

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

# APPARATCHIK

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the fifty-ninth issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper and Victor Gonzalez, member & founding member fwa, supporters afal, at The Starlitter 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 via e-mail 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 #256. Apparatchiki: Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Carl Juarez, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells. They kill mediocre pitching!

## Issue #59, May 9th, 1996

**Stuff a Real Newszine would have in it**

**Compiled by Andy**

ALTHOUGH I ABSENTMIND- edly neglected to mention just which fan-fund I was exhorting everyone to hurry up and vote for last issue, it seems as if quite a few people figured out exactly what I meant:

### MARTIN TUDOR WINS 1996 TAFF RACE

*Results of the 1996 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund Race*

*Press release by Dan Steffan, American TAFF Administrator*

'Martin Tudor, editor of Empties and Critical Wave has won the 1996 TAFF race and will be attending the 1996 World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles this Labor Day week-end. Transatlantic vote tabulations were completed by European Administrator Abigail Frost and her American counterpart on Sunday, May 5th, 1996, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for Tudor.

'149 people voted in this year's race, including fans from North America, Europe and Australia.

'The final results, reached after the first round of voting, were as follows:

|                      |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Martin Tudor:        | 138 votes |
| M.J. "Simo" Simpson: | 9 votes   |
| No Preference:       | 2 votes   |

'This is a significant victory for Tudor and is easily the widest margin between candidates in any recent TAFF race. We congratulate Martin on his win and offer heartfelt appreciation and thanks to "Simo" for making it a horse race.

'Further information concerning the results of the 1996 TAFF race will be published on or about Monday, May 13, 1996. This publication will contain all available voting information and results. A list of North American voters, a financial report, and other TAFF news will be included in this publication. Every North American participant in the 1996 TAFF race will receive a copy of this publication, as will all sf newszines and all the known North American participants from the 1995 race.

'Anyone not included in these groups can easily obtain a copy of this publication by sending a S.A.S.E. to:

Dan Steffan, TAFFboy, 3804 South 9th Street, Arlington, Virginia 22204 USA

'Thank you for your interest in the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund.'

THE APPARATCHIKI are delighted to extend our warm congratulations to our fellow conspirator and UK mailing-agent, Martin "Landslide" Tudor, who wins the right to tour sites of fannish interest in North America, as well as the Worldcon. Martin, the land of bad beer, big burgers and Burbee awaits you!

JUST AS I WAS FINISHING this column, I received word that Redd Boggs, longtime FAPAn, editor of the brilliant fanzines Skyhook and Spirochete, died early this morning at a bay-area hospital. About two weeks ago he underwent surgery for a ruptured stomach, but doctors also discovered that his entire intestinal tract had become detached, and that the condition was terminal. We'll have more on Redd and his writing next issue. He was one of my all-time favorite fan-writers, but I never got to meet him. I hope he and Gretchen are together again now. FROM FILE 770 #113, we receive news of the death of Derrick Keith White, who passed away at the age of 35 on March 24th, 1996, after a long fight against AIDS. White was a long-time member of Chicago's Moebius Theater, who began his association with that company when he was still in High School. He eventually served as the company's president in 1991, and was a prime-mover behind the impressive production of Capek's R.U.R. at Chicon V. We extend our condolences to Mr. White's friends and family.

WORD HAS ALSO REACHED us that long-time fan Roy Tackett suffered a stroke on the 7th of March of this year. Several sources report that he is making good progress in recovering his speech and ability to walk, although his left arm is still immobile. His recovery has been hampered by the fact that he picked up a staph infection at the hospital, and this has proven to be of a strain resistant to antibiotics, forcing him to beat it with his own immune system. Happily, he seems to be winning that fight and is tentatively scheduled to go home on the 17th of May.

While this will no doubt slow Roy's participation in FAPA and other fannish activities, he is quite determined to make his date as Fan Guest of Honor at the San Antonio Worldcon next year. For people who would like to send a get-well card, or even better a fanzine, the address for Roy and Eileen Tackett is: 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107.

WE'VE LOST TRACK of a life-time subscriber. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Michael Waite, formerly of Ypsilanti, MI, is encouraged to inform us so we can pull him from the lake of fire.

**IN THIS ISSUE:** Following the news, Taffboy Dan Steffan takes time out from his busy ballot-counting schedule to favor us with another installment of his TAFF trip report. Then Pam Wells shares another story of fan-fund related tonsorial excess from this year's Eastercon. Letter-writers this time include Jerry Kaufman, Howard Waldrop, Bill Donaho, E.B. Frohvet and Australians Irwin Hirsh and John Tipper, among numerous others. Victor offers his thoughts on the practical process of introducing new people to fandom, punctuated by both his reptilian signature (which Lesley drew) and a series of miniature fannish verses from the keyboard of Patrick Nielsen Hayden. As ever, the issue concludes with Andy's fanzine count-down.

Trade Ayala for a real moose!

**TAFFragment #3:  
"Leave The Driving To Us"**

**By Dan Steffan  
Taffboy**

I HATE LUGGAGE. I HATE the idea that my whole world is supposed to be stuffed into it. I hate the nagging fear that I've left one of them behind or forgotten to pack something

essential. I hate remembering what I've forgotten. I hate when they "accidentally" take another flight. I hate when they *don't* come rolling down the damned conveyor belt. I hate getting a claim check for my baggage, and *never* having anyone ask to see it. I hate the fact that they're never big enough to begin with and always seem to have shrunk by the end. I hate the aroma of two weeks worth of socks and undies. I hate the way my dufflebag looks next to your Louis Vuitton.

But the thing I hate the absolute most about luggage is carrying it. I hate everything about it. The very idea of it makes me nauseous. Lugging bags and suitcases up hills and through train stations is not my idea of a good time. Toting totebags and backpacks leaves me feeling equine. Suitcases with wheels are a joke. (If the Samsonite Corporation wants to give me a break they should never have stopped with just two little wheels — they should have added a seat and a mini-bar. Now *that* would be a useful suitcase.) Hell, I'd probably support the return of slavery if it meant a plentiful supply of porters.

If the truth were to be told, I'd have to say that the prospect of living out of a suitcase for three weeks was, in fact, the only part of my TAFF trip I wasn't looking forward to.

Once we'd actually arrived in England, Lynn and I knew what lay ahead of us and did our best to avoid the Backbreaking Hell of Luggage Transport whenever possible. Our first test occurred when John and Eve Harvey met our 7:00 a.m. flight at Heathrow Airport. Fortunately, airports aren't much of a challenge — I simply grabbed a luggage cart in baggage claim and wheeled our cumbersome dufflebags right into the garage and right into the boot of the Harvey's car. I didn't even break a sweat.

When we ran off to Wales the next day we once again avoided any serious lifting by leaving the bulk of our luggage behind with John and Eve. We took a smaller bag with us knowing that we were only going to be gone overnight and would be returning directly to the Precursor hotel in Stevenage. John and Eve had consented to bring our bags with them to the hotel for the convention and had graciously brought them up to their room on the seventh floor. When we finally checked into the Hertfordpark Hotel on Friday afternoon, I had only to carry the bags two doors down the hallway to our room. So far, so good.

