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APPARATCHIK
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This is the fifty-sixth issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, member & founding member fwa, supporters afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at fanmailAPH@aol.com. Correspondence can be addressed to Victor at 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and electronically at Gonzalez@tribnet.com. See the back page for availability and trade info, including the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #252. Apparatchiki: Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Carl Juarez, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells. Kemp skies — Jumani!

Issue # 56, March 28th, 1996

APH Here: Here we are again, hard on the heels of my extended trip through the deep south following Corflu 13 in Nashville, Tennessee. It's been a real stretch making myself sit back down in front of the computer to put this issue together, after two weeks of fun, travel, and huge shrimp po'boys.

Corflu was judged a success by most everyone I spoke to. Any problems that occurred were largely obscured by the good spirits and friendliness of everyone in attendance. Lucy Huntzinger should receive special kudos for putting together the convention in a town where the only other fan is her husband, especially given the fact that she only stepped in when it appeared no one else would. This was a low-key, few-frills Corflu, but it did have some great things going for it: Fanthology '92, prepared by Robert Lichtman, was available for a mere \$2.00! Dan Steffan prepared a really nice T-shirt for the convention, and this too was cheap, just ten dollars. Every night, every guest of the hotel was given tickets good for four drinks in the hotel bar. The United Fan fund Auction was one of the best we've seen in years, with nearly \$1,000 raised by Wells, Steffan, Sims, etc.

Programming was organized into roundtable discussions, considering typically faan-intensive topics like the future of fannish awards, Worldcon fan programming, and the fannish origins of the Internet. One hour was devoted to the discussion of whether or not Corflu should travel to England; right now, it looks very likely that Corflu 15 will be held somewhere in the U.K. in 1998, although the exact site is open to discussion. Suggestions made so far include Leeds, Edinburgh and Torquay, although Peter Roberts swears he'll move if we choose the latter.

My favorite program was the last: Geri Sullivan read some letters written by an ancestor who had served with a Michigan regiment during the Civil War, in a campaign for Nashville.

Friday night saw the usual opening remarks by Lucy, who thanked us for coming, and introduced various faas visiting from other countries. These included Pam Wells, Peter Roberts, John and Eve Harvey and Alun Harries from The United Kingdom, and Kim Huett from Australia; there may have been others, but there was no list of attendees handed around at the event, and I have to rely on my artificially-suppressed memory.

Then it was time to select the Guest of Honor by random drawing. Over a third of the convention membership had requested their names be removed from the pool, which left the rest of us sweating it out at odds of just 40-1. The unlucky soul this year was Gary Hunnewell, who favored us Sunday morning with an account of how fandom had brought he and his wife together, continuing the tradition of relatively unknown fans being chosen as Corflu GoH, and then rising to the occasion.

Sunday morning also saw the announcement of the 1995 Fan Activity Achievement Awards. I was quite stunned to find myself called to the podium twice, first to accept the award as

best fan writer, and then to receive the plaque naming Apparatchik best fanzine of the year. Victor, Carl, the rest of the apparatchiki and I were all very pleased to be so honored by our friends and peers; sincere thanks to everyone who voted!

Ted White then took the podium to conduct the election of the past-president of fwa. Such enthusiasm greeted the nomination of both the late Bob Shaw and the resurrected Peter Roberts that both were judged to have been elected in a tie.

Thereafter, a consortium of Bay-area fans headed by Alyson Abramowitz presented their bid to hold Corflu in Pacifica, California, March 14th to 16th, 1997, which was accepted with considerable gratitude by the assembled crowd. Memberships are \$45.00, more details to follow in later issues of Apak.

The weather had been wet all weekend, but Sunday was utterly glorious, and the softball game was held on the best field we've ever had at Corflu — even if it was a trifle slippery!. The Gestetners and Roneos battled to a 6-6 tie, ending the weekend on a fine note of amity.

After the convention, Carrie and I drove south through Tennessee into Mississippi, accompanied as far as the National Military Park at Shiloh by Bill Bodden and traveling chicken-sibling Alun Harries. Our trip was a real pleasure; traffic in Mississippi is never very heavy, and we saw enough stuff to fill up a dozen fan articles. So you'll be hearing more about that later. We finished up by visiting my sister Liz and her husband Chris, at their home in tiny Montegut, Louisiana, with day trips to New Orleans and Baton Rouge, including an afternoon at the Port Hudson battlefield complete with an unexpected Civil War re-enactment! We had a wonderful time, all told: Thanks to Lucy, John Bartelt, Bill Bodden, Alan Bostick and Deb Notkin for all their work in making Corflu Nashville such a great time.

IN THIS ISSUE: Turn the page for Victor's impressions of the long-awaited first issue of fHapa, the fan-history apa of The Timebinders. Then, Tony Berry gives us a profile of his pal Martin Tudor, in hopes of pulling your vote in the current TAFP race. For what it's worth, Apak officially endorses Martin as our pick to click — if only his alien origins didn't preclude his standing for the US presidency as well. Some fannish and stfnal news notes finish up page three. Page four offers a full listing of FAA Awards balloting for this year. And our lettercol features comments from Paul Skelton, Bob Lichtman, Walt Willis, Redd Boggs and several others, including some more memories of Bob Shaw. We close with the usual fanzine countdown, covering some of the bounty distributed at this year's Corflu.

One important note: Victor's e-mail address has reverted to Gonzalez@tribnet.com, following several weeks of turmoil and frantic maintenance of the system at the News Tribune. Please address further e-letters to him at that address.

Maudie was only five when she was discovered gazing at a dead bird by Madame Trepidovska.

How Many Trees Had to Die?

By Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

Fan history has become very popular in the last several years. APAK has done our share of it, and fanzines such as *Blat!* and *Wild Heirs* wallow in

fanhistorical memories and reprints.

In fact, it's enough to make a neo wonder if we are having any new experiences or just reliving old ones. In truth, I wouldn't be surprised if the current emphasis on fanhistory might be turning a few new fans away, since they cannot be nostalgic about that of which they have no knowledge.

What would a new fan think if the first issue of *fHapa* landed in their mailbox? They would get the chance to see one of the more schizophrenic apas in existence. In the 16 zines making it up are a mix of charts, lists of input parameters, grossly egocentric personal memoirs and even one or two well-written fan articles. With Lindsay Crawford and Faye Manning as editors, the first issue of the fan history amateur press association is kinda strange.

For example:

- Joe Siclari's 26 pages, that include some background about his fan history archive project, and then a number of lists. A list of fanzines he wants archived; most are from between 1940 and 1970, with exceptions. Then there is an index of *Slant* by contributor. Then one by issue. Then the list of his fanzine collection, from A to An. Then three pages of the input terms he uses for his filing template; I assume these are here to help others trying to set up databases.

Then there's a list of apas, with 77, and not including the only apa I've been in, the Amateur Long Playing Association. And then more input terms.

- A two-page list of repositories of fan-related materials compiled by Peggy Rae Pavlat. There is a short introduction and then 19 names on the list, which easily could have fit on one page. It looks rather odd.

- The Westwind Interview Guidelines, by George Nyhen. Westwind is a publication of the Northwest Science Fiction Society, of which I've never been a member.

Gems of interview advice include:

"The interviewer should be familiar with the person being interviewed." (Really.)

