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APPARATCHIK

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This is the sixtieth 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 #257. **Apparatchiki:** Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Carl Juarez, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells. No. 5,000: Household Insecticide Soup.

Issue #60, May 21st, 1996

Take a Wild Guest

By Andy Hooper

IT WAS A SLOW NIGHT AT Apparatchik World Headquarters. Alan Rosenthal and I had planned to play long-distance table-top baseball with some psychics in Las Vegas, but the Unseen Hand had gone to some electronics show in Bora Bora, and the games were cancelled. They'd forgotten they actually have to tell us these things, so Alan and me (and Carrie Root and Janice Murray) were left battling boredom by comparing the strengths of Toronto, Seattle, and their fans.

"Toronto fandom was amazingly active for many years, but it seems like there's a lot more going on in Seattle these days," Alan observed to me.

I nodded. "This is true; all the contemporary fan-fund winners seem bent on coming to Seattle, whereas I don't remember the last time a visiting dignitary mentioned a trip to Toronto. Greg Pickersgill, maybe?"

"It's not just fan-fund winners, either," Janice said, "we had Kim Huett here for two and a half weeks last month."

Carrie made a sympathetic noise. "That's just too long, isn't it? I can barely take Andy for two weeks at a time."

"Was he a good guest?" I asked.

"Well, we've had better, and we've had worse," Alan said.

"Remember the jars of urine when X was staying with us?" asked Janice.

Alan nodded. "See, he liked to work late, and he didn't want to wake us up by going to the bathroom in the middle of the night. So he had a jar he used at night."

"That doesn't sound too bad," said Carrie.

"Yes, but he wouldn't empty the damn thing in the morning. He let it fill up first. And this was a five gallon jar!"

A communal shudder ran through the room.

"So Huett wasn't that bad," I offered.

"No, not at all. But he drank a six-pack every night, and he did like to lecture me a lot," Janice replied.

"About what?"

"About how the U.S. is an evil empire. The right way to grow Kiwi trees. What fandom is all about. How the US baseball system is totally inferior to Australia's. Pretty much anything."

"Just goes to show you that you should think carefully before offering to host a visiting fan. I imagine even Chuch Harris could get on your nerves after seventeen days."

Alan nodded. "Every now and then I had to remind him, 'Hey, I'm Canadian, remember?'"

"I wonder do American fans traveling abroad feel the need to lecture the people they're visiting on the inferiority of their country? We have that reputation, but I don't know if I've ever heard anyone actually do it."

I was cut off by the telephone. It was my landlord, slowly

explaining that "someone" in the building had complained about the noise. This could only be my very, very old neighbor, Mrs. Archer, a deeply religious woman who has her own bad habits. She likes to leave out peanuts for the squirrels, so that our deck is chronically over-run with tree-rats and starlings. I promised the landlord that we would be quiet, and explained the situation to the rest of the crowd. We turned down the stereo.

"She should be glad she doesn't have some of the neighbors I've lived nearby," said Janice. "I used to live next to a band called 'Sweaty Nipples.' They would come home at 3 in the morning and play 'Stairway to Heaven' until dawn. And before that I lived next to the Klingon Diplomatic Corps."

"Which might explain you hooked up with a quiet, well-behaved, universally-loved figure like Alan, right?"

They both laughed.

"Not everyone shares that opinion," Alan replied. "Phil Paine once said I was much worse than Hitler."

"But that was Phil Paine," said Janice.

"Right. He used to draw these cartoons of Patrick Nielsen Hayden with deadly rays issuing from his forehead. I bet he's a big X-Files fan, he's one of the most paranoid people I've ever known. Lindsay Crawford put Paine's four-page 'zine right next to mine in the first issue of fHapa . . . I'm sure he doesn't realize he has probably earned an enemy for life by doing so . . ."

"I had no idea you were such a dangerous character."

"The Rosentals are not to be taken too lightly. My grandfather used to run a little booze across from Windsor to Detroit in the 20's. I mean, we weren't the Bronfmans, but still . . ."

"Gee, Alan Rosenthal, Bootlegger's Grandson," I breathed. "Sounds like a Mordecai Richler novel. People don't know who they're dealing with."

"In fandom, who does?"

"True. But staying with someone on a cross-country tour is a good way to find out. It's just that after seventeen days you probably know a lot more than you ever wanted to."

We nodded in agreement, and watched the squirrels and starlings chase each other around the porch.

IN THIS ISSUE: Following Andy's aimless twittery, turn the page for a new columnist, Our Australian Correspondent Irwin Hirsh. Then Lesley Reece offers some insight into her ongoing struggles to understand the inchoate beast that is fandom. Andy's news column follows, broken up to admit the passage of letters from E.B. Frohvet, Heather Wright, Randy Byers, Stu Shiffman, Mike Glicksohn, Teddy Harvia, Bob Tucker, Dan Steffan and Murray Moore. Then Victor offers an olive-branch in hopes of ending the debate that has been dubbed "The Bongdoggle." His lizard-logo is by Lesley. As ever, the issue concludes with Andy's fanzine count-down, which is by him, and what it is too.

VUG

By Irwin Hirsh

HELLO FROM THE COUNTRY IN THE World's Headlines.

I can say this because among all the reportage about the mass shooting in Port Arthur, Tasmania, was the information that the news was itself a news story. Watching a TV news update on the evening of the shootings we were informed that around the world this was a major story. And to probe the point we were given a grab from CNN's coverage. It was such an unbelievable item. "Look, Australia, the world has taken notice of us."

