
APPARATCHIK

The thirty-sixth 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, also available at APHooper@aol.com. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 223. *Apparatchiki*: Victor Gonzalez, Carl Juarez & Martin Tudor. Hungry things in the mud - ick!

Issue # 36, June 15th, 1995

NO ONE HAS YET written to proclaim their intentions to attend Precursor, the pre-Worldcon event in Stevenage, Hertfordshire, but I just posted a check (or cheque) for Carrie and myself. We will be flying out of Seattle on the 17th of August (arriving in London the 18th) and out of Glasgow the 31st. In between we'll be at Precursor and Intersection, and are open to suggestions as to what we might do with the extra five days.

I'VE ALSO BEEN ASKED to publicize a party for GUFF to be held at Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas' home, on Saturday the 12th of August, from 6 PM to "last trains." Joseph and Judith live at 15 Janson Road, London, N15 4JU, and can be reached daytimes at 0171-932-5278, Wednesday to Friday. Any fans visiting the area prior to Worldcon are encouraged to attend.

PAUL WILLIAMS was seen walking around at the ABA convention weekend before last, or so reports Amy Thomson. She said that he was wearing a bicycle helmet to protect his head, but aside from that, looked pretty good. This is great news, especially since the impression many people had was that it might be months before he was back on his feet. One presumes the helmet was meant to protect the gaps drilled into Paul's skull to allow doctors to prevent fluid pressure from building up in his brain, but I think we could excuse Paul if he intended to wear it at all times for the rest of his life.

LAS VEGAS FANDOM, not content to merely rule the world in the present, have begun taking steps to dominate future generations as well. Congratulations to John and Karla Hardin on the birth of their baby daughter Colette Aubrey Marie Hardin, on the 28th of May. Mother and daughter are both said to be well, and John is looking forward to being able to sleep through a full night sometime in early 1996. In addition to this new arrival, Ben and Cathi Wilson, whose nuptials were such an inimitable element of Corflu 12, have recently announced that they are expecting a baby as well. Both children are expected to become contributing editors to Wild Heirs right around 2012.

PENDING the arrival of promised materials, we plan to publish another issue of Spent Brass before the next Apparatchik reaches you. As always, we hope to include a list of recent address changes - so, if those of you who have recently moved want to insure that fanzines will

continue to reach you without interruption, please send your new address to us as soon as possible.

THOSE AMONG YOU WHO WENT to Winnipeg, or even if you just had a membership someone else used under your name, you are eligible to vote for this year's Hugo awards. Any reader of this fanzine who has the chance to vote should do so; we need a larger trufannish presence among the voters for the categories that are important to us. If you really want to see, oh, say, Habakkuk, win the Hugo award, it might be possible if every person reading this line voted and voted for Habakkuk. We won't all vote for it, or for Bill Rotsler (Although, Bill, if you're not going across the pond, I'd love to accept the award for you; I bet it would be the best shot I ever get!), of course, but we'll feel better looking at the voting breakdowns after the con.

A FOOTNOTE to Victor Gonzalez' column of last issue: every person riding in the vehicle which lightly side-swiped Victor's car a few weeks ago has by now filed a report with his insurance company, claiming to be wracked with excruciating lower back pain. If this action is brought to its ultimate logical conclusion, it may be necessary to smuggle Victor's column out of the State of Washington's equivalent of the Bastille.

For entirely unrelated reasons, Victor is feeling a little under the weather this week, and will be taking a one-issue hiatus from his column. We can expect him back for issue # 37.

A LOT OF PEOPLE have been inquiring as to the practicality of transmitting APAK via e-mail. I have to admit, folks, I am not a net-adept; working within the limitations of services like America On-Line and GEnie have proved quite challenging enough for me. As I mentioned last issue, I'm going to be closing the GEnie account soon, so AOL will shortly be my only e-mail server. AOL allows members to send attached binary files like APAK to other members, but will only send text messages composed within AOL parameters to Internet addresses. This situation may change in the future, but for the moment, sending APAK to Internet or WWW addresses is not entirely practical for me. Feel free to offer advice as to how this might be corrected, but don't hold your breath waiting for things to change.

DID ANYONE BESIDES ME immediately think of Bob Shaw's "Wooden Spaceship" novels when they heard

All my vasoconstrictors come slowly undone

that Discovery's latest mission was scrubbed because woodpeckers had been picking away at the insulation on the outside of the fuel tank?

THIS SEEMS AS GOOD A PLACE as any to mull over the future of APAK as a whole. Its first anniversary came and went without much fanfare a few months ago; in general, things have been moving at such a pace that I never considered stopping after the first year as I had once suggested I would.

In many ways I have come to look at APAK as being a kind of fannish diary, an account of my life and times in fandom, and, obliquely, of the people who read it and contribute their response. As long as I go on publishing it, I feel like I have at least a tenuous understanding of the events and ideas that characterize contemporary fandom. Plus, sometimes it's a lot of fun.

The thing is, it keeps getting more and more expensive. The issues are generally eight pages or longer now, and more people want to be added to the mailing list (or, more commonly, suddenly appear to me as essential members of the APAK set whom I have somehow unconscionably ignored for the past year) every week. It is very, very hard to look someone in the eye, who has just asked you for a fanzine, and tell them that they can't have it because they are a load of useless deadwood who have never written you a letter of comment in the ten years you have known them. Confrontational as I may be, it's a lot easier to just give them the zine.

For all these reasons, I am positively ecstatic over Martin Tudor's decision to join the ranks of the *Apparatchiki*, by acting as our U.K. agent. To date, Martin has been providing me with the copying expenses gratis; naturally, this situation will not continue if a lot of people write to him requesting to be added to the list. What I'd like to suggest (to Martin, as well as the rest of the U.K.) is that some modest degree of compensation might suffice to add new U.K. subscribers to the APAK list. U.K. readers apparently received #35 only about ten days after it was published here; that's good enough turn-around time as far as I am concerned, especially if Martin is willing to continue to go to the trouble of sending the thing out every two weeks. I look forward to hearing from him in regard to the cost of printing and mailing an 8 to 10 page fanzine every two weeks; I suspect subscriptions will still turn out to be remarkably pricey, but I'm willing to subsidize a certain segment of these, for people who turn out to be faithful correspondents . . .

Now I just have to find someone in Australia who wants to do the same thing.