"But don't arbitrarily stop an interview that is going well just because you're 30 minutes are up, unless you have established a time limit in advance." (Let them mention the time before you give up, I'd say.)

"Some subjects may want a detailed list of questions in advance or may want to write answers instead of doing a face to face interview. This is not considered professional journalism. What you will get are essays or carefully prepared i.e. spun answers. This is not journalism, this is flaking. Westwind doesn't flak for anyone." (This is a bogus simplification of journalism and "flaking." You get what you can get and go with it; if the most interesting person in the world won't answer questions directly, live with it. Just note it in the introduction to the interview. THAT is professional journalism.)

"By all means, do ask follow ups."

"Accuracy is crucial. It is important the person being interviewed be able to recognize the interview when it reaches print."

"How you ask questions is very important. This is where you can show off how clever you are."

There is a list of questions to use as a starting point at the end.

I respect the fact that neo-journalist will need some direction, but I've got to wonder just how obvious all this stuff is. Would you want to publish an interview by someone who needed this much help?

Why is this thing in the apa?

- A fan and SF editor named T.K.F Weisskopf gives us 11 pages of the beginnings of her attempt to write a history of southern fandom. But it's mostly notes and letters she sent out to gather information. It includes such essential material as: "Tuesday, November 15th: A package arrived from Janice Gelb featuring a card with a scantily clad young man on the front (the woman knows how to get my attention, what can I say) & some program badges & a SFC button."

Or, "Fax from Holly Hina regarding Zielke & Associates & black olives (but she doesn't remember the Avocado -- Julie will have to fill her in!), and a wonderful Kelly Freas cartoon of Tucker."

The "pile-on-every-tidbit" method of fan history exemplified. Despite the space-condensing "&" signs, does all the extraneous material, decontextualized and disorganized, really further fan history? Maybe the project will, when it has a coherent form.

- Ah, finally something really cool: a fan fiction piece by Swedish fan Ahrvid Engholm.

"Typewriter Pro De Luxe was a special word processor for fanzines. It used a font with characters slightly out of line."

"It a couple of minutes I'd have dozens of fresh copies of snailmail, complete with twilltone paper structure recreated in 600 dpi."

"On the news were also the latest development between the Rosconian extremists and Ghuist terrorists in Booznia. Orthodox Foofoolist troops were expected to intervene any day."

I'm not sure what this has to do with fan history, but at least it was entertaining.

In conclusion, I'd just like to say that the apa has potential and may very well serve an important purpose. But, personally, I'm more interested in narrative than in disconnected data. And I admit, to get to the first, you may need to start with the second. We should all thank those willing to give it a try.

But I want to see new fanzines, new articles and ideas, new fanwriters, new conventions, new experiences to timebind. As interpersonal communication explodes due to various technologies, both in terms of duplication and electronic distribution, will new fans find such a back-looking group to be the preferable place to spend their energy?



"Fannish" is normally used as an antonym for "sercon" without emotional or judgment connotations. "Fannish" means in these places preoccupation with fans and fandom rather than professional science fiction. It would have been more precise to have distinguished by contrasting "faanish" and "fannish" but the former term hadn't come into general use during the period this book covers and the fast reader can get confused by two words which look so much alike.

—Harry Warner Jr., *A Wealth of Fable*

A Fan For All Reasons

by Tony Berry

I've been asked, at several seconds' notice, to write a few words about my buddy Martin Tudor, who, as any fule kno, is standing for TAFF.

What's he about? Well, for the past 15 years or so the boy has done an enormous amount for British Fandom, producing 16 issues of his fanzine EMPTIES, as well as a whole pile of Apazines and numerous articles for other zines. As a conrunner, he has chaired one Novacon and been on the committee of six more, as well as those of the infamous MiSCons and the upcoming ATTITUDE con. He also ran the successful Fan programme at CONSPIRACY (that's the bit people actually liked) and has held various posts (including Chairman) of the Birmingham Science Fiction Group, Britain's largest SF Society.

Since 1987 Martin has co-edited the acclaimed news and reviews magazine CRITICAL WAVE, Europe's answer to LOCUS and SFC (issue 44 should be out for Easter). All this as well as holding down a Proper Job which entails 4-hours worth of commuting every day! How? By being disgustingly

well organized and keeping his promises. If he says he'll do a TAFF report, then, come hell or high water, it will appear.

He's a friendly kind of guy who is often to be found in the thick of things - the bar, parties, anywhere he can get a beer in fact - and if he ignores you it's only because you're talking into his deaf ear. Try the one that works and you'll find him more than willing to discuss any aspect of Fandom. He's very even-tempered and won't throw a fit when you put him in the No Smoking area, though he has been known to get twitchy if the bar opens late.

In a couple of weeks' time, he bids farewell to the Single Life forever, when he marries the lovely Helena. The trip to America will be their official honeymoon (spending the few days after the marriage at the British Eastercon doesn't really count), which makes it that bit more special. All in all an entertaining time is guaranteed if, or rather when, Martin wins TAFF.

A Fan For All Reasons, as they say. Vote Tudor!



It's too bad you didn't have someone like Ralph Steadman along to do illos.

Things a Real Newszine Would Have in it

Compiled by Andy

WITH AWARDS ON EVERYONE'S mind at the moment, this is an excellent time to report that the Kansas City Science Fiction Society, in conjunction with SFFWA and

the University of Kansas, have established a Hall of Fame "to honor achievement in the science fiction and fantasy genres. The Hall will honor professionals in the field on the basis of their continuing excellence and long-term contribution to science fiction and fantasy."

The Hall of Fame is scheduled to induct at least one living and one deceased writer per year, with the number to increase as funding allows. The physical exhibit honoring the inductees will be housed in the Spencer library on the K.U. campus. No word yet on when these awards will be made, or who will make the selections.

Overseas readers may not yet have heard of the new way to beat jury duty discovered by Barbara Adams, an alternate juror on the "Whitewater" real estate fraud trial in Arkansas, which has received national attention because of the alleged involvement of Bill and Hilary Clinton. Ms. Adams, a Star Trek: The Next Generation fan, showed up in court dressed in a red command uniform, with a mock-up phaser and communicator strapped to her side. This alone was not enough to get her dismissed; but when she answered a few rather innocuous questions from a crew covering the trial for the tabloid program American Journal, she was removed from the jury for talking to the media.

From correspondent George Flynn comes a note confirming that "Elsie Wollheim died February 9, 1996, in a New York hospital, after a five-year battle with cancer," as reported in the March issue of Locus.

And from Karen Babich, among others, comes word that Betty Hull's efforts to stand for the 8th Illinois congressional district were unsuccessful, due to the fact that she was unable

to gather 500 signatures needed to get on to the primary ballot. Local papers reported that she felt she could have done it easily with an extra week's notice. Apparently, the original candidate dropped out of the race at the last minute, leaving the local Democratic party scrambling to find a replacement.

Ansible 104 reports that one of my favorite writers, Iain Banks, has decided to drop the spurious middle initial "M" from his name as it appears on his science fiction novels. I suppose this means we'll have to actually have to read them now, before we can decide if they're genre fiction or not.

Two more obituaries: Redd Boggs writes to inform us that, in addition to Peter Vorzimer, another founding Cult member has died. In addition to publishing the cult zine Fog, Don Wegars was a respected newspaper journalist for 35 years, working in San Francisco for both the The Chronicle and The Examiner, and for the past three years served as the editor of The St. Helena Star, a small Napa Valley weekly.

