
APPARATCHIK

The thirty-fourth 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 9103, also available at APHooper@aol.com. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 220. Thanks to carl juarez for proofreading assistance. How is it possible that these kinds of things can happen in Wenatchee?

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AFTER TYPING IN the letter column for this issue, I hardly have the strength left to come up with any kind of editorial at all, so this will be a ramble from one minor point to another. A wrap-up of fannish notes that I haven't been able to fit in the last two or three numbers.

FIRST, thanks again to the members of the 1994 & 1995 Worldcons who nominated me for the best fan-writer Hugo. I'm not yet jaded enough that it doesn't give me a thrill when I see my name on that list; all of my equivocation and dismissal of the process comes later, when I'm trying to rationalize another inevitable defeat.

OTHER NOMINATIONS OF NOTE: Four remarkable works are nominated in the Non-Fiction book category: Cathy Burnett and Arnie Fenner's *Spectrum: the Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art*, Chip Delany's *Silent Interviews: On Language, Race, Sex, Science Fiction and some Comics*, Teresa Nielsen Hayden's *Making Book*, and Chris Priest's *The Book on the Edge of Forever*. Sadly, all four are liable to get creamed by *I, Asimov: a Memoir*, but I can't remember a field that strong in years. It's entertaining as hell to imagine Priest winning the award and to wonder what his acceptance speech would be like The field of fanzines is pretty strong, with *Ansible*, *File 770*, *Habakkuk*, *Lan's Lantern* and *Mimosa*, but where is *BLATT* in this mixture? A stunning oversight, and I suspect the winner will feel rather like a gold-medal winner at a meet where the top competitor couldn't race. But hell, boys, you won the FAAN award and the *Spent Brass* Poll, and those people actually read your fanzine, which is more than can be said for many.

CONGRATULATIONS to our old pal Iain M. Banks for winning a BSFA award for his novel *Feersum Endjinn*. Now, anyone know where I can find a copy?

LAST ISSUE I PROMISED to run a CoA for Jenny Glover when I got it: she and Steve and company can now be reached at 24 Laverockbank Rd., Trinity, Edinburgh, Scotland EH5 3DE U.K.

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I have made reference to a "special event" to be held in London the weekend before the Worldcon; this has now been transmogrified into the following listing, cribbed from *Ansible*: "19-20 Aug Precursor, probably in Leicester: 'fannish relaxicon,' a pre-Worldcon party to welcome overseas fans (especially for Brits unable to afford THE SCOTTISH CONVENTION) contact 144 Plashet grove, East Ham, London, E6 1AB." This is, of course, Rob Hansen and

Avedon Carol's address, and they could also be reached at Avedon@cix.compulink.co.uk. I have had a lot of trouble reaching English addresses electronically lately; don't know what I'm doing wrong, but its kept me from getting any more solid confirmation of this event than presented by Martin Smith in the Turbo-Apa last month, to wit: "re the 'secret convention.' We handed out some flyers at the Eastercon. We wanted to see what response we got and it was rather mixed. Those who are going to the Worldcon were not too keen on the idea of spending more on a convention the weekend before. Those not going were more positive, and wanted to have the opportunity to meet visiting fans. However, several people thought we may have left it too late before organising it. the main reason for the delay is a dispute over the site. I didn't like the hotel John (Harvey) suggested, which was used for the last Mexican, so I looked for some in Leicester. Just last week I got details of one which is being redeveloped and should make an excellent site. The room rates will be £39 single and £24.50 per person per night (much lower than those at the Worldcon and you still have a chance of getting a room). the membership rate will be £15. the main thing to find out now is whether it is too late and the visiting Americans have made plans . . . I will e-mail you to let you know more details. We will also e-mail all the Americans we know and send out some flyers. At the moment we are mainly interested in gauging interest rather than getting firm commitments."

This was written in mid-April, and I have had no further note from Martin. He is allegedly reachable at martins@muttley.win-uk.net, although none of the mail I have sent him has received reply. This is likely my fault, but I hope to run a definitive announcement next issue. For now, the dates seem firm enough to depend upon. But Leicester?

Did you know you can call Rich Brandt at 1-800-585-8754 and get him to yatter at you about the 1997 San Antonio Worldcon, or the 1996 El Paso Westercon? Did you also know he pays for those calls himself? Did you also know he could be reached electrospiritually via RichBrandt@aol.com & 71573.2724@Compuserve.com?

You must forgive Gary, Moshe. He meant no harm, only to express his frustration at being unable to discuss APAK with you, his long-standing pal. Too bad you won't read this, most likely.

The thing I remember about that book is that it was full of binnacles.



Post-War Military Expansionism

By Victor M. Gonzalez

Staff Writer

An LED strip in the Shamrock Tavern announces, amid flashing drink specials couched in bad jokes, "The Rock -- 1946 -- 1994." Cheap tan panels compete for wall space with two 27-inch televisions and a vast number of small signs, plaques, pull-tabs and anniversary t-shirts. The lighting is just a little too bright.

The men are ill-kempt, dirty bluejeans and whiskers; the women are flashy, big-haired and strapped into close fitting tops and tight, clean bluejeans.

Everyone (including myself) drinks bad American pilseners; those who pride themselves on their developed taste order Miller draft.

Those who want the hard stuff can travel thirty blocks south, where a vodka- tonic runs a hefty \$1.25.

"What kind of red wine do you have?" draws a cute smirk from the bartenders at the Rock. It is the most dumbfuck bar I've ever hung out in.

The other night, a short, barrel-chested, thick-necked man with clipped hair and glassy blues eyes vocally projected at a smaller hawk-nosed man wearing an expensive Seattle Supersonics training jacket. The subject: where hawk-nose's son should go for basic training to get the most out of the Marines. The music was loud, but not that loud.

But husky man's volume was caused by intensity, not animosity.