As I write the massacre was four days ago and we still haven't gotten a handle on what has happened. For instance, the first five pages of yesterday's edition of "The Age," Melbourne's daily broadsheet, were devoted to the incident and its aftermath. This morning it was four of the first six pages. At its best the journalism has been excellent, the journalists essentially keeping to the facts, allowing emotion to be conveyed through telling the story of those who were there and from the relatives and friends who had been killed. I heard one interview with a nurse who was one of the first people to enter the Broad Arrow Cafe, where the shooting began and where twenty people were killed. The interviewer didn't ask many questions, just let the nurse describe the scene and what she did and felt. I read a transcript of an interview with a man who was injured in the Cafe. He saw the killer walk in the door to the cafe and described how the guy went through the place, into an attached souvenir area, then back through the cafe. "He walked to the door, hesitated for 15 seconds, reloaded his gun and went outside." That could be just the most horrific part of the interview.

At its worst, the reportage was pathetic. There was a race between the papers to get the best photo of the alleged killer. Telling us that this has even made CNN is of no news value. We have that injured man's story only because he hoped that it would stop all further requests to the injured for interviews. On the Monday (the first day after the bulk of the shootings) I heard a radio report which said that the dead included "Two Canadians, two Japanese tourists" and carried on with the number from each Australian state. This was lousy journalism on two counts. First because it was wrong. The list hadn't been confirmed and no Canadians or Japanese were among the 35 dead. I also don't like the value inherent in singling out the Japanese to attach the description as tourists (of all things) while no description was given

to any of the others. If it means anything the majority of those killed were tourists.

It has been a hard, strange few days.

GEE FANDOM'S BEEN AROUND FOR A WHILE WAS MY thought when I heard that Bill Rotsler had been nominated in the Best Fan Artist category of both the Hugos and the Retro-Hugos. I have two queries regarding the Retro-Hugos.

1) Why wasn't Dave Langford nominated for the Best Fan-writer award? I thought that Dave had a mortgage on winning all awards in the category and beating Andy Hooper.

2) Will the Retro-Hugos be allowed to be used to correct perceived wrongs performed in the past? I imagine there is a Bay-area based editor of a Semi-Prozine who should like the opportunity to ensure that at least two more of his staff vote in the 1993 Retros.

THE BOX: One of my weekly TV highlights are the US chat shows hosted by Phil Donohue, Oprah Winfrey, Ricki Lake, and Sally Jessy Raphael. Mind you, I hardly ever watch the things. What attracts are the titles they give to each day's topic. The weekly highlight merely involves going through the TV guide to see the themes discussed on the shows. My favorite is: My Haircut Ruined My Life. There is a certain marvelousness attached to that one and I wouldn't want to spoil the moment by actually watching the show.

Some time ago I noted a Donohue show entitled Cellmates of the Rich and Famous. The summary told me that the guests are people who shared prison cells with the likes of Jimmy Baker, Charles Manson, Mike Tyson, and other well-known jailbirds. The mind boggled at that one, reaching celebrity status because of whom you bunked with while inside.

After a few moments pondering that thought, it occurred to me that we could easily adapt these programs to a fannish perspective. After all, many convention quiz formats are based on TV game shows. Why not build a convention programme by adapting the weekly output of these discussion shows? Anyone got the names and addresses of Ted White's former cellmates?

[Editor's note: What about Walter Breen? Or Elessar Tetramariner? An idea this twisted is well worth belaboring. — APH & VMG]



When you say fandom I automatically think of like these doddering old geezers.

Frankenfan

By Lesley Reece

THE LETTER COLUMN IS MY favorite part of APAK. I think that's probably what made me write to Andy a year or so ago and bug him to put me on his mailing

list. I had no idea who any of the writers were, of course, but that didn't ruin things for me. Reading the letter column was like listening in on several conversations, all happening at once in an adjoining room.

With Victor and Andy to explain things to me, those conversations became more intelligible. My basic problem, as could be expected, was the terms-and-acronyms thing, not necessarily not knowing what the words meant or what the letters stood for, but the application of that information to the fannish sensibility. It's all very well to know that TAFF stands for "Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund," for example, but that doesn't explain why people would argue about it.

I still read the letter column first, and I still have the occasional problem understanding it. Like with what Don Fitch says

in the lettercol of APAK 59, regarding my piece "Paper Monsters," which ran in APAK 58: that I managed "... both to be fannish and to say something that might almost be called 'sercon' about a stfnal subject."

"Huh?" I thought. "Is that a compliment?" It looked like one, but I wasn't sure. I basically knew what fannish, sercon, and stfnal meant. I just didn't understand how they applied to my piece.

I asked Victor for a translation. "Oh, I don't need to explain anything to you," he said, rather icily. "You already know everything."

Whoops. I forgot he was still mad over my initial reaction to his piece in APAK 59, specifically the line, "I think she [meaning me] 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."

It's true that I did, and often still do, wonder, in a sort of friendly, head-shaking way, about people's motives for joining fandom. I myself became involved with fandom first of all be-

cause I thought it would help my writing. I was correct: having two faneds breathing down my neck, screaming for more material every two weeks, makes me write more words and write them faster.

As for the "money and prestige" stuff, anyone who's read my last few APAK columns knows I'm an English major, something I clearly didn't pick for the tons of money I'll make after I graduate. Nor do people heap recognition on me for my choice. In fact, I spend a lot of time defending myself against statements like, "All English majors should be lined up against a wall and shot," which I actually heard last Saturday.

If I had really cared about any of that, I would probably have chosen computer science as a career. I do love computers, and unlike many students of the humanities, I have some technical aptitude. But I didn't even investigate any other majors. My love of books and writing simply overwhelmed any practical considerations.

I imagine it's a similar process that makes people want to "pub their ish," even though they don't get anything material out of it. They want to do it, and that's all that matters. Though my understanding of fandom is still far from perfect, that's one concept I grasped right away.