Wegars held the distinction of being the only fan actually wounded in the People's Park riots of May, 1969, when he was shot in the arm and shoulder by a shotgun wielded by an Alameda County deputy sheriff. Before seeking medical attention, he returned to Sproul Hall on the Berkeley campus, laid out his notes, and phoned in his story. Then, still drenched in his own blood, he repaired to a nearby bar to order a drink, which he was served with dispatch.

He suffered an apparent heart attack on the morning of March 23rd, in his home on the Silverado trail. He was 58. The family asks that any donations be made to The Mechanics Institute Library, 57 Post St., San Francisco, 94104

Also from Ansible comes a note that Sam Merwin Jr. one time editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories, and other titles, died earlier this year.

Congratulations to Mpls bookseller extraordinaire Greg Ketter and Dr. Lisa Freitag, on the birth of their first child. William Robert Ketter made his appearance about six weeks early, but he and his mom are reportedly doing well.

Despite their tiny print runs they have outwitted us again

THE 1995 FAN ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

LISTED BELOW ARE THE TOTAL VOTING STATISTICS FOR the 1995 Fan Activity Achievement Awards, as compiled by administrator Janice Murray. A total of forty ballots were cast by fans in the U.S., U.K. and Australia.

This generated a reasonably hefty bale of votes, since most voters submitted complete ballots, distributing a total of 27 points between nine recipients. This format of leaving the whole field of fandom open to the voters means that there will inevitably be dozens of people and publications receiving votes; somehow this feels more satisfying than the former nomination/final ballot sequence, which confined the egoboo received to only a handful of recipients. It is also, not incidentally, a lot less work for the administrator.

There was a lengthy discussion, of a friendly tone, on the subject of the awards at Corflu in Nashville. Most of those

who offered an opinion thought that the idea of accepting and distributing ballots via electronic media was a good one, but that a paper ballot was also essential if everyone with an interest in the awards are to be able to vote. Janice was receptive to these ideas, and agreed to address them in next year's balloting.

By far the best race was in the fan artist category this year, with only eight points separating the top three finishers. We offer our congratulations to fandom for recognizing the invariably excellent and entertaining work of D. West.

We here at Apparatchik, and myself personally, wish to offer our sincere thanks to all the people who voted for us this year. As Sean Penn said at a minor awards banquet earlier this week, "You tolerate me, you really tolerate me."

— APH

Best Fanzine of 1995 36 titles receiving votes 340 total points available

Title	Point total
1.) Apparatchik	51
2.) Attitude	31
2.) BLAT!	31
2.) Mimosa	31
5.) The Metaphysical Review	20
6.) Idea	17
7.) Lagoon	16
8.) The Reluctant Famulus	15
9.) Thyme	11
10.) ConNotations	10
11.) Tightbeam	9
12.) FFT	8
12.) TymeBytes	8
14.) Ansible	7
14.) Trap Door	7
14.) Wild Heirs	7
17.) Knarly Knews	6
Tied with:	5
Ethel the Aardvark, File 770, Fosfax, Southern Gothic & Weberwoman's Wrevenge	
Tied With:	4
The Frozen Frog, Lan's Lantern & Pinkette	
Tied with:	3
Fantasy Commentator, SF Commentary & The Wrong Leggings	
Opuntia	2
Tied with:	1
Ben'Zine, Bento, Casbah, ERG, Eyeballs in the Sky, Habbakuk, & Still Life	

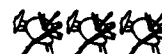


Best Fan Writer of 1995: 50 writers receiving votes 339 total points available

Name:	Point total
1.) Andrew Hooper	59
2.) Simon Ounsley	35
3.) Dave Langford	21
4.) Sharon Farber	20
5.) Judith Hanna	11
5.) Rob Hansen	11
7.) Arnie Katz	9
8.) Diane Miller	8
8.) Alison Freebairn	8
8.) Terry Frost	8
11.) Joseph-Major	7
Tied with:	6
Michael Abbott, Bruce Gillespie, Mike Glycer, Victor Gonzalez, Chuch Harris & Joseph Nicholas	
Tied with:	5
John Berry, Vijay Bowen, Richard Brandt, Mike Burnstein, Tom Feller, Jeffrey Kasten, Lloyd Penney, Greg Pickersgill, Bob Sabella, Paul Skelton & Harry Warner, Jr.	
Tied with:	4
Dave Kyle & Vicki Rosenzweig	
Tied with:	3
Avedon Carol, Buck Coulson, Gordon Eklund, Lillian Edwards, Bruce Farr, Ian Gunn, Lucy Huntzinger, Luke McGuff, Karen Pender-Gunn & Candi Strecker	
Tied with:	2
Jae Leslie Adams, Amy Sisson & Ben Zuhl	
Tied with:	1
George Laskowski, Elmer Perdue Tom Sadler, Mike Siddall, Geri Sullivan, Taral & Martin Tudor	

Best Fan Artist of 1995: 25 artists receiving votes 334 total points available

Name:	Point total
1.) D. West	59
2.) Ian Gunn	57
3.) Dan Steffan	51
4.) Teddy Harvia	39
5.) Steve Stiles	20
6.) Linda Michaels	16
6.) Bill Rotsler	16
8.) Ross Chamberlain	12
9.) Reggy Ranson	11
10.) Joe Mayhew	8
11.) Sheryl Birkhead	6
11.) Brad Foster	6
13.) Rodney Marchetti	5
13.) Sherlock	5
Tied with:	3
Phil Foglio, Matthew Frederick Craig Hilton, Ray Nelson, Craig Smith & Diana Harlan Stein	
Tied with:	1
Harry Bell, Kurt Erichsen, JeanneGomoll, George Harris & Stu Shiffman	



Thanks to Janice Murray for providing us with the results of the balloting, and for agreeing to administer the award for another year!

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: We got a few more letters concerning Bob Shaw after the deadline for #55 passed, as well as a lot of comment on Dan Steffan's TAFF chapters. First up is IRWIN HIRSH (26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, VIC 3181 Australia):]

"There's some reverse synchronicity between Dan Steffan's London Underground experiences and what Wendy and I found on my GUFF trip. Our trip out to Heathrow (also to catch a flight to Amsterdam's Schipol Airport, as it happens) was easier than Dan & CO.'s. We were staying with Pam Wells and we traveled out to Heathrow on a mid-Sunday afternoon. Wood Green Station (I think it is — where is my copy of the A-Z?) is near the start of the line, so that when we got on the train it wasn't crowded, but by the end of the journey bellies were tightly pressed into our noses. Conveniently Wood Green is on the same line as Heathrow, so we didn't have the bother of changing platforms. Perhaps Dan should have arranged to stay with whoever is living in Pam's old place.

"Like Dan I did take a long train trip from East Ham. The Saturday after Conspiracy Perry Middlemiss, Justin Ackroyd, Mike Dickinson and I went to see a soccer at West Ham's ground in Upton Park. Wandering back to the station after the match we bumped into Avedon Carol, Moshe Feder and Lise Eisenberg, like us journeying to a party at the Harvey's (then) home in Carshalton. They weren't impressed to find that they'd timed their travel to clash with 25,000 soccer fans. "It'll be a couple of hours before we get close to a train," Avedon said, and suggested we all walked back to the East Ham Station, one station up the line. It was a marvelous idea. A twenty minute walk which saved us quite a wait.