After the Precursor softball game on Sunday I had a conversation with Jack Heneghan, who'd been in England for almost a month on a business trip, and discovered that he was driving to London that evening to spend the night with Rob and Avedon in East Ham. We were scheduled to follow suit the next day — as were Andy Hooper and Carrie Root — and managed, with the assistance of sixty or seventy beers, to talk Jack into driving all of our collective baggage down to London with him that night. His agreement guaranteed Lynn and me another luggage-free trip through London. Our plan was working.

In the week that followed, we made daily trips from Hotel Hansen into the heart of London to meet our Native Guide, Martin "The Babe" Smith, to tour museums, drink beer, visit shops (like The Tintin Shoppe in Covent Gardens), drink beer, eat in some interesting restaurants, and, occasionally, drink some beer.

through the city's maze of streets and pubs. He even accompanied us when we played Ugly American Tourists, visiting the Tower of London and the Crown Jewels. Martin's good humored patience and friendship was one of the highlights of our visit to the U.K.

We were scheduled to leave for Glasgow on Thursday morning. Up until that time we had managed to avoid carrying our luggage any further than it took to put them into someone's trunk. But now we had a problem. There was no avoiding it any longer. There were bags to be carried and nobody but us to carry them. Unless. . . .

"What if we take a taxi to the train station?" I asked my wife over the teetering pile of dufflebags and backpacks. "We could go to that mini-cab office up the street and get a taxi," I suggested. The mini-cab office was near the tube station and we'd walked past it a dozen times that week.

"Do you think it will be all right?" Lynn asked, remembering all those episodes of "The Eastenders" she'd seen. "Are you sure they can get us there in time?"

"Of course they can." I said, trying to forget all those episodes of "The Eastenders" I'd seen. "They're professionals. What could go wrong?"

The next morning, a couple of hours before our train was due to depart, we carried our bags the two blocks to the mini-cab stand for our ride to Euston Station. I figured that I could carry the damned things that far, if it meant I wouldn't have to touch them again until we reached our train. Fortunately, our cab was ready and waiting. "This is a good sign," I told Lynn. "Famous last words," she replied.

Despite her cynicism, things seemed to be going smoothly. The Pakistani owner of the cab stand spoke Pakistani to our Pakistani driver (the only thing I understood was the mention of Euston Station) and they nodded to each other in agreement. My momentary worries about a potential language barrier proved unnecessary when the driver greeted us warmly and commented on the unusually hot weather.

Traffic was heavy, but I wasn't worried. We'd left plenty of time for any problems that might occur. I just sat back and enjoyed the scenery (even the slums are quaint in England). After a while I leaned forward in my seat and tried making small talk with the driver. I had driven a cab in the States for a while in the Seventies and was curious to find out some of the interesting tidbits about driving in London. "How do you like being a mini-cab driver?" I asked him. "Is it a good way to make a living?"

"I don't know yet," he answered. "I have only been driving for three days."

A sudden look of panic spread across Lynn's face.

"You are going to Euston Station, yes?" he asked us a moment later. I smiled weakly and confirmed that we were indeed going to Euston Station. "Okay," he said confidently, waving his *London A to Z*. "You can tell me how to get there, yes?"

I let out a scream that only dogs could hear.

An hour and forty minutes later we pulled up in front of Euston Station, with about twenty minutes left to catch our train to Scotland. Shaken, but relieved, we ran through the station, gleefully dragging our luggage behind us.

We met up with our travelling companion, Martin "He Won't Leave" Smith, shortly after finding our seats and regaled him with our morning's trauma. Martin laughed and laughed. And laughed. Finally, we were forced to change seats and pretend we didn't know him for the rest of the trip. But still he laughed. (I secretly vowed revenge on him for his insulting behavior and did so at my first opportunity. Hah! To this day Martin still thinks he "lost" his wallet at the convention in Glasgow. That'll teach him!)

MARTIN HAD TAKEN an extra week off from work to "hang out with the Americans" and treated us to a personalized journey

Fortunately, the day's horrors were over. Our Glasgow hotel was actually part of the rail station and required no suitcase hauling in order to reach our room. After that, the only heavy lifting we did during our stay involved pint glasses of lager.

We returned to London a week later, travelling this time in the company of Frank Lunney. Frank had flown to Glasgow for the convention and travelled south with us. The train trip itself took about five and a half hours — most of which was spent next to two evil children who were having Much Too Much Fun with the automatic doors — and left us exhausted upon our arrival back in Euston Station.

We had once again made reservations at Hotel Hansen but decided that we were too tired to battle the subway with all of our post-Worldcon bags, sacks, envelopes, luggage and whiskey bottles, etc., and elected to try our luck with another taxicab. "Only *this* time," I declared, "we're taking a *real* London taxi — NOT one of those damned mini-cabs." So we hauled all six thousand of our suitcases down to the taxi stand and waited our turn in line.

It took about fifteen minutes to reach the top of the line, by which time we were all beginning to slip into a post-Worldcon coma. The sight of our cab pulling up towards us was quite a relief.

As the car rolled to a stop a few feet in front of us, we were all jerked back to reality when it suddenly slammed into the curb

and jumped up onto the pavement. It came right at us, screeching to a halt within inches of our precious suitcases. The tall, pale, red-headed driver apologized profusely for nearly running us down and hopped out of the cab to load up our many bags. Despite his slight build the driver displayed considerable strength as he piled our luggage into the trunk with one hand. We gave him Rob and Avedon's address and slumped back in our seats for a lovely, uneventful ride to East Ham under the able guidance of one of London's legendary taxi drivers — reportedly the best trained cabbies in the world.

"I'm sorry about the disturbance back there in the station, folks," said the cab driver, stopping at a red light. "It's just that I've been having some trouble today," he continued sheepishly. "I don't know what the problem is."

Then he held up his left arm for all of us to see. It was badly swollen and red in color. It seemed to be pointing a bit too much to the left at a very unnatural angle. "Does this look broken to you?" he asked.

Lynn started to laugh uncontrollably. "Here we go again," she said. "Here we go again."



---

## Sara Lee To Buy French Meat Processor

---

### The United Fan Funds Auction at Evolution

by Pam Wells

RATHER THAN COBBLE TOGETHER my scrappy notes into a more-or-less complete Eastercon report, at this distance after the con, I'll concentrate on a single item, and the one I spent

most of my time at: the fan funds auction.

We raised about 420 pounds, and most of this was down to yet another head-shaving. It really struck me, the difference between the Corflu auction and auctions at British conventions. Greg Pickersgill (who was helping us with the sorting of merchandise) said he found it rather disturbing. Me, I can cope with this sort of primal quasi-humiliation stuff. Anyway, we auctioned books, t-shirts, the odd fanzine, and other odd bits of stuff. But the centrepiece was Rob Newman's head-shaving. Apparently he'd said he'd get it done if Jim de Liscard did. Jim came to the con with his head already shaved, so Rob went ahead. (In the Nic Farey shaving at Novacon, we'd carved "Tudor for TAFF" in his stubble. The plan in this case was to engrave "Simo for TAFF", though in the end Simo just wrote this on Rob's forehead with lipstick. I have photos.)