Since Victor obviously wasn't going to explain Don's comments, I decided to ask Hooper for help. "Isn't 'sercon' an insult?" I said. In my understanding, it denoted either "stoned" (which I never am) or someone incredibly puffed-up and pretentious (which I sometimes am).

"Well, it can be," Hooper said. "What Don meant was that

you actually said something about a work of science fiction."

"But my piece was about writing a paper on *Frankenstein*."

"And *Frankenstein*," said Hooper, "is a work of science fiction, probably the first one."

I thought about that for a minute. That explained the "sercon," and even the "stfnal," in Don's loc. "It was a compliment, then," I said, as Hooper nodded. "Oh."

The only conundrum left now is, what exactly is "fannish"? I understand why Don thought my piece was fannish. It concerned something of interest to both fan and non-fan writers, namely, not knowing what to write about. The question I have is why Victor's column about two incidents of police brutality would not be considered fannish: "... it may well be impossible to relate fannishness well with mundane matters of serious social concern," Don writes.

But why? Victor's a fan, and he's also a reporter. That means he's up to his neck in "matters of serious social concern" every day. If he writes about his life, how is that different from what I did? I'm a student; my column was about being a student, when you really look at it. I talked about grades and professors and other students, all of which are mundane as heck when compared with cops who shoot people for no apparent reason.

Now I'm really confused about what to write. Luckily, I'm still new at this. I'll just keep writing, and I'm sure everything will work itself out.



We should note that the Smokeless Tobacco Council disputes that claim.

Don't Think I Won't Hit You

Compiled by Andy

THE DEATH OF REDD Boggs continues to send heavy shockwaves through fandom this week. Jeanne Bowman told me that Redd

was cremated, and his ashes currently reside at We B Dudes Ranch while his family and executor consider a final resting place. We hope to have an extended appreciation of Redd and his work for issue #61, after the people closest to him have had a chance to catch their breath. We have some other comments and appreciations of Redd in hand already, but we'll hold on those as well.

AFTER A LENGTHY and tension-filled search for a new apartment, Gary Farber wishes to announce that he has come to rest once more at 922 East 15th St. #3B, Brooklyn, NY 11230-3752. When he got his phone-jack activated at last, Gary logged on to find that he had more than 700 messages waiting for him online. If it takes him a while to get back to you, he hopes you will understand.

FOLLOWING HIS BRUTAL chain-whipping at the hands of brutal Martin Tudor in the recent TAFF race, we have this statement from gallant loser Simo:

"I wish to thank sincerely the nine people who voted for me (Lord knows, I wasn't one of 'em), but even more sincerely I wish to thank the 138 who voted to get Tudor out of the country for a few days. And indeed, the two who showed no preference (do they think that Tudor and I are equally as good, or equally as bad). Many congratulations to Martin who will be a fine ambassador for UK fandom. I shall drink a toast to his health at Dangercon, and think of him, all those miles away, surviving on orange juice and Coke — hohoho!"

NO DETAILS ARE AVAILABLE, but via Linda Bushyager and Bill Cavin comes word that long-time fan Ed Wood has died of a heart attack.

YET MORE BAD NEWS: Andy Porter reports that long-time UK fan Ethel Lindsay has been diagnosed with a form of cancer that is not expected to respond to treatment. Ethel is noted for many things: publishing the fanzine *Scottishe*, her work in OMPA, helping form the character of the London Circle in the mid to late 1950's, and numerous professional achievements as well. She has always been regarded as one of the kindest and most level-headed people in fandom, a true rock of reason in the oft storm-tossed sea. If you would like to write to her, send a fanzine, or perhaps a long-overdue letter of comment, Ethel can be reached at: 69 Barry Road, Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ Scotland.

ON THE OTHER HAND, no one in Seattle was crushed or buried beneath their collection in the wake of last-week's mild earthquake.

(continued on page seven)

the little box of awards

1995 Nebula Awards

Novel: Robert J. Sawyer, *The Terminal Experiment*

Novella: Elizabeth Hand, "Last Summer at Mars Hill"

Novellette: Ursula K. LeGuin, "Solitude"

Short Story: Esther M. Friesner, "Death and the Librarian"

Grand Master Award: A.E. Van Vogt

1996 Arthur C. Clarke Award

Winner: Paul J. MacAuley, *Fairyland*

First Runner Up: Ken McLeod, *The Star Fraction*

Bobby Gibbons can command, run at will, and impart guitar solidarity whenever required.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: Robert Lichtman's extremely brief comments in regard to Bill Rotsler in #59 produced a surprising volume of mail. First, a rare and wonderful LoC from that well-known social-climber, BOB TUCKER (2516-H East Washington, Bloomington, IL 61704):]

I'm pleased to tell you that Bill Rotsler is alive and well and happily kicking — at least he was on the weekend of April 26-28 when I spent two delightful days in his company at the Nebula Awards dinner and festivities. The affair took place on the Queen Mary (note the casual name-dropping) which is beached in Long Beach Harbor, and Bill and I found each other in the nonsmoking stateroom adjoining the con suite. We talked for several hours both Friday and Saturday nights while various Big Name Writers looked in on us and then drifted away.

'Other things happened that weekend, including the award of several Nebulas, and a birthday party for Van Vogt, and a film crew from the Sci-Fi channel taping two or three hours of the hoopla, but two events stood out in memory after I returned home. First, Ursula LeGuin (note the name-dropping) remembered me, even though we met but once 21 years ago in Australia, and next, I stood on the deck of the QM and watched Mad Martha Soukup bungee-jump from the top of a giant erector set built on the docks alongside the ship. I don't know what that had to do with science fiction but it was certainly fantastic.'

