
APPARATCHIK

The thirty-second 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, available to e-mail at A.Hooper5@GEnie.Geis.com. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 217. And she's a moving violation from her conk down to her shoes . . . but it's just an invitation to the blues.

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ON THE SAME DAY that parties unknown have detonated a car bomb in front of the Federal building in Oklahoma City, killing at least 31 people, word reaches me of an accident suffered by Paul Williams, on the 15th of April. Paul was bicycling near his home in Encinitas, California, when he fell off the bike at some speed and suffered multiple skull fractures and other less serious injuries. At this writing, he is in hospital in San Diego, where his condition is considered serious. His ex-wife, Donna Nasser and his son Kenta, as well as his companion Cindy Lee Berryhill, are reported to be with him. Robert Lichtman told me that Paul is lucid, but unable to communicate verbally, and is asleep most of the time due to the medications the hospital is giving him.

Paul was fortunate enough to have his accident in close proximity to people who were working in their yard, and had a cellular phone with which they called an ambulance. Receiving such quick medical attention probably saved his life.

Robert says that he doesn't mind fielding calls in regard to Paul's condition, and can pass wishes and messages on to Donna and Cindy; his number is (707) 935-1396, and he is usually available between 6 and 8 on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and substantially later Friday nights (all times Pacific). Paul himself can be written at his P.O. Box, 231155 in Encinitas, 92023. Paul had been nearing completion on a new issue of the revived series of *Crawdaddy*, but that will obviously be on hold for now.

It's especially upsetting to hear this news less than two weeks after seeing Paul and Cindy at Corflu in Las Vegas, where they, like most of us, seemed to have an entertaining time. I hope all APAK reader will join me in wishing Paul a complete and swift recovery. THIS IS THE FIRST issue of APAK since Corflu Vegas, and naturally, most of it will be consumed with a report on those proceedings. I've been some time in starting my internal playback of the weekend; sleeping only 4 or 5 hours a night (and none if it at what most people call "night") played hob with my internal clock, and ever since we got home I've been in sunk into fannish quiescence. I had to do some work to finish up the second "baseball book" (the title of which has been in constant flux ever since I reported it), and when that was done the apartment really needed shoveling out. It took three days to peel back the strata and reach the carpet (in level 8b we found blade burins and projectile points

reminiscent of the Clovis find, and in the deepest level, cigarette ash with a carbon-date consistent with the period of Abigail Frost's visit here.) So this is the first real chance I have had to think about Corflu much since our return.

Corflu Vegas probably falls somewhere in the upper third of all versions of the convention held to date. I rate it just slightly behind the Madison edition, where I had an understandably superlative experience, and in a flat-footed tie with Minneapolis and Seattle for second-place. (Of course, I can't comment on the first four, not having been there.) The group energy was positive and exciting, and it was quite encouraging to be welcomed by a vibrant and vital fan group that seemed eager to step right into the Corflu circle. Not all of the Vegas fans we met over the weekend will prove to be enduring fan editors and writers, but a good half-dozen of them probably will, the most exciting hatch of new writers I have seen since joining fandom.

Some measure of credit for this must go to Arnie and Joyce Katz, and Bill Kunkel, who brought the Trufannish word into the desert with them, but the wand of contact touches many; not all of them can do a zine like *Brodie* or *Wild Heirs*.

I got the feeling that Corflu Vegas had come at the beginning of the life of contemporary Vegas fandom, not as a capstone or an expression of full maturity, as has been the case with many Corflu hosts. Las Vegas Westercon? Las Vegas Nasfic? Las Vegas World Fantasy or Horror Convention? A city capable of hosting the Consumer Electronics Show can handle any convention in the world. Only Vegas fandom's good sense can hold them back.

As generous hosts, Vegas fandom has few equals. I reckon they could give the Minneapolis in '73 bunch a real run for their money when it comes to laying out lavish and extravagant party spreads. Cheesecake, turkey dinners, pizza, chocolate fondue...it was a real challenge maintaining any appetite for crossing the street to pound down shrimp sundaes. When some brew snobs were heard muttering about the copious supplies of Coors and Miller on ice in the con suite, John Hardin and Tom Springer made a quick trip, on their own hook, to The Holy Cow, Las Vegas' only micro brewery, and returned with about a dozen gallon jugs of quality beer. I sampled two; a red lager that was nice cold, but undistinguished, and a stout that was as thin and fizzy as Dad's Root Beer.

But his reputation is at large, and he's at Ben Frank's every day . . .

Gangbuster weekend for clam-diggers

Of course, I find most stouts to be painfully thick and sludgy, so the relatively ephemeral quality of this one was a pleasant surprise to me. It was a very tasty beer, and I went back for a second glass. Anyway, the quality of the beer was immaterial; it was the generosity of the gesture that stayed with me.