"I don't care where he goes. I just want him out of the house," the smaller man eventually said.

It is the song of the underpaid workingman's military. Ambition, at least of the white-collar kind, comes in limited supply here.

When World War II began, Fort Lewis wasn't much of anything but an outpost. By 1942, thousands of families were training there, and shipping out west from McChord Air Force Base, next to the fort, which also came into its own. Businesses, apartment buildings and houses grew up around a road that stretches from Tacoma past the bases, and farther to the south, Pacific Avenue.

Still, the area around Pacific was rightly called Parkland. Even now, like most of the Northwest, evergreens abound.

But Pacific is a strip now -- low rent single-story businesses for miles. Lights every four or five blocks barely control drivers who can't decide if they should drive the speed limit, 35 mph, or highway speeds.

The road lacks sidewalks south of Tacoma, as does much of unincorporated Pierce County. What was once low-density rural land has transformed at a quicker and quicker pace into the fastest growing area in the state. County government is a couple decades behind.

Kids often get killed on Pacific, as do plenty of drunk drivers and their victims. At night it seems sometimes like the police cars never stop zipping by, lightbars flashing. Pacific has the highest fatality rate of any similar road in the state.

But amid this environment, there are hopeful signs.

Around 1890 a bunch of Lutherans started a university on a site just four blocks west of Pacific. The avenue was then, I imagine, not more than a gravel road.

A note about Tacoma: This city (now with a population of 180,000) got the first rail spur in the region, and thus outstripped Seattle's growth until the 1880s, when Seattle built its own spur, quickly eclipsing Tacoma in population and economic vitality.

The prejudice against this more industrial, blue-collar town has grown ever since. It's obvious in Seattle; even a normally rational person like Jane Hawkins jerks her knee in distaste when the thought of living in Tacoma comes up.

As Tom Weber said in a recent e-mail, "You are the first friend I've ever had who lived in Tacoma."

But if they think Tacoma stinks (and it still does a little, on hazy, hot days, due to a paper mill, but you should have wrinkled your nose at it when the copper smelter was still operating), their reaction to Parkland (and its southern suburban cousin, Spanaway) is even more brutally rapid.

For those unfamiliar with the Puget Sound region: Seattle has about 500,000 people in its city limits. When the entire metro area is considered, which includes software and technology boom areas like Bellevue and Redmond, that number jumps to well over one million.

Thirty miles south, and slightly west, is Tacoma, linked by Interstate 5, which then travels on southwesterly to Olympia, the state capital. All three cities sit on the Sound, a vast inland saltwater body that stretches north ninety miles to its connection with the Pacific Ocean.

The region got its start in shipping and timber. Although there was an odd brief boom around 1906 when Seattle was the jumping-off point for the Alaskan Gold Rush (the city built the basis for the current University of Washington campus as a showcase for

Alaskan trade that year), Boeing was the next major force, the bellwether of the Seattle economy from about 1925 until a few years ago.

In the early 1970s, Boeing laid off tens of thousands of employees, leading eventually to an editorial cartoon that read, "Would the last person leaving Seattle please turn out the lights?"

They are still an impressive force, with more than half of all commercial jet sales worldwide, and the largest building in the world, a multi-football-field assembly plant near Everett, which is about thirty miles north of Seattle. The hangar is bigger than many of Washington's smaller towns.

Then came Microsoft and the rest, which has improved the area's stability -- no longer completely reliant on new airplane sales figures.

Bellevue is a Microsoft town; Seattle a Boeing town (and to me, "The Jet City" still rings truer than "The Emerald City"); and Tacoma, still a Weyerhaeuser town. Also known as "The City of Destiny."

Or, as I started calling it when I realized I'd be covering some crime stories there, "Mayhem Central."

Toyota named a new model of pick-up truck the Tacoma; I doubt there's an Acura Bellevue yet.

Anyway, Pacific Lutheran University is not large, but like all colleges, it supports a community of students, workers and instructors around it. The rent in Parkland is cheap.

As the area exploded during the war, a bunch of businesses grew up around Garfield Street South and the entrance to the university; these more or less flourished until the early 1960s. The county built sidewalks; can't run down those private college kids.

Then began the slow decline, as the waves of ick washed in from Pacific.

Streetfront barbershops and cafes turned into hock-shops, or just boarded up their fronts with plywood. The sidewalks began to crumble. Eighty-year-old trees were chopped down. A string of beautifully ornate cast-iron streetlights were replaced with a few lights made of spun aluminum.

One two-story, 24-unit red-brick apartment building, the Garfield Building, continued to cater to students who wanted to get away from the no-alcohol dorms. But most students no doubt came to think of the campus as an enclave, not to be ventured without.

Then, just over a year ago, half of the Garfield Building burned down in a spectacular fire started by an electrical short. What wasn't burned was destroyed by thousands of gallons of water delivered by Central Pierce Fire and Rescue. The other half of the building was spared by a fire wall.

Later, a large boarding house across the street that specialized in recovering alcoholics burned down as well. Some people do suspect arson for that one.

So now the tide is turning back.

The Garfield Building was sold, and the new owner rebuilt the destroyed half, renovated the rest, and new businesses are popping up all over. The street features one of the best Italian restaurants in the Puget Sound region, several coffee shops, an aging-hippie art, jewelry and trinket store called the White Rabbit, a neat herb store and a gaming shop, the Hippogriff's Lair.

Locals have also formed a community association, a weak but legal form of representative government for unincorporated areas.

Pacific is still there, and it hasn't changed. Every now and then a car careens into the Garfield Building at night. This has happened at least three times since February.

Usually the errant drivers are drunk, but just a few days before I moved in a U-Haul-type truck scraped the building's marquee as it turned the corner. As usual, the building was hardly damaged. The truck's two inexperienced drivers actually left the scene, with a twenty-foot can-opener gash in the side of their truck.