[APH: Thanks for the good word, Bob — the image of Martha Soukup bungee-jumping is . . . uh . . . damned hard to visualize. But she has been known to surprise.

I decided to play dumb (not a stretch, certainly) when Robert offered his observation in regard to Rotsler's having "been sick" in hopes that just the sort of thing featured in this letter from DAN STEFFAN (3804 S. 9th St., Arlington, VA 22204) would eventually come to light:]

"Thank you so very kindly for publishing the TAFF results in the 59th issue of your li'l fanzine. Your assistance in advertising TAFF and the recent race is admirable and greatly appreciated. I hope you will forgive this primitive means of communication, but I am feeling a bit ancient of late and this is the best I am capable of at this juncture...

'(Pause while I go play with my feces...)

'Okay, I'm back!

'I was really sad to read about Redd Boggs' demise. I had heard — via "Long-winded" Rich Brown — that he was ill, but had hoped he would survive. My father-in-law suffered from similar symptoms (the doctors called it Intestinal Gangrene) but managed to survive after a lot of extensive surgery. Alas, poor Redd did not recover. What a fucking pity! He was, without a doubt, one of fandom's great fan writers and fan editors. The issues of Skyhook in my collection read as fresh today as they did when they first were published — no mean feat for any old fanzine, but especially difficult for a 'sercon' zine. (Particularly considering that it is now 40 years old.)

'His fapazines were legendary — especially the long unpublished 10th issue of Bete Noir — and were one of the major reasons I joined FAPA a while back. Too bad, too bad. Oh well, at least he finally knows what *really* happened to his old buddy Fran Laney. Rest well, Meyer.

'Actually, sickness is what motivated me to write this letter — specifically, Bill Rotsler's sickness, or lack thereof...

'Undoubtedly, I won't be the only one to mention this to you, but you completely misunderstood Robert "Bob" Lichtman's reference to ". . . Rotsler, he's been sick" in your lettercol. Ordinarily

I would leave this kind of corrective history lesson to Ted, or Rich, or even Robert "Bob" himself, but I just happened to have a copy of the original story at hand (purely coincidentally, I assure you) and thought I'd take advantage of it to tell the story as accurately as possible. Thusly —

'In July 1956, Bill Rotsler started, as a joke, to rubber-stamp his outgoing envelopes and postcards with the phrase "Vote for Ike — he's been sick."

'It was a slogan that had been coined by Bill's friend Stan Freberg earlier that year and had even been used once on Freberg's NBC comedy hour (a radio show, I think). Rotsler thought it so amusing that he started stamping it on his mail soon after.

'However, not everyone thought the slogan was that funny. After a few weeks of stamping the message on his envelopes, Bill got a letter from his local postmaster, J. Everett Osbourne, asking him to come to the post office. Upon arriving, Rotsler had eight pieces of mail returned to him — all of them bearing the stamped slogan.

'J. Everett Osbourne, it seems, felt that the phrase on Bill's mail violated Chapter 4, item 6 of California's regulations concerning the sending of libelous material through the mail. In Osbourne's opinion, "Vote for Ike — He's been sick" was an act of libel against the president of the USA. Because of this, Bill was instructed to cover up the offending slogan on the returned mail and to discontinue using the phrase in all future mail. And he did.

'However, before Osbourne's crackdown, the slogan managed to go out on many pieces of Bill's mail, including items sent to fans. Also receiving the stamped slogan before the stoppage, according to Bill, were then-Vice President Richard Nixon, Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty, and Ike's opponent, Adlai Stevenson.

'The Oxnard Press-Courier for Monday, August 20th, 1956, quotes the postmaster as saying that he often has to reject mail because of libelous visual material on the envelopes . . . then he added that he "had had trouble with 'this man' [meaning Rotsler, of course] before."

'After that, Bill contented himself with rubber-stamping his message on the inside of his outgoing mail, thereby ending his troubles.

'Or so he thought.

'As usual, fandom heard about Bill's li'l problem and immediately did its part to "help" Rotsler with his little First Amendment problem.

'The result, no doubt, caused Postmaster Osbourne no end of regret about his dealings with "this man." You see, not long after Bill's story circulated through fandom, he began getting mail from all over that carried the slogan: "Vote for J. Everett Osbourne — He's been sick." Hah!

'J. Everett was not amused.

'Bill was forced into another meeting at the post office where he was told to put an end to the joke if he *ever* wanted to receive another piece of mail.

'In 1972, Rotsler wrote that "This whole thing was so silly." To which I must add: Nobody ever said the Post Office had a sense of humor!

'And *that*, dear friends, is what Herr Lichtman meant when he wrote: "Vote for Rotsler — He's been sick."

'Thus endeth the lesson!

'Thanks and Ghu bless you, ya li'l space monkeys!'

[VMG: Thanks for the history lesson, Taffboy. You have saved the day once again. I also recall the line used at a near-

You will remain naggingly curious as to whether your name is mentioned

Washington D.C. Corflu, where the version was "Vote for Gary (Farber), he's been sick." Or something like that.]

[APH: What he said. Great job of re-telling one of fan-dom's more amazing anecdotes. That Postmaster would probably lose his job over something like that today.

I share many of your feelings about the late Redd Boggs, and promise we'll have a tribute to him in the next issue — see my news column for some intermediate details

More fan-mail from that mysterious flounder, E.B. FROHVET (4725 Dorsey Hall Dr., Suite A, Box 700, Ellicott City, MD 21042)

'It seems as if congratulations are in order every time we write. Two awards at Corflu, and now a Hugo nomination! You guys are well on your way to becoming BNF's. Our only concern is that with your success may come some of the problems seen in some other fanzines, with expectations — and the mailing list — spiralling out of control.

