

Corflu a Brilliant Success Apak wins FAAn, Leeds in '98.

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Speechwriter

Walnut Creek was fine and faannish, and I'm happy to have been there. Situated in a small city about 30 minutes out of Oakland, in the view of darkened Mt. Diablo, the festivities ensued without a single major problem. Fans congregated at the Marriott, conversed at length, convened for auctions and panels, gave speeches, handed out honors, produced clouds and smoked fanzines.

Having spent much of my time in parties with — among others — Ted White, Arnie and Joyce Katz, Robert Lichtman, Lenny Bailes, Frank Lunney, Tom Springer, Tammy Funk, Paul Williams, Cindy Lee Berryhill, Andy Hooper, Greg and Jim Benford, and Ken Forman, I can say we were very sedate.

The convention's web page was also skillfully done, and continues to be interesting, with lots of photos. Check it out at www.hidden-knowledge.com/corflu/

For the record, Ian Gunn, Andy Hooper and Apak won the FAAn Awards; Bill Rotsler (1996) and Lee Hoffman (1951) were elected past presidents of fwa; and Glasgow-native Ian Sorensen hopped back across the pond with next year's Corflu safely tucked away in his pouch. In the least predictable aspect of the con, I became the Guest of Honor when Jeanne Bowman pulled my name from a hat. We still await results from an investigation by the committee appointed by Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah to look into election fraud at suburban science-fiction conventions. It is unclear how many other names were in the hat.

My speech, delivered at the banquet, follows shortly.

But I have two complaints that I'd like to get off my chest.

First, I wish there had been a photocopier in the hotel that I could have used. Some Corflus have featured full mimeo services, but I had to — gasp — drive a short distance to a store to get my one-shot finished.

I just think it would be appropriate to have on-site reproduction technology at a convention for fanzine fans. No big deal.

The second point relates to the FAAn Awards. I'm proud Apak has received the award for a second year, but I wish more people had voted. As I recall, it was about 50 people. It seems to me that if we can get more than 125 people to pay money to come to Corflu, we should be able to get more than half of them to vote for free.

I think Janice Murray has done a great job administering the awards; it is fan editors such as Andy and me who must accept the burden of getting out the vote. I urge a more sincere effort on the part of every fan editor next year.

Thank you for putting up with me. Yes, I know my complaints are trivial and unlikely to be helpful. Yes. Thank you for listening. Now here's the speech (based on the text I finished writing about 5 a.m. Sunday; I have added stage directions, and the "off-screen" parts are a little different from the speech as delivered):

[Sets up Powerbook and takes seat. Explains that he has to work off the computer because he didn't have the time to find a printer.]

I want to thank you all for coming this morning. I'm actually a little surprised I made it. I'd like to start off by saying that I do feel honored by this designation, despite its random nature. This is my turn in the barrel, and at least I have the satisfaction of knowing it won't be me next time. And I'm happy to say that my reputation for brevity shall be wholly confirmed today.

I would also like to extend my thanks to the organizers of this convention. I've found the facilities nice and the attendance seems to have been excellent. I hear there was even programming. It's been everything I would expect of the best convention going these days.



Got any pain meds?

continued on next page

Issue #76, March 28th, 1997

This is the seventy-sixth issue of a tri-weekly fanzine, edited and published by Andy Hooper, Carl Juarez and Victor Gonzalez, members & founding member fwa, supporters afal, at The Starlitter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at fanmailAPH@aol.com. Correspondence for Victor should be sent to 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and at vxg@p.tribnet.com. Carl accepts e-mail at cjuarez@oz.net and fanzines care of Andy. Apak is available for the usual, but trades must be sent to all three editors. Or you can get Apparatchik for \$3.00 for a 3-month supply, a year's worth for \$12.00, a lifetime subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a daring foray into American neo-realism. See the back page for the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #290. Apparatchiki: Jae Leslie Adams, Gregory Benford, Randy Byers, Christina Lake, Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor, Pam Wells & Ted White. On the Web: <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK> Art this issue: Sue Mason, page 4, Bill Rotsler, page 5, Lesley Reece, page 6. Photos by Karen Schaffer.

I'd specifically like to thank Tom Becker for providing technical assistance for my fanzine.

I was told that a humorous approach to this speech would be a good idea. But nothing has occurred to me, so instead I've decided to take on the most serious fannish subject I can think of.