It seems kind of fun to me; I live on the second floor.

This is active gentrification, a realization of Jane Jacobs' vision of short blocks and conscientious storekeepers.

When I lived near Columbia University, I often thought of its south-of-Harlem location as a garden kept alive in a Superfund site: pump in enough chemicals (money), and flowers will grow, even in the toxic waste. Walk two blocks from the manicured lawns, and you can score some heroin in front of a vacant 80-unit apartment building sealed with concrete slabs.

Parkland isn't quite the same. This is military suburban sprawl, not high-density ghetto. But it's fun to live cheap in an actively changing neighborhood.

I tell the tale I heard told: the original owner of the Rock now lives on a giant estate on Spanaway Lake, where gardeners in cranes seasonally trim his evergreens as smooth as Christmas-card trees, and his huge hedges into ducks.



Please note: I have in fact moved. Mail that goes to my old address will still get to me, but slowly.

My new address is:

403 1/2 Garfield Street South, Apt. 11
Tacoma, WA 98444

If you modified your list to reflect this change because of Hooper's announcement last issue, please call

Lets go down to the water's edge and we can cast away those doubts

the file up again: he omitted a word.

I will point out a potentially frightening prospect. The more fanzines I get, the more articulate I can be when commenting on fandom.

An example of my current level of sophistication: Ted White Ted White Ted White Ted White Ted White Ted White.



AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: For many fans, time is now being measured as the period until the Worldcon. LILLIAN EDWARDS (39 Viewforth Edinburgh, EH10 4JE U.K.) previews the event as follows:]

"Thanks for all the Apps, which really are read here (poor old Moshe eh, publicly outed) but which, since the lingering death of the TAFF argument, have not inspired a great deal of written comment here at 39 Viewforth. However I do feel some kind of update on Greg Pickersgill's comments about the Worldcon in App #29 are probably in order lest readers be left feeling as cynical and prospectively out of pocket as you yourself obviously did (and here I should admit right up front to writing with my hat on (a strange habit admittedly, especially in May) as co-organiser with Christina Lake of the evening portion of the fanroom and fan programme at Intersection.)

"Greg wrote to you, probably sometime around February, to the effect that (a) he wasn't going to Worldcon (b) no-one else in Britain was either (c) it would all be a disaster and (d) there would have to be a bail-out fund yet again. Well, maybe I trim a little for dramatic effect but that was the gist. Anyhow, now in the halcyon days of May I can announce that to best of my knowledge Greg IS coming to Worldcon, *deo volente*, not least because the board had their head bashed around at the prospect of losing one of the most reliably entertaining fannish performers by yours truly and various others, and saw sense in time to allot a free membership. I thought I also heard rumours of Greg sleeping in the ashtray of one of Peter Weston's limousines to avoid the Glasgow hotel prices but I could have had too much of the luridly scarlet Confabulation punch by then to overhear correctly. Greg will be attending both as friend and back-up for Vince Clarke, the fan guest of honour, and as a strong if slightly leaning to the horizontal pillar of the fan programme. More on this below.

"On the general reputation of the Scottish Convention, yes it is true that there are still staff members on board (though not on *the* board) who could not organise the proverbial convention in a brewery. But not, by this stage, that many of them as most of them have already voted with their inertia, resigned, and been replaced. After a rickety and extremely late start, the literary

programme, for example, is now coagulating under the leadership of Colin Harris, late of Mexicon and is actually, genuinely, looking pretty good. (I saw a draft list at Eastercon, and a full fledged draft timetable was apparently circulated last week.) On financing, the problem of this convention is that the top brass, terrified at the prospect of a repeat of the Conspiracy debacle are, if anything, too financially timid; my own bailiwick, for example has an expendable budget of slightly over £200 - not quite enough to pay for the band we're paying plus their PA. This may make for a convention lacking in some of the excesses we've perhaps come to expect but it should not make for another round of fannish liquidations. And finally, as for the likely attendance rate of British fanzine fandom; no, perhaps Intersection will not be the kind of universal gathering and focal point Conspiracy was, but then British fanzine was altogether in a more vibrant (and financially liquid) state in 1987 than in 1995 (we are having a sort of late-breaking fannish revival, but sadly, not a financial one). However from what I know, I expect to find more UK fzn fans in one place in Glasgow than at any other convention of recent years except perhaps the early Mexicons. Of current active publishing fans, certainly Ounsley, Pickersgill, Sorenson, the Attitude team, Langford, Frost, Lake et al will be coming -- the only stand-out non-- attendees being (sadly) Avedon Carol and Rob Hansen and Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna, all of whom have, quite reasonably, their own financial priorities (and have access to the Hansen-run pre-Worldcon London mini-convention.)

"In any case the point I both want and am actually qualified to make is that even if Intersection itself is a disaster, lacking verve, imagination and cute nubile cheerleaders, the part of the convention your readership are primarily interested in, the fan programme and fan area, will not be affected. In many ways, except sadly in the question of budgets, we have already declared creative UDI. Christina and I have a full evening programme laid out and pretty much ready to go, so have Jackie McRoberts and Alison Fairbairn for the 'morning' programme (which in true fannish style runs to about 2 pm.) This latter is a really cool programme stream, aimed at neo fans but which I predict will be the place for tired old fans nursing their hangovers to hang out at around noon. It's more like MTV or talk radio on speed than the tired old panels we've come to know and hate. Meanwhile over at the evening venue, the Central hotel, there is already definitely going to be a Fannish Blind Date competition featuring that well known ladies' man Martin Smith, a Sex in Fandom round table discussion hosted by Eileen Gunn, a Live Ansible Review of the convention where Dave Langford and a cast of thousands will deconstruct or possibly decompose the twitching remains of Intersection in inimitable style with instant art, an international Fannish Question Time run that man Greg P. himself, an Oprah-style chat-show on why fans can't get laid except on electronic dates and (as they say) much much more. Gosh, I sound like a carpet

warehouse advert. On Friday night, we shift fannish things over to the giant expanses of the Central Hotel ballroom for a heart-stopping world-premiere adaptation of Dune. By three people. Followed by a band, or possibly two (yes, the budget problem) culled from the indy and R and B talent of Glasgow's music scene. there are also going to be parties. Lots and lots of parties. Doesn't sound that despondent, does it?