Programming was minimal, as befits a Corflu, but reasonably entertaining. The panel I sat on, about the role of on-line media in fanzine fandom, was not that exciting, at least in part because everyone participating agreed that even Web pages made a poor substitute for a real fanzine. The consensus was that we all loved getting LoCs through the miracle of e-mail, but nothing on-line was going to make us stop publishing our paper fanzines very soon.

Having a wedding take place at the con was a novel innovation. Things didn't go exactly as scripted, but the bride was lovely, the groom suitably nervous, and everyone wished them all the happiness in the world. The cake was tasty, too.

One thing facilitated by the wealth of hungry young fan-editors at the convention was the Corflu auction. It was decided to split the Corflu and fan-fund auctions into two events, Corflu on Saturday afternoon and the fan-funds on Saturday night. This had the virtue of keeping either auction from going on so long that people slipped out due to boredom, but it did mean that Corflu raised substantially more money than the funds did. Various members of Las Vegas fandom, as well as a few people who had been out of circulation for a number of years, showed up with a healthy wad of ready cash. I was deeply worried when the first item offered, an issue of Hyphen in good condition, raised only about \$30; Oh no, I thought, we fired our best round right away and it didn't make a dent. But I hadn't counted on the particular tastes of Vegas fandom.

Vegas fandom has its own fannish pantheon, in which Bill Rotsler is essentially the king of the ghods. Last year, at Silvercon III, he had earned the enmity of the hotel by drawing on about a third of all the dishes used at the banquet; since he sign his work with pride, they had no problem identifying who the trouble-maker was. To avoid similar bad feeling, the Corflu committee had Bill draw on a series of rocks brought out of the desert, none of which were much larger than the palm of my hand. After a series of fine Greg Pickersgill and Malcolm Edwards fanzines had engendered lively, but not overwhelming interest, out came the "Rockslers." The crowd reacted as if an undiscovered Van Gogh was being offered with a minimum bid of \$5.00. At least eight people bid on the first rock, and I stood there slack-jawed as the price quickly rocketed toward \$100. I think Peggy Kurilla ended up paying \$140.00 for a pair of rocks that were ideal for use as ornamental bookends, which led me to spend the rest of the weekend stalking around muttering, "\$140.00 for a pair of rocks. Chunks of limestone, fer Roscoe's sake. . . .

There were a number of things that I might have liked to obtain, but the bidding on non-lithic items was pretty stiff as well. My prize of the weekend was a copy

of Rotsler's Masque # 2, the Al Ashley issue. The cover had some foxing and discoloration, but the interior was utterly pristine, with all the laboriously-achieved color effects just as bright as they were in 1948. Plus, since the covers were printed on heavy stock, I didn't feel like I would damage the zine by reading it. The staples are firmly seated, and have not been oxidized at all. And to cap it off, my enjoyment of the acquisition was redoubled by the knowledge that this very copy came from Burbee's own collection and was donated by Robert Lichtman, who now has custody of that library.

I also got an early number of Ted White's Stellar, not in quite as good condition, and a pile of frequent newszines, like Peter Roberts' Checkpoint, and some copies of DNQ that I was lacking. I noticed after I had them that the zines had come from Stu Shiffman's collection, right here in Seattle. Gosh Stu, I know it's for a good cause and all, but the next time you want to reduce your stock, I hope you'll give me a call

One thing I really should mention is the T-shirt offered at the convention. Ross Chamberlain drew a wonderful picture of Jophan confronting the sights of Vegas, popped out in red and black on a cream-colored shirt. We've had really great T-shirts at the last three Corflus; whatever artist Lucy chooses to design next year's shirt will have a hard act to follow!

Oh yes; Lucy Huntzinger was universally embraced by the convention as next year's host. She'll be hard pressed to offer as much "stuff" as Corflu Vegas did, but I doubt anyone would expect her to. Putting on a Corflu without a local group of fanzine fans to help is a big task; I hope that sundry people will come forward with offers of assistance. I know I plan to.

Before Lucy was elected emperor and hoisted on to the shoulders of the Praetorian Guard (And what happened to the human pyramid this year, people? Are you all getting too OLD to do such things?), we were treated to an entertaining, if somewhat low-key, guest of honor speech by Gary Hubbard. Gary threw his notes away early in his talk, so I don't know if there is any chance that it can be reprinted in a fanzine; I did see Linda Bushyager working her video camera earlier in the banquet, so perhaps someone could transcribe it from the tape. Hubbard discussed his ongoing pleasure in being a fan, and the enjoyment which writing his column "The Cracked Eye" has afforded him over the years.

I would be remiss if I did not offer thanks for the huge was of egoboo I received on Sunday morning, when the Fannish Achievement Awards were announced. I know that the ballots for nominations went out late, and there was only a few weeks for people to get their votes in; but when Arnie announced that I had won the award for Best Fan Writer, it felt like getting a glowing letter of comment from everyone in fandom. I can't remember anything I said beyond thanking Carrie for all her support and exclaiming "Cool!" when I got a look at the certificate. Thanks to everyone who voted for me; my recognition-Jones ought to be satisfied for several years now.