MUCH MORE SIGNIFICANT, to me anyway, is the amount of time that I spend preparing and publishing each issue. APAK has long since ceased to be something that can be written and assembled in an afternoon. There are really only about 6 days between the time I finish one issue and began to prepare for the next one, so it becomes almost as involved as a 3/4 time professional project. And there is the ever-present cost involved. This

zine is most definitely available for the usual, and will remain so, but there's no denying how much it consumes in funds and effort (all projects expand to encompass all available resources and time, it's a law of nature) and I feel it isn't untoward to request some recompense; ask yourself these questions:

- 1) Have I written a letter in response to *Apparatchik* since, oh, Issue # 20?
- 2) Have I offered a zine in trade within the run of APAK?
- 3) Have I submitted material for publication to the esteemed Mr. Hooper since the beginning of the run of Ah-par-raht-chick?
- 4) Have I send a major item of tribute or booty to express my acknowledgment of Mr. Hooper's status as Alpha Male Baboon in the fetid little primate research lab of fandom?
- 5) Am I considered a fannish ghod, or otherwise exempt from the rigors of trade and the pursuit of sticky currency?

If you answer "no" to all of the questions above, you might consider sending in a subscription. APPARATCHIK IS A FANZINE WHICH HONORS SUBSCRIPTIONS! Some times it takes a few weeks for the quarter to drop down the slot on my end, and I am slow to get things out, but everyone eventually gets what they order. The entire run of APAK is still in print, even the rare tenth issue with the Dan Steffan illo on the masthead, so just ask and I'll send them along in exchange for a SASE with a lot of postage on it.

I am tempted to begin approaching *Apparatchik* as a for-profit venture, so that I can claim some benefit for all the expenses on my taxes. The late Don C. Thompson was the last fan do this, as far as I know; although fringe-fannish 'zines are obviously run on a profit-taking basis...all those throbbing media zines with slashes in their titles sell for a pretty dinar. If so, I'll need to get some more subs coming in to have the activity to survive scrutiny by the IRS. I know that petty bureaucrats and accountants everywhere are already leaping into action to inform me as to the nature of the many regulations I would thereby abuse.

THE ONLY THING I AM UNSATISFIED WITH, ultimately, is the quality of the zine itself. Most fanzines don't come out every two weeks; there is no reason for them to. And what reason is there for this fanzine to be different? There has to be some actual reason for putting it out so rapidly, and the most obvious one which comes to my mind is to report the news more quickly than, say, a quarterly newszine can. So consider this a plea of the Langfordian stripe, for news of fandom; all kinds gossip and villainy welcome, as well as vital statistics and your spin on them. As always, I want that more than money.

DOES ANYONE BESIDES MYSELF still own one of those "dead Smurf" sculptures which Garth Edmond Danielson created and sold at auction a few years ago? I am interested in seeing if a more encompassing collection could be built, and a catalog of sorts assembled. Maybe I should be sending this zine to Garth.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: I should express my gratitude to all the people in England who made such a fuss about my failure to send copies of this fanzine to them around this time last year: it now appears that I receive more letters from Britain (and the Commonwealth) than I do from the U.S.A. One case in point is this letter from JUDITH HANNA (15 Janson Rd., Tottenham, London, N15 4JU U.K.) who has been following Victor's automotive discourse closely:]

"Does anyone think about what cars mean? asks Victor. Evidence over here from vigorous anti-road protests -- the latest of which invaded Camden high street and closed it off for a street party -- is that quite a sizable number of people have had enough of traffic taking over the urban environment and encroaching on the countryside. Funnily enough, it seems less the killing cars do -- more than 15 people killed on UK roads per day -- that has fueled the anti-traffic revolution than the fact that each car is a damned unpleasant nuisance to everyone outside that particular car. Even motorists resent every other car on the road. Indignation about the levels of poison being pumped into air are rising, fueled by high air pollution episodes when the number of emergency asthma admissions has so overwhelmed hospital beds available that kids were being turned away -- simply no capacity to treat the number of people down with air poisoning.

"An organisation here that is more in tune with the trauma Victor was writing about is 'Roadpeace.' It was formed by people who had lost family or close friends as 'road kills' -- often to the sort of aggressively careless driving Victor talks of. A lot of their motivation is horror is the way that 'careless' driving is dismissed as a sort of natural peccadillo, even if the carelessness kills someone. Judges tend to accept that everyone speeds, everyone gets impatient and cuts corners, so of course 'accidents' happen. Roadpeace and a number of other road safety campaigners say that this view is not acceptable -- we shouldn't tolerate drivers imposing a level of risk which, reliably and predictably, kills 15 people a day in the U.K. Indeed, in Northern Ireland, drivers have killed immensely more people than the 25 years of troubles.

"For a long time, the 'road safety' lobby was dominated by a viewpoint epitomised by a UK Department of Transport poster which showed a child about to cross the road under the caption 'One False Move -- and you're dead.' Mavericks like John Adam and Mayer Hillman pointed out that this was a classic case of 'blaming the victim' -- and letting the driver off the hook of responsibility. Adams is the chap who pointed out that after compulsory seatbelt wearing was introduced in Britain, the dip in car occupant deaths was matched by increased casualties to pedestrians and cyclists. This isn't in dispute -- though his suggestion that because seatbelts make drivers feel safer, they corner just that little faster, brake just that little later, consuming the intended safety benefit as a 'performance benefit', took a long time to win general acceptance. Hillman's recent work has shown that whereas, in 1971, almost all 7-year-olds (80%)

walked to school, in 1992 only 8% did so. 'Roads too dangerous' was overwhelmingly the main reason given by parents, well ahead of 'School too far' and 'stranger danger.'

"The basic problem is car-dependence -- or as I call it, the 'car-potato' lifestyle. It's partly psychological -- people get hooked on convenience and speedy consumption of distance, rather than thinking local or taking the trouble to plan a public transport schedule and route.

"It's partly also to do with a lack of the basic infrastructure for doing without a car. Roads given over to traffic at speed make cycling and walking unpleasant as well as actively dangerous. Dutch-style 'traffic calming' can redesign residential streets to keep traffic speeds at walking pace, well below 20 mph, so that the street becomes public open space as much for kids to play in and neighbours to chat, as for access.