"At one stage during the journey Lise looked around, saw Avedon, Justin, and I and exclaimed "I'm sitting here surrounded by fan fund winners." I offered for us to move to another part of the carriage, but then suggested that if Lise felt uncomfortable about the situation she could rectify the matter by running for a fan fund herself.

"Well," Lise demurred "I've been to Australia and Britain so I'm not sure that . . ."

"But I interrupted her, "There's always SEFF."

"Do you guys remember SEFF? Now there was a fan fund.

"There you are: a GUFFragment.

"When you first asked for memories of Bob Shaw I wasn't sure that I had any first-hand stuff to contribute. to paraphrase Andy in #55: I'd sent him my fanzines, met him on a couple of occasions, but it wasn't enough to go beyond mere acquaintance. But going through my files I came across something which provoked a couple of personal memories.

"I'd been sending Bob a copy of each and every issue of my fanzine Sikander, despite us not being drinking buddies and despite him not sending me any letters of comment or articles in return. At Conspiracy 87, I gave Bob a copy of the 14th issues and he asked me why I bothered to keep him on the mailing list: That I, GUFF winner and all, was there, in the Conspiracy Fanroom having Bob ask me that question can be traced back to my early days in fandom and when I first stated getting fanzines. Back in the late 70s, Bob was a regular contributor to fanzines like Mota and Maya and it is those fanzines which chowed me how much fun and creative and enjoyable publishing fanzines can be. I continued to send my fanzine to Bob Shaw as my way of thanking him for the enjoyment I get from the articles he contributed to the wider fanzine scene. Bob thanked me for my explanation. I don't remember exactly what he said but I recall it being

a personal thank-you. In some ways my attitude toward Bob receiving my fanzine reflected how I perceived his character, and his concern to ask me about it and his response to my answer showed that I'd correctly picked up on him as being a decent bloke.

"In Mid-December we arrived home after almost four months away. In the large stack of mail was a letter of comment on the fanzine I'd given him at Conspiracy. It was a marvellous letter, one of the best three or four LoCs I've ever received, and I have no doubt that our conversation prompted the letter. (The bulk of the letter was a couple of tales evoked by an article written by Bruce Gillespie. The latter was reprinted in the Fanthology published by Richard Brandt. I reckon it is a pity that Bob's letter wasn't also reprinted in its appropriate Panthology (89, I think) It was certainly as good as anything which was reprinted, but then I'm biased when I say that.

"Then in late 1990 or early 1991 I saw mentions that Bob had pubbed a fanzine. At first I thought people were talking about the Fake Bob Shaw. "After all," I remember reasoning, "The Real Bob Shaw is the most famous fan to have never published a fanzine on his own. Why would he want to spoil such a status?" Eventually I came to the conclusion that Bob had indeed sought a change in status, and I sent off a Begging Letter for a copy of Perspex Parrot. In it I explained that as a result of the birth and death of my first child I'd stopped publishing, but I was still interested in receiving and responding to fanzines.

"When I sent that Begging Letter I didn't know that Bob's first wife had died just a couple of weeks previous. I heard this sad news via the covering note Bob included with the battered copy of the fanzine (Bob apologized for that; it was the last copy he had to give out). I recently came across that note and a copy of my response in the files which has provoked all this.

"It is weird to look at Bob's note and follow the sequence of events which lead to it and its contents. The death of my son Jarryd caused me to stop publishing fanzines, which in turn meant Bob had no reason to include me in his initial mailing of PP, which in turn had me writing a Begging Letter, which arrived a few weeks after the death of Sarah Shaw, which in turn led to Bob asking me for "any words of advice" to help him through his grief. Bob explained that he has "been in touch with several friends who have been through the same trauma within the last year or two." It was obviously important for him to go down any path which could help him out of the state he was in. He signed off his letter with an unnecessary (yet understandable) "sorry about unloading this on you"

"I have no idea how Bob went through the next few weeks and months. Even though I did reply I never followed up on it (I thought about doing so but I was hindered by being just an acquaintance who lives on the other side of the globe). The pieces by Dave Langford and Steve Jeffrey have helped me on that gap in my knowledge.

"As a past fan fund administrator and as someone who has purchased a fair number of fanzines from other people's For Sale lists I agree with Andy's comments on DUFF Talk-About #1. Often seeing a title listed is the prompt someone needs to realize it is on their Want List."

[APH: I had a minor fannish epiphany similar to Lise's during Corflu last weekend, when I looked around me and realized that I was sitting in a room with four past-presidents of fwa. An amazing nexus of ineffectuality.

People keep writing to us and saying that they weren't very close to Bob Shaw, then relating these remarkable and affecting stories about him. A paradoxical guy, this Bob.

Question 28: Have you ever allowed a lightning-bearer to take your wind?

I've never even seen a copy of Perspex Parrot. And during one of the quiz-games at Precursor, Joseph Nicholas (his name has to come up at least once an issue, right?) claimed that he'd never even heard of it. So while we're discussing all the fanzines we'd like to reprint, it would be cool if Bob's only solo fanzine effort could find its way into the queue.

Now, it's great to see a note from a comrade of Bob's who's been feeling a little poorly. WALT WILLIS (32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Northern Ireland BT21 OPD UK, who has been doing his part to increase our readership:)

I have before me Apparatchiks #46, 48, 49, 50, 52 and 53. I'm not sure what happened to #51, but Madeleine used to take my mail into the hospital to brighten up my dull existence so if you happen to get an enthusiastic loc from Ward 5A, Musgrave Park Hospital, you'll know who to thank.

My complaint was of a spinal stenosis, which is a narrowing of the hole at the base of the spine through which run the various muscles and nerves serving the legs and the lower body. The constriction produces acute sciatic pain and numbness in the nerves affected and my GP sent me to the hospital for an operation. The hospital consultant however said that such an operation was serious and dangerous and since my symptoms had abated somewhat decided to send me home and see how I got on. So after six weeks in hospital, here I am home again, able to hobble painfully about, but at least I can as you see reach the word processor.

Looking back over those issues I was struck by Steve Green's mutant ideas of a computer-created Hyphen, by your sane and sensible coverage of the Roswell incident, Vicki Rosenzweig's comments on same, the comments on Blat!, which make me fear I have fallen off their mailing list, having not received a copy in the whole of 1995, your dignified treatment of Joseph Nicholas, who recently ticked me off for calling him Joe, your brilliant description of Michael Ashley's prose in the penultimate sentence of your review of Saliromania #10, Victor's movingly nostalgic history of Pabulous Seattle Fandom, which reawakens the agony I feel on remembering that I ignored Patrick and Teresa at Magicon (they appeared at a moment when I was suffering from sensory overload and they were gone by the time I recovered enough to realize who they were), and Harry Warner's magnificent letter in Apparatchik # 50.

I'd better start another paragraph to greet the first installment of Dan Steffan's Taffrip report. If he can keep up this standard it'll be a classic. And I can't sign off without expressing admiration for Greg's and your comments on UFOs.'

[VMG: I'm thrilled you liked the piece about Seattle fandom when it was still full of energy and talent. I think it's one of the things that makes fandom fandom that we can all feel that energy, though it happened at different times in different places.]