"Yes this has been a paid political party broadcast. But a fairly honest one. I would hate any US fannish fan thinking about coming to be put off by the general negative vibes surrounding the con which have been mostly caused by the failure of the higher echelons of the committee to get on top of their publicity and communications problems -- problems which are great fun for smofs to nit-pick about but which are not truly relevant to the creation of a convention which people will enjoy. I think the really important parts -- the creative elements in various bits of the programme hierarchy -- are really not in too bad a shape."

[APH: You have me all the way up to the final paragraph, which strikes me as being in part a thinly-veiled admonition not to Spread Vile Gossip about the Great Event. All Worldcons attract bad vibes; there is terrible power in the gathering of so many people at once, and it naturally elicits near-eschatologic pronouncements from many quarters. It is encouraging to hear many of these things (although I'm not sure I'm glad to hear about the Glaswegian Garage Bands) and to know that those of us with extremely fond memories of the fan room at Conspiracy have something to look forward to. The idea of focusing the daytime fan program on the interests of neofans is an interesting one, but I hope this wasn't undertaken in the hopes of "recruiting" new fanzine fans; more on my opposition to this below.

For my part, I have always assumed that the Intersection program in all areas would come together in the last four months leading up to the con. That's the way it's always done, more or less. It's a shame that things like the fan program and the literary program are usually the things that get the least attention from the treasurer, but that just seems to be the way of things. Many American Worldcons have featured events sponsored by regional fandoms or specific fans, in order to defray the cost of those creature comforts you figure on doing without...I imagine they would rise to the occasion if asked again.

Now, back on the topic of recruiting fanzine fans, let us enjoy this communication postmarked in Gibraltar from CHUCK CONNOR (40 Sildan House, Chediston Rd., Wisset, Near Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 ONF U.K.), who has run afoul of censorship on The Rock:]

"Many thank'ees for recent bundle of APPARATCHIK and SPENT BRASS -- makes me feel guilty as sin that I cannot 'one-for-one' because I appreciate the effort you people put into them just by getting them out on deadline.

Anyway, there's a new TB (Thingumybob) being printed off back in the U.K. The local firm, *IMAGE GRAPHICS*, got a little upset with a couple of things and I only managed to get three dummy copies together before they pulled the plug on the presses -- or photocopier in this case. It is a lonely thing being an old scrote in the land of the Respectables -- despite the fact that corruption and smuggling is rife out here (\$50 million on contraband cigarettes per year, Government figure. Whether that's what the criminals have made, or the government, I know not, mainly as they seem to be one and the same) Anyway, I have to push it through the International Mails and get an old friend to do the copying -- expect delays, or even TB15 before TB14. Now, that would really confuse the punters . . .

"See on the back of A32 that you're after a copy of Costello's LIVE AT EL MOCAMBO? Eeee, that fair brings back memories -- classy bootleg as well, though if memory serves me correctly there were two cuts: one direct off the mixing desk and the other a stereo mix from the Canadian FM radio broadcast. If I can find a vinyl copy in good nick or find someone with a copy to tape then will pass it on. Never was strong on his material myself, some nice early riffs, but I think the only thing of his to survive in my collection over the years is the 12" extended version of GREEN SHIRT. Music out here is mostly Spanish in style and piracy and of the *BANGING MY CASTANETS - Mama Lucia's 40 Greatest Wrist Jerkers* variety. Best find has been a mid-coded copy of THE CROW O.S.T. which is gothy but listenable, and bargain priced as well."

[APH: Actually, I was hoping to find a source for the limited-edition re-mastered CD that came with the boxed set of his first three albums that was released about a year and a half ago...I just don't want to have to buy all three CDs again, just to get the "official" re-release of the bootleg. Personally, I think Elvis Costello was probably the most gifted songwriter of the eighties, and I adore all of his stuff, even the album with the Brodsky Quartet. I saw him on David Letterman's show last night, performing an unknown song written by Little Richard some thirty years ago - he sounded pretty good, even with the inept mixing of the TV audio engineers. Back to you:]

"Jump-cutting to A29 I was curious to read your comments on Scott Patri's ZERO-G LAVATORY (which I've not seen despite there being quite a big influx of new Canucks to my mailing list -- The Graham and Murray Moore spring to this fetid mind straight away) Is there a kind of faned 'infancy' that we all pass through to a lesser or greater extent when we start off in (for want of a better expression) fanzine fandom? I know that there are pieces and even whole issues from 10 or 15 years ago that I would like to see expunged from the corporate memory (even though it amuses some people to hold them as being relevant today -- caca-change birds I suppose) but I don't know of any embryonic faned who

I don't recall anyone ever demanding a column at gunpoint before.

Making an experienced editor shudder, that's no small achievement.

hasn't been over-enthusiastic to some extent in the early issues of their first fanzine. No, I'm not defending Scott's writings -- as I say, I've not seen his zines so really cannot comment on that aspect -- but in some respects it does tend to highlight the fact that there is a lot of complacency in fandom at the moment. Very much a case of sitting back and expecting the crowds of newcomers to come a-flocking to the steps of the temple we so love and worship in, rather than going out and seeking converts to the cause (I am, naturally, a follower of the belief that we need to get out and sell fanzines back to the fans as a viable medium for communication and enjoyment, rather than just dropping into a convention if the weekend is boring.)."