"Mass transit systems must rely on mass use to be economic -- the more of the travel market they serve, the more frequent services on more routes they can run. But if buses aren't used, they don't generate revenue to cover their costs. And they'll only be used if they are allowed to be more visibly efficient than clogging up the road with one more private car. That means bus only lanes or at least High Occupancy Vehicle lanes, and vehicle electronic systems communicating with traffic lights so that a bus always gets a green light as it approaches. They also need to get into the information superhighway with user-friendly journey-planning systems.

"I could go on -- as I did for four years working with the environmental lobby Transport 2000, and still do as a transport journalist and independent consultant. In case you were about to ask: we find it quite easy to live without a car in London. If cities are to be environmentally sustainable and pleasant places to live, more people will have to become conscientious objectors refusing to be part of traffic in its war against civilised living. Only when actions start showing people actively turning away from valuing cars (as is starting to happen in this country) do politicians start bringing policies that actually reduce traffic pollution, danger and proliferation."

[APH: Carrie and I occasionally contemplate giving up ownership of our car, and relying on public transportation to get where we want to go. Despite the excellent bus service, some of it electric-driven, that we enjoy in Seattle, we quickly reject the idea. The car gives us a longer radius of regular access, and it gives Carrie an extra hour every day -- usually to catch up on her sleep. But I use the bus two to three times per week, and I pay at the ruinous per-ride rate. Better than having two cars, a ridiculous American indulgence that seems to have fallen out of favor, certainly among fans (if fans ever tended to own two cars).

It's hard to get one's mind around the idea that "seatbelts cause accident", but I'm sure that some people do react in the way which you describe. But preventing accidents from occurring does strike me as being more useful than planning how to survive them.

Hi and Howdy-Doody - I'm a Union man, you can call me Rudy!

In Seattle, we have just suffered a blow to the movement to create traffic-free space in the city. One department store chain has devoured the corpse of another, and spent tens of thousands of dollars convincing the public that they needed the Westlake mall to be re-opened to traffic. Despite having fourth and fifth avenues booming away to either side, service by city bus from any point in the city, and by antique commercial monorail, the local magnates feel they need to have curbside access for people in their cars. Enough already.

MURRAY MOORE (377 Manly St. Midland, Ontario, L4R 3E2 Canada) feels like a distant observer:]

"Apparatchik 33 and 34 are at hand, read and enjoyed. One of my scribbled notes is 'fun, like being a Kremlinologist.' I don't recall what it was in one of these issues of APAK that stimulated this note. The note means, isolated as I am from contact with my fellow fanzine fen, a fair bit of what I read is without its full context for me. I collect a reference here, an inference there, and eventually I 'Aha! So that is what all that was about.' Like a Kremlinologist, my understanding of what occurs in fannish centres such as Seattle, and party-congresses gatherings of the flower of fanzine fandom, such as Corflu, are filtered through the party propaganda, er, fanzines.

"Have you read Fran Dowd's survey of fanzines in ATTITUDE 4? Her conclusion is, 'Fanzine fandom is a closed community. What you are doing is interesting, but not interesting enough. I can get what you offer elsewhere, without having to join your little world. You are not accessible to me. Your language is alien. Your presentation does not do justice to the quality of your writing. I am interested in you because I am involved in SF fandom, and so are some of you. But only some of you -- the rest are in fandom, not SF.' Here we have a person who is writing interestingly about fanzines, in a fanzine, who is, maddeningly, explaining Why I Am Not A Fanzine Fan. Pity: her writing is well-worth reading.

"A few pages later, Pam Wells observes, 'When Novacon began, all fans were fanzine fans. There was no demarcation into separate camps: if the non fanzine producers outnumbered the faneds, at least everyone was familiar with fanzines being a part of their culture.'

"Really?, is my reaction to Victor stating in APAK 33 that a traffic accident which concluded with two dead and seven injured 'in many ways . . . was the most exciting story I've done.' I wondered why airplane crashes and ship sinkings and earthquakes and fires, anywhere around the world, are so regularly reported. They don't interest me. I don't know anyone involved. My life is not affected. I decided that the point is, and the reason that Victor found covering his accident a thrill, the same: You're dead or injured today, and I'm not. Plus, for Victor, the satisfaction of every daily newspaper reporter: meeting an inexorable deadline."

[APH: Fran Dowd's position is a maddeningly common phenomenon in my recent experience; the reticent fanzine reader. Note that I do not write reticent fanzine "Fan"; they shrink from any such appellation like slugs before salt. They

write well enough, in on-line or apa-like forums where no more than 30 to 50 people ever read their work. Often, they take great care in just who gets access to their work, creeping and kvetching about the expansion of mailing lists or memberships, as if the destiny of things duplicated and scattered into the hands of dozens of other people could ever be kept under control. And they call us Byzantine and abstruse, lurking at the fringes of the fan-pubbed world, eagerly gobbling up whatever printed scraps thrown to them from more connected and gregarious fans. What a sad, sorrow life.

Murray, I have your run of APAK ready to go out now; I got confused and sent it to Dale Spiers, who also deserved one, instead, a few weeks back. Sorry that you have had a run of bad luck with editors. You should take up the fate of your sub money with the other zines with their editors, and one would hope they would offer you satisfaction.

CHUCK HARRIS (charrisma@cix.compulink.co.uk) writes:]

"Andy; I am amazed, AMAZED I tell you, at the touching naivety of US fandom. Did you really imagine it was accidental that my '90 Fanthology piece was repeated in the following '91 Fanthology? Have you never heard of PROXYBOO Inc? Did you not know that for crass cash these people will guarantee ANYBODY a place in the fannish Hall of Fame? Did you never wonder who paid for Mark Loney's new Cadillac? And will your mind boggle when you see the '92 Anthology and all subsequent issues up to '99 (When my PROXYBOO subscription runs out)?

"Originally I asked for a build-up campaign to target the fan-writer Hugo, (Which I would dearly love), but they already held an unbreakable contract for this project with a news service based at Reading, Berkshire. I asked for alternative suggestions and they came up with this ideal 'traditional ploy.' Constant repetition of this superb piece of mine will 1) make me a household word from '96 onwards, 2) guarantee that at least 8 personable women will ply me for sexual favours at any convention I care to attend (and, may I point out, these are not aged campaigners left over from Loncon 1 who have gazed on more ceilings than Michelangelo, but cumma sum laude graduates of the N3F Charm School, eager to hang their beanie on the bedpost for an autographed copy of CHARRISMA, and 3) I will be able to choose the leading lady to play opposite me in the projected film of my work scheduled for 1998.