The other awards went to BLATI for best fanzine and Dan Steffan as best fan artist, both awards much more richly-deserved than my own. Dan's art in the past year has been so varied in subject and style, all executed with great wit and assurance, that I had no trouble at all in selecting his name from the list of brilliant fan artists who were nominated. And BLATI would have received my vote even if I wasn't a regular columnist. . . .

As reported elsewhere in this issue, Burbee was honored with election to the post of past-president of fwa for 1994. Hopefully, this will do something to make up for the fact that early in the weekend his wheelchair was somehow tipped over, leaving him bruised and shaken; to be on the safe side, Cora drove him back home to see his doctor, and so Burb wasn't there to experience that fleeting acclaim in person. Happily, he suffered no serious injury, and was mostly annoyed at having to miss the rest of the con.

I received swift and frequent correction to the list of past-presidents of fwa I published in the last issue of APAK. I had forgotten that we had elected Bill Bowers to the office in El Paso, 1991, and that it was Robert Lichtman who received the office at the L.A. Corflu. rich brown pointed out that he had been elected way back at Corflu IV; this means that my memory of electing two past-presidents in Seattle because it had slipped the collective mind the year before can't be correct. The two offices were filled, but this might merely reflect the practice of attempting to fill in the years of fannish history prior to the establishment of the body. Or, the "forgetting" might have occurred at Confederation the summer before, in which case my new theory about Lucy Huntzinger being elected there will not hold water. I think the whole story is still not in my grasp yet, and if anyone remembers any elections that haven't been mentioned here yet, I hope you'll let me know. For the moment, this is the most complete list of past-presidents of fwa I can manage:

Terry Carr, LACon I, 1984
Suzle Tompkins, Corflu II, 1985
Ted White, Aussiecon II, 1985
Gary Farber, Corflu III, 1986
Lucy Huntzinger, Confederation, 1986 (?)
rich brown, Corflu IV, 1987
Stu Shiffman, Corflu V, 1988
Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, Corflu V, 1988
Avedon Carol, Corflu VI, 1989
Harry Warner Jr., Corflu VII, 1990
Bill Bowers, Corflu IIX, 1991
Robert Lichtman, Corflu IX, 1992
Bob Tucker, Corflu X, 1993
Jack Speer, Corflu XI, 1994
Charles Burbee, Corflu XII, 1995

One thing I noticed immediately upon completing this list is that it contains the names of 13 men and only 4 women. I wonder if, the next time we consider this issue, there might not be some candidate of the femmefannish stripe, one who features prominently in fannish legend and lore, one who faithfully published some of the most entertaining fanzines of trufandom's

most golden age, who might be more than overdue for recognition by fandom's most insubstantial organization? This issue cries out for a measure of bemused pondering.

I will get to the fanzine countdown on the back page as usual, but because Corflu featured the usual trove of fanzines handed round, there are just too many to list at the bottom of the little box. I just got out my box of zines, and I think it was possible to pick up 20 "new" fanzines at Corflu Vegas, if you were lucky enough to be at the right place at the right time. In no particular order: Carrie and I handed out copies of (1) Apparatchik # 31, and (2) Spent Brass # 28. Ben and Cathi Wilson pubbed a joint perzine, (3) Vows, two days before their wedding; that's dedication! Arnie Katz found time to get out a second issue of (4) Swerve for the con, in addition to editing the very fine (5) Fanthology '91. There were three different "portfolio" zines published in time for Corflu, Dan Steffan's superb (6) Lard and Other Renderings, Alexis Gilliland's (7) The Rotsler-Gilliland Sampler Portfolio, and (8) Rotsler's Bits, a collection of Bill's MacDraw experiments put together by Ken Forman. Ken was a busy guy all weekend; he also collaborated with Hardin, Springer and Ben Wilson on 4 (9 - 12) special issues of Nine Lines Each, although the last one was available only to people who stayed very late at the convention. Some zines were agented by people other than their editors; Janice Murray was handing round copies of (13) Ansible #93, and Martin Easterbrook came bearing Jenny Glover's new issue of (14) Maverick. Tracy Benton had a new issue of (15) Cazbah out, # 3, and Lucy Huntzinger's fourth issue of (16) Southern Gothic featured rubber stamps that she applied while sitting in the program commons area. Paul Williams was handing out copies of the latest (17) Crawdaddy, but I think I'd gotten one in the mail already. At least I hope I had. . . . Jerry Kaufman had a zippy new perzine, (18) Monkey Mind, to pass out, and late Saturday night we helped Tom Springer put together the third issue of his fanzine (19) Brodie. Finally, Geri Sullivan had some pre-mailing copies of (20) Rune #85, one of which I virtually snatched right out of her hands. That's 20 zines, and I don't even have to count Ouija #2, published 23 years ago by Mike McInerny and Brad Balfour, which Mike was handing out at Corflu. Guess I better start writing some LoC's. . . .