[APH: It is difficult for me to summarize what a bad idea I think this is. All attempts to organize and actively increase the ranks of fandom seem to end in either disaster or banality. Either feuds break out over the use of power and the control of false hierarchies (WSFA Inc., for example) or the process of meeting, recruiting, and speculating on how to meet and recruit more effectively become the organization's sole purpose (like the NFFF or the BSFA or the Church of Scientology, for example).

The only useful way to attract new members into fandom is through our regular fanac, whether written or face-to-face. Special activities undertaken to attract neofans give an innately inaccurate picture of what fandom is and does; those new fans attracted by them may be profoundly disillusioned to find that they do not constitute business as usual within fandom. I understand that we need to bring more people into fandom or else our private acre of society will cease to be. But we only need to find a handful of new fans per year to replace those who gaffate or die; by and large, anyone who survives a solid year as a fan is likely to remain one for life. Once this situation has been addressed, the pursuit of new fans seems more compulsive than useful. Back to you:]

"By the same token, I also think it is time to allow the newer generations of fanzine fans to start creating their own mythologies and traditions rather than harping back to the past all the time. Does it matter to the budding fans of today who sawed Courtney's Boat or the fact that Don Fitch & I were recently wittering on about The Cosmic Circle and good old Claude? I don't think it does because they really should have the freedom to make their own monsters and heroes. A parallel can be drawn with Laney's AH SWEET IDIOCY -- its reputation is far more than the sum of the original FAPA parts could ever live up to -- or the reaction to the sequel to THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. As I say, I'm not defending the right for faneds to make mistakes (and it's a Roscoe-given right, methinks!) just wondering if there should be a bit of a teething period is all."



[APH: Well, hell, I'll defend the right of faneds to make mistakes. Everyone makes mistakes. The difference between a mere oversight or good intentions derailed by misinformation and outright fuggheadedness is usually pretty easy to tell; the blurring of that line in Mr. Patri's zine was what made it worthy of comment.

Think about this idea of tearing down old mythologies in order to create new ones for a while, and I think you'll begin to see its impracticalities. How can we, as an established generation of fans, leave behind our history and mythology simply so that neofans will not find them intimidating? Those fans will have to make their own contributions to the myth-making process, whether they acknowledge our history or not. We can't stand mute and abandon our own experience so that people will feel more enabled to talk about their own. What a ludicrous idea! As contemporary fans DO things -- outrageous, admirable or otherwise memorable things -- they will enter into the country of myth, regardless of their command of the place their actions have in the larger history of fandom.

This leads me into a question raised by something which Henry Welch wrote in the latest issue of THE KNARLEY KNEWS. He was responding to a letter by Murray Moore in which the latter had observed that Ted White, Dan Steffan and I object to Henry because he does not "cleave to the fandom which they embrace, and worse, you do not care that you do not." Henry's response was that he does not "...have a problem with their views of fandom or how they pursue the hobby of zineing. I must draw the line, though, when they pronounce that theirs is the only true fandom." I'm curious about this; this is an assumption which a number of readers have inferred from my work and that of a long line of publishing fen, that we somehow believe we have the patent on the one true way to fannishness. It may be amusing to say things like that in an allegorical context, ala TED, but I've never known a single fan who believed that fanzine fandom, or any personal cross-section of fandom, to be the only "real" fandom, in an objective sense.

We also talk about trufandom, both as a mythical construct and as an idealized personification of the things we hold important in fandom, but this is a generic term, capable of holding a million meanings. So my question is this: How does having an interest in fandom's history translate into a presumption that we consider ours is the only valid interpretation or measurement of fandom? The message that I take from this is a profoundly anti-intellectual one -- any effort at self-definition or historical perspective is instantly denounced as being pretentious and self-serving. Or a means to preserve social barriers that disenfranchise deserving young fans.

All I can say is that if the mild self-aggrandizement which fanzine fandom has been prone to over the years has been enough to alienate or drive off anyone who would have

otherwise have been a fan, I hate to imagine what they would do in the face of real resistance or social ostracism, such as fans used to suffer as a matter of course in decades past. Not everything in life is supposed to be effortless and accommodating, after all. Back to you:]

Actually, Vancouver has quite a history of oddities - did you ever receive anything from an old degenerate fan, Bruce Kalnins, at all? NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS was the only coherent 'zine' he did for a while. There was also something called MOTHER OF SWILL, DAUGHTER OF SCUM (I think -- I'm too far away from my collection to quote with surety) and that kicked off an issue with something about clearing the set of all 'these butt-fucking Trekkies!' Who knows, maybe there's something in the water supply of Vancouver that gets to 'em when they're young?"

[APH: I, uh, ummmm. . . Let's move on now to Mr. DALE SPEIRS (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta Canada T2P 2E7) with a word of yet another fan-fund feud:]

"Thanks for the run of Apparatchiks, although #29 was missing. At such a late stage, there isn't much for me to say about TAFF or KTF reviews, the subjects having been gone over well enough.

"Here in Canada, we are just starting up what fanhistory will record as the CUFFuffle. The Canadian Unity Fan Fund was not used in 1994, the Worldcon year of all years, and has just been announced as suspended in 1995. It is used to send a western Canadian fan out east and vice versa, the idea being to allow the winner to attend the Convention, the national con. Lloyd Penney is already slagging it out with the Mansfields, and that clicking sound in the background is fanhistorian Garth Spencer typing it all down on paper., or at least disk. The fighting has spread from Winnipeg (zine *ConTrach*) to Montréal (zine *Warp*), but with any luck I can divert it away from Calgary (my zine *Opuntia*). The three national sports of Canada are hockey, curling and constitutional reform. The first two can't be fitted into the CUFFuffle, but no doubt if it goes on long enough we will have accords all over the place. (In Canada, the word 'accord' means an unsuccessful constitutional amendment, ex. the Meech Lake Accord or the Charlottetown Accord.)"