"PROXYBOO Inc doesn't come cheap, but there is always a guarantee, and they have NEVER failed yet. If you're interested, sell the farm, sweet talk Carrie, write to me and I'll try to negotiate a 5% discount for cash. Or, if you want a real cheapo, I could maybe arrange a bit part in my film with a small-print credit in the title roll.

"I suppose it will be only of academic interest to George Flynn that Stevenage is even farther away from Inverness than Leicester, but it is far more accessible to the vast majority of Brit fandom. Glasgow, by our standards is a very expensive weekend. with admission

Shut up, we know you can play! Jesus . . .

charges, hotel prices, food, booze, and transportation it comes to a pretty worrying sum. Personally, being deaf, I get nothing from official programmes. It seems so much more sensible for me to go to Stevenage and hope to meet my friends there . . . but I shall be sorry to miss George who I only met briefly at the Mpls Corflu. (I think it was George, blessings on him, (and a part in my film), who picked up the tab for the pizzas at that memorable night at Eduardo's.

"Martin Tudor has done a fine job on the APAK BRE.

Lovely white paper and no blank pages!

"And I always enjoy Victor Gonzalez' stuff."

[APH: I remember that night in Eduardo's. Great food, interesting fen and violent psychodrama between two friends who were in the throes of a break-up. Halls were stalked through.

PROXYBOO'S services need, of course, no introduction, dedicated as they have been to propping up your considerable fannish primacy and consecutive fanmanship titles. One shudders to think down whose chimney you will slink now that you have access to fandom's succulent white virtual sensitive fannish throat.

Now, a brief cyber squib from JERRY KAUFMAN (JKAufman@aol.com) :]

"#35 was another fascinating issue, as Victor begins to let some emotion work its way around the subject of automobiles and accidents. I am supposed to write something critical, even cutting, so Victor can be cool and rational in response, but I can't think of much.

"Yes, I am supposed to. This is the result of staying around Vanguard until 1:30, much later than I usually last, talking with Victor and Carl Juarez. But I am not a critical person, and I find it hard to be negative. I suppose I could say, if I were critical, that 'Those Goddamn Cars' rather jumps around from incident to incident, and robs the punchline of its punch. I think it might have had more if Victor had stuck to the accident simulation.

"It was flattering to see Don Fitch pair my name with Geri Sullivan's, and suggest that together we gave Corflu its energy this year, or even helped. I like to think that I was a lot more fun this year than at the Madison Corflu, and here's Don supporting my thinking.

"And thanks for all the info and atmosphere from the Missouri, a sight I'm unlikely to see myself. If it were made of wood and had sails, I might just maybe want to go browse around . . ."

[APH: That seems like an excellent premise for a prolonged piece of alternate history, Jerry. The war in the Pacific would certainly have been a different proposition - for one thing, it would have taken a lot longer.

You know that I have a weakness for articles which consider more than one topic at a time, so I can't agree with you about the diffusion of Victor's focus. Put it down to taste, I guess.

Now, a quick note from the supposedly gaffed MIKE GLICKSOHN (508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6, Canada) who notes:]

"I received #33 & #34, thoroughly enjoying them. There's a lot of good stuff in each issue, including people being amusingly bitchy to one another which is always entertaining when you're just a spectator. I have, of course, an ulterior motive for this note. (The municipal regulations here in Gafia demand there be one before fannish contact can be made.) One of my longest unfulfilled fannish dreams is going to finally take place when my wife and I spend a few days in Seattle in the middle of August. I realize there's a very good chance you'll be in Scotland at that time but if you aren't, I hope we could get together for a while. I won't ask you to drive us to the mountains but a visit to a couple of brew pubs or perhaps a ball game would be fun. Let me know if this even a possibility and I'll keep in touch with you on things."

[Well, as you'll note from the front page, we'll be in Britain from the 17th to the 31st. If you're here before that, we'd love to see you. If not, there are probably a number of Seattle fans who will read this and jump at the chance to squire you around Rain City.

Now, a brief friendly note from MICHAEL WAITE (105 W. Ainsworth, Ypsilanti, MI 48197-5336):]

"You mentioned you haven't seen a copy of Iain M. Banks' *Feersum Endjinn* (*Apparatchik* #34?). Please add the enclosed copy of same to your library. If you already have a copy, please pass this copy on to someone who doesn't.

"Apparatchik seems to arrive at my domicile at the speed of light. I just get through reading one issue and the next issue is in my mailbox. (I love it!) I suspect the locs don't arrive on your end with the same regularity. I have no reason for not locating. I echo the standard excuses: lethargy and procrastination. I'll do better in the future."

[APH: This, folks, comes from the same person who coughed up a lot of money for a run of back issues, has frequently sent rather large chunks of money in exchange for some rather modest fanzine, and is fond of sending whole blocks of commemoratives to help out with postage. but now he has rather outdone himself, sending a brand-new copy of a rather expensive book that I have been struggling to lay hands on for several months. for all of these things, Mr. Waite has my thanks and ascends to the ranks of the lifetime subscribers as of this issue. Of course, I'd still love to see some communication from you sometimes, Michael; after all, you deserve a the occasional shot of egoboo as much as anyone else.

Now, a first-time electric note from GREG BENFORD (gbeford@ucl.edu):]

"Thanks for the fmz. Good stuff! Sorry we didn't get to talk @ Corflu.

"Meaty stuff from Don Fitch, who enjoyed Corflu as much as I. Disregard put-downs of the 'Scottish Convention' -- and go see 'Braveheart' or 'Rob Roy' for origins of good-natured backbiting in UK fandom.

"Liked your visit to the Missouri; sorry it's to be out of service. I still think battleships are worth keeping and have uses.

"Walt Willis probably doesn't know that I swiped his ashtray joke on the 13th floor of a Chicago hotel, lo!, from 43 years ago now, and used it in a novel, *ARTIFACT*, in 1986. Steal from the best, I say.

"Neither should Walt be surprised at \$30 for Hyphen. I paid \$15 at that same Corflu for a True Rat #8. A good Rat, but not a great Rat.

But Walt should come to Worldcon, despite hearing troubles. His presence is essential!"