'Your #58 apparently "crossed in the mail" with Twink #2 so we decided to wait and see what your reaction was to our new issue. We've been anticipating this with the usual blend of hopeful expectation and raw panic. It was gratifying to see that we've been upgraded in your respected opinion.

'If you consider the "burning beacon" of our anonymity the most interesting part of our fanzine, we must be doing something wrong; yet we've received several letters from fans who don't seem to be bothered by it. And yes, we really do consider it a "harmless affectation."

'A while back you mentioned a friend of yours who was moving and would "like to continue receiving fanzines." If you can update us on his address we'd be glad to send him Twink. If that's any help. Several people have already been dropped from our initial mailing list (returned copies) and we expect to drop a few more before the next issue (failure to respond). We enjoy getting other fanzines but the direction in which we would prefer to expand the mailing list, given a choice, will be toward people who LOC and/or contribute.'

[VMG: I think we've probably complained enough about your lack of identity. Although I will never give up my quest to find out who you are, I suspect we can live without knowing, at least for the time being. Congratulations on a second issue, and I look forward to a third.

Now, here's MURRAY MOORE (377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2, Canada, e-mail via murray.moore@encode.com) with some comments on my column in #58:]

'My reaction to the two police shooting stories related by Victor was "Wow."

'Then I noticed that in the shootout inside the house, the armed target of the raid would have been better off without a gun. But all God's children in the U.S.A. have a right to be armed, of course.

'I would argue that a police officer who has been responsible for a fatal accident involving a firearm at a minimum should be removed from duty requiring him to deal with the public.

'But I am not surprised that the police officer was only transferred, following an inquiry.

'Yesterday evening I read in Ladislav Farago's "The Last Days of Patton" of two executions of German prisoners in Sicily by soldiers under the command of General George Patton.

'A captain ordered the execution of 43 snipers, all but five in uniform. A sergeant leading the escort of 36 prisoners explained that darkness was falling and he feared the prisoners would over-

power their escort. He ordered them shot on the road side.

'The captain and the sergeant were court-martialled and found guilty. Sentence was suspended in each case. Each man returned to his unit.

'Both men were killed in action.

'The fleeing wife beater was black. Was his colour a factor? He either was shot by accident, or executed. Lacking evidence that the shooting was purposeful, I too would give the police officer the benefit of the doubt. But you have to take into consideration that I'm a nice guy, perhaps, even, naive.

'My conclusion is that pointing a firearm at a police officer, and running from a police officer, are actions that carry a definite risk over choosing to drop your firearm, and not running.

'Society always, without undismissable evidence fingering the Good Guy — G.I., Police Officer — will favour Good Guy over the Nazi/drug dealer/wife beater.

'A cab driver in a coma for several years has died in Montreal. Four Montreal cops were found guilty of beating him. They have appealed the verdict.'

[VMG: Thanks Murray; you've proven that someone can respond to the problem I presented. The issues are more complicated in the case of the guy who killed the cop. He would argue that he didn't know they were cops when they burst into his house, and thought he was defending his life. Another issue there is why the deputies felt like an armed raid was justified for such a small bust. The guy had no previous record and would not have served a day in jail for what they found.

Police — and even more so firefighters — hold a favored position in society, at least when they die. A person killed in a house fire might get a headline the next day — and might not. A firefighter killed while trying to put that fire out will earn many headlines and hundreds of inches of copy. As a whole, American society considers emergency response personnel as heroic (which they frequently are), and gives them all the breaks.]

[APH: We move now to commentary on the "bong-doggle," starting with the man who coined the phrase, RANDY BYERS (rbyers@u.washington.edu, 1013 N 36th St Seattle WA 98103):]

'I know that three locs in a row is excessive and that I risk joining Teddy Harvia on the WHFYTMT list, but when you gotta go, you gotta go.

'You know, I had you two pegged as a Laurel and Hardy act, but I now see that you're actually working a Good Cop/Bad Cop routine. Or is that Bad Dog/Good Dog? Victor bites the fan that feeds him, and Andy licks the wound. Maybe you should change the name of the zine to "Schismogenesis".

'I'm struggling to find some irony in the fact that Craig's Bongwater Beer has become a source of controversy. Let's just call it the Bongdoggle and pretend it happened ten years ago, or before we know it, the Smokers and Non-smokers will be taking sides on TAFF.

'By the way, McQuiddy can verify that within the past couple of months I have stated that Hooper is better than I am and, in fact, better than any of us. (Note to carl: I still believe, of course, that you are the secret Master. Indeed, how could I believe otherwise? It still hurts to know that, should APAK win the Hugo, Andy and Victor will assume the mantle of glory, while you sit invisibly to the side and make cryptic comments. But your pleasure in these things has always been obscure to me.) Admittedly, these comments came in the context of speculation about why

That's as much a Baltimore tradition as intergenerational sex.

Andy H. is wasting his time losing Hugos for fannish writing when he could be doing the same with fiction.

'Oh well, I was almost drunk at the time.'

[APH: Which was good excuse the first seventy or eighty times, Randy. And I think of our act as being more like "bad cop/worse cop. Moving right along, we find MIKE GLICKSOHN (508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6 Canada):]

I'm really enjoying Dan's brief vignettes about his career as TAFF man. I hope I have the opportunity to obtain an illustrated one-volume edition of the report which should certainly take its place alongside Dave Langford's report as one of the most enjoyable ever published.