[APH: And since we're moving at such a good clip now, let's leap back across the water with JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU, United Kingdom) who writes:]

". . . reading Apparatchik can sometimes be a rather frustrating experience, since it makes constant references to other fanzines -- and other fannish events, such as Corflu -- about which it is implicitly assumed the readers have first-hand knowledge. There's nothing you can do about this, of course; after all, you do have first-hand

knowledge of these things, and can hardly help but reflect that, especially in a fanzine the chief purpose of which is to comment on the fan issues of the day. But those such as myself, who don't receive several of the fanzine titles you mention (as I've written before, some editors have clearly decided not to trade with FIT), inevitably finish an issue (or, in this case, a block of issues) with the feeling that they've been vouchsafed with only part of the picture; that there's more to be said, but that it's being said in other fora by other people. This even extends to something as trivial as the contents of the latest Fanthology: you tell us that you helped select the contents, but aside from the title of one of the articles say nothing more about them. Doubtless those who went to Corflu know - but it doesn't help the rest of us decide whether to order copies of it.

"(I assume from the fact that we weren't contacted that there's nothing by us in it, but the previous year's fanthology makes me wary of such assumptions. No review or contents listing appeared anywhere that I saw, and it was not until we saw a copy at Dave Langford's in February this year that we became aware that the 1990 fanthology included an article by Judith. But we had not been asked; we had not been told; we had not - and still have not - been sent a contributor's copy; and a request to the editor, Mark Loney, for an explanation has remained unanswered.)"

[One can only shake one's head in sad amazement. That seems like pretty serious oversight. Of course, I did pay \$5.00 to get a copy of FANTHOLOGY '91 in Las Vegas last month, even though I am a contributor, so perhaps a totally different set of rules apply to the act of fanthology. I'll satisfy your curiosity in regard to the latest volume. You do not appear, but articles by Linda Blanchard, D. West, Rob Hansen, Barnaby Rapoport, Chuch Harris, Geri Sullivan, me, Jeanne Gomoll, Sam Moskowitz, Bob Shaw, Mike Glycer, Lucy Huntzinger, rich brown, Vince Clarke, Walt Willis and Bob Tucker do, all wrapped in a fine Ross Chamberlain cover and available for \$10.00 from the Vegas Empire, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107. Back to you:]

"Perhaps this just reinforces my previously-voiced conviction that US fandom and UK fandom are now sufficiently distinct from each other for them not to automatically share the same experiences of an insights into the fannish world. there's US fandom and its cross-referential and cross-fertilising fanzine scene; and here's UK fandom with a rather more fragmented fanzine culture. (It may seem to you like a time of publishing fertility, but if you were to try counting up the number of times a British fanzine referred to material published by other British fanzines, other than in review columns, you probably wouldn't need more than the fingers of one hand.) But then British fandom does have its compensations: we were able to hand out most of the British copies of FIT17 at the recent Eastercon, putting

All these people with binnacle marks on their foreheads . . .

Book recommendation of the month: THE ACID HOUSE, by Irvine Welsh

faces to several names and picking up several new additions to our mailing list - meaning more potential contributors, even if only in the form of letters. But then letters are all we now need for *FTT* 18: The articles are either in hand or in progress, so with luck there should be nothing to prevent us publishing in time for the Worldcon this August. (It makes a convenient target at which to aim, even though we're not going.) But we still have to print and mail the overseas copies of *FTT* 17, which is such a pain when the next issue beckons. . . .

"There is, nevertheless, one continuing theme on which I feel moved to comment, and that is the continuing criticism of Ted White for being, well, critical of other people's fanzines. There are some people who seem to think he's being overly negative, and harsh, and brutal, and vindictive, but all I can say is that if some people think Ted white is overly negative, harsh, brutal and vindictive then they've never seen real KTF fanzine criticism, and would probably never have survived it. (I quote, from memory, the conclusion of Greg Pickersgill's famous review of the one and only issue of *Viridiana*: 'Jesus Christ, I'm reading the fucking thing now, and I can't believe it. Every copy should be gathered together and burned, with Womack securely roped down in the middle. My fury knows no bounds.') From a British perspective, White's reviews are better described as fair and honest, founded on the recognition that to be a fan is a worthwhile activity in its own right, not something to be apologised for, and therefore that if fandom is to be enriched by its fanzines, their editors have to do the best possible job of which they're capable. If they don't or can't be bothered, then they have only themselves to blame for the criticism they receive, the stupid wimps.

"Someone will now ask me how I'd react if Ted White reviewed *FTT*. The answer is that I'd be delighted if he were to review *FTT*, since apart from any other consideration the thing hardly seems to get reviewed at all, anywhere, by anyone. But I suppose now that Janice Eisen is reviewing fanzines for *Blat!* there's little chance of him giving it a look-over. . . ."

[APH: Ah, but he might still be able to give you some press in *Habakkuk*. . .and who knows, seeing you welcome his analysis might have some effect.

I don't know what can be said about the people who have excised you from their mailing lists; this seems to go on very frequently in fandom right now, and a lot of fans have similar complaints of being dropped from mailing lists without any comment or explanation. I have to admit I have done it myself on one or two occasions, when I just didn't want to deal with a person anymore, and any more formal contact would have led to unpleasant argument. But I do try to avoid it; a person generally deserves to know that they have been cut, at the time it happens, rather than finding out by seeing new issues in some else's collection weeks or months later.

I'd also note that some fan editors have been very slow to update their mailing lists over the last few years, and the endlessly peripatetic nature of fandom means that nearly ten percent of anyone's list changes address in any given year. Anytime a person moves, no matter how conscientiously they send out COA announcements, some fan editors will fail to note the change. I'm trying to do a better job on this myself, and encourage everyone out there to pay more attention to these mundane chores.

