develop a special identification...' It doesn't require any maliciousness or arrogance to form 'one's own circle of acquaintance,' and I question the use of such words, which put a negative spin on the whole concept. I was observing an apparent fact of human nature - not condemning it.

The there's 'your defense of the special nature of fandom.' I was unaware that I was 'defending' fandom; I was defining it among others, by saying that superficial similarities don't define a group and the group's focus does. Fandom is defined by its own unique qualities - which is not to say that other groups aren't defined by their unique qualities as well. I don't think I need to waste everyone's time by trying to list those qualities unique to our fandom."

[Hey, I'm sorry...I didn't mean to sound so harsh. I used the word "defense" in a rhetorical sense, but even so, I agree that no one needs to "defend" the unique nature of fandom. Personally, I feel like all of the things which make fandom unique are present in other special interest groups, but the particular combination of interests and customs which inform fandom is unique, something which most life long fans grasp intuitively. Sitting around and making laundry lists of "stuff"

unique to fandom probably won't help to confirm or deny this anyway.

When I made those remarks about "maliciousness" I was responding to people who have made allegations of that sort, not you. I'm sorry that wasn't clear from the context. I'm afraid I am still insecure enough about my identification with and within fandom that these accusations of bigotry and elitism as it applies to "trufandom" really rankle me, and I have a tendency to reach for the heavy pluglunks whenever the issue comes up.

I suspect the only reason I assumed we were talking about your criticism of Astromancer Quarterly is that yours is really the only coherent criticism of that title which I have read to date. I have seen a few reviews in other places, but I don't think of them as having been very serious criticism. Anyway, I don't think you take all these things personally, and I'm sorry if my comments implied that I did.

Now, I need to point out that this letter from Ted was a joint response to both APAK and to personal correspondence with Vicki Rosenzweig, so it considers some things that we haven't been talking about here. This next section refers to some questions Vicki asked, but I found it interesting enough that I wanted to print it here. Ted is responding to some things Vicki said in defense of a fan writer whose work consists mostly of extremely simple narrative about conventions and travel: -aph]

"I'm sure you're right about X. The question is, will X learn to distinguish between a con report and the act of showing snapshots to a group of friends? And how will X learn? Maybe by osmosis - by hanging around fanzines long enough to observe the difference, consciously or unconsciously. This does happen. But it happens most often to those who have internal critics and who strive to improve what they recognize as their shortcomings as fan-writers: people who want to improve themselves and set out to do so. (I was one such in my fannish youth. I learned from everyone I read who was better than I. And I did this as a professional writer as well.)

"A lot of people don't think that way, don't strive to improve. Their attitude is, 'It's just for fandom,' or 'I'm just in fandom to have fun.' Perhaps, from their point of view, they are correct. But from the points of view of the rest of us in fandom, they bring down the quality of fanac. They write bland, boring 'snapshot' pieces for their friends, and they publish uninteresting fanzines.

"Some of them do this not because they insist upon it but because they know no better. This is where good honest criticism helps, I think. I try not to shit on the authors of bad works or the publishers of bad fanzines: I try to point out what's wrong, what's missing, what's needed."

[This is what I want to get out of fandom, too. I'm well aware of the fact that in almost ten years, I have never published a good fanzine. Everything I have ever done in the field has possessed some fatal flaw or shortcoming that made me feel embarrassed that I had done it about six months later. This isn't a function of my ineptitude, though that is considerable; it's simply that fandom has been such an excellent unpaid writing workshop for me that I've been on a constant upward curve, continually learning more about writing and improving my own skills in that regard. I am at the point now where I may actually drive my income from writing into five figures this year, and I don't think I could ever have gotten this far without fandom's example.