[APH: You certainly have our sympathy on your ailment, Walter, it sounds like a very nasty condition. I hope the more conservative medic turns out to be right, and that you can avoid going through the surgery, which sounds pretty serious. We appreciate all the kind comments, and I hope that some of my windier pieces helped you catch up on your sleep.

Now, a further communique from the mysterious and pluralized E. B. FROHNET (4725 Dorsey Dr, Suite A, Box 700, Ellicott City, MD 21042, next to Heavenly Ham), who opines:]

Interesting comments on the self-referentiality (possibly a neologism, but an apt one) of fanzine fandom. To a large extent it's an elitist club, concerned more with itself than worth the SF that originally inspired it. We're not complaining, just trying to shove our own foot in the door! But as for your statement that "we . . . are not especially interested in reading the literature it-

self", well, speak for yourself.

'We wonder if Mr. Gonzalez is psychic. (True story, honest to God: once we were involved in a minor car accident. Our brother called the next day from California: "Are you all right? I dreamed you were in a car accident" Truth.) Our PO box, as anyone could deduce, is in one of those commercial mail-and-shipping-service shops in a suburban shopping center. And yes, there is a "Heavenly Ham" and a "Master Barber"! Sorry, no "Crown Books"; but two out of three is spooky. Either you have some remarkable connections, or you should go into business on the "Psychic Network."

'We have no intentions of using our *nom de plume* to "lob abusive fanzine reviews and other hostile material at other fans. We just want to keep our present fannish "persona" distinct from our former fannish "persona". If other fans are "less than totally receptive, well, perhaps that says more about them than it says about us.

[VMG: I'm not psychic, I just know how to use research tools to locate people. The bookstore must have gone out of business. And I'm not done with you yet. You let a few more clues slip in this letter, and as you continue writing you will inevitably allow your identity to slip through completely.

Until then, theories, guesses and information leading to the identification of Frohvet will be accepted at gonzalez@tribnet.com.]

[APH: I think that you will find that most people will regard your pseudonymity with a mixture of amusement and confusion; I certainly didn't mean to imply that you'd automatically find yourself feuding just because you choose to conceal your identity. It's true that you can't be held responsible for the prejudices which people bring to your work, but it strikes me as worthwhile to know what they are, and that was the spirit in which I offered the observation.

And, for your further edification, VICKI ROSENZWEIG (33 Indian Rd. #6-R New York, NY 10034) has some reactions to all this as well:]

'I can cope with Frohvet's anonymity for the moment, so long as she (?) doesn't use it as a cover for personal attacks. What worries me is their (?) dedication to the editorial we, which properly should be used only for editorial pieces that state the opinion of a publication's staff: is the repeated "we" in Frohvet's letters a mere affectation, or are there in fact several people, or at least voices, hiding behind that name? Has Baltimore fandom decided to produce a clubzine and not tell anyone that it's a clubzine? Is this a house pseudonym, available to anyone in Maryland who wants to write a letter of comment? Inquiring minds want to know.

'While there's nothing you, or anyone, can do about this, I want to note here that it was a bit disconcerting to arrive home from Corflu on March 17 and find a mailing from San Francisco Science Fiction Conventions Incorporated, on behalf of Intersection, enclosing a Hugo nomination ballot, which had to be postmarked no later than March 15th and received no later than the 22nd, according to the large letters on the envelope. (Andy [Hickmott] informs me that it arrived on the 15th. It was sent under a bulk mail permit, so I have no way of knowing when it was mailed.) I have sent it in anyway, with a note explaining that I received it after the "postmarked by" deadline (we get our mail late in the day, even if we're home), but I suspect the administrators felt obliged to discard my ballot even if it arrived by March 22. There are numerous questions here, including why LACon III didn't send the ballots to Intersection members rather than delegating the task; I have no idea if US members of Intersection who

My mom told me that Scandanavian pizza is the worst in the world

aren't LACon members have tastes different enough to affect the nominations. I have a dark suspicion that the answer to this one is that ballots were made available over the internet and nobody bothered to think about people without net access, or even those who have net access but didn't think about tracking down a ballot because they're normally mailed to everyone eligible to nominate, or who didn't know they were eligible because Intersection was their first Worldcon and they hadn't read the fine print in the WSFS constitution.'

[APH: It is unfortunate that all this occurred, but I'm a little reluctant to rail against the people involved without some further information. As far as I can remember ConFrancisco was the first Worldcon to send out Hugo ballots to its members for the year following their own convention, but that probably isn't true; others with better command of the facts will surely correct me. But my impression is that extending the expensive courtesy of sending Hugo ballots to people who are not members of the current convention is a relatively recent innovation, usually pursued by the previous year's con, and I didn't think there was anything about it in the WSFS constitution. Maybe George Flynn can tell us.

I doubt it has ANYTHING to do with any assumptions about people being on-line and therefore not needing a paper ballot. More than any other factor, I suspect the vagaries of bulk mail are to blame. Being on the left coast, I got my ballot in time to vote the morning we left for Corflu, which was almost worse — I was up until four in the morning accessing the X-Files website so I could nominate five different episodes of the series for best dramatic presentation.

No clever segue suggests itself, so let us merely welcome REDD BOGGS (P.O. Box 441 El Verano, CA 95443) to our pages:]

I've been intending to write you for some time to remark that Apparatchik seems to me the most considerable achievement of its type since the Ron Ellik-Terry Carr Fanac of so long ago, despite the unfortunate error of the "R" in your heading that somehow got reversed and not corrected. Otherwise a remarkable job.

I appreciated your tribute to Horace Gold in #55. "He seems to be little remembered today"? That really makes me feel old. I always thought of him as a Johnny-Come-Lately of an editor, arriving long after Hugo Gernsback, Harry Bates, F Orlin Tremaine, and of course John W. Campbell Jr. But I suppose he is already part of the passing parade, and Stanley Schmidt, Kristine Kathryn Rusch, et al, are the present day Johnnies. *They* came after my time.

Jim and Barbara Harmon visited Gold a couple of times in the past six months or so, and Jim reported something to me I hadn't heard otherwise. I don't read Locus and Science Fiction Chronicle; for all I know, it may have been chronicled there in profuse detail, and even you may have mentioned it and I have forgotten. At any rate, Horace told Jim and Barbara that a few years ago, his ex-wife Evelyn won the New York State lottery and was awarded millions of dollars: fifteen or maybe fifty million (Horace was hard to understand). She saw to it that he children and grandchildren have security, for life, but she gave nothing to Horace. Jim said she could sent Horace "a few hundred thousand for old time's sake." Horace grumbled, "That'll be the day." Horace wrote a story called "The Old Die Rich," which didn't come true in his case, but at least he was living comfortably, and I suppose Evelyn felt her kids and grandkids were more important.

All I remember about Evelyn is that she danced in her stocking feet at some conventions in Galaxy's golden heyday. Isn't that memorable? Surely more memorable than winning mil-

lions of bucks. I don't suppose Horace himself ever attended cons, and she was his representative at cons in those days.

'Speaking of "The Old Die Rich", you should have mentioned Gold's writings as well as his editorship of Galaxy. More important, perhaps, were his contributions to Unknown, especially "Trouble With Water" and (with Sprague de Camp) "None But Lucifer," but "A Matter Of Form" in Astounding was always a favorite of mine. And we must not forget that Horace wrote for Astounding in the mid-1930s — before the coming of John Campbell — as Clyde Crane Campbell, and one story was titled "Gold." That's a nice tidbit to remember.