Before the shaving, we passed the hat round. We got 57 pounds, which we declared wasn't enough, and passed the hat around again. During that time, I read out the Message of Support that Nic Farey had sent to Mark Plummer to be read out at the occasion. This was pretty entertaining, and got a few laffs, although the final sentence was a little chilling. Plummer made me read it all, so I did. It concluded with: "...and the next haircut for TAFF will be Pam Wells'. Gulp!

Afterwards, Greg Pickersgill told me that this would be totally humiliating and I should just quietly forget about it. He kinda spoiled this by then suggesting that I get my pubes shaved for TAFF, and provide a speculum for people to get a good look at my private parts. Quite how this could be less humiliating than having my head shaved I am hard pressed to imagine, but I guess

he was only trying to prove a point.

Back to the auction. The hat had gone round a second time, and the total was now up to over a hundred quid. Rob said that he was ready for the deed to be done. (In the mean time, Alison Scott and I had been auctioning more stuff. Mike Scott and Patty Wells were cutely, ostentatiously bidding for the remaining flavoured condoms, and they pointedly left the room together when the last one had been sold. A nice touch.) So I auctioned the right to the first cut, then I said that for two pounds someone could come and take over. This went on for a while, with no shortage of volunteers. Then I auctioned the right to be first with the shaver. Again, people took over for two pounds a time. Rob's wife Hazel looked on to make sure that the shaver was not set too low — Rob is a civil servant who has to look fairly respectable for his work, which involves going to Parliament and suchlike. I think this makes him a particularly brave man to subject himself to this — Nic Farey at least is something to do with computers, and so can probably get away with being relatively scruffy most of the time. More money was raised as I sold the right to take photos for 50p a time, and so on.

Alison and I tried every trick in the book to part people from their money. I *loved* one of hers when selling a lot of five assorted books — Paul Kincaid had bid four pounds when Rog Peyton, bookseller (owner of Andromeda) and habitual auctioneer at book auctions, said 'that one alone is worth ten pounds' — and Alison took that as a bid and made Rog pay her a tenner!

So, clearly head-shaving for TAFF is now a traditional feature of British con auctions, and clearly I am exactly the right auctioneer for that kind of merchandise. I guess that's a pretty dubious piece of fame, but I'll take it where I can. Actually, the whole thing was loads of fun. Four hundred quid for a couple of hours work? That's not too many . . .



---

. . . so he takes out the centrifuge, puts it to the dog's lips, and . . .

---

## AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: Time to quit diddling around and get to the bloodletting. First of all, no soup for you, JERRY KAUFMAN (8618 Linden Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103, e-mail to JerryKaufman@connect.com)!:]

'Your report and comments on the Vanguard at Norwescon are what goosed me into response at last. "There are some," you said, in speaking of Craig Steed's warning to the party's hostess about extra-potent home-brew, "who believe such an honest approach is better than the alternative: not saying anything and letting people find out for themselves."

'You could only think of two alternatives in this situation? I could think of two more. One would be that Craig not bring such enhanced beer to a party in the first place without checking with the hostess. If the hostess couldn't be contacted (a problem when the party was at a hotel and the hostess would have been out and about), then Craig could have put the special stuff on hold until the next Vanguard. Another alternative would be not to make such beer in the first place. (I'm not advocating this alternative; it's up to Craig entirely, but it IS another possibility.)

'You mention that "such things are commonly consumed at Vanguard parties," but I'm sure that the hostess had no idea of this. The "smoking room" Vanguardites are very much their own culture at Vanguards, and many people who are non-smokers never venture into the basements or the backyards where the smokers create their own atmosphere. (And many smokers never join the non-smokers.) And it seems to me that a party at a hotel is a special case, and calls for more consideration and courtesy than usual, being more of a public place.

'Given that Craig could have thought before he brought, it still seems a trifle paranoid to think that deputy sheriffs or police would be likely to check the contents of any stray bottles stocked in party room bathtubs. They'd be more likely to check ID of any underage partiers, and how likely is it that a Vanguard party, with all the gray hair and wrinkles we have among us, would set off that particular alarm?'

[VMG: First of all, Margaret Organ-Kean was told that the stuff was there — it was her hysterically paranoid response later that made us angry. She was insulting to Lesley and demanding of Andy and me — all completely uninvolved in the actions of the person "responsible."

Furthermore, as regards what smoking and nonsmoking fans do at Vanguard and what the hosts should or shouldn't know about it, I would hope the powers that be choose hosts qualified to deal with all aspects of Vanguard, not any one faction. That is exactly what you are sponsoring here, Jerry — factionalism. You'll get no argument that there are at least two groups comprising Vanguard. One of them, in my opinion, is distinctly more interesting.

There's no doubt that Vanguard is a marvelous machine — only once, in the hands of Amy Thomson and what's-his-name, has it failed to click. An efficiency that's difficult to match. But I do not doubt that it is possible, so long as offensive and unreasonable behavior is condoned.

As a regular Vanguard attendee for many of the years I've lived in Seattle, I'm sure I'll miss those who can't attend an alternative soiree. But I'm not sure I'll have less fun.

Vanguard has a long, and in my opinion, proud tradition of "smoking" and "nonsmoking" sections. There has been a tendency toward tolerance. We police ourselves with the use of rational thought. This is why some of us might have thought it was a good idea to inform the host, and found it a surprising

that she delayed expressing her feelings and then did so in the most obnoxious way possible.

Let us not forget that many of those who helped establish Vanguard 17 years ago enjoyed a variety of pharmaceuticals. You, as I recall, have been known to inhale.

But you've grown older and more stale. And more judgmental. Could it be the heart of fannishness has vanished from our near-monthly event?

What's left of this once vibrant, fun-loving group of people has aged and in the process become the narrow-minded idiots I can recall them making fun of. I suspect the average age at the average Vanguard has increased by more than half a year for every year that's gone by since 1985.

I also suspect that ratio has been increasing.

People have changed. I have toned my excesses down considerably in the last seven years, for example. As people age, they become more conservative, more reasonable about the choices they make, and more protective of their safety and the well-being of their loved ones and property. The changes aren't always reflected by changes in professed politics. They are behavioral events. I have seen many of those I have known to disavow marriage get married. I have seen fans with socialist beliefs become eager corporate slaves.

I have even found myself pursuing a "career" and hoping for a degree of predictability from life.

And now I come to the pathetic complaint at the basis of this response: I would hope me and my friends could enjoy Vanguard without taking unjustified shit from people like Organ-Kean.

The crowd at Vanguard has changed. Most are well-employed professionals, either writers or computer people, often both. With the increased attention to careers, other hobbies and graceful living, they've produced fewer fanzines and made more money. You enjoy Vanguard as a social group, but only a few of you are actually still connected to fandom on a national or international level.

Most of the time Vanguard remains a worthwhile event. I hope the level of stress between the factions doesn't increase to the point that a splintering is the sole option.]

[APH: Personally, I found the event annoying, but not enough to question the workings of Vanguard itself. I'm quite used to being shut out of the popular crowd, to sitting at the card table with the children, and skulking in the back room with the smokers, dykes, mail artists and other people who wear too much black. All I would say is that Vanguard needs to have space for such human refuse, so that normal, well-adjusted, cutesy-unicorn-and-Pegasus people don't have to look at our warty countenances.