The thing is, those of us who would like to practice the craft of writing as a profession are an extremely small minority in modern fandom. When fandom began, a very large percentage

All animal life is tending toward the human form

That was my first great achievement...articulate speech controlled by the brain.

of fans wanted to be pros. Most of them entered fandom before they had arrived at any substantial career, and given the state of SF as a whole, they were perfectly reasonable in thinking they could be as successful - or at least as good - as almost any pro was. That isn't the case today, and I suspect fandom is primarily at fault. Fandom and its myriad fanzines provided a farm system for writers who made their rookie mistakes and inflicted their formative efforts at fiction on their fellow fans. Fans aren't shy about expressing their opinions of fiction, professional or amateur; it's what, in the beginning, fandom was constituted to do. Science fiction authors have been uniquely blessed with access to a huge, unpaid critical forum on the standards and principles of their field. Over the fifty+ years that this forum has been in session, it has served to raise the expectations of sf readers, and I think to some degree it has improved the overall quality of the field as well. There are plenty of people who would disagree with me, but I think that SF has reached a level where it is no longer very likely that any day-laborer can pick up a prozine and say "I can write better than these people."

But one might also say that the self-esteem of fans leans very heavily upon the contention that SF is a superior form of literature, and fans a superior caste of people. When people who read sf were widely ridiculed, it was very attractive to believe that we were Slans. In modern fandom, the drive to avoid the contempt of society at large has been replaced with a kind of enervating self-satisfaction. If we're all sitting around praising speculative literature and cinema as high art, while 99% of it is actually crap, we must be a pretty pack of morons.

At the same time, an awful lot of fans have absolutely no interest in the quality or lack thereof in science fiction, fanzines, or any other stfnal pursuit. Fandom is a purely social institution for many people, and as such, the pursuit of criticism and its attendant occasional bad feelings are merely antisocial activities. They feel it simply isn't important enough to risk possibly hurting someone's feelings. I guess for people like "X," who are largely unconcerned with the relative quality of their work, there is a valid argument to be made that we shouldn't judge them by higher goals than they aspire to. - aph]

"The identification of 'half-naked women' with 'feminism' is blurry. The facts are these: the AQ art in this style is done exclusively by women. They portray half-naked women in non-lustful poses, in fairy-tale settings (unicorns, etc.), usually in a far-off era of (non)history. This is a feminine, if not feminist, area of pursuit. There is no comparison with, say, Rotsler's nudes, which come closer to pin-up art. (But Rotsler's nudes haven't dominated his art since the sixties, and I haven't seen a new one in many years.

[Yes, and more's the pity. I agree that the identification with "feminism" in these illustrations is pretty damn "blurry." The artists from whom Stein, Michaels, Organ-Kean, Ransom, et al, seem to borrow most heavily are all men - Beardsley, Maxfield Parrish, Alphonse Mucha, even N.C. Wyeth and Gustav Klimt. I don't see any traces of Kathe Kollwitz, Georgia O'Keefe, Frieda Kahlo or any other well-known woman artist that I'm familiar with. There are suggestions of other women fan-artists, such as Alicia Austin, as you yourself have pointed out, but the illustrative tradition in which all the artists in question are working is far more closely identified with male artists. As far as I know, anyway; someone will no doubt write in and tell me why I am wrong. Anyway, I guess one could make a good case for this being a "feminine" school by virtue of the fact that it's being practiced by women, but that's about as far as it goes. Whatever

"fannish feminism" is, I don't see how it is represented by this art and/or its proponents. -aph]

"I don't think that fannish fandom is solely self-referential or solely focused on itself - and I think any issue of any fannish fanzine proves the point. Our focus is on a gestalt that we call fannish fandom, but which extends outward in many directions. As I see it, a love for printed sf is always the starting point. (I am less sure about a love for media-sf - sci-fi - which seems to me to share more with 'fans' of Hollywood than with us, including the veneration and presumed distance of the Stars to whom such fans are often devoted.) But if you look at the history of fandom it is pretty obvious that this love of sf only gets us here; it doesn't hold us for too long, and it doesn't keep us here.

"Fandom's original appeal to me was partly that it was participatory. Anyone can passively read sf, and remain a part of the unheard from audience. (My mother used to read Heinlein, but she never felt any need to express her opinions about his works to anyone but me.) (My mother is undoubtedly the source of my writing talent; in 1947 she was laid up for a year with TB and wrote the first chapters of her autobiography as a teacher. They were as good as The Egg and I, and equally rich with humor. I could never get her to finish the book, and now she doesn't know where those chapters are, *sigh*....) We used to call the larger sf audience 'the readers,' to differentiate them from us, the fans.