[APH: I hesitate to browbeat the man to any degree about this, knowing how hard it is for him to have any fun in a crowd of any size these days. But Ghods, you'd think that if we can continually pony up the money for "Ego" Clarke to appear live via satellite from Sri Lanka, we could find some way to allow Walt to telepresence himself to Intersection. Alas, if only so much money had not already been spent securing the services of Clydeside T.Rex-cover bands

"Rob Roy" and "Braveheart" were both entertaining enough as films (although the homophobia and disposable women in the latter bugged me), but I shudder to think what kind of ahistorical conclusions are being drawn from them all across the world, even as I write this. I rather think the enmity (such as it is) between Northern and Southern British fandom has more to do with the SuperMancon than it does with the battle of Falkirk.

Now, another missive from South Tottenham, this time from JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London, N15 4JU U.K.) who finds himself suddenly in the thick of things after all:]

"Thank you for *Apparatchik* 33 and 34. Reading both my letters therein virtually one after the other makes it appear as though I have nothing better to do than complain -- about not receiving a contributor's copy of the 1990 fanthology, about not receiving every fanzine published, about feeling left out of ongoing debates, about every little thing. (Grump grump grump, eh, Nicholas?) Such was certainly not my intention, and I'll be the first to agree with anyone who writes in to say that no one has an automatic right to be included in every mailing list. My whinge is simply that if an editor decides he or she doesn't wish to trade with your publication, they should fucking well say so at the first opportunity, rather than leading you to waste two or three further copies on them in the hope that they might respond before giving them the black mark and eliminating them from your mailing list.

Mind you, we've now discovered another editor who has apparently decided he doesn't wish to trade with *FTT*: Thomas Sadler. We fell off his mailing list a couple of years ago, although an enquiry last summer brought the explanation that it was in terrible shape -- and an implication thereby that we would be restored to it. But we were not -- a situation rendered even more curious by the fact that we have received requests for copies of *FTT* from people who have seen it reviewed in *The Reluctant Famulus*! Hem hem, indeed. Sadler may eventually discover that he has not received *FTT* 17, the

North American copies of which were mailed last week. (Twelve of these copies bear a red squiggly mark on the contents page to indicate to their recipients that it will be their last unless they respond. If they don't, and if the eight people due to receive a red squiggly mark next time similarly fail to respond, then for *FTT* 19 the total North American mailing list will, for the first time ever, fall below the UK total. The saving in postage is to be relished.)

Oh, and since I wrote my letter published in issue 34, we've had a response from Mark Loney. However, this amounts to no more than a copy of an e-mail to Dave Langford, forwarding a comment from the Lynches that the spare copies of the 1990 Fanthology may have been consumed in the fire that destroyed part of their house a few months ago, which thus utterly fails to answer the three questions Loney was asked. But perhaps such lacunae are merely typical of the organization of the 1994 Corflu, about which Ted White was so scathing in *Blat!* 4.

But I'm amused by Lillian Edwards's remark that Judith and I are two of Intersection's four 'stand-out non-attendees'. What about the Harveys?"

[APH: Of course, one would always prefer to be informed when one has been taken off a mailing list, but doing so seems like such a petty act of revenge that it's understandable that an editor would not want to draw attention to it, common courtesy or not. I don't know what Tom Sadler's problem is, I was receiving TRF for about a year and a half and then for some reason I just stopped getting them. As I recall, my comments in regard to the 'zine were at least half-way positive, so I'm not sure what I could have done to provoke this. And from what I understood, none of the Lynches' fanzine collection was damaged by the fire or the efforts to extinguish it, so my initial impulse is to say Mr. Loney is talking through his hat. Assuming that this third-hand announcement has any connection to him, that is. Of course, if it's true, it will have the effect of creating a perceived scarcity around Fanthology '90, increasing its value as an auction item, adding to its already considerable notoriety as "The Fanthology whose editor has apparently disappeared."

Now, DON FITCH (3908 Frijol, Covina, CA 91722) reacts to my bearding him in #35:]

Grumph!.. 'Passive-aggressive' indeed! I was trying for something much more fannish -- maybe *Innuendo*, if not a tissue of lies and distortions. *Sigh* You might be right about it being the most extreme example of that, so far, in *APAK* -- but only if your causal aside wondering why *BLATT* didn't get nominated for the Best Fanzine of 1994 Hugo was in *Spent Brass*.

(In context, it seemed to imply that you suspected a Conspiracy, or something. In fact, the Rules specify 'at least four issues', and I (at least) didn't get #4 until mid-February of '95. I don't have a copy of the current rules handy, but seem to recall that they're ambiguous on that point, not clearly specifying whether it's 4 issues up through the end of the qualifying year, or through the

Yeah, I've heard the note that he didn't play!

beginning or the end of the nominations period, but I suppose that most fans would (like me) prefer to nominate things that unquestionably qualified, so that everything we suggested would be sure to count. Next year (unless the L.A. ConCom changes the Rules), it'll certainly qualify, and I expect to nominate it -- though it probably doesn't stand much chance of winning unless at least two more issues are out before the nominations open. I'd hope for one pretty soon now (at least for distribution at Intersection) and another (perhaps early next year) featuring Dan & Lynn's TAFF Report. (This has been a Hint, Dan & Ted.)

As you say, my comments reflected my personal perceptions. You were expecting, maybe, a Completely Objective ConReport? On a Corflu?

Yes, at least three people informed me that I'd be welcome in the And Smoking Room; I just didn't get around to looking it up. I don't often smoke dope any more, even at Cons -- the results have become too unpredictable, and I definitely don't want to sleep for 8 or 10 hours at a time (and still feel lethargic the next day). Worse yet, I frequently get the feeling (purely subjective, of course) that almost all the things that seem so Witty and Perceptive when one is stoned seem utterly pedestrian and blah a day or so later. (I was especially struck by this at a previous Vegas Con, where the Smoking and non-Smoking groups were in adjacent rooms, permitting me to wander from one to the other; I found the conversation in the non-Smoking group to be significantly more interesting and rewarding, even though the average levels of intellectuality and fannishness might not have been quite as high.)