Speaking of Mike McInerny, Corflu featured a number of people who were making their first foray into fanac after a long stay in the glades of gafia. Grant Canfield and Jay Kinney were on hand, each appearing at their first convention in ages. Frank Lunney continued his slow slide back into fandom, and stared incredulously when told that I had rated his Syndrome #5 as the best fanzine of 1994. Noreen Shaw was there for a while on Saturday, and so was Len Moffat. Boyd Raeburn made the trip from Canada. And Greg Benford had such a good time at Silvercon III last year that he was back on his own hook, fascinated to see all the fanzines currently being published.

It was a great time, as always. Corflu is the one convention I'll always attend. It feels like going home.

Wrinkles and Cherry and Twinky and Pinky and FeFe live from Gay Paree

I have an urgent need for Rubbermaid.

Desert Sidebar

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

Maybe that Katz duo does rule fandom.

As I made the Mustang's springs rock rolling back on Charleston in Saturday night's dusk, the top down, Janice Eisen in front and the Weighty Hooper in back, Led Zeppelin's Kashmir blasting from Classic Rock Radio, and the Las Vegas skyline rising from the desert like a phosphorescent serpent, I thought to myself, Maybe.

Corflu, usually considered a low-key con where the converted preach self-medication, was split by controversy this year, as fixed elections for positions both honorific and administrative drew cries of indignation from pro-democracy forces.

"Oh my god, it's like a trashfire burning in here," Andy said from the hall as he heaved open the door. Then the wind squealed through the corridors and windows of 2333 (but knock at 2338 if you want to get in), the And Smoking Suite.

An open window and an open door were enough to clear the air in a few seconds, a special effect of disputed value. Fanzines and organic debris became jetsam when the floor's emergency exit was opened.

A windspout was spotted from the hotel window about 4:25 pm Sunday, but lasted only briefly.

*Let's get to the point,
Let's roll another joint . . .*

Wedding music. And I came in seersucker.

Hadn't been to a con since 1989, and my first experience was a wedding. Charles Burbee gave away the bride from his wheel-chair. Afterwards I started reacquainting myself with people.

"That's Janice Eisen!" Ted White said. "She's the new fanzine reviewer for Blat!"

"Really," I said. I had come to the con to get a little recognition for poking my head out of my hole, and some other paragon was being held before me.

"She has a solid knowledge of fandom, and the most incisive articles I've seen in years. She really knows how to lay the knife to the bone," he said. "And she's writing for the Washington Post."

All right, I thought, confront your enemies.

Ted and Bob Lichtman started walking down the cavernous meeting-room floor toward a dinner to which I was invited. Hurried, I said hello to as many people as possible, weaving through the crowd to follow, when I passed Janice.

I turned and backpedaled as I shook her hand and said, "Hi, you're Janice Eisen. I'm Victor Gonzalez. I'd like to get a chance to meet you." Then I tripped backward over Burbee's right wheel.

Some kind soul caught me.

The And Smoking Suite. The sidebars. The jackhammer.

The wooden box on the table.

The mighty hall of the emperors.

Ted White, Arnie Katz and Dan Steffan frequently spoke from a few chairs, arranged around the well-trimmed tan-brown table. Two lumpy hide-a-beds made the other side of the circle.

Bob Lichtman, Lenny Bailes, Lucy Huntzinger, Janice Eisen, rich brown and Andy Hooper often took part. Many others drifted through. The vegrant youth kept to the carpet, silently absorbing wisdom and bringing Pepsis. And juicing the jackhammer.

On the table lay the wooden box. The dinosaur collection. The jackhammer. Joyce Katz is a medusa, Arnie a mere concubine. The vegranth hath chahmed me. 'Ere.

Lenny Bailes objected to the process by which Charles Burbee was elected past-president of fwa. The "smoky back room" approach might someday overcome the will of the polis, Bailes argued. Other nominations should be accepted. A true vote should be taken.

"So, like in the Great Hall they would say, 'We honor Odin,' and the Vikings would cheer and pound their tables, and then they would say, 'but Thor is the most worthy Viking,' and the Vikings would cheer louder and pound until their goblets smashed to the floor," Bailes said, drawing a metaphor.

"But Lenny, think of all the work that would cause me," White replied. "I would have to take nominations and write down names. I would have to hold a vote. I would have to count hands," he said.

Earlier that day, at the Sunday morning banquet, an obvious nomination a quick second had led to unanimous consent for the 80-year-old Burbee in the prearranged selection, held under White's direction.

Once in a while the ASS would close so we could feast on unending committee-provided food, or, I am told, attend programming. Some times we would mingle with non-And Smokers.

Then someone would walk up to you and say, "We're going to have a sidebar." And you would walk a little faster so you could get a seat.

Hooper and others arrived late, and took positions on the floor or standing around the circle. I was already sitting at Ted White's left hand.