"As I see it, for maybe the first five years of its existence, fandom's primary focus was professional sf, the magazines, and associated material (like experimental rocketry; in the early fifties I joined a rocket society that was a kind of fringe to fandom). Then Bob Tucker happened. He took fandom less seriously. He introduced humor to fandom, both in the pages of fanzines and in the letter columns of the prozines of the mid-thirties. The Great Staple War was one such manifestation (a mock-feud over whether prozines should be bound with staples); another was his fictitious persona, 'Hoy Ping Pong.' This is where fannishness began.

"As we formed a community, we began to become interested in the community itself. What was first a 'bedroom community' of commuters from the SF Metropolis developed an identity of its own, and ceased to be (solely) a satellite of science fiction.

"SF was still the key to entrance, of course, but once inside there were lots of other things to do and to talk about.

"As new fans come in, they renew the interest in sf, but eventually - usually - move on. There is, after all, only so much you can say about sf in general, and only so many book reviews you can write, or read, which will add much insight to the general discourse. (People who stay fixated on sf and book/movie/TV reviews (as in LAN'S LANTERN, say) are usually the least talented and interesting to read, having the least to say beyond 'I liked/disliked.') So I think the evolution from sf to fannishness is inevitable and reoccurs in individual fans constantly.

"So, is fandom unique, or just one of a number of 'fandoms' of equal value if different focuses? Hard question to answer; I'm inclined to say, 'Yes and no.' To the extent that fandom is the aggregate of a few hundred unique personalities, I'd have to say fandom itself is unique. But when it comes down to the characteristics of our fandom, I have to admit that we share most of them, variously, with other fandoms, although perhaps no other single fandom shares them all. I have found some other fandoms

remarkably similar, despite important differences. I maintain a relationship of sorts with comics fandom, for instance. At one time it heavily overlapped our fandom (with many of us in both), but hucksterism (the profit motive, greed) took over comics fandom in the sixties, and 'fannishness' was kept from evolving. (MAD fandom, which gave the impetus to underground comics in the sixties, probably siphoned off some of that incipient fannishness.) Music fandom has what it calls 'fanzines,' but most aren't even 'zeens' but are semi- or quasi-prozines. (I get one, AUDION, published in the UK, devoted to progressive rock....) But the first music fanzine was CRAWDADDY, run off by Paul Williams on my mimeograph in the mid-sixties. And the second was MOJO NAVIGATOR by Greg Shaw - both of whom were fans as well and used their fanzine experience to launch rock fanzines. (I should have said those were the first rock fanzines. Lee Hoffman's CARAVAN was the first (folk) music fanzine. Her subsequent GARDYLOO was the second. This was in the late mid-fifties.) I feel that much of what exists in other publishing fandoms (with zeens) was taken from our fandom, by people with fannish experience. Had this not occurred, comics and rock fandoms might exist, but might be very different in their approaches. I dunno. I mean, 'fanzine' is a word we coined, but it's trademarked by Fiorucci, an Italian fashion chain, and it's used by many people who have no idea where it originated."

[Yes, benighted souls who have never basked in the light of the word. One of fandom's great virtues, in my mind, is its ability to mold itself into a myriad of definitions depending on the values of the individual defining it. "Our" definition (we being the highly homogenous group that constitute the APAK mailing list) lasts as long as APAK keeps coming out every two weeks and loyal correspondents like you continue to respond; after that, it is lost in the maelstrom of human cultural memory. Whatever names we give to our communal relationships may prove ephemeral, but their basis in an agglomeration of one-to-one friendships and acquaintances does not. It strikes me as immaterial that there are people out there using the word 'fanzine' without a knowledge of the origin of the word; they are using fanzines to build relationships with other people, which is the root purpose of all our actions here. I am willing - just barely - to accept the notion that seeking to pursue those relationships through financial transaction does not automatically include them in that broad category of endeavor. But given the scattergunned interests which we are willing to attribute to fandom, once they move through that first stage (Somehow Bloch keeps coming up here, doesn't he?) of actually reading and commenting on science fiction, it seems as though we have no objective grounds on which we can even nominally exclude anyone from immediate candidacy for membership in greater fandom.