Now, a return on previous points by one GARY FARBER (88 Parkville Ave. Basement, Brooklyn, NY 11230-1017) who observes:]

"Ow! Ow! He hit me, Andy! Victor hit me!

"Seriously, Andy, I am a little, and I stress the word 'little,' irritated and exasperated with you.

"My comments about Victor, in context, were intended as no worse than Friendly Light Teasing mixed amongst general comments, mild criticism, mild crankiness, and praise. I obviously failed to carry that off for Victor, and I apologize to him. Again.

"I shouldn't have presumed to strongly on his good nature when I've had so little contact with him in so long.

"The comments that Victor took offense at, though, were out of 7,300 words I had written for APPARATCHIK; you presented 1,750, of which 1,000 concerned Victor. Why those were the words you chose to print, cut from deep within my locs, edited with phrases removed, sequentially rearranged out of order, of the 7,300 words I do not know. They were no more substantive, or amusing, than the majority of the locs that you did not print. I certainly won't attribute motives to you from across the continent, but it sure looks like you are playing 'let's you and he fight,' and I refuse.

"I will simply offer a public apology to Victor.

"I can't say if Victor would have felt the slightest bit less offended had he seen my words in full context; maybe not. I, despite my complaint to you, take full responsibility for the words I wrote. I, seeing what you printed of what I wrote, thought it was a bit rough on Victor, so I'm prepared to forgive him his name-calling response if he can forgive what he calls my unforgivable misreading.

"Otherwise, I thought that Victor should take a deep breath. Jeez, I thought I was cranky.

"I'm otherwise responding to Victor in private, in hopes of preserving some fashion of what I thought was a friendship.

"I'd like to publicly congratulate Dan on his well-deserved TAFF win, if you'll be so kind."

[APH: Editors are bad, bad people, who will often cut your material without any indication that they have done so, and twist it into unfamiliar shapes if they feel that will serve to improve the material, the forum in which it appears, or both. I cut the parts of your letter I found too cute or too dull or too busy or too pointless for inclusion. What was left I found a very clear opinion on Victor's work. If you want to move away from that now, that's your business. Now we'll move directly to a response from VICTOR GONZALEZ (403 1/2 Garfield Street South, Apt. 11 Tacoma, WA 98444):]

"Despite Gary's claims to the contrary, your edits have made slight difference in my interpretation of his letters. I've now read unedited the letter he sent you, along with unedited versions of his previous letters, plus a long DNQ letter to me. Perhaps the issue of how long it took to write his letter was somewhat obscured by the cuts a fast, frequent and inexpensive fanzine mandates, but that was a mighty inconsequential issue indeed."

[APH: Staying on the subject of Victor's column, a note from RANDALL BYERS (1013 N. 36th St. Seattle, WA 98103, e-mail rbyers@u.washington.edu):]

"Thanks for the last couple issues of *Apparatchik*. Somewhat to my surprise, I've managed to drag myself out of my usual stuporous state and produce a loc.

"Victor's writing about car wrecks has arrived on the brink of something powerful. I wasn't sure what the point of the earlier piece was, though I suspected it was meant merely to shock. Partly this was because I couldn't tell how Victor felt or thought about the fatalities. I read the lack of affect as a jaded exploitation of death as spectacle.

"I was made to feel my own insensitivity when, in issue 33, Victor provided the hint that opened my eyes to what was really on his mind. Well, two hints, actually. The first was his complaint that Gary had 'twisted a description of mixed feelings (the triple fatality story), which I tried to portray with complete honesty.' This comment told me that Victor had mixed feelings about what he'd seen - something that wasn't obvious in the piece he wrote. So, I knew it wasn't that he had no feelings about the deaths but that he hadn't clearly expressed his feelings.

"More to the point is the second hint, when he writes 'Cars are forever intertwined with my existence because of death and tragedy.' That's when I understood how far off my initial impression of the first story had been. The emotional distance was not jaded - quite the opposite. Victor ends the latest piece wondering 'if anyone else

thinks about what cars mean.' and there he is at the brink of something powerful.

"I've known Victor for something like 11 years. The car wreck that took his mother's life happened not long after I first met him. In all the time I've known him, he hasn't talked about that car wreck much. Now he has worked his way up to the edge of writing about it. I want to encourage him to forget about the catfight with Gary and tell us more about what cars mean to him. In the end, the best way to answer Gary's coy criticism and such silent suspicions as my own is by digging deeper and demonstrating further how superficial our perceptions have been."

[VICKI ROSENZWEIG (33 Indian Road 6-R, New York, NY 10034) writes:]

"Thank you for the TAFF information. I had been under the vague impression that the end of Mexicons had also ended, at least for the time being, the discussion of the US-to-UK delegate not attending Worldcon or Eastercon. We do seem to have a consensus that the TAFF delegate should visit some significant convention; the debate has been about what conventions are most significant. In any case, there was a healthy turnout, which pleases me even aside from the victory of the candidate I supported.

"Victor is absolutely right about cars, not that I expect his story to do any good: can anyone reach adulthood in this society and not have been presented with the evidence of their dangers, to either accept, try to avoid or ignore one way or another? Even if one has never been in a minor accident, and never driven past the evidence of one, they're the staple of morning radio, presented in a horrific, matter-of-fact 'here's how you can avoid being delayed by this pain and destruction' tone. I can think of nay number of reasonable ways to deal with cars: what scares me are the people who are convinced that it's okay to take stupid chances (like driving drunk or without sleep) because they haven't had an accident yet or because there's no police car in sight, or because being drunk or tired has short-circuited their judgment even more than it has affected their ability to handle a ton of metal moving at 50 miles per hour.