Hooper looked distracted and a little uncomfortable. The conversation was fragmented. Soon, we knew, one of the bnf's would intone, "You know, I think such-and-such is one of the

most underrated fanzines of all time." Or, "You know, this stuff just never stops coming."

But before that could happen, Hooper called from the sunlit window, "Hey, you know there are a whole bunch of MIAI Abrams tanks down there?"

The crowd jumped for a look. I was one of the first to reach the window and peer down the 22 stories. Some huge piece of land, many football-fields big, was being developed next to the Plaza (boy, that Jack Gaughan -- the Wallace Stevens of fandom). Train tracks formed a border between the dirt and the casino.

The tanks sat on flatcars hooked to a stationary locomotive. They were cool, huge and painted pale desert camouflage.

I looked back, and Ted was the only one still seated. I leapt back to my chair. Hooper was the next down, cracking his fiendish little grin. Some, unnamed, lost out.

Lucy Huntzinger, who organized the successful 1996 Nashville Corflu bid, admitted to possible conflicts of interest between fandom and her career.

"You are not obliged to use me as your travel agent," Huntzinger said as she delivered her fait accompli at the banquet. "But you can get a 5 percent discount on American."

Besides the transparent pocket-lining, Huntzinger has added an innovation to the standard Corflu recipe:

Those who pay a certain fee will have their names removed from the list that goes into the hat to choose the guest of honor. This will allow the shy to avoid the required speech that comes with the seemingly random honor. Those without intestines were signing up for the program within hours of its announcement.

Whether release of the list of the "out-of-hat" is exempted by Tennessee Public Disclosure Act is still under study.

Eisen's face was full of movement. Her eyes fixed on a point in the room as her lips drew back over her teeth. Finally, she could take no more.

"But Lenny, that would mean that somebody would have to lost the vote. That would make people feel bad," she said.

Instead of addressing Eisen's argument, Bailes insisted that the Highest Circle would someday misrepresent the will of the people. His plan, he said, was the only way to avoid such potential oppression.

But once White took up Eisen's point, Lenny was forced to consider if an election wouldn't become competitive -- and therefore hurt the loser's feelings. When the will of the people was represented, said Bailes, then the lesser candidates would feel honored for receiving the nomination. When the will of the people wasn't

represented, there would be a method to rectify the discrepancy.

Someone standing beyond the circle mumbled that the past-presidency is an honor, not a job, and that fwa is not an organization in any real sense. We don't hold elections, we don't levy dues, we don't have an official organ, and we regulate or control no one, said the voice.

White had grown bored of the argument. He leaned back in his chair. "We made it all up at a party at L.A. Con. We were all stoned out of our minds, by the Dog," he said.

Casinos aren't built with easy navigation in mind. The rows of machines and tables are staggered, so no one path is clear. Mirrors are employed to make you disregard all visual information.

I was at the end of a ten-person train headed for a cafe in the Golden Nugget for dinner. We began weaving through the banks of slots, and I quickly lost my sense of direction under pressure from the din of flashing lights, bells, sirens, and the steady repetition of coins clunking into the aluminum trays at the bottom of each machine.

They could cover those trays with felt if they wanted.

We continued toward the center, the walls themselves having disappeared. So far as I could tell, the machines went on forever in all directions.

I stared at people, intent on their machines, scooping quarters into buckets, or discussing which slots were paying off better. I stared at a woman staring at dual streams of silver dollars slamming into a machine's tray. Much louder than quarters. A jackhammer.

After dinner, a quick left turn out of the restaurant took us to the street.

The maid, put off from cleaning the ASS for days, was pounding on the door late Sunday afternoon. One of the four young vegrants, most often Tom Springer or JoHN Hardin, would crack the door and haggle for more time as the evil-smelling smoke-wind blew the maid's black hair back like a mop.

Eventually Joyce slipped her a fifty and she went away.

Janice vehemently lit into Lenny's argument whenever I brought it up. She, Lucy and I were on the desert road in the early afternoon on Sunday, loosening up for a final stint of food and talk.

The wind was gusting to fifty.

It was still easy to be a teenager.

The dust blew across Charleston in streaky patches of red-rock fog as we blasted back to town. The top was up. I crabbed the Mustang into the wind.

The manta rays had come.

We'll have to check the source . . .

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH - I had actually planned not to include any letters in this issue, since I had received only two since Corflu, and those were largely concerned with Spent Brass anyway. But just as I was thinking about putting this to bed, along comes another LoC from GARY FARBER (88 Parkville Ave. Basement, Brooklyn, NY 11230-1017) the third in three weeks, and I know how Gary will pout if I don't print his stuff. He has finally laid hands on a used printer, so fan editors around the country should brace themselves for a blizzard of similar matter:]

"I must say, of the few zines I am sent, yours is the most difficult to loc. This is not for lack of comment hooks or any of the more common reasons you might expect.

"It's because you keep smacking them out so goddamn *fast*.