Given this, I prefer to define fandom in a much more limited sense; my own experience of it. If I don't know a person, or their work, they could be a part of fandom, but as far as I know or am concerned, they are not. There has to be some overture, some moment of contact, or a piece of work which comes into my view, before I can consider a person a fan. This is all I demand; it doesn't have anything to do with costumes or Star Trek or OOPSLA or Room 770. If I don't know a person or their work, they haven't even as much standing in my personal esteem as many fictional characters do, and the issue of whether or not they are part of fandom is as abstract to me as the fate of stellar bodies in another neighborhood of the universe.

Of course, most of the people I know through my fanac happen to draw a similar lineage through Tucker and Hoy Ping Pong, and that happens to be what I am most interested in vis a vis my definition of fandom. By the way, I am fascinated by the possibility that Lee Hoffman really published the first folk music fanzine in America. Are we basing this on the notion that other semi-prozines appeared saddled with a cover-price, or do you mean that Lee Hoffman really published the first magazine about folk music created by a fan of the genre without any professional connection to the field? Either way it's pretty remarkable....

Now, just when we thought we had put the issue to bed, here comes the man with the chocolate covered almonds, DON FITCH (3908 Frijol, Covina, CA 91722), who observes:]

"Several British fanzines (including Chuck Connor's) recently have had 'Fanxenophobia' as a Hot Topic. Ted is, I think, quite right in stating that 'Us' and 'Not-Us' (or 'Them') are descriptive, not value judgments; he simply insists so strongly on what he defines as 'Fannish fanzines' being the only truly valid fanzines that clearly those words can be, and apparently are being, made into value judgments.

focused on something in which they are deeply (even passionately) interested, and on people who share their absorption, and that they sometimes write about this, & their communal history, with perceptivity, wit, brilliance, in-group references, and occasionally even Outraged Rhetoric. That looks to me like having a great deal in common, rather than 'nothing at all.' And now...I'm starting to wonder about Ted's definition of 'fandom' - if it means people who are focused on other 'fans' we'll have to get a pronouncement on what 'fan' means (the thousands of people who call themselves that, and are called that by others, who attend a convention or two every year, &/or belong to a Club whose main activity is producing an annual convention? That might well be the majority definition, you know). And if the words 'Science Fiction' or 'Fantasy' chance to intrude, they will have to be defined to everyone's satisfaction....

"Personally, I've long been (and expect to remain) quite comfortable in an 'Us' composed largely of 'fanzine fans' (not all of them 'fannish fanzine-fans') most of whom (and/or their fanzines) I like, to a large degree, in one way or another - with 'Not Quite Us' groups just outside the border, where we can visit one-another occasionally. Sure, one draws lines demarking the groups (and even the sub-groups within 'Us' (and it's unlikely that any two people draw the lines in precisely the same places)), but I don't - and won't go along with converting those lines into walls. Certainly, the boundaries (innate or artificial) exist, and can be useful reference points when talking about things, but I believe it's harmful to fandom to make them into impediments to free passage.

"I seem to be somewhat in disagreement with Vicki Rosenzweig on the notion that 'not one of us' is not a fannish concept - it's been pandemic throughout my fannish experience (though I'm pleased to see that 'Freaking-out the Mundanes' is no longer a common or acceptable fan pastime, and that a fair number of fans now delight in seeking out 'Mundanes' (or 'Trekkers' or 'Filkers' or 'Zinesters' or whatever) who are really Proto-Fans, or at least stimulating and interesting people). What isn't a Fannish Concept, in my opinion, is extending this into the assumption that anyone who is 'not one of us' is somehow

worthless, contemptible or inferior. Yes, one might have the secret feeling that 'anyone who's really worthwhile ought to have attitudes, tastes and interests very much like mine - the more similar they are, the closer they are to being Perfect, like me,' and of course it's always reassuring to be surrounded by people thus similar to oneself (though not especially stimulating or beneficial, perhaps), but in my microcosmic view, the Fannish Ideal of tolerance and acceptance of diversity takes priority over this. This may be the crux of my dislike for 'KTF' (and similar type) reviews and criticism - that approach goes beyond such basic value judgments as 'good' and 'bad' and ventures into the area of 'required' and 'intolerable', which I find...ummm...intolerable difficult to tolerate. *Sigh*

[So where are the border guards and the barbed wire? Surely, if these KTF reviews and hard-line divisions between star- and plain-bellied Sneeches are worth getting so upset about, there must be some camp somewhere into which Perry Rhodan fans have been herded, bleating like sheep under the blows of shock batons wielded by 6th fandom fans with cruel mouths in the middle of their sensitive fannish faces....