Your hypothetical comments strike me as not especially germane to this situation. If a group has established a 10+ year tradition of letting people spike iboga extract into their eyeballs at their parties, doesn't it then fall to a new host or hostess to explicitly express a deviation from that tradition in advance, rather than becoming unhinged when people ask to use the autoclave to sterilize their needles? And ignorance of that tradition does not strike me as much of a defense for someone who undertakes a social contract to uphold and continue it.

We move now to a letter from DON FITCH (e-mailing from FitchDonS@aol.com) who begins by subjecting us to itchy, award-related scrutiny:]

"Indeed, there does seem to be a Plague of Fan Hugo nominees — for Best Fanzine, especially — and I suppose it'll be neces-

---

Few things are more reprehensible than telling stories

---

sary to shift into a personal "Extra Considerations" gear. I.e., *Mimosa* or *Ansible* might be "the best", but two Hugos is enough for any fanzine. *Fosfax* and *Lan's Lantern* both perform useful functions well, but aren't the kind of fanzine I most like & admire. For me, it becomes a Choice between *Apparatchik* and *Attitude* . . . and as difficult a choice as I've ever had to make in the Hugo elections; the two seem about equal in quality, but in very different ways, and it's not easy to decide which to encourage.

[In re: Apak 58] 'Lesley Reece does an excellent job, as one would expect, with the "I can't think of anything to write about" shtick — and manages both to be fannish and to say something that might almost be called "sercon" about a sfnal subject.

'Victor does a less-good job, imho, in his citation of two incidents of police-related violence — probably because it may well be impossible to relate fannishness well with mundane matters of serious social concern... not that this is any reason he (and we) should not deal with such things in fanzines, but we look at them with different eyes than we use for sfnal and fannish material.

'Thanks, Andy, for the account of your trip to Louisiana — a place I've not yet visited — and the glimpses you present of "the South", about which I know little and understand less. I have had unsettling experiences, though, with the Southern phenomenon your sister describes — the warm and even effusive friendliness that might be genuine but more often (and I find it impossible to figure out when) is an artificial and seriously-misleading exercise in *Behaving Politely*, as one is expected to do in social situations. That's not limited to The South, of course — there are pockets of this cloying artificiality everywhere, though it's refreshingly rare in fandom, where the exercise of mere distant civility is the accepted norm (or perhaps the admired goal).

'Tom Perry suggests that Leah Zeldes Smith's idea (in *fHapa*) that we all should *save everything* ought to cause us all to roll on the floor laughing out loud. I'd probably have done just that if there were enough open space on my floor to roll around on. Hey, some of us *do* save (almost) everything... and some save very little; I don't suppose Leah's plea will do much to change the latter's practices. Unlike Tom, I think all of this Stuph, including even the most horrible of crudzines, *should* be preserved — in at least 2 or 3 copies, at different locations.

'Preferably, none of those locations would be my house (except for the "high grade" items I personally like & might want to reread or use for reference), but until I have assurance that there are such (relatively) secure and permanent Archives, I feel a sort of Responsibility to try to preserve these ... ummm... extensions of the human/fannish spirit that have come into my hands.

'I seem to be thinking, here, not so much in terms of Fandom as of History & Sociology & Psychology. For all our self-perceived Differentness, fans have generally been part of Anglo-American middle-class life, and from c. 1930 to date — say two thirds of the 20th Century — have done vastly more than any other group I know of to record on paper that life and their interactions with it. From a more purely fannish viewpoint, I'm convinced that there are *many* gems, buried in otherwise undistinguished fanzines — things that could and should be used to decorate, illuminate, and help define fandom (and, for that matter, the quality of being human) for both those who are in it now and those who will come later. If those fanzines are not preserved, that material will be lost, and fandom will be much the poorer for it.'

[VMG: I do not relate fannishness; I am fannish because I relate in a certain way. I'm sorry you didn't like the piece, but I'm not surprised by such close-minded reactions when I ap-

proach something serious. Gosh, you could have even found something interesting to say in response, had you tried thinking.

At least my article was shorter than your letter . . . ]

[APH: Eesh, guess who doesn't work and play well with others today? Of course, that's easy for me to say, as I'm not the one who came in for the stick . . . perhaps this will make your Hugo-dilemma less-pronounced, Don.

I'm more interested in your reaction to the saving/not-saving debate. It seems admirably cooperative to pursue A Communal Collection, rather than one's own collection. Most of us would probably have tidier homes as a result. I am less impressed by the idea that we have an obligation to preserve fandom's history so that it can contribute its full share to the human culture as a whole. SF fans are among the most self-conscious and over-documented people on earth, and I suspect that our contribution to the 20th century would be well-remembered even if we were all abducted by aliens tomorrow. What we need are more historians, and fewer archivists.

Now, a note from RANDY BYERS (e-mailing us from [rbyers@u.washington.edu](mailto:rbyers@u.washington.edu)):]

'HOW DARE YOU. . . edit my letter? In case you haven't noticed, this is America. What you have done to my loc is nothing short of censorship, and it fucking pisses me off! What's the matter? Can't take a little *praise*, huh? Or do you think you're oh so much better than me? Well, you guys are fucking pathetic. You cut the heart out of my letter!

'Etc., etc. I'm just kidding, of course.

'Anyway, another good issue. Tell Lesley she rocks.'

[APH: Well, now that you mention it, yes, we are better than you.

Let us move on to the note from BILL DONAHO (626 58th Street, Oakland, CA 94609) which I promised last issue:]

'Kim Huett was just through here on his way home, a very likable guy. He stayed part of the time with Doug Faunt and part at Alan Bostick and Debbie Notkin's place. On Saturday Alan hosted an extremely good fan party with a sizable part of Bay Area fandom present. It was also a "Welcome to the Bay Area" party for Bill and Julie Humphries. And on Sunday 18 of us went to the seafood/champagne brunch at the Lighthouse hotel in Pacifica where the '97 Corflu will be. Everyone liked the food and the tab was \$22 per person, including tip. And the '97 Banquet will be this brunch, but a private dining room for the con.

'The hotel is right on the beach and after brunch we gathered there to start Corflu plans. Spike Parsons and I will be editing the '93 Fanthology for Corflu. But there is a problem there. 1993 was the first year I returned to fandom and I didn't get that many fanzines that year. And Spike says that while she got most of the fanzines she was heavily involved with ConFrancisco so her reading was pretty spotty.

'We are both looking forward to going thru the 1993 output, but we certainly want recommendations, and items pointed out so we will be sure not to miss them. Send your suggestions to Spike (P.O. Box 20132, Castro Valley, CA 94546) or me.

'A while back, Andy you said that you were one of the ones that agreed that the A-bomb should never have been dropped on Japan. I disagree. I also agree with Gordon Eklund that in spite of Truman's saying that there had been a meeting to consider whether or not to do so, it never occurred to anyone not to.

'For one thing it was quite in line with what had already gone on. More civilians were killed in fire bombings of at least one

---

I thought I'd try my hand at something Farberesque.

---

German city and two Japanese ones than were killed in either Hiroshima or Nagasaki. And as MacArthur said (to paraphrase) "The A-bomb is just a more efficient delivery system of the explosive power we'd drop on them anyway."

"The idea that Japan was about to surrender even without the bomb being dropped and/or the idea that it could have been dropped in some isolated place to show its power is at best a theory. I don't find it a very plausible one.