Though I did say that people could leave (the core of) that Corflu without leaving perceptible holes, it did seem to me (and still does, in retrospect) that a significant clump of people spent so much of the time in the And Smoking Room that they seemed to making it into a Convention-within-a-Convention, to the detriment of the larger, general group. They have a perfect right to do this, of course, but I don't think it's an especially good idea, don't much like it, and am not going to hesitate to say so (though not frequently). Fortunately, most of them publish (or write for) fanzines, so most of the ideas they came up with or developed at these sessions will eventually move out to the rest of us -- but I believe the Convention (any convention where this sort of fractionalization takes place) would have been even better had that transmission taken place then & there. (Whether such broader & more immediate interaction would be 'better for Fandom' I don't know, and don't much care -- Fandom is people doing things they want to do... and trying to impose one's own Ideals of Perfection on it is likely to be futile, at best ... though, of course, if one *wants* to do that...)

"You're right, I think, in suggesting that the best method, by far, of 'recruitment' [APH: of new fanzine fans] is the time honored 1:1 way -- personally identifying and encouraging the occasional individual you come across who seems to have the talent and the

proper spirit and mind-set to be part of the group. I think most of us, even if not drawn in that way, at least had a mentor (or several of them) who was especially helpful and encouraging, and I like to think that most of us consider this a debt that we like to repay -- or, more correctly, pay forward -- by encouraging these newcomers who seem to have even the slightest glimmer of promise. Maybe we don't do quite enough along those lines, or could do more.

"You're probably right about Las Vegas being able to support a Worldcon, but I'm much less certain that Las Vegas Fandom could do it -- they're much too Faannish, and afar too remote from the organized Smofdom subset that does most of the WorldCon-running these days. I'm not even sure the Vegrants could handle a WesterCon -- their true *métier* lies in the Small Con . . . under about 400 people. I'm afraid, too, that though Vegas Hotels could easily handle a WorldCon, they wouldn't be sufficiently enthusiastic about it that we'd have much leverage with them. You'd have to check with the High-Level Smofs -- maybe even The Bow-Tie Himself -- but hotels and Convention organizations & publications keep elaborate statistics on the spending habits of people who attend recurrent conventions, and I'm pretty sure you'll find that Science Fiction Conventions are way down on the list.

"It may seem to you (as it does to me) that we spend a lot to go to a convention, and in fact we almost certainly spend more, per capita, than, say a convention of Baptist Minister's Wives, but by the standards of most business & many social conventions we're piker -- and the hotels know it. They know we're not on Corporate Expense Accounts, that we don't flock into their Fancy Expensive Restaurant, that we don't spend much money in the Bar (any more), and that we don't tip heavily (if at all). (SF Cons seem to be mostly liked by small hotels on slow weekends, but that works mostly for small, specialized conventions.) Of course, if you and a consortium of other Seattle or West Coast fans want to bid for a WorldCon or a WesterCon in Las Vegas, go right ahead . . . although, frankly, I'd much rather attend one in Seattle."

[APH: First of all, don't expect me to be especially sanguine about the possible health risks/effects of spending time in the "And Smoking" suite when you spend half the convention with a smoldering cigarette in your hand. Nobody particularly wants to go squat in a private room in the middle of the convention. The principal difference between your vice and theirs is that yours is relentlessly legal and embraced by corporate America, while theirs is so shunned as to be the subject of an official "war." I agree that the level of discourse is sometimes less than scintillating under such conditions, but lack of sleep and too many shrimp cocktails have the same impact. And specifically avoiding doing what one wants to do for the good of the convention's "energy level" is something I'd be too self-conscious to consider doing.

The fourth issue of Blat! was mailed to a number of fans before the end of 1994; I don't really think that there

In Smolny Institute the Military Revolutionary Committee flashed baleful fire

is any argument for saying that it was not eligible for this year's award. If anyone held back their nomination for that reason, without confirming if it applied or not, it strikes me that they didn't much want to nominate the 'zine in the first place. No conspiracy necessary.

Now, STEVE JEFFERY (44 White Way, Kidlington Oxon OX5 2XA U.K.) expresses amazement after his ascension to The Party:]

"Thanks a lot for *Apparatchik* 29 thru 32. Not seen these before, but heard (with slight gasps of astonishment from various quarters) about *Apparatchik* as a bi-weekly fanzine that makes Dave Langford's monthly *Ansible* newsheet look reasonably parsimonious and all other zines positively moribund in their comparative publishing schedules. Some probably are, or seem to be, but bi-weekly appears somewhat extreme in the opposite direction.

"I think I'll pass on Scott Patri. Turd humour went out in the third form and even Trekkie baiting is old news and wearing desperately thin as a subject for humor and invective. They have their thing, and we have ours, and only the brave and seriously eclectic dare to try and bridge that divide. It's a completely pointless argument that might as well (but never seems to) be argued against other 'media/consumerist' fandoms like gaming, anime, or Dr. Who/Red Dwarf. You want to let this guy loose at Corflu? Warn me beforehand.

"Issue #30 might even be vying for 'Anorakchik'. This is serious fanzine train-spotting. What worries me is that it's even a rather intriguing and even useful compilation. Damn, where have I left my kagoule, notebook and thermos? I find your upwardly revised scoring system a bit generous ('Everybody wins and so all must get prizes'). Where's the KTF blackness in our soul? I am tempted to omit Faan (which I don't see as a necessarily positive contribution) and then rescale everything between 0 (so much shite) and 100 (Dead Good, if not actually essential to life). The current rating is odd. There's a zine with the highest rating of 67 (Frank Lunney's Syndrome) that I've never even heard of or seen any mention of before, and against which Habakkuk and Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk score a modest 62/63. That suggests it not cultural bias on the US/UK divide, though I don't feel like typing all these into a spreadsheet to work out subtotals and averages on different groupings (that seems severely 'anorak', and I do enough of that sort of recalculation exercise at work).

"Not quite sure what to make of the Victor Gonzalez column. The first two (29 and 30) rather passed me by, and god-nose what I can make out of the column in #32. Con reports seem to have this tendency to turn people's brains inside out. Perhaps you had to be there. I wasn't as it happens.

"Air Kombat Korner? I remember Terry Jeeves' Erg used to run articles on strange and historic aircraft. There was an odd, backward-wing Starglider (?) that used to fly over us every day or so last year, but seems to have stopped with the closure of the nearby US Air Force base at Upper Heyford. Now we just get police spotter

helicopters chasing joyriders up and down the length of the Banbury Road, and the occasional ceremonial flypast on the way from one of the other bases - like the Spitfire, Hurricane and Lancaster flights on VE day."