I think fandom is more than capable of enduring the rhetorical excesses of KTF reviewers and anyone else who chooses to utter the occasional discouraging word. It's harder to predict the reactions of individual fans who suffer an adverse review or two, but it seems to me that a negative opinion always elicits two or three positive voices in opposition to it, and that the only lasting damage that such criticism ever causes is to the relationship between the critic and the fan so criticized. Which is their problem, not an issue which fandom (whatever the hell you want to call it) as a whole needs to be concerned with. And I've already spoken at length on my opinion about exclusive vs. inclusive definitions of fandom, so you'll understand when I say that most of your argument on the subject seems like a lot of semantic light without heat.

Also, it seems like a dangerously nebulous distinction to say that it's okay to have elitist thoughts, but not to pursue elitist actions. In my experience, prejudice, like murder, will out.

We'll finish with a brief note from VICKI ROSENZWEIG (33 Indian Road 6-R, New York, NY 10034):]

"You were the first to inform me of Bob Bloch's death; it is sad news, but I'm grateful to you for passing it along (And I wonder: Bloch used to say that he had the heart of a small child, which he kept in a jar on the mantle...who inherited that jar?)

"I would not ask Algernon 'What cultural shift?' It would not be a bad thing if people were a bit less ready to take offense, or at least ready to express that offense with weaponry, but I don't see it happening in the world outside. Or is this some variation of the 'Fans are slans' argument, in which we're prefiguring the supposed greater maturity that the rest of the world will wake up to some morning soon?

"I hope the brevity of this letter meets with your approval, and helps keep your printing budget under control."

[Indeed, I'm glad someone is keeping an eye on financial issues, since I seem to be incapable of it.

I suspect the fandom which wants to settle its differences without hostility or aggression is the same one that has such a tradition of tolerance and acceptance of diversity. This would be the same fandom that used to refer to Wiscon as "Dykecon" and "Pervertcon," the fandom which booed Heinlein at MidAmericon, and which ran Walter Breen out of town on a rail. I'll leave it to more nimble minds to decide when a society which thought it acceptable to black-ball an individual on suspicion of impropriety transmogrified into one which regards the suggestion of exclusionary or elitist policies as an unacceptable faux pas. You have two weeks to formulate your answer. -aph]

We now return to Bullitt, already in progress.

APPARATCHIK IS the Darryl Dawkins of fandom, almost seven feet of rim-wrecking Chocolate Thunder from the Planet Lovetron, with 14 years of NBA service, now reduced to playing for the Sioux City Skyforce of the CBA. You can get APPARATCHIK for \$3.00 for a three-month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life time supply for \$19.73, or in exchange for 25mm Colonial miniatures, painted or unpainted. Genial lifetime subscribers to date: Don Fitch, Lucy Huntzinger, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Alan Rosenthal, Karen

Schaeffer, Geri Sullivan and Art Widner. Fanzines and things received since last issue: Ben'Zine #4, Ben Zuhl; Fantasy-Scope V.3, #1, Roger Sims; The Flummery Press, Brian A. Dunk & Keith McClow; It Goes On The Shelf # 13, Ned Brooks; Lan's Lantern # 42, George "Lan" Laskowski; Nine Lines Each # 4, 5, 6 & 7; Ken Forman, John Hardin & Ken Springer; SF3 Directory for October 1994, Scott Custis; The Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Apa #100, Scott Custis, OE; Voyageur # 1 - 8, plus hoaxes, Jeremy Bloom, et al; WOOF # 19, collated by Victoria A. Smith.

--Schooner Museum Trust intends to keep the SHERMAN ZWICKER operational, original and active.