'And as F.M. Busby said — again a paraphrase — "One could argue that dropping the A-bomb was a Good Thing because it scared everyone so much, including the major powers, that Big Wars have not occurred." Up till now, that is.

'Anyhow as a 1945 Army draftee I am *very thankful* that the A-bomb was dropped. I am probably alive today because of it.'

[APH: Of course numerous Fanthology boffins will no doubt step forward to help with Fanthology 1993, including myself. And its good to hear that everyone liked the food — the past four, perhaps five, Corflus have had relatively poor food at their banquet functions, especially when compared to the Mexican feast we had in El Paso, and the Chinese Banquet served in New York, still the finest convention food function I have ever attended. Seafood in Pacifica sounds more promising.

If your life was saved by the use of atomic weapons, I'm happy for you, but I'm not sure why the rest of the world should value your life more highly than that of the many cancer and leukemia victims who were ultimately killed by the bombs. There is a profound difference between the use of atomic and conventional munitions, in that incendiary bombs don't tend to kill people twenty years after their use...anyway, why should we regard the word of Dugout Doug MacArthur, who wanted to use nukes on China after all, as being an especially valid defense of a policy which he helped implement himself? Anyway, I don't blame the people who made the decision to drop the bomb; in their situation, preventing its use would have been an epic struggle. I have a lot less sympathy for people who feel the need to go on defending that decision fifty years later.

Just for the sake of argument, I offer the following points: As much of 60% of the metropolitan Tokyo area was rendered uninhabitable by the B-29 fire raids. By June 20th, 1945 Japan had ceased to receive any petroleum products of any consequence, because of the success of the American submarine campaign. As a result, Japan had the aviation fuel to put just four pursuit squadrons in the air after July 15th, and would very shortly have been unable to mount any air defense at all. Carrier-based aircraft ranged freely over the southern islands, tearing up the rail net, bridges, communications, and anything else they could find. It's also been estimated that Japan had the capacity to go on feeding its population only through October of 1945, after which they'd begin losing more people to starvation and exposure than the aerial bombardment. The Emperor had been struggling to find a way to end the war since April of 1945, and by August, the list of Japanese conditions for surrender had dwindled down to just one: preservation of the Imperial throne. Which we acquiesced to as soon as we had dropped the bombs. I'm sure, had we been a little less devoted to establishing our primacy among the post-war powers, we could have found some way to preserve your life without incinerating and poisoning 200,000 others.

On that cheery note, we move on to PAMELA BOAL (4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxfordshire OX12

7EW UK), who updates us:]

"The article I mentioned (in my letter printed in your issue 54) was duly published. A two page spread mostly covered by a single excellent photograph, the five hundred words of accompanying text contained eight errors on points of fact. Over the years various members of my family have appeared in newspaper articles, the only one to be accurately quoted in context is myself, and that only the once. The paper that employed that paragon of journalistic veracity was not even British, it was the New York Times. Having formed a good opinion of at least one American journalist I was slightly puzzled, Victor, by your comments in Apak 56. If the subject refuses to answer questions directly, surely they did not agree to the interview in the first place? What ever you state in the introduction, if the subject does not answer questions you are not publishing an interview only an article covering your opinions or surmising about the subject.'

[VMG: As I recall, the point made in the Westwind guidelines was that written interviews are not acceptable; in other words, questions submitted in writing responded to either verbally or in writing. In my mind, though it is a far from perfect situation, this is an acceptable way to do interviews if they are important enough. When I said "directly" I meant an in-person interview in which questions and answers are exchanged without previous negotiations regarding subject matter. You seem to have the idea that I would simply make the answers out of the air. Assuredly not.

By the way, I sorry you had such a bad experience with that reporter. Although I would never condone an error, and I believe they should be corrected when made, it is an interesting experience to report on an event that comprises thousands of different independently verifiable facts. You should try it sometime. Eight errors does seem like a lot, I admit.]

We hear now from that fly-casting classicist, HOWARD WALDROP (Box 5103 Oso General Store, 30230 Oso Loop Road, Arlington, WA 98223), on, um, bovine literary motifs:]

"Thanks, as usual, for the APAK, and congratulations on the Hugo nomination, which, as you know, become easier to lose with each nomination.

'Since I'm the only writer who's initiated readers into the Eleusinian Mysteries in the past couple of millennia, your letter from Jae Leslie Adams got my notice — and I'd meant to write when Victor brought it up. Was Faulkner implying *Ike* was Jupiter, and the cow was Europa? They *were* selling pictures, of the reverse, over at the Atelier Monty, and one of the Snopses was charging a nickel a look at Ike and his lady-love, if I remember correctly. In this case, the bestiality was a human porking a cow, *not* vice-versa, whereas with Leda (and Europa) it was the disguised (anthropomorphic) (as-animal) god with a mortal babe, probably good-looking; people *like* to watch. They don't like to watch Ike and the cow. [And, when customs changed; you had the (anthropomorphic) (guy-god) (disguised as eagle) drag off the mortal, good-looking (guy-babe) Ganymede, consigning the girl-babe cup bearer to turning the ambrosia-beef spit in the scullery on Olympus.] I think Faulkner either 1) thought about it *too* much, like he was wont to do or 2) didn't think about it *enough*.

'One thing he *did* think about (and someone's written a paper on it): The Snopses are the weasels, stoats and voles from *The Wind in the Willows*; Colonel Sartoris, the Compsons, Gavin Stevens, Ratliff, etc., were Mr. Toad, Rat, Badger, Mole, etc. There was supposedly a pretty heavily underlined copy of the book in Faulkner's library . . . The River Bonk is Yoknapatawpha County, and the 20th Century did to the Sartorises, Compsons,

---

Who is it that tells me in the middle of the third inning that she's ovulating?

---

etc. about what it did to Toad of Toad Hall . . .

'Sonofabitch drank himself to death 34 years ago and we're still talking about him. You never know what you're doing when you write a book, as Heinlein probably thought (said Ed Sanders in *The Family*) when he saw pictures of Charles Manson . . .

'Your Pal, Howard.'

[VMG: You write a lovely letter, Howard.

I think Faulkner merely intended Ike to be a fool in love; he tried to portray what a simple man looks at when he looks at his mate. That quote about Juno is very strange, and may have been misprinted. In any case, I eschew allegorical readings; to me, Ike is wallowing in those emotions we all wallow in when we look at someone we love and fuck; that object of our desire is a very special thing. They force a very powerful rush of emotion, which is what Faulkner describes.

And Ike feels the same tragic sorrow we would feel to see our lovers killed in front of us. He is essentially human, with tastes defined by what is available and accessible.

Now a first time-letter from the ostensibly gaffiated JOHN TIPPER (P.O. Box 487, Strathmore, NSW 2135 Australia):]

'Thanks for putting me on your APPARATCHIK mailing list but you can probably find someone more deserving. I've found something of interest in each of the issues you've sent but in reality I'm not really part of fandom. Well, I feel like part of it but I'm not really into attending cons (not even media cons) these days. The only sf novel I've read in the past decade is *The Unknown Soldier* as the authors happen to be friends so sf has moved well into the background of my life. I suppose one can never really escape fandom but with most people on e-mail or whatever (yeah, it's all a mystery to me. This is being typed on a decade-old Amstrad 128K computer) I've been left well and truly behind.

'Having typed the above I guess I can't help but make a few comments on matters mentioned in #s 54 & 56.

'#54: As a train buff I enjoyed Dan Steffan's report on the London underground. And Victor Gonzalez's weather report; I've never even seen snow. Ted White's memories of the Beatles. Only wish I'd appreciated the four when they come to Sydney. It took *A Hard Day's Night* to hook me for life. Lesley Reece's "Sacred Texts" struck a chord. There's nothing quite like a book to those who've experienced the quiet pleasure of reading a treasured story late at night or on a warm, languid Summer's afternoon, preferably accompanied by the occasional chocolate. Unfortunately, there are millions of kids who will never know that pleasure and thus never have any need of books.

'#56: On fan history . . . I did one several years ago but didn't inflict it on my readers. Instead I offered a copy to anyone who really wanted it (on a mailing list of 200). Two responses convinced me to consign it to parts unknown.'

[APH: I think we'll keep you on the mailing list for a while, John; writing a letter is a poor stratagem for getting yourself removed. And does that fan history still exist somewhere? That kind of unpublished resource is just the sort of thing that The Timebinders ought to be trying to collect.

GEORGE FLYNN (Box 1069 Kendall Sq. Sta. Cambridge, MA 02142) rather noticed the rush in which the last issue was written and produced:]

'Andy's exhortation that people send their ballots to Dan Steffan might just possibly have been more effective if it had somewhere contained the word "TAFF." Or maybe not.

'(Psst: Andy's article contains a Star Trek allusion.)

'Hey, can't one enjoy the contents of zines and index them, the better to be able to revisit the stuff one liked? (He said defen-

sively, having committed bibliography too damn many times). Assuming, of course, that one has unlimited time. Illustrating this point, the Timebinders web page was set up by Laurie Mann, who I gather has since been too busy with Real Life to keep it up.

'Jae Leslie Adams remarks on how little I have to say in conversation. This is of course because I am a perfectionist, and by the time I've polished my thoughts to where they're suitable for utterance, the subject has usually changed. Writing locs, on the other hand. . .'

[APH: I am embarrassed by the large number of typos and errors in the last issue, which were partly due to my spending too much time on my own column and partly by other apparatchiki being just as late as I was. But if anyone was unable to figure out what balloting I was referring to when I suggested they send votes to Dan Steffan, they haven't been paying attention to the last fifteen issues and deserve to be confused.

E.B. FROHNET (4725 Dorsey Hall Drive, Suite A, Box 700, Ellicott City, MD 21042) begs for an end to the madness:]

'Congratulations on your awards! Being new to this we're a little hazy on the details — is this something that only Corflu members get to vote on? — but they're certainly well deserved.

'Victor makes an excellent point about new fans, a subject we can speak to with some familiarity. Coming out of a background of convention fandom, with its heavy emphasis on books and writers, we were aware that fanzine fandom existed, but had only peripheral knowledge of it. In the three years before we started Twink we received, total, maybe nine or ten fanzines. The whole subject of archiving and reproducing fanzines from thirty years ago is pretty opaque from here.

'Concerning our "identity": If you published the name on our driver's license, 90% of your readership would say, "Who?" the smattering who might recognize the name would probably say, "Oh, that one? So?"

'We're not a BNE, never have been, and don't aspire to be. Our hope is that once everyone gets over the novelty of "Who is Frohnet?" jokes, we can settle down and be friends, or at least trade zines and LOCs in a spirit of fannish good will. On a more serious note, any revelation of our "real" identity would seriously damage our interest in continuing Twink. It's a harmless affectation; maybe everyone should just leave well enough alone.

'Special thanks to Gordon Eklund, who seems to be the first to grasp instantly the motive behind our *nom de plume*. We have written to the gentleman and sent him Twink #2. Your copy is enclosed, hope you enjoy it.'

[APH: Is it for you to say what is a harmless affectation? I'm very eager to make friends with you, but what kind of friendship can I have with someone who seeks to conceal their identity from me? Did you seriously think that your affectation would pass without comment or that fans would be able to look past the burning beacon of your concealed identity to the inevitably less-remarkable content of your fanzine? If so, this more than any quirk of execution or content marks your naivete in fandom.

And anyone active in fanzine fandom can vote for the FAA Awards. I'm sure you'll receive a ballot for the next set.]

[VMG: My interest in unveiling your identity is purely professional. But wait until you actually get involved in a controversy. Then people will want a real name attached to the head they're calling for. What in the world is so frightening? Will convention fans hunt you down?

Next, ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) writes:]

---

Gentlemen, Bedlow here is flying out to Hooterville to check out a branch line.

---

'It was quite a surprise to read in APAK no. 58 that Lucy's already run out of Fanthology '92. She told me shortly before Corflu that she only made 100 copies, so I guess practically everyone at the con must've gotten one, plus there were contributors' copies. (How many did you make of your fanthology?) She sent me back the originals, so I guess the ball's somewhat back in my court. I have two thoughts about this: (1) if someone would like to step up and be publisher and distributor of a second edition, I'll send the originals to that person, or alternatively, (2) if no one is interested in being publisher but there's demand for additional copies, I'll open up a subscription period and then prepare copies to cover all orders received by a cut-off date. I'm not going to name a price for copies from me at this time because I'm hoping someone will plump for (1).

In the fan Hugo nominations, it's interesting to see that William Rotsler has been nominated for best fan artist for both 1945 and 1995, the only person to appear on both ballots in *any* category. Stealing a page from Bill's own book — and he might kill me for this one — I say: "Vote for Rotsler; he's been sick."

There's an interesting anomaly between Lesley Reece's article and your own. Lesley reports on having her idea of writing something about Star Trek rejected by Victor and, through maniacal laughter, you. Two pages later, mentioning passing through the town of Bourg, Louisiana, you interject, "Resistance is futile." Leaving aside the fact that on the TV show there is no U in Borg, it seems to me that you reveal yourself to be a closet Trekkie (or Trekker, depending on your preference). No problem with that from my point of view — I missed damn few of the Next Generation shows and religiously watch both Deep Space 9 and Voyager, but it seems a little disingenuous (or something) of you to reject Lesley's idea while putting in a little Trek reference of your own.

I haven't been as far south in the Louisiana bayous as you got on your trip to visit your sister [No one has — APH], but the scenery you describe is certainly familiar: the incredible flatness and absence of vegetation, the houses up on stilts. As far as the southern "politeness" she mentioned, it's definitely a cultural thing. I don't know if the people around her are any angrier than anywhere else, but they've built up a conversational/cultural style over the years based on that pseudo-politeness. I certainly used to encounter it in Tennessee, and it stretches across all levels of society. I remember once having to tell the elderly black pump jockey in Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee, where I used to regularly buy gas on my town runs *not* to call me "suh." But I told him in such a nice way that we were still friends. And that's just one example.

Tom Perry made me laugh out loud with his comment, about Siclari's Slant Index in the first fHapa mailing, that he "kept staring at Siclari's index, looking for a lino or "the word NINA spelled out in punctuation marks." I wonder how many of your readers will get this particular reference? And I agree with him that Leah Z. Smith must be some sort of parodist. Who could *seriously* suggest that everyone save everything that comes their way, fannishly speaking. Carried to its extreme, I ought to be censored for throwing away all those fliers for the Fan Directory, all the solicitations for plastic bags, and of course all the Wail Songs filk music catalogues I used to get. Ghod help us!

[APH: I certainly hope that something can be done to make a few more copies of Fanthology '92 available, since it was such a successful 'zine. I (actually, Mark Manning) made 160 copies of Fanthology '89, and still have about a dozen on hand.

I too had heard that Rotsler has not been feeling his best lately, but I know he doesn't much like people (well, maybe large-breasted people) fussing at him — voting him for a pair

of Hugo awards would probably be a very welcome sort of get-well message.

Hey, there's a big difference between *mentioning* Star Trek, and writing an *article* about it. Besides, the incident Lesley mentioned happened months ago, and I was pretty drunk at the time . . . and I challenge you to drive through a town called "Bourg" and not have the same reaction I did!

IRWIN HIRSH (who lives at 26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia, no matter what the colophon may have said in the past) offers insights into Australian SF award politics and why the 70's were an anti-climax:]

'Re Gordon Eklund regretting his passing by the opportunity for attaching himself to history: There is a nine year gap between Wendy and her sister Susan. When Susan was 12 or 13 The Beatles came to town and Susan asked for and was denied parental permission to attend their single Melbourne concert. Over the next decade Wendy had learnt the lesson of her sister and when the Bay City Rollers came to town she just went out, bought her ticket and announced that she was going — cleverly denying her parents the opportunity to assert authority. These days we laugh at this contrast. Wendy went to just another popcorn concert, Sue was denied the opportunity to be part of history.

'It is not correct to say — in your review of Thyme 108 — that there is another proposal to re-write the Ditmar rules. There currently are no rules, so there is nothing to be re-written. If the person in charge of running the Ditmar process so desired the eligibility for the Best Fanzine Ditmar could be restricted to publications which have published at least twenty-six issues in the year and by residents of SeaTac, WA, USA. There is nothing in the rules to stop this sort of stuff. (If you wish I could offer to run the 1997 Ditmars . . .)

'As a result of all this shit, over the past decade I've only participated in Ditmar nominating and voting when I've had some "political" barrow to push. One time I wanted to claim back the title of The Person Who Has Received The Most Ditmar Nominations Without Ever Winning, so I voted for Terry Frost. Another time one of the Best Fanzine nominees struck me as not being a fanzine so I decided upon a protest vote, putting that particular zine last, after No Award. I was knocked out by just how successful I was in the latter situation, with the title I voted against losing by a one vote on the final ballot. Had the publication met my definition of a 'fanzine' I wouldn't have voted and there would have been a tie for the award.'

[APH: Finally, DAVE LANGFORD (issuing from his dark lair at ansible@cix.compulink.co.uk) offers a bit of Fry and Laurie:]

'Many thanks for the latest, which arrived simultaneously with Martin Tudor's fabulous Brum Group newsletter containing a stop-press slip about his landslide TAFF victory.

'I've been saving you an interlineation, from Stephen Fry's and Hugh Laurie's version of, well, just about any spooky show with a sinister narrator-host:

=====  
"But when your life is a perilous yoyo, eaten by Destiny's right hand; when Fate lights the cigarette; when Chance plays the trumpet not very well and Hazard deals the cards from the bottom of your aunt, then you must expect . . . the unexpected."  
=====

'There are lots of mornings when I feel like that.'  
[WAHF: Teddy Harvia, Terry Hornsby and Candi Strecker.]



---

The middle-aged face apparently sells neither perfume nor floor wax

---



## Penetration

By Victor M. Gonzalez  
Staff Writer

LESLEY STILL DENIES THAT she is a fanwriter, despite the fact that she is writing a fairly regular column for a Hugo-nominated fanzine.

I can't say I blame her.

You see, fandom likes new fans because they provide original ideas and material. But it works the other way, too. Potential new fans won't join unless they can see what they're going to get out of it. Like most people, they are unwilling to risk a great deal if they don't see a worthwhile reward.

When a potential new fan becomes active, it's as though a contract had been struck: that mutual energy will be shared and enjoyed. I first introduced Lesley to fandom by recommending she go to Vanguard. There, I thought, was a group of people she might find interesting and intelligent. But she didn't start attending until I moved back to Seattle after living in New York City for almost four years. The reason she waited is obvious, and provides the answer to the question: "How can I bring new fans into fandom?"

One at a time, personally.

Lesley didn't know more than one or two people who would be at Seattle monthly party. I was able to be the "friendly native guide" who told her who was an idiot, who was boring, who needed more time to warm up and who was a nice person, despite obvious problems.

Now, although Lesley isn't comfortable around everyone at Vanguard, she does seem to enjoy the party.

The same sort of thing is happening now that Lesley is writing for Apak, but it's complicated by the fact that she's never really had her stuff published before, and isn't used to getting the kind of feedback fans provide.

It took a long year of Andy and I cajoling Lesley. "From the mind of Reece," we'd say. "Your voice is different and interesting," we'd say.

Andy lent her fanzines, and we both tried to answer the questions that new fans naturally come up with.

"What is a BNF? What is TAFF? Why is 'faanish' spelled that way? What does 'sercon' mean?"

That can be a tough one, seeing as it means to be "serious and constructive" a derogatory term used toward those who pretentiously think they are serious and constructive, and it also means to be high on marijuana.

We explained, trying not to be condescending, and eventually I even started telling her stories of my fannish past, and then some of the limited fan history I know. Topic A. The Breendoggie. The fan writers of america.

The dots started getting connected pretty quickly at that point, and Lesley would often break into my discourses, saying, "I already know that!"

But she still professed no real interest.

For Lesley, much of the conflict has to do with acceptance. I think she spent quite a bit of time trying to figure out just why anyone would write for a fanzine, without the promise of money or prestige applicable in the real world.

And "egoboo" is a concept I think she is just coming to understand.

Once Lesley got started, though, she kept rolling. I think she's having fun experimenting with the personal essay, and she's beginning to get used to the kind of audience she's dealing with.

Anything must be better than those damn college essays and professors.

I was reflecting on Lesley's entry into fandom the other day as we stood on the balcony of Michelle Lyons' room. We had left

the Norwescon Vanguard rather pissed off, and I was thinking about how a few more experiences like that, and Lesley wouldn't want anything more to do with anything within miles of fandom.

Also, I thought about another person I'd met at that Vanguard: Wilson Tenino. Someone who met him at work brought Wil along to the party, and I happened to go inside for some chocolate goodies when I saw him and introduced myself.

I found him pretty interesting: he talked slowly — or at least with deep-voiced deliberation — and we discussed the comet and computers, which he programs for a living.

Then I asked him what his connection was to fandom.

"I don't know what fandom really is" he said. His friend had just brought him along . . . I could see it in his eyes.

"These people are all fans" I said, sweeping my arm. "They have or had some interest in science fiction, and now they hang out together because they're used to it."

No look of comprehension spread across his face. He did not have an epiphany. His heavy-lidded eyes did not snap wide open under his bangs of curly reddish-brown hair.

"I just don't know if I'm interested," he said.

I asked him if he smoked and we stepped outside.

Over the next month I've met up with Wil a couple of times and we've talked about writing technique, writing for different genres, and how editors always seem to misspell one's name.

And I asked Andy to put Tenino on the Apak mailing list. But I'm still not sure that it will do any good. Wil seems to have his life in order: a decent, dependable job; a significant other (I'm told); and several other hobbies. Even if he wanted to, could he find the time to be active?

If it's going to work, it'll have to happen slowly. I'll ask Andy to loan him some fanzines. I'll see if I can't introduce him to some of the other fun Seattle fans, few of whom were at the Norwescon Vanguard. And I'll try to get him to come to more parties.

But it didn't work this time around.

"This one will be different, Wil" I said. "The last Vanguard was a travesty, a blight of pus compared to what this will be like. This Vanguard has the potential to be great. It's at Jane's house."

And it was a good Vanguard.

But my vehemence made no impression on Wil.

"I just don't think I'm interested," he said slowly.

And I can't say I blame him.



## USENET HAIKU

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden

(These tiny verses were plucked from a Usenet sf fandom thread discussing odd spacing conventions in on-line postings. Patrick took the conversation in a more fannish direction.)

Jophan reveals:

All verse forms are fannish forms  
Who sawed Courtney's boat?

The old ways persist.

rich brown remains longwinded,  
and we argue TAFF.

As the scribe tells us —  
Fifteen player pianos  
That's not too many.

Soon all fandom will  
Join this discorporeal  
Infinite consuite.

Although on Usenet  
A sensitive fannish face  
Can be hard to find,

At last, on the net  
we will all be editors  
in, and of, the Void.

## FANZINE COUNTDOWN, April 25th to May 7th

**1.) Gotterdammerung #7**, edited by Tommy Ferguson, Mark McCann and James McKee, 42 Ava Drive, Belfast BT7 3DW Northern Ireland, e-mail via mark@nicrc.thegap.com: I seem to have had a lot of trouble really connecting with these guys — we've been intermittently trading fanzines for about five years, but we always seem to miss a few issues. When I do get to see something from Tommy and his associated, it always seem like I'm lacking some critical information that would help me understand what they're going on about — although this could easily be explained by the fact that they live in Northern Ireland, an environment which only a tiny minority of fans outside Sarajevo can really understand. Tommy touches on this in his excellent editorial, which also seeks to embrace the values and cultural tropes of "fifties fandom". The heart of the issue are two superb articles about travel, of sorts. Tommy describes a recent journey to Cuba, while Mark describes his thirteen-day stint as a medical test subject. Both pieces are superbly written, full of memorable characters and sights — two pieces to keep in mind when choosing the best of 1996. Sadly, for the cohesion of Northern Irish fandom, Tommy is going to emigrate to Canada (Toronto) sometime after September of this year — but maybe that will mean we'll see a fanzine or two from Toronto again, and I'm sure the process of relocation will inspire some entertaining prose.

**2.) Twink #2**, edited by E.B. Frohvet, 4725 Dorsey Hall Drive, Suite A, Box 700, Ellicott City, MD 21042: Well, here is the mysterious Frohvet once more, and I'm happy to say his/her fanzine is on a steep curve of improvement. Sheryl Birkhead has sent in a bunch of art, which improves the look of the zine, but also makes it seem slightly generic at the same time — I think it's safe to say that E.B. is still looking for a style. Personally, I like his/her — no, I'm going out on a limb, and saying that I think Frohvet is male. I've never seen a woman draw a carnivorous race car, as is featured on page 13. It's not conclusive evidence, but enough to make me think that Frohvet is male, and probably under thirty. Well, hopefully under thirty, we need younger fans in fanzine fandom. Anyway, I was saying I actually like his goofy little illos better than Sheryl's cleaner but less expressive work. Good fanzine reviews, nice lettercol, capsule film and book reviews that do no discernible harm (and you have to have some affection for anyone willing to openly slam Connie Willis these days), and an editorial questioning the future of fantastic genre fiction. Plus, E.B. issues a call for material, which I suspect will be answered quite enthusiastically — sercon-oriented fanzine-publishers who seem to be genuinely committed to a rough quarterly schedule are hard to find these days.

**3.) The Rogue Raven #48**, written and edited by Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98166: Frank's fanzine is just about the antithesis of Apak: his work is turned thoroughly inward on his own life, with a little consideration of regional events in the Northwest, while ours tries to feature as much of fandom as possible, and we tend to talk about Las Vegas, Minneapolis, and Birmingham more than we do Seattle. But that doesn't mean I don't like it — Frank's relaxed publishing schedule and chatty style is a nice antidote to the frantic pretension that much of fanzine fandom is prone to. Frank covers the visit of various Australians who have passed through town lately, plus his trip to the UK last autumn, a few weeks after the Worldcon when all the bloody Americans had gone home. This alone is enough to make me conclude that Frank is smarter than most of the rest of us in fandom . . .

**4.) Lettersub 9**, written and edited by Terry Hornsby, 66 Johns Ave., Lofthouse, Wakefield, WF3 3LU UK: More interesting and well-written insights into Terry's life, and those of his friends and family, a little more chatty than the last issue, some more reviews and promises that a larger and more involved fanzine should be coming our way soon. Terry has a strong voice — even in these brief pages, he manages to say a lot about what's on his mind, and as such, follows the tradition of the classic personal fanzine. Plus, even if you don't like it, it's over in six pages. I'm looking forward to more stuff from Terry; perhaps he will eventually explain who Susie, Heidi, Earl, Dawn, and Andy Cameron are.

**5.) File 770 #113**, edited by Mike Glycer, P.O. Box 1056, Sierra Madre, CA 91025: Apparently, Mike is so wired into the tide of news and events in fandom right now that the idea of bi-weekly publishing suddenly appealed to him as well. At least one item here — the news of Roy Tackett's recovery from a stroke — had not reached us yet, so this new frequent schedule has been of benefit to at least one fan. Full coverage of both current and retro-Hugo nominations, some birth announcements, coverage of the wedding of fen Amy Sisson and Paul Abell, an obituary for former Moebius Theater President Derrick White (see front page), and two pages on Mike's true love: Worldcon Site selection news. Kansas City in 2000 has folded its tents, while the 1999 bids for Zagreb and Australia are struggling to drum up interest. If there is such a thing as a "con-running fan" in contemporary fandom, Mike is the archetype; although he continues to publish this multiple Hugo-winning fanzine, his involvement in fandom is primarily informed and driven by his interest in the Worldcon. To whatever extent it is desirable for fandom to develop a distinct and separate gestalt based on convention culture, File 770 is its once and future focal point fanzine. I appreciate the work that Mike puts into his zine, because his coverage of convention-oriented concerns means that I don't have to feel guilty about giving them such short shrift in our own news columns.



**APPARATCHIK** is the Rod Henderson of fandom, a pitcher with the Ottawa Lynx of the international league, who had the unique opportunity to listen to himself pitch a shut-out. Radio station WHEN did not receive word of the last-minute replacement of Henderson with pitcher Jose Paniagua, and failed to notice the difference between the two until one man was out in the ninth inning. This happens to us all the time. 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 both 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 subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a box of Little Debbie Devil Dogs. 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, 26 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, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner. Florida bans lethal herb!