I don't believe you mentioned in Apparatchik the death of another important fan besides Bob Shaw; namely, Peter J. Vorzimmer (known as Vorzimer in his fannish days). He will be remembered as the father of The Cult, which is still going strong (so Dave Rike tells me), but I will always remember him as the fan who sent me, quite unsolicited, a lettering guide — the lower case of a guide I didn't have the caps form and thus seldom used it. But I was impressed enough with Pete's small gesture that I still remember it, decades later.'

[APH: It is remarkable how the tiniest things will stay with us, long after stuff of objectively greater significance fades completely from memory. I had not been aware of Peter Vorzimer's death until reading your letter; thanks for letting us know. We've certainly lost a lot of friends over the past 12 months or so.

Returning to the subject of Bob Shaw is PAUL SKELTON (25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW UK), another fan who was deceptively close to him:]

'Andy commented on "the seeming ease" with which Bob pursued life as both fan and pro, and how he integrated the two so seamlessly that Bob the fan was never pushed aside for Bob the SF writer. As I've said, we were never particularly involved with him, though we'd met him a few times at conventions or smaller scale fannish get-togethers, yet when Cas and I took up cycling, and one day decided on a trip out across the Cheshire plain it occurred to us that if all went well me might even make it as far as Grapenhall (where Bob & Sadie were then living), but it was unthinkable that we shouldn't note down his phone number before we set off in case we made it that far and could call and arrange a visit. Things went exceptionally well and we were welcomed as old friends. Bob was supposed to be writing but he welcomed the excuse to take us down to his local for a pint or two. We'd have stayed longer but so well had the cycling gone that that there was still time and opportunity to for us to go on to Runcorn & visit with Ro & Darrol Pardoe, so Bob & Sadie gave us directions and waved us off. It was just fans, of minimal acquaintance, dropping in and passing the time with other fans.

Though in truth one of the occasions on which I spent time with Bob was with him as an sf writer rather than as a fan . . . well at least to start with. He gave a talk at one of our local branch libraries. Our branch library, just down the road, but I told you how out of touch we are, didn't I. I never heard about it. Our friends Mike and Pat Meara did, over in Derby, so 60-odd miles distant, and they phoned us and arranged to come over for it. Someone in the very small audience asked Bob if it was the purpose of sf to predict the future (he of course said it wasn't) and when all the other questions were over, I asked, given that predicting the future wasn't its purpose, did it have a purpose? I meant of course, why write SF rather than anything else? Does SF have a purpose? "No, none!" said Bob definitely, glancing at his watch and bringing the meeting to a close. He'd been Bob the

It's taken me all this time to find out what I mean

Author for these other folk, but he wasn't going to be Bob the Author for us fans, not when it was cutting into good drinking time. So we met him outside in the car park, and as Chief Native Scout I got us to the best of the numerous local hostelrys, where we enjoyed a few bevies and some convivial chat.

Though having accepted that just about everyone active in UK fandom probably had more and closer dealings with Bob than did we, I have to state at the last that we did once more have a special and I believe unique relationship with him. He may have been many things to many fans, but was he ever Father Christmas? He was to us.

It came about through our mutual friend Joni Stopa. Apparently Bob had once, in her presence, expressed a liking for a certain type of American pipe tobacco. Realising that Bob would, on his return to the UK, be unable to obtain supplies of same she'd apparently made a point of regularly shipping quantities of it over to him. When she subsequently became friends with us, and started sending us Christmas presents, she decided to take advantage of her existing fannish "network". When you send stuff overseas you have to fill in a customs declaration form attached to the parcel, which does tend to spoil the surprise. This was no problem to Bob, who knew he was getting tobacco, but for us and the kids it could be tricky. Joni believes in honesty. Not for her Mike Glicksohn's description of A C & C tablets (Aspirin, Caffeine and Codeine) as "Gourmet Candy". But not to worry. She was up to the challenge. She simply arranged to send our presents to Bob and let him unpack them. He could bring them round without any discomfiting or inconvenient Customs Declarations. Of course it would take him over a couple of hours, but either Joni never appreciated this ("North West England to North West England, practically next door, no problem."), or she figured this was the sort of things fans do for their friends, which it was, and Bob did.

Being a writer Bob tended to run such errands during the day, whereas not being a writer I tended to be at work when he visited on these occasions. I didn't have to worry about the proprieties though (you always leave a drink out for Father Christmas) for Cas and Bethany were there to see his needs, though Beth being of pre-school age was probably not our best representative. Cas had offered him a drink and he'd chosen a large glass of the 21-year-old MacAllan. Our five-year-old daughter Bethany immediately pointed out that he'd made the wrong choice because the 8-year-old Glenfarclas was 105 proof. When I came home and was told of this it bothered me. I wouldn't have given a monkey's if it had been Robert A. Heinlein, but Bob Shaw was a fan, and I didn't want him thinking I was the sort of Phillistine who thinks, and causes his five-year-old daughter to think, that you can judge a single malt purely on its alcohol content. I could of course have murdered her and sent her heart or body to Bob by way of explanation and expiation, but being a doting father I chose to rely instead on Bob's good grace.

Beth is now 22 years old, and will be getting married in a few short months. This will cost me an arm and a leg, and I'm already aware that I'd have been far better off financially ripping out her heart and sending it to Bob. But then I'd have missed that ultimate underlining of what's really important, when she on some subsequent, very precious occasion glanced down at a book I was reading and gasped in unfeigned amazement "Bob Shaw? Our Bob Shaw?" Yes, our Bob Shaw!

That's Bob's legacy to everyone who knew him. Never the Big Name Writer, always the friend. That's why he'll be the most deeply missed.

[APH: Well, I don't think I have much I can add to that. Let's move on to a new letter from ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, who asks many difficult questions:)]

In Apak No. 54, I share with you the pleasure of seeing fandom's own Amy Thomson on the short list of nominees for the PKD Award, but I don't quite follow the metaphor you offered that seeing a book go from manuscript to bookstore shelves is "like playing with baby chicks after having a big omelet for breakfast." It's very catchy, but what does it *mean*? And that aside, congratulations to Amy and to Edd Vick on their upcoming nuptials. (But yes, what a bad schedule conflict!)

Both installments of Dan Steffan's TAFF report enjoyed muchly. In the first one, I was much taken with his description of the train that he and Lynn took on the final leg of their trip to Haverfordwest. I took a similar contraption on the final leg of my trip to visit the Ashworths and other Leeds area fans back in '89. Dan's characterizations of it as alternatively a Diesel Bus On Wheels and a Trolley Car With A Thyroid Condition are right on. The same swaying from side to side and sounds of shifting gears and revved engines are forever emblazoned in my memory as one of the most unusual public transit rides I've had anywhere. In a strange way it took me back to my childhood in Los Angeles and the Red Cars. (See the transit sections of *Who Killed Roger Rabbit?* for more on the Red Cars.) Like Dan, I was quite impressed with the nature and extent of trains in the UK, and wished that the same existed here. Given Glen Ellen's Bucolic status, I'd probably be riding the equivalent of that Haverfordwest/Skipton train every day to my job in Santa Rosa.