[APH: Everyone needs to register an opinion in regard to the overall insanity of the pursuit of a bi-weekly publishing schedule. I would presume that the reason you have not seen any note of *Syndrome* in the past is that the issue published in 1995 had been waiting to be published for almost 25 years, and was sent out as a supplement to *BLAT!* #4. But it also scored a perfect "10" in faanishness, so it might have been hard to justify its rating to you anyway. It's true that the process of applying numerical rating to fanzines is what we would call a "nerdish" pastime, but it keeps me off the street. And I could be a lot harsher in my estimation of some zines, but even if they tend to clump at the top end of the scale, their position in relation to one another seems accurate to me. And I don't feel the need to pander to people who are unable to relate to the system if it doesn't perfectly correspond to a 100-point scale. The whole idea is goofy enough that taking steps to perfect it seems like giving it entirely too much validity and implies that we really care who comes out on top.

TEDDY HARVIA (701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054-2307) sends this by pocsarcd:]

"The quality and quantity of Bill Rotsler's fan art seems more than enough reason to vote him another Hugo without resorting to saying it's to enrage Chuck Connor.

"The pre-dated quality of Ian Gunn's serials may come from their topical nature. He is targeting local fans and foibles which are only remotely true for the universe as a whole.

"Jenny Glover's comments about you being a bear in another fanzine deserves an illo. Yes, but by who?

"Beast Wishes, TEDDY"

[APH: As to Rotsler: Sounds like a win-win situation. Let's start buying votes with envelopes of his art, pasted over discarded MAGIC: THE GATHERING cards, sent to noted SMOFs and Hugo chiselers.

If, in regard to Ian Gunn, you mean that I don't get the jokes because I don't know the same base Mythologies and fannish anecdotes as Ian, I'm certainly guilty as charged. "The more you know, the more jokes you get" -- Bruno Hauptman, 1928

I'm a classic D. West drawing of a fat American fan, Teddy. That's the truth. You can live with it if I can.

I wish everyone out there could somehow see the pocsarcds that Dative Hydra sends out to people. This one features The Coffee Pot restaurant, on "Pacific Highway Half Way Between Tacoma and South Tacoma, Wash.", as it appeared in 1929. Maybe I could bundle them up and photocopy them with a color copier and auction them off for TAFF in a limited edition . . . or maybe I should just get a life.

Now, a message from a new resident of the Northwest, one of my Clarion West teachers and a terror to trout,

HOWARD WALDROP (Box 5103, Oso General Store, 30230 Oso Loop Road, Arlington, WA 98223:)

"Thanx for the Apparatchik - are you trying to become the Pulphouse of fandom? (a compliment) (In quantity, I mean) 'U.S.S. Grammar and HMS Syntax: ships that parse in the night' - not original with me.

"Oso is just what you'd expect, except right now the fishing sucks - summer runs aren't in yet. I've fixed and painted everything, built bookcases out of the same renovation junk pile, etc. Covered up a rock mural started on one wall of the tiny back room - not a rock and roll mural - a mural with rocks and ivy - took three coats of Enterprise paints #1304 Brite Yellow - the blinding kind - to do it. Then had to put wet towels on my eyes until the brite went away.

"Sorry I probably missed the poker game. Am working on the masked Mexican wrestler movie story for the [illegible] book - set in the same place as Under the Volcano.

"- Howard"

[APH: Howard, the poker game was a success, but we did miss having you there. I won on the order of \$16.00, redeeming most of the money I lost the previous two months. Right now the plan is for another game at Jon Hedtke's place on the second Friday in July. Call for details.

Doesn't the yellow paint keep you awake at night, throbbing right through the walls? Make you dream of Screamin' Jay Hawkins records?

That's it folks, that's all there is in the bag. Don't bump your head on the way out.]

I HAVE NO ENDING AND I MUST VAMP By Orson W. Lundeen

"Gosh," I said with my mouth, "this is a very stfnal little group we have here. Very Fannish. Kind of like the Void Bhoys, or at least Foreman, Springer, Hardin and Wilson, at NINE LINES EACH."

Victor allowed as this was true. "We should be striking out at random, singing songs of fandom. "This will really throw people who have been referring to APAK as a perzine," I said. "Of course, no one knows what to call it --"

"It's a NEWSZINE, said Victor."

"I'm going to the bar, what do you want?" asked Randy

"Do they have, like, that weissenberry, you know, the Helles, here?"

"That's too effeminate for this place."

The Buckaroo is a biker bar. The neon cast strange light on his face. He looked even more like Ulianov than usual, even with a black snap-brim on indoors. Perhaps he was hiding from the Polizei.

"WELL, just bring me the most effeminate beer they have." I huffed. "Maybe it is a newszine, but it devotes precious little space to actually reporting the news. It's closer to being a letter-zine than anything else."

"Maybe it's just a focal point fanzine," said Victor. The flash from his cigarette lighter brought his sensitive fannish face into focus, then slipped back into darkness. "Maybe it's just the center of some fandom, fandom as we know it."

I drained the weisbier I had ordered on the first round. "I think all fanzines are the focus of some sort of human endeavor. The focal point for somebody."

Victor looked at meaningfully over the top of his glasses, looking like Elvis Costello on the cover of "Trust."

"Isn't it about time for a sidebar?" he asked.

The most effeminate beer they had turned out to be Pilsner Urquel.

Back at the apartment, I pulled a little plastic figure from the front shelf of my computer. "This is a very Jungian trait, don't you think, leaving these little totemic figures on her workstations, the altars of our hopes and fears?"

"He has a chair for a head," observed Victor.

"His name is Chairface Chippendale, from the comic/cartoon series THE TICK. He tried to write his name on the moon with a giant laser, but The Tick stopped him after he had only finished three letters. So now, in the series, whenever the moon is out, the letters 'CHA' are visible on its surface."

"When I saw the cartoon was just as subversive as the comic, I was really glad that this was available for children to watch," said carl.

"So there's continuity from episode to episode?" asked Victor.

"Well, as much continuity or coherence as the series ever has. See, Chairface tried to knock off The Tick and his sidekick Arthur and some detective that looked a lot like Dick Tracy, by pushing them into a pit filled with man-eating alligators and cows. But of course, the alligators preferred to eat the cows instead of The tick and Arthur and this detective, so they survived and somehow got out of the pit, and bumped into Chairface at the controls of the laser, then slipped the cuffs on him. In a moment, the results of that trial."

"Did anyone ask you to recite any of this?" asked Victor.