"Unlike Gary, I do think it makes a difference how recently I have seen, or spoken to, or gotten a letter from someone. Simply put, a friendship is a process, not an artifact: it continues over all those calls, letters, conversations and fanzines we share. If I hear that someone I haven't heard from in years has been hurt or had died, the pain is more distant, possibly overlaid with the thought of 'if only I'd kept in touch'; on the relatively few occasions I've lost someone I had seen recently, the pain has been sharper, because what we had was fresher and thus stronger. Maybe my memory is less vivid than other people's. It seems entirely possible. I can only describe what happens to me.

Play that Soul Couching CD for a minute, and Dad and Noel can go suck a butt.

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, MAY 5TH TO 13TH:

#1: Thyme # 102, Alan Stewart. This is a blizzard of news, address-changes, awards and winners, current Australian SF releases and reviews, fanzine listings and letters, attractively executed and now arriving with frequency and regularity. THYME is a striking artifact this time out, virtually a compacted microcosm of Oz fandom between two covers. The covers, BTW, are quite spectacular, the front by Kerri Valkova and the rear by Neale Blanden. The whole issue is very strong on art, with a ten-page rider or sub-zine attached to the back under the title "Artychoke," put together by Ian Gunn. Ian's cartoons are getting funnier all the time, but his serials still have a curiously pre-dated quality to them.

#2: Wild Heirs #5, The Gang of 21 [Another barrage of chatter and fanfic and reprints...I referred to this zine as a "loop-carrier" at Corflu, and no one said anything to contradict me. Great material by Chuch Harris, Bill Kunkel, and a suggestion by Arnie Katz that Vegas fandom respond to the foreign-flagged Vegas in 1999 bid by resurrecting the Chicago Science fiction League. I think the idea has merit.]

#3: Eyeballs in the Sky # 9, Tony Berry. [Berry adds his name to the list of British fanzine heads not attending the Worldcon. These British genzines are very chewy, aren't they? Of course, I have to admit that this is probably the best all-banking stories fanzine I've ever read, with good articles by Martin Tudor, Catherine MacAuley, and an entertaining "how-to" look at bank fraud by Chris Murphy. Plus a nicely-proportioned lettercol. I might list this higher if not for the page after page of justified single-column text...the eye shudders and falls asleep in self-defense.]

#4: Arrows of Desire #6, Seven Views of Jerusalem. [S.V. O'Jay returns after a three year hiatus with an issue that is almost as thoroughly down as the previous number which focused entirely on death. This one is full of thoughts about Religion. Hair-raising and sad writing by Ken Lake leads the parade off, and from there pieces by Michael Abbott, D.F. Lewis, Ian Creasey, Nina Watson, Steve Jeffery, Barry Bayley, Haz Bond and a very, very minor bit by Dave Langford lead into a largely death-obsessed letter column. Very well-written, but exhausting to read.]

#5: Opuntia #23.1B, Dale Speirs. [Much of this one is concerned with Canadian small-press magazines and publishers, as compiled by Garth Spencer and therefore of most use to people who would like to submit to or read the same. Dale's own list of treasures found at ConAdian and some fanzine reviews fill this one out. The thing that really impresses about Opuntia is the fact that Dale has kept to it so dedicatedly for over two years now, putting out an issue almost as often as APAK does.]

ALSO RECEIVED: Ansible #94, Dave Langford; De Profundis # 277, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS; The Knarley Knews #51, Henry & Letha Welch; Mobius Strip V.II, #9, Donna Aranda for the El Paso SFFA; MSFire, V.I, #2, edited by "Milwaukee Science Fiction Services"; Situation Normal??, dated May, 1995, Joyce Katz for SNAFFU.

"Had Mr. Farber bothered to check the facts before he spun his admittedly amusing fantasy of Lucy Huntzinger running one-person meetings, he would have discovered that there are quite a few people working on the next Corflu, probably more than for the El Paso Corflu. [APH: Well, that wouldn't be hard] This is, after all, fanzine fandom, and in an era in which interstate communications are fairly inexpensive. We don't all have to be in the same city. Lucy is handling hotel relationships, and has offered to make plane reservations for anyone who asks. The con suite is being run from Berkeley, by Deb Notkin and Alan Bostick, with assistance from Vijay Bowen in New York. The FAAn Awards are being run by Janice Murray, who is a good organizer and cheerfully willing to send out mailings. Others of us have offered our help as needed; I may be called on for anything from proofreading to last-minute bagel transport. Meetings? We don't need no stinkin' meetings!

"Has anyone received a zine from Joseph Maraglino lately? I'd like to think I'm still on his mailing list, not cut off for some transgression of which I am unaware."

[APH: I've gotten nothing from Joe since the last issue of AQ last, um, early summer? I'm eager to see him pub another ish, too, since he has a piece of mine that has been waiting for over a year to see the light of day.

Thanks also to Mike McInerney, Geri Sullivan, Teddy Harvia and George Flynn for their kind letters. Back in two weeks!]

APPARATCHIK is the Kirishima of fandom, facing the titanic Akebono in the summer tournament, giving away two feet of height and 300 pounds to the Big Hawaiian...yet, a sudden slip to one side, with a powerful underarm throw, and the big boy goes down. You can get APPARATCHIK for \$3.00 for a three-month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life-time subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a box of ESCI 1/72 scale Polish Lancers. 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: THYME, PO BOX 222, World Trade Center, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005, Australia; WILD HEIRS #5, C/O Arnie & Joyce Katz, 330 S. Decatur Suite # 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107; EYEBALLS IN THE SKY, Tony Berry, 55 Seymour Rd., Oldbury, Warley, West Midlands B69 4EP U.K.; ARROWS OF DESIRE, from S V O'Jay, P.O. Box 178, St. Leonard, Maryland, 20685; OPUNTIA, Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7 What, no ketchup?

**ENRAGE CHUCK CONNOR:
VOTE BILL ROTSLER FOR
THE FAN ARTIST
HUGO AWARD**