Your "The Last Man at Fremont Station" was an atmospheric little piece, and I particularly liked the line "Why do people who hate to serve invariably open restaurants?" And there was something almost personally unsettling about "Roust complacent BNFs from their semi-gaflate slumber, to be herded through the streets by jeering student mobs in a fannish Cultural Revolution." A definite impetus to remain active, but it makes you wonder about the standards. What constitutes "Semi-gaflate slumber"? How long do you have to go between issues of your fabulous fannish genzine? I seem to be settling in on a year, and so far no one's complained except myself. But what of Jerry Kaufman? He'd better stay away from school s-f club gatherings, I think.

But finally, after reading through it and enjoying all the little bits of business, any point it may have had seemed to elude me. Perhaps it's a parody or pastiche of something I don't know? Otherwise, it took me back to countless little short stories in P&SF of the '60s that went nowhere but offered up a good time getting there. There's something positive to be said for that, after all.

Regarding Victor's coverage of that avalanche, around the same time I read his piece about it in either the San Francisco Chronicle or the Santa Rosa Press Democrat about that unfortunate event. I didn't make note of any byline, but it made me wonder if I was reading any of Victor's words. (The Santa Rosa paper is owned by the New York Times, if that helps in tracing.) In his coverage of the mudslide and the people in the houses that slid, he says, "Those people were hippies," but does nothing with it. What does that have to do with the story? Perhaps everything, but Victor never says. Follow-up, please?

Greg Pickersgill wouldn't be the first person to undertake a service of reprinting entire fanzines. At one time Vince Clarke gradually produced a complete facsimile run of Hyphen in this manner, even going so far as to use the same color of paper used

He amused himself the rest of the night by spurring an orderly who was lying crosswise in the tent.

on every sheet in the original publications. (It was exciting having thick envelopes full of clone Hyphens showing up now and then for several years.) I have to admit that having the ability to do so myself is another impetus behind my stray thoughts of getting a copier with some of the money I would have spent on Corflu Nashville. But it's a logical extension of Greg's Memory Hole concept to get into producing facsimile fanzines. There are only so many duplicates that exist and can be rounded up, and often they are fragile, and almost disintegrate upon reading. As Rob Hansen once observed, he'd rather have a set of Vince's reprint Hyphens than the real thing because they'd last longer.

I like reprinting stuff from old fanzines to keep it alive for future fannish generations. I've thought of a series of fanthologies for selected years in the '40s and '50s, and even once started organizing a "Fanthology '40s", typing up one short Bloch article from a 1944 *Fantasite* before abandoning it for the nonce. In my distant past I did a 20-page anthology, *Some of the Best from QUANDRY*, which I ran through OMPA and distributed a bunch of additional copies. I also did a facsimile reprint of the first issue of *Spacewarp* — a true crudzine, if you've never seen it, handwritten and -drawn on ditto masters. My 17-year-old self carefully reproduced Art Rapp's hand printing and crude drawings. More recently, of course, is *The Best of FRAP*, which continues to be available for \$7.50 postpaid.

One thing I'd like to see compiled is an availability list of past fanthologies. Is your 1989 collection still in print, for instance? What about Brandt's '87, Virzi's '86? A periodic survey needs to be instituted of what fanhistorical documents remain in print. As the current focal point fanzine, *Apak* would seem to be the logical place to disseminate such information even though you may not want to be the one who collects it.

'Yeah, it would be great if someone would reprint all of *Indian Scout*. Now, there would be a worthy project for *Memory Hole Fanzine Reprints!* Except I wonder if Greg has them all? As Ted observes, few copies were made. I feel fortunate to have the ones I do.

'So Lesley Reece has become an English major. Ghod! As a former English major myself (UCLA, 1965, don't ask about my GPA), I have mixed feelings about this. She touches upon it with the words "perennial underemployment." Other than this observation, I quite enjoyed Lesley's column. It's great to read a new fan's reactions and observations to encountering big doses of old fanzine writing. I note she's read and perhaps even has her own copy of *A Wealth of Fable*. If she hasn't read them, she ought also to read *All Our Yesterdays* and (with suitable cautions) *The Immortal Storm*.

I agree with your summing up of *Opuntia*. I consistently enjoy it and its riders.'

[VMG: That the Salmon Beach folks were hippies was a casual aside that I thought was supported by the description of how they lived. My point was: It was not a high-rent neighborhood. In fact, houses so close to the water wouldn't be allowed under current shoreline management law. Sewage and so on. The vast majority of the hippies I know are fine people.

Lesley's insane trip into English literature doesn't mean that she won't be employable — she'll just have to get another degree, I suspect. That's what happened to me. But there's another reason to take English courses: it's fun.]

[APH: I'm not sure what evidence you saw in Lesley's piece that she has read *A Wealth of Fable*; I don't recall the title coming up in our conversations, although my copy is certainly at her disposal. I wish more people would make this sort of generally welcoming noises at newer fans. I think most of us enjoy

seeing the initial impressions of people entering fandom, especially if they don't stand around whining about how elitist and insular we are, but few of us take the time to express these sentiments, leaving it instead to the NFFF welcomittee.

As for "The Last Man at Fremont Station," I think I was trying to create a hybrid pastiche of the sort of spy story John LeCarre writes, and the sort of dementia which comes over me as the bi-weekly *Apak* deadline approaches. It's what Carl refers to as "reality-based" material, and it's a sad commentary that I rather agree with him.

I have about a dozen copies of *Fanthology '89* left. I agree with you that it would be nice if we could put together some sort of listing or catalogue of the special projects, reprints, fanthologies and so forth that are still in print — although being "in print" in this case probably refers most commonly to a few dozen copies stuck in a box in the bottom of the editor or publisher's junk closet. Some people, like Arnie Katz for instance, have been very good about listing the things that they have for sale in subsequent fanzines, but most of the time, a new fanthology or tribute zine is trumpeted widely on its initial release, then forgotten. I wouldn't mind compiling and listing this sort of information of Apparatchik at all, but it would certainly speed things up if people would volunteer the particulars, rather than making me go hunting for it.

I certainly know what you mean about the relative durability of reprint editions. I just got a complete facsimile run of *SF Five Yearly*, and I've been eagerly devouring the early issues I don't have in the original. It's nice to have such material in a state one can carry onto the bus, or indeed, do anything besides keep it in a plastic bag and occasionally admire it on those occasions when it can be briefly exposed to light.

Oh, and the "baby chicks" metaphor: I guess what I was referring to is the fact that when you workshop a book, you break a lot of eggs. You say why you don't like this character's reaction, how a certain scene makes no sense in a given chapter, and so on, often in rather florid terms. After all of this critical bloodletting and struggle, it's always surprising to see a polished, published work emerge from the hand of the author, whom logic would suggest would respond to this stimuli by either shutting the book up in a drawer or putting out a contract on the rest of the workshop. That such a generally fine novel resulted from this process is a small miracle to me.

As yet another former English major, I have a somewhat more sanguine attitude toward my experience in the field. One thing I've learned in the wake of it is that a person who can write a coherent paragraph (not that I'm saying that includes me, mind you) is actually a fairly rare commodity these days, and that the possession of the skills you get from taking English courses do have some application in the real world. More than anything, college encourages one to show up on time, honor social contracts as described in course outlines, and to successfully complete tasks of opaque or unfathomable purpose because they are requested by a person of authority. I'm all for informed iconoclasm and heresy, but I always like to know I'm protesting something because I don't believe in it, rather than because I couldn't do it in the first place.