"I am a slow writer. (It's my trade-off for being a fast reader, i think.) I like to compose slowly in my head, then slowly on paper, then revisit what I've written to severely edit it, and then do a light polish before surrendering the final product. Preferably.

"You, you over-efficient bastid, have a new zine battering down my door while I'm still in my second mental draft, and boom, the discussion has moved along, and I'm left helplessly trailing behind shouting, hey, wait for me!

"And isn't it *comforting* that you can count on fans to never cease finding things to complain about?"

[APH: APAK readers are neatly divided between people who think it comes out too frequently and those who rant and rave when I can't get to the post office until Saturday. What I found out about publishing fanzines almost the minute I began is that no one really likes any fanzine but their own. Since then, I pub to please myself.]

"I'm equally frustrated in attempting to talk to the few local fans or gafiated fans, I sometimes see here in NYC, about yer fine zine. I was chatting with Richard Newsome this week and he'd never seen it. (Have you seen his Arcturus Press reprint of Speer's UP TO NOW ?) I gave up trying to chat with Moshe about it long ago, as although he gets it, he doesn't read it. Andy Porter told me to chastise you when he claimed, yesterday, that he'd never seen it, after I quoted your latest comment on Crinkle. God, you're so elite."

[APH: Mr. Feder's loss is likely to be Mr. Porter's gain. Unless some thing is done to refute this assertion of yours. I know you would never make anything up, Gary.]

"Fascinating to see Victor Gonzalez finally becoming an active fanzine fan in your pages after his several years in New York in which I never heard of him. I'm appalled, on the other hand, to see someone starting a career as a professional journalist swallow a casual slur against Connie Chung without apparently bothering to know or care about the facts. That is, of course, one of the many valid reasons people sometimes despise journalists.

"If Victor bothered to see the entire videotape or read the transcript, of the Chung/Mrs. Gingrich

interview, he'd be aware of the earlier portion of the interview, much less quoted, in which they previously joked back and forth about 'just between you and me', and 'just whisper it in my ear.' It's absolutely incontestable that this was a running joke, done with absolutely clear knowledge by Mrs. Gingrich that this was all part of the taped interview, and that therefore Connie Chung did nothing whatsoever wrong except be naive enough to phrase things in a way that gave ammunition, out of context, for a sharp politician like Newt to come back at her. I had expected that victor had long ago gotten over his gullibility at swallowing Republican Big Lies (I mean, he long ago renounced the Reagandroidness he once delighted in inflicting on Seattle fandom.) so this is dismaying.

"I trust, however, that it's the Last Mistake he'll ever make in his New Glorious Career, and that he'll leave us little people behind in the dust. In fairness to him, prominent journalists like Eleanor Clift are guilty of the same offense I'm tarring Victor for, which continues to show the human fallibility of any journalist. (And just before I mailed this off, Dan Rather appeared on Tom Snyder's show and said nothing more in his co-anchor's defense than to murmur about how unpleasant it all was; another Bad Day at Black Rock. Personally, I think journalists love to stab each other in the back. Sort of like fans. Hell, I apologize to Victor. Maybe I don't know what I'm talking about (of course, I'm not a Professional Journalist) has the Columbia Review of Journalism had anything to say about Connie? Are they still publishing? Can we give them a FAAN award?)

"On the other hand, if he continues to think of people he's reporting on as 'stupid people' who 'manage to accept such limited ambitions' while 'joking' and 'laughing . . .but adopt((ing)) a serious, sympathetic attitude when talking to family,' this bodes ill.

"I couldn't agree with him more, though, on the Fallacy of Objectivity. I put people who can manage to rationalize this concept into a category similar to where I put those who personally get Messages from God.

"Um, I trust that the end of Victor's column in # 30 was merely an infelicitous combination of an intentional sentence fragment on his part together with an accidental lack of punctuation on your part, rather than him cutting off, or being cut off, in mid-sentence?"

[APH: An accident? Sir, this is pure calumny of the lowest kind. In the cheap copy-shop I frequent, there is an unscrupulous punctuation smuggler, whom I know only as Akbar. When I have confronted this criminal mastermind with the clear evidence of his misdeeds - showing him the original copy with the missing period in question clearly displayed, and the final, hamstrung product, he merely shrugs his shoulders and feigns an inability to speak English. Meanwhile, I know that Victor's poor little period has already been spirited away for a long sea journey, at the end of which it will be shackled to a long train of semi-colons, commas and umlauts, forced to labor unto death in the toner mines outside Karachi. Oddly enough, components of articles submitted to me on disk never seem to be to

Akbar's liking; future contributors can make of that what they will.]