"Of course, one of the man-eating cows survived the ghastly pit, and has since spun off into her own comic series . . ."

We were out on the patio to the rear of the apartment. "We should really publish some of the conversations we have about the zine," said Victor, "Certain people would have a heart attack."

"Right," I exhaled, handing the ball to carl, "then Gary Farber would really be paranoid."

We fell silent for a moment.

"What we really need to do now is pick on someone else to destroy. We've started the process; now Gary's paranoia, especially when he reads this zine, will drive him into paroxysms of SOMETHING, and he'll be neutralized once more. So who else can we denounce?"

"Just say the word, and I'll go get them. You have a trained attack columnist on staff now", crowed Victor, glancing meaningfully at carl.

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, JUNE 1ST TO 14TH:

#1: Trap Door #15, Robert Lichtman. [One thing I have really come to value Robert's fanzine for is the fact that it keeps us in contact with a number of fans - Calvin Demmon, Ray Nelson, Carol Carr, Len Moffat - from whom we otherwise hear relatively little. This issue features Carol's reply to Ted White's assertion (in BLAT!) that the Milford Mafia were snobs, some wonderful Zen musings by Ray, Cora Burbee's memoir of the machine shop where Burbee, Laney and she used to work, and another of Redd Boggs' marvelous columns. Plus the usual superb lettercol, and that Robert received nearly 200 fanzines last year, even by his exacting definition. Dig that crazy fanzine renaissance, love-children!]

#2: Wild Heirs #6, The Gang of 23 [Goddamn, these things are coming out almost monthly now! Superb cover by Ross Chamberlain, lots of preliminary musings on the success of Corflu Vegas, and the elevation of yours truly to the status of minor fannish ghod. What are the residuals like for minor ghodhood? Plus, an interesting article by Bill Kunkel on those noisemakers that start out curled up like the Wicked Witch of the West's toes after Dorothy's house fell on her, then straighten out when you blow them. (Provide your own punch line.) Also the debut of yet another Vegas fan, Eric Davis, previously noted as a fleet-footed yet fragile outfielder for the Reds, Dodgers and Tigers. Small world!]

#3: Ansible # 95, Dave Langford [Dave dazzles once again with an account of his appearance at a gala party to celebrate the launch of SFX, a new and slick media-oriented SF zine. One paragraph is enough to make one glad to have a whole ocean intervening between oneself and the festivities. This is a slightly down issue, featuring obituaries of Norm Clarke (Canadian fan and be-bop sax player), Charlotte Franke (A Milford stalwart), Charles Monteith (Prince among Editors), Christopher Hodder-Williams (egregiously-hyphenated SF novelist) and William Francis Brinsley Le Poer Trench, 8th Earl of Clancarty (UFOlogist to the Peerage). It's enough to make one shiver, feeling those icy hands reach from the beyond . . .]

#4: The Rogue Raven #47, Dale Speirs. [Frank seems to have recovered very nicely from the heart surgery which he had a few years ago, and this issue of the Raven is largely concerned with a long and apparently fascinating trip through the desert southwest. If only Carrie had known in advance, she could have told you some of the best places to visit and the best cheap restaurants in south-central New Mexico. But Frank and Anna Jo seem to have done pretty well on their own, covering an amazing amount of ground. Remember, Frank, it's not a contest . . . In addition, there's Frank's usual musings about books he has read, pondering on whatever happened to Brickmush, and his discovery of the late Argentine avant-garde tango composer Astor Piazzolla. All knowledge is contained in fanzines, folks. . .]

#5: Situation Normal??, June 1995, edited by Joyce Katz for Snaffu. [This is slowly turning into a fanzine of some substance, as well as being a perfectly serviceable and amusing newsletter of the more ephemeral goings-on of Las Vegas Fandom. This issue features a thumbnail synopsis of the edifice that is Bob Tucker, and a review of Spent Brass by Aileen Forman, who finally put her finger on my motivations for not dividing the topics in the Rainy Town Tattler series into separate paragraphs; this way you have to read the whole thing looking for your name. It's already up to 8 pages, and I predict it will double in size by this time next year.]

ALSO RECEIVED: SFSFS Shuttle # 119, edited by Joe Siclari and Edie Stern for the SFSFS; De Profundis # 278, edited by Tim Merrigan for the LASFS; and The Zero-G Lavatory # 4, Scott Patri. Thanks for continuing to trade, everybody.

"We'll just take them into a basement cell somewhere and POW! A round in the back of the head from a Makarov. They'll just disappear, like so many others have. Unmarked graves along the ruins of certain love camps in the Ozarks."

Carl was mock-aghast. "You think we could get away with that?" he asked in a shuttered whisper.

"Hell, we're the party!" I bellowed.

"That's right," observed Randy, "we're the *apparatchiki*, after all."

Victor had a weird light in his eyes. He seemed dangerously eager. "So who do you want me to take on, Andy? Who gets it in the neck?"

"I dunno . . . it's hard to find a really dependable fugghead these days. Brian Earl Brown? He's so mellow these days with all that baby-raising stuff . . . Henry Welch, maybe? He said some stropopy things about the leadership of the revolution having betrayed the workers . . . It's hard to know who deserves real gafia and/or death when they publish so infrequently. Maybe we could just implement my plan to level the entire city of Louisville, Kentucky with the deadly eludium q-37 space modulator . . ."

"This isn't the best time to be making bomb threats, either", observed Carl.

"I know. We'll start sending APAK to some Swedish fans. They feud at the drop of a hat. No one will miss them, either"

Everyone else had fallen silent, staring at the girl who was bending over and drawing back her pool cue directly in front of us. Victor seemed positively slack-jawed. I could hear the neon buzzing over the Grateful Dead bootleg playing in the background.

"You people don't possess the proper monomaniacal zeal the revolution requires," I muttered, and worked at my effeminate Pilsner Urqel.

APPARATCHIK is a constant rebuke to lazy fan editors who fail to publish as often as they would like, and as such, is loathed all across fandom. It really is available for the usual, or 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 middle-relief pitcher that can stay off the disabled list for more than 10 days at a time. 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, Michael Waite, and Art Widner. Addresses of fanzines reviewed at left: Trap Door #15, Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA, 95442; Wild Heirs & Situation Normal??, C/O Arnie & Joyce Katz, 330 South Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107; Ansible, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU U.K.; Rogue Raven, Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98166. How would you like to make a bnf happy?