Just space enough for my favorite English class story: I took a poetry/lit course one semester, with a discussion group led by a TA named Lincoln Conkle. One afternoon, we were discussing Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." There is a line: "the earth in fast, thick pants breathing." Conkle told us, "That would be like heavy jeans or corduroys, right?"

He wasn't kidding.

WAHF: Karen Babich, George Flynn & Murray Moore.]

I shall be brief as I have rather unfortunately become Prime Minister right in the middle of my exams.

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, March 13th to 28th

1.) **Journey into Fandom with TAFFBOY**, written and edited by Dan Steffan, 3804 South 9th St. Arlington, VA 22204: Dan takes on the whole question of insular (read "Mutant") fanzine fans, vis a vis TAFF, and this bravura comic book treatment does a lot to illustrate some of the absurdity of the issue, while portraying a triumph of the fundamental fannish spirit behind TAFF. All of this is done in a style of clear homage to the late, great Jack Kirby; the cover in particular reminds me of some of the wilder Marvel Silver Age books, the ones which featured guys like Doctor Strange and the Silver Surfer before they got books of their own. Even though this is work in another artist's style, I think it's an excellent illustration of just how good Dan is, equally comfortable doing fillos, covers and nine-panel grids. Add this to the segments of his TAFF report that we have printed so far, and his performance as auctioneer and t-shirt salesman in Nashville and it all serves to underline that electing Dan to TAFF was a Good Thing. There will probably quite a few more copies of this mailed out soon, but if you don't get one, send in a request with a completed TAFF ballot, and I imagine TAFFboy will be happy to oblige.

2.) **Fanthology 92**, Edited by Robert Lichtman, Published by Lucy Huntzinger, 2305 Bernard Ave., Nashville, TN 37212: We've been waiting several years to see what Robert would do when allowed to actually EDIT the fanthology for the year, rather than simply soliciting lengthy suggestions from him, which are then mostly ignored. The volume which has resulted from his efforts seems to fit its editor perfectly. While Robert had strong ideas about what he wanted to see included -- and it's an excellent batch of essays, both comic and serious, fannish and occasionally even rather stfnal -- he doesn't appear to have very much interest in expressing that aesthetic, preferring to let us infer what he likes from his selections. So there is a minimal editorial presence here, even to the degree that Robert was unwilling to create any greater hierarchical statement in the order of presentation than that suggested by alphabetical order. In part, this is because Robert wishes he could present each piece of writing in as close as possible a context to its original, but if that isn't feasible, he would choose to configure the volume in as simple a manner as possible. The interior is lightly studded with Rotsler illos, which is about the closest thing to tasteful neutrality of design as you are likely to see in a contemporary fanzine. The Dan Steffan cover, however, is extremely striking, and everything such a fanzine deserves. As for the material, I was very pleased to see "A Visitor to San Clemente" included, my favorite piece of my own to date, alongside superior material by Nigel Richardson, Jae Leslie Adams, Michael Ashley, Linda Krawecka, David Thayer and James and Ted White. A very good Fanthology and worth more than the \$2.00 which Lucy was able to offer it for.

3.) **Ansible #104**, edited by Dave Langford, 94 London Rd. Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU UK: I get awfully tired of having to come up with snappy leads to make up for the fact that every month we find Ansible taking up one of the choice spots high in the countdown. So all I'll say is that this issue is especially noteworthy for Chris Priest's obituary of Bob Shaw and leave it at that. But I rather enjoyed some of the silly reportage from MiS Saigon as well . . .

4.) **The Best of Anzapa #10** (1977/78) & #11 (1978/79), edited by Perry Middlemiss, GPO Box 2708X Melbourne, Victoria 3001 Australia: Ye Gods, and I thought TimeBytes was an ambitious project! Perry Middlemiss, with the participation of various former participants, has undertaken a

fifteen-volume collection of the best writing from ANZAPA, which was one of the better-regarded apas between about 1977 and 1984 -- Perry will correct me if this impression of mine is wrong -- and which features a neat cross-section of the best Australian writers of the period, like Bruce Gillespie, John Foyster, Helen Swift, David Griggs and so on. Plus, complete mailing statistics for the fan-historically inclined (like me). I'm very impressed by the quality of material here; when you render a whole year's worth of apahacking down to nine articles, you get a pretty amazing fanzine.

5.) **Wallbanger # 15**, edited by Eve Harvey, 8 The Orchard, Tonwell, Herts, SG12 8HG UK: Here's a wonderful surprise, a new issue from Eve just a couple years after the last and right after we saw her last September. This issue features a piece of reportage by Lynda White on her trip to the UK last fall, professional and travel memoirs by Eve as well as another chunk of her report on her 1985 trip to Australia, and a lovely piece on cemeteries and monuments by Darrol Pardoe. Print's a bit pale, but that's all I can find wrong with this, a very good read.

6.) **The Space Cadet Gazette #5**, edited by R. Gramme Cameron, 855 West 2nd Ave. Apt. # 110, Vancouver, BC V6J 1J1 Canada: I ought to rate this higher, I really should. A difficult little voice in the back of my head keeps saying that I just knocked it down from the top five because it has another of Scott Patri's Trekkie-bashing covers. Lots of cool stuff in this issue, more of Graeme's grandfather's WWI memoirs, a profile of four rare Canadian films (one of which is imaginary), the beginning of a report on Ditto 8, some entertaining fanzine reviews and a great letter column. AND more stories of travel and archeology in Meso-America, AND Terry Jeeves' appreciation of the first issue of Unknown, March, 1939. Another one of those fanzines that has much more crammed into it than its size would indicate, lots of tonal variation and healthy doses of Graeme's odd humor.

Also Received: Tendaberry 3, Velma Bowen; Bandsalat #1, Ken Josenhans; For the Clerisy/About Latvia #13, Brant M. Kesovich; The Knarley Knews #56, Henry & Letha R. Welch; Pinkette #15c, Karen Pender-Gunn; fHapa #1, February 1996, Paye Crawford; Baryon #60, Barry Hunter; The Ultimate Unknown #2, David & Ralitsa Combs; De Profundis #287, Tim Merrigan for LASFS; Convention Log #65, Lauraine Tutthasi; The Zero-G Lavatory #6, Scott Patri. Victor has received nearly all of these, plus Crawdaddy #11 from last time. Thanks!

APPARATCHIK is moths eating holes in a cloak -- how they must love what they do! It's still available for the usual, but note that trades must now be sent to both Andy and Victor (see the front colophon for our addresses), and/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 sub-scription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a reliable fifth starter. For readers in the United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, from 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Off Clarke's Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX, UK. Australian Readers can subscribe through Irwin Hirsh, 24 Jessamine Ave. East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia, for \$4.00, \$16.00 and \$26.31 Australian. Lifetime subscribers: Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Tracy Benton, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Vince Clarke, Scott Custis, John Dallman, Bruce Durocher, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Margaret Organ Kean, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Mark Plummer, Barnaby Rapoport, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Nevenah Smith, Dale Speirs, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, Michael Waite, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner. A very long grace for a thin plate of soup.