"As a former member of the Original FAAN Awards Committee (all homage to Moshe, doven, doven), and the person who briefly attempted picking up the torch of Administrator after Mike Glicksohn drop-kicked it, I wish all concerned all the luck and good wishes in the world. For the record, Mike was the Administrator, but for reasons I no longer remember, but I'm sure were good, threw up his hands and was unable to fulfill his post after the nomination stage. It looked like the awards, of several years standing at that point (and more hot air produced in the process than any but fans can imagine) would go down the drain since no other member of the committee was willing to do the work of counting the ballots, etc. I volunteered, being even stupider than I am now, and after counting all the final ballots, which totaled somewhere between 15 and 30, I vaguely recall, was struck by the seemingly utter meaninglessness of the results. This is a purely subjective reaction, I know, but what was objectively true was that absent any clearer rules, I could have awarded the 'win' to almost any of the nominees depending on how I chose to interpret the melange of nominations-by-person, nominations-by-zine-title, splits-by-co-editor-or-not, and so on.

"I was also in the midst of domestic problems, and, with the insight of retrospection am now much more clearly aware, became swept up in one of the periodic severe clinical depressions I've struggled against all my life. At the time I thought it was just temporary procrastination and that I'd get back to Doing Something about the Awards Real Soon Now. I never did, and to anyone who wishes to say I Fucked Up, I cheerfully please guilty. No one else ever stepped forward to lift a finger to do anything about the FAAN Awards again, so more power to whoever it is who is doing something now.

"I remain rather unimpressed with the meaningfulness of them, still, but it's harmless enough, at worst, with luck. I won't be voting, this year at least, though, as even if I could work up enthusiasm for awards and polls, I haven't seen some of the nominee's work. I haven't seen MIMOSA or RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK, or STET, for instance, (though I'd be delighted to, hint-hint) so I'm in no position to vote. What I can say clearly is that BLATI is absolutely the best fucking fanzine I saw last year, that you've the best frequent fanzine I see (actually it's the only frequent fanzine I see, so maybe I should say you're in the top five of all the zines I saw), that I liked the one RASTUS JOHNSON'S CAKEWALK I borrowed from Arthur Hlavaty, and think highly of TRAPDOOR, HABAKKUK, and the latest IDEA.

"I'm quite grateful, therefore, for your anal-retentive chart of fanzine ratings, as I haven't seen 4/5 of these zines. (And would love to, I hasten to add.) I haven't even seen the zine of Carrie's you list. I don't even have addresses for most of these people anymore to write and ask them for their zines! I'd love to get a copy of the Great Mailing List (preferably in disk form, though a

printout is better than naught), if I could, from Ted, Robert, you, or whomever, so as to remedy this sad situation. Anyone?

Ge, Ben Zuhl's publishing? And Gordon Eklund (whom, in eight years of living in Seattle, I don't believe I ever got around to meeting, to my regret.)? Gee, I did write Mark Manning, and he said he wasn't publishing. I suspect some of these are FAPazines. Do you have a rule for distinguishing some apazines from others?"

[APH: I'm glad you asked that. I know that some theorists, most notably Robert Lichtman, prefer to list no FAPazines or any apazines at all in their tabulation of a year's fanzines. This strikes me as an artificial limitation that ignores the fact that some very fine fanzines have historically been published in FAPA. Most commonly, the FAPazines and other apawork I choose to count in a given year's sample have some contact with people outside the membership of the apa in question, often running letters of comment or reviewing other fanzines that are received in trade. Only a very few of the fanzines listed were purely personal apa-hacking, and those were chosen because they gave me the only opportunity available to list work by a given fan-writer who was less than optimally active in the previous year.

As you point out, the primary value of such an exercise is really just to provide a list of the fanzines which have been published in the previous year. You'll have to deal with the various editors on a case by case basis to get on their mailing lists, Gary; a long period of gaffation sometimes makes it hard to convince an editor to add you to their list, no matter how good your reasons for being away might be.]

(In re #31:) "I could take another shot at Victor by suggesting that what he 'came to know as fandom' in 1984 was about six people, including Ted, Dan and Tom Weber Jr., but I've already taken enough shots at him that I should lay off lest he think I'm really Serious Mad at him, which I'm not. Much.

"I do rather wonder at the statement that Ted White has 'always loved best in fandom -- the short, snappy and terribly frequent fanzine.' There have been PONG, EGOBOO and MINAC, to be sure, but Ted has put as much, if not more, effort into STELLAR and VOID, if not ZIP, plus many lengthy 'Uffish Thots' and numerous other columns & articles, as well as, of course, NULL-F and other apazines.

"However, Ted may stroll, if not leap, to agree with this thought of Victor's. I'll be slightly surprised, though, if Ted feels that calling BLATI 'the Smithsonian Magazine of fandom' is an accurate description.

"Since Victor is so proud of writing 'the most regular and frequent [. . .] unread column in fandom,' I'd like to issue him a small challenge. I'd like to see Victor write, say, six columns in a row (at a page apiece, this isn't a huge task), wherein he Never Mentions Ted White Once, or to make it even better, Never Mentions the six-to-eight fen he knew in 1984.

"No on second thought, I withdraw the challenge. Hastily. He might Write About Me."