'The brouhaha over Vanguard reminds me once again of the vast gap between me and much of fannish fandom that has always resulted because I'm not a dooper and many of my friends aren't either. In a few days time I'm having a party (for the seventeenth year) which will largely be attended by science fiction folks. And yet the only dope that will be openly enjoyed will be alcohol (mostly single malts with the Lagavulin reserved for those with the most refined taste). If those of my friends who like to indulge in less legal substances do so indulge they know enough to be very discrete about it. I guess it all depends on what the expectations of those attending the party and those throwing it are.

I can envision Apparatchik #59 being used as evidence in a lecture in some future university degree course called "Why Co-Editing IS Dumb But How To Do It If You Insist On It: 101." Here we see one co-editor, Andy, forced to watch the other, Victor, make a total jerk of himself in print instead of blue-pencilling the stupid comments before the issue was published. (That was the only reason I never really co-edited anything in my brief years as a faned.) On the positive side, Andy gets to make some deft comments that put him in a good light while acknowledging his co-editor's shortcomings so I guess even as difficult and thankless a task as co-editing a fanzine has its rewards.

'Far be it from me to paraphrase a Lichtman paraphrase, but I'd prefer "Vote for Bill Rotsler: he D*E*S*E*R*V*E*S it!"'

[APH: Safe to say that Bill and most that know him would agree that he deserves *something*, anyway. Now, a first-time letter from HEATHER WRIGHT (418 E. Loretta Place #107, Seattle, WA 98102):]

'How glad I am that I didn't attend the Norwescon Vanguard. Van, indeed. Rear-guard and coprolitic is more like it, this cellular nudzhiness about The Beer. As if anyone would unknowingly guzzle Craig's strange brew! As if any enforcers would know or care! I have been THAT paranoid as a host, but I was also: hallucinating Keystone Kops piling out of a cartoon vehicle in front of my party; filing important things in tubs of water; afraid of my bangs; and it was the Eighties. And I did not blame innocent people for my delusions. Can't we expect an undrugged host to maintain as well?

'So was all the hiss and fluffiness at Lesley really about a soupçon of low-level stonerai flavoring some homebrew? No one who knows Lesley would associate her with *that plant*. (If I found a leek preserved in some good vodka, I would question Lesley, but . . .) Attacking Lesley for Craig's beer was based on what? Anything she said or did? Her thoughts? No. No way. What else did this leave? An attractive human female. And assumptions.

'This bugs me because it seems related to a scratchiness between women at Vanguard which I have noticed for twelve years. Sometimes the judgmental attitudes and hostility make me miss the maturity and feminist solidarity of the strippers I used to

work with. Women who really have to compete, know better.'

[VMG: Way to go Heather. I remember the '80s you speak of all too well, if perhaps with a few fuzzy moments. Clearly our decision to put you on the mailing list was a good one.]

[APH: Less enthused with us is STU SHIFFMAN (e-mail at roscoe@halcyon.com, web-site <http://www.halcyon.com/roscoe/>, snail-mail at 8616 Linden Ave N, Seattle WA 98103), who notes:]

'I was very disappointed in your responses to Jerry Kaufman's loc in this issue, they seemed deliberately mean-spirited and determined to misread what Jerry was actually writing. That bignamefan Andy feels like he's relegated to the kid's table is laughable, since his large presence (in ways other than the physical) is always hard to ignore — that Victor's dark view of things Vanguardian is so full of bile is somewhat less surprising since his sardonic manner often distances him (intentionally?) from others attending the party. That you guys also pounced on poor Don Fitch, another Mr. Nice Guy of fandom, was also uncalled for. What's the story? Have you guys just been spending too much time together that you're reinforcing your worse qualities? Has Victor been covering too many murders lately?

'Frankly, this issue discouraged me. I don't care what you fellows do or say in private, and I'm not trying to enforce some imaginary Niceness Rule, but fer Roscoe's sake buy a clue and treat people with a drop of kindness.

'P.S.: Thanks for mentioning the apt. opening in the previous issue, no bites yet.'

[APH: I sincerely regret the acrimonious tone this exchange has developed. See Victor's column on the next page for the final word on the subject.

Now, TEDDY HARVIA (701 Regency Dr. Hurst, TX 76054) offers some observations inspired by last issue:]

'E.B. Frohvet's veiled threat to discontinue Twink should anyone reveal his secret identity reminds me of Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God." No individual or god should tie so much of his existence to a name.

'I'm a nonsmoker but can identify with the civil rights abuses on both sides of the issue. I worked for years with smokers, going home every evening reeking of smoke. I cheered when my company declared the office a non-smoking environment (even though it acted on behalf of sensitive electronic components, not humans). But I protested when the same company banned all smoking on company property (to reduce health insurance costs). It seemed too authoritarian. They relented only when female employees smoking on the curb in front of the offices were questioned by local police, who thought they were hookers looking for tricks.

'The local newspaper seems to have coined the term "nonsmoking terrorist" to identify a woman in my writer's group. She regularly filed lawsuits against nightclubs who allow smoking at those intimate concerts. Her biggest lawsuit though was against her own mom who smoked when she was pregnant. The woman blames that for her congenital health problems. Enough to convince a couple not to have any more kids.'

[APH: Hmmm . . . I guess holidays must be interesting in her family. Personally, I have trouble getting worked up over people's "right" to poison themselves and others, but it also strikes me that there a lot more worthwhile issues to start crusades and lawsuits over. And I'm sure we'll get to them all eventually. Thanks for your response, folks. WAHF: George Flynn, Steve Jeffery and Pam Wells.]



As the message content unfolds you will feel many emotions

Hypocrisy

By Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

I AM GUILTY OF DOING THE same thing I will criticize in this piece.

When Don Fitch wrote that my comments on two police shooting incidents seemed to him

unfannish, I blew up. I've heard that comment before about my more serious writing, which I admit does not address fandom directly.