A total of 977 fans have attended the Sunday morning banquet from Corflu One through Corflu Wave. Of those, 426 had produced a fanzine in the previous year, and 121 had produced more than one issue. Only 1.2 percent had never produced a fanzine.

In addition, 12.76 percent of the multiple-fanzine-producing banquet attendees had hangovers during the banquet. A surprising 2.44 percent of those had to leave the banquet hall in order to blow chunks.

[Stops and clenches up, then looks up from the screen.]

Um, wait a minute. Oh man, I'm so tired, I forgot that I changed my mind last night. I got this far along in writing it, and then I changed my mind. Here, give me a chance to open the other file . . .

That's right; my topic is, "Where do we draw the line in fandom?"

[Starts reading from the screen again.]

What I mean is, what sort of issue is important enough that we'd exclude someone from fandom for breaking that rule? What kind of transgression is sufficient? Most of us probably think *someone* is so much of a fugghead that fandom would be better off without them.

For example, should I consider those who disagree with me about Corflu's whereabouts in 1998 people I'd rather do without? Probably not. Political discourse should be free within a small society with almost no formal organization. I accept other views of Corflu and TAFF without feeling deeply wronged.

Then there is a set of wider political and social disputes that have the potential to derail relationships. Acceptance — or the lack of acceptance — of women's rights, different races, homosexuality, drug use, or having voted for Ronald Reagan, can all create divisions among people with different opinions.

I feel more strongly about some of these subjects than others. But, generally, I think it's better to be tolerant of different opinions so long as polite discourse is a remedy to the dispute. Despite the fact that there are plenty of ready targets, I don't think fandom should be divided along political lines.

But, as I was thinking about this, I settled on one group

that I would exclude, should I have the power to do so. They are the one group of people who work to make life more stressful and less friendly while at the same time thwarting the work of two generations of freeway engineers.

That's right: I call to you to man the guns against those who defend their malicious driving habits as fun. I have absolutely nothing else to hold against Dale Speirs, but his suggestion that drivers should do the speed limit in the fast lane of multi-lane freeways is deserving of a forced gaffiation, if not Plan Makarov.

If Dale thinks that's fun, I have a suggestion for him that might fuck with the minds of speeders even more effectively. This would be unorthodox for Dale, but I would suggest he move to the lane just inside the fast lane, right at the speed limit. Cars will come up in the fast lane from behind, doing five or ten miles more than Dale. The trick is, just as they get a few yards from your back bumper, you hit the left turn signal.

Boy does that put the errant speeder in their place. There they were, just driving along, safely passing another vehicle, and suddenly they have a quick choice of hitting the brakes, evading or doing nothing. Whatever happens, you can bet that lawbreaking scum's asshole took a big bite out of his seat.

I bet it would be really fun, Dale.

[Again stops and looks up from the screen.]

Wait a minute. Shit. I did it again, folks. This file stops right there. I remember now, I realized last night that my premise was fatally flawed. Even though I disagree with Dale, I wouldn't have him expelled from fandom. After all, he's a pretty good fan editor.

Hold on a sec. Let me see if I can find that other file. That's right, I ended up trying to write about how social and written fandoms interact, and the ways that conventions enhance fanzines and vice versa. And it had something to do with E. B. Frohvet hosting a Corflu. I think Paul Kincaid played Dorothy Parker in a grotesque parody of the Algonquin Round Table.

Oh, forget it. I've gone on about long enough. I'll end here on a note entirely without sarcasm: despite a number of pitfalls, I've always found fandom to be an interesting place to be, a place where I'm happy to contribute and comfortable with my friends. Thank you very much.

I'm not a type A personality, I just get irritated very easily.

A Con From California

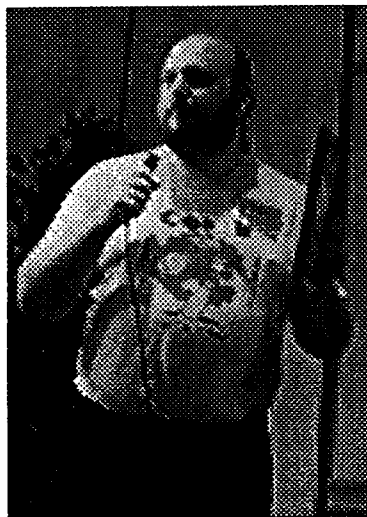
by Andy Hooper

Corflu is a convention commonly judged by the quality of time-binding experience it offers, and this year's highlight came during the Sunday morning banquet. Among the award announcements, and the selection of Leeds as the site for