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, APRIL 6TH - 19TH:

#1: Brodie #6, Tom Springer

[This isn't the most attractive fanzine in the box, but it rises to this level on the strength of some very entertaining writing by Tom, Arnie Katz, and Tammy Funk. Sometimes I am more impressed by a fan writer who just lays out some personal detail or anecdote, than I am by acres of fancy art, page after page of stellar layout and high-quality components. Tom Springer gives me the impression of a writer who is not yet especially polished, but who writes with great honesty and energy. It's very easy to imagine him becoming one of the best writers in fandom.]

#2: Fanthology '91, edited by Arnie Katz.

[Well, sure, I helped pick out some of the material, and one of my favorite pieces to date, "Bring the Jumping Bean," is featured within. Even without these elements to comment on, I think this Fanthology hangs together better than any edition since the superb 1986 commemorative published by Pat and Dennis Virzi, with an assist from Mike Glycer. A very handsome Ross Chamberlain cover caps it all off. It's good news to hear that Robert Lichtman will be doing Fanthology 1992 for the Nashville Corflu, as well. Now, if people are really eager to see us get caught up, 1993 and 1994 wave beguilingly from your fanzine collections

#3: Southern Gothic # 4, Lucy Huntzinger [Another installment of Lucy's adventure in the U.K. with Bill Bodden, involving terrorist cows - I worry about that boy sometimes. Plus, a passionate piece about a friend who wants to change his sex from mail to female, and how physiology alone can never act as an introduction to the world women live in. Solid stuff, with cool rubber stamps. I'm so glad she's back. . .

#4: Lard & Other Renderings, Dan Steffan [A portfolio of some of Dan's best covers and other illustrations from the past few years. It is nice to see some of these pieces printed in the manner which Dan intended, including the Fanthology '89 cover that was so abused by the people at Sudden Printing. Taking time to look over this stuff in a large lump like this, you begin to appreciate both Dan's unflagging humor and the degree to which he has grown as an artist in the past decade. If you didn't take the time to send in a ballot naming him as your choice for TAFF (or at least some choice), shame on your sorry ass. You might still make the deadline if you sent it out today. . .]

#5: Rune # 85, edited by Jeff Schalles

[It's hard to pick out five fanzines from the twenty I got in Las Vegas; all of them were pretty good. This issue features the usual club-dictated minutes and material from people I could do without, like Dave Romm and Robert Sirignano, but those things are easy to ignore alongside the good stuff. Steve Perry's "The Zen Cosmic Sinkhole" was fun, and a reprint of Ted Johnstone's history of the LASFS from 1956 to 1961. The heart of the issue, though, are two memorials, one by various members of the group who knew Lee Pelton, and an article remembering Dolly Gilliland, written by Alexis Gilliland. It's just a series of anecdotes, really, but a little of Alexis' feelings for Doll creeps in around the edges, and on the whole it's a very effective piece. A good issue from Jeff.]

ALSO RECEIVED: See article on page 3; also Opuntia #23.1A, Dale Speirs, and Situation Normal??, April 1995, edited by Joyce Katz for SNAFFU. Keep 'em coming!

Well, that ought to do it for now. I have a lot other material by Mr. Farber in hand, as well as one or two other letters, and we will get to it all next time as space permits.

This will be the first issue of Apparatchik which some of you have received. I've expanded the mailing list by between 15 and 20 names, and will keep it at the level for at least the next few issues. As always, the best way to stay on the mailing list is to send a letter of comment from time to time, although I am also always happy to accept funds to help defray the cost of production and mailing.

I also have to announce that I am not sure how frequently Apparatchik will appear in the month of May, or if it does, how substantial it is likely to be. I have been talking with various editorial personages, and the next major project I do may be rushed out before the end of May, in order to have it on the stands before the NFL pre-season begins. At least one issue of Apak is likely to slip as a result. If this becomes necessary, I apologize in advance.

APPARATCHIK is the Archibald Cunningham of fandom, unwanted, unloved and unlovable, utterly without any redeeming features, and yet a snappy dresser and a dab hand with a rapier. You can get **APPARATCHIK** for \$3.00 for a three-month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life-time sub-scription for \$19.73, or in exchange for Elvis Costello's "Live at El Mocambo." Savage Lifetime subscribers are Tom Becker, Richard Brandt and Michelle Lyons, Don Fitch, Lucy Huntzinger, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Greg Pickersgill, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Geri Sullivan and Art Widner. Addresses of fanzines reviewed at left: Brodie # 3, Tom Springer, 3073 Conquista Court, Las Vegas, NV 89121; Fanthology '91, \$10.00 to Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107; Southern Gothic #4, from Lucy Huntzinger, 2305 Bernard Ave., Nashville, TN 37212; Lard & other Renderings, very, very limited supplies available from Dan Steffan, 3804 S. 9th St., Arlington, VA 22204; Rune #85, published by MnStf, PO Box 8297, Lake Street Station, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

If you don't like the wasted white space, I can go back to writing about air combat . . .