I thought I'd dealt with the issue before. So the comment set me off.

I apologize to Don. He is certainly entitled to his impressions, and for all I know there may be something behind them. I overreacted, basically by not taking a step back, and wrote my response in a brief red heat.

That was nothing compared to how I've reacted to, as Randy Byers has so cleverly labeled it, the Bongdoggle. By the way, we intend this issue of APAK to be the last word; we can't stop you from writing about it in your fanzine, but pending really new ideas, we're done with it.

To briefly review: Andy and I felt we had been dissed and wrote about it. Jerry Kaufman wrote a response defending in part the actions of the offender. I responded to Jerry with an angry analysis of Vanguard that attempted to define certain social divisions at Seattle's monthly party.

Andy also responded to Jerry, sarcastically addressing the somewhat patronizing view some "non-smokers" have towards "smokers."

The responses to those responses can be found in this issue. Most seem written in an emotional state similar to that which got me in trouble with Don Fitch.

It was probably somewhat unfair to paint Vanguard with a "square" brush just because of the behavior of a single person. But I'll stand by what I wrote about it. To judge from the reactions, however, it would seem that truth is the last refuge of the scoundrel. I'm not saying that everything I said was true, but it was a heartfelt, and hardly new, point of view. I think it is true. I

haven't seen anything in the mail that's tried to actually refute it.

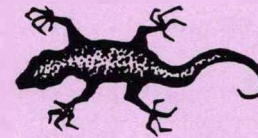
Obviously, I still feel contentious about this. The incident at Vanguard gave me the emotional boost to put those feelings into words. But the same emotion that can overwhelm an article is essential to all interesting writing. Writing completely unmotivated by feelings tends to be less than vivid. I know that because much of what I consider my best stuff comes from a kernel of strong emotion. It is the emotion that compels me to write.

In my analysis, I tried to make it clear that I have great regard for Vanguard. It has been an important social event for me for 12 years, and I missed not going while I lived in New York. It was always a neat thing when my vacations back here coincided with a fannish party. I want Vanguard to be a good party, and experiences like the one we had at Norwescon are unusual.

Whatever biliousness I feel toward Vanguard comes from years of observation, not any particular career experience. My emotions in reaction to being insulted arise as much from a love of Vanguard as do the emotions of those who have responded to me.

That divisions exist — including one that puts me on the dark side — is not really arguable. Perhaps the most important thing is to keep people in a relatively benign mood regarding each other. That is a laudable goal which all participants in the Bongdoggle have ignored. Certainly, arguing acrimoniously about such trivial events will not solve whatever problems exist.

To that I want to add a single thought: it is both instructive and depressing that some of the fans who wrote as part of the Bongdoggle have written only infrequently — if at all — to the scores of past issues. That so little in the reams of prior scribbles was sufficiently inspiring . . . We can only hope to do better.



What are you looking up? "Autodidact"?

(so-called "news", continued from page three)

FROM BILL HIGGINS at the Fermi National Accelerator Lab we have the following obituary:

David Lasser, space pioneer, science fiction editor, and labor organizer, died Sunday, 5 May, in Rancho Bernardo, California, at the age of 94. Trained in engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Lasser became managing editor for Hugo Gernsback's *Science Wonder Stories*, an early science fiction magazine, in 1927. Two years later, a group of New York and New Jersey writers convened in Lasser's apartment to found the American Interplanetary Society, later renamed the American Rocket Society, an ancestor of today's American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. Interest in spaceflight as a practical reality was growing in Europe, and the ARS promoted this cause in the United States. Members of the group began significant experiments with liquid-fueled rockets in the 1930s.

In 1931 Lasser published *The Conquest of Space*, described by Arthur C. Clarke as "the first book in the English language to explain that space travel wasn't just fiction." The book, drawing on ideas discussed in Germany, in its turn had considerable influence on rocket enthusiasts in the U.S. and Britain. Later Lasser became deeply involved with labor unions, founding the Workers Alliance of America (later the American Security Union), working for the War Production Board during World War II, publish-

ing another book on economic policy, suffering anti-Communist blacklisting, and finally settling down in a long career with the International Union of Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers. DOING THIS COLUMN is beginning to depress the hell out of me. It seems clear that is going to go down as a second Year of the Jackpot already, and I need some cheerful material to set off all these obituaries. While my co-editor continues to dream of the day that a depressed B-52 pilot gives him an interview via cellular just before diving his fully-loaded aircraft into the Southcenter Mall, my own aspirations tend to settle on less apocalyptic material. Births, marriages, graduations, book sales, fannish convention announcements, bowling scores — send them in to keep me from collapsing in despair.

FINALLY, AS A LAST NOTE of farewell to our friend Bob Shaw, we offer this comment from Robert Sneddon, heinously lifted without permission from the Internet: "A touch of weirdness at Evolution — not enough sleep, perhaps . . . I saw Brian Aldiss and Harry Harrison coming down the hotel staircase; Harry was talking the way he usually does, arms going everywhere, and Brian was nodding sagely, as he usually does while wondering if the bar's still open. There was a big gap beside them, and I can only describe it as Bob-Shaw-shaped."

Next Time: Report from Wiscon, or: *400 Love-Starved Lesbians Can't Be Wrong!*

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, May 8th to 19th

1.) Mimosa #18, edited by Nicki & Richard Lynch, P.O. Box 1350, Germantown, MD 20875: I suspect that to some degree *Mimosa* has become a victim of its own success. People are jealous of fanzines that win multiple Hugo awards: despite all our best efforts to downplay the impact of the Hugos, even the most cheerful of American fans can eventually succumb to envy (and British fans generally don't bother fighting it) and begin judging especially successful fanzines in rather harsh terms. But *Mimosa* has remained largely unchanged in its goals since its inception, still devoted to fan history and humorous essays, and publishing very fine examples of both in every issue. If we (whoever "we" may be) have decided that *Mimosa* is now uncool, where once we gifted them with silver rockets, I get the strong impression that neither Nicki nor Dick particularly care. I do find myself enjoying the "lesser-known" columnists, like Les Cole, Kev McVeigh and Roxanne Smith Graham, a little more than the writers with whom I have become most familiar, but everyone seems to have submitted a strong effort this time around. I liked Steve Stiles' discussion of how his personal destiny has been entwined with comics, Fred Lerner's memoirs of New York fandom in the sixties, and really enjoyed Les Cole's account of how the Little Men once tried to claim the moon. And all fans of really bad movies should enjoy Richard Brandt's article on how he became privy to the secrets of that cinematic classic "Manos, Hands of Fate." All of this is bound in one of Ian Gunn's famous wraparound covers, just about his best effort to date. The universal symbols on his spaceport signs alone had me laughing like a loon.

2.) Waxen Wings and Banana Skins #2, written and edited by Claire Brialey (26 Northampton Rd. Croydon, Surrey CRO 7HA UK) and Mark Plummer (14 Northway Rd., Croydon, Surrey, CRO 6JE UK): If one can get past the fact that *WW & BS* is truly one of the worst titles in fanzine history, there is a lot of really fine material waiting here. Claire and Mark have combined their personal zines into this weighty effort, which skips about from thoughts on the Internet to a fine discussion of Novacon, dreams of winning the lottery, quotes from Marlowe, how life is different from television, how science fiction still appeals to Claire (but not the American space program, to which she applies several sharp blows) and how both have to deal with annoying vermin such as mice and wasps. To some small degree, their impressive natural skills and appeal as essayists are blunted by their obvious resentment of "tradition," fan history, jargon, cliques, and so forth, but this seems to be a problem endemic to younger fan writers, for whom all the pleasures, achievements and ideas of everyone who entered fandom before they did are an imposition at best, and a crushing burden of required knowledge and expectations at worst. This all bubbles to the surface gently in the Novacon report, just enough to confirm that *C & M* are about as far away as fans get from being Old & Tired. On balance, this is all to the good. Plus, when I opened the envelope, a delicious aroma, the by-product of Maureen Speller's fine mimeography, filled the room and imbued me with the spirit of the living Roscoe. More, please!

3.) Ansible #106, written and edited by Dave Langford, 94 London Rd. Reading, Berkshire, RG 5AU UK: The usual cassoulet of con reports, award announcements, obituaries, CoAs, bon mots to beard the editors of the *Fantasy Encyclopedia* and Maureen Speller's indictment of the verisimilitude of the Alien Autopsy film. My favorite thing in this issue is "Thog's Science Masterclass", which quotes from a flyer promoting Kim Stanley Robinson's *Blue Mars*: "Ten things you didn't know about the red planet. [...] 9. Mars is the only planet in the solar system that

could sustain human life." Damn, maybe that's what's been bothering me all these years.

4.) MSFire, Vol. 2, #2, edited by Sue Burke for Milwaukee Science Fiction Services, P.O. Box 1637, Milwaukee, WI 53201-1637: I'm becoming rather fond of this digest-size clubzine; lots of slightly twisted humor graces each issue, and the more recent issues have shown a commendable lack of amateur fiction. This leaves more room for filk-song lyrics, but I suppose there's a down side to everything. In this issue, I enjoyed the brief discussion of the search for planets orbiting other stars, written by someone named Oino Sakai, Georgie Schnobrich's report on the club's continuing obsession with croquet in inconvenient places, and Greg Rihn's "Observations Upon the Effects of Microgravity on Nerfballistics."

5.) The Reluctant Famulus #44, edited by Tom Sadler, 422 W. Maple Ave, Adrian, MI 49221-1627: I'm sitting here grumbling to myself, trying to figure out why I don't like this fanzine more. I mean, is this a crudzine? The writing is not up to the level of the best titles in the field, but I suspect I'd be a lot more forgiving of a fanzine that discussed things I was generally interested in. You have to really be good to sell me on surveys of SF television or capsule book reviews, and off-hand opinions on the current sf prozine scene. But Ben Indick's European travelogue is well done, and the issue does feature one remarkable piece of writing, Andy Darlington's lengthy review of Dave Britton's post-war creepshow *Lord Horror*, which stands out like a seven-foot-tall albino drag queen in this otherwise pedestrian publication. Part of the problem here, I think, is the attitude which Tom takes in his editorial: "Since I don't lead an interesting life, I have to make up stories about people who do." To me, over time, real life has become more interesting than even science fiction, and I guess I am no longer especially entertained by the efforts of people who resolutely hold to the obverse world-view.

Also Received: The FREMONsTer Free Press, Vol. 1, # 2, edited by Luke McGuff for the Fremont Arts Council; Situation Normal??, Vol. 7, #4, edited by Aileen Forman for SNAFFU; The Knarley Knews #57, edited by Henry & Letha Welch.

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK is the James Reavis of Fandom, alias Baron Miguel De Peralta, who appeared in Phoenix, Arizona Territory in 1881, with forged papers that supported his claim to be the hereditary heir to the region, a claim which the US Government supported as part of the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Reavis' claim seems laughable today, but for years he charged thousands of Arizonans rent for their own property, and was not even indicted for fraud until 1895. *Apak* is still available for the usual, but note that trades must 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 lifetime subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a glaive-guisarme. 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. Well, the poor dumb creature was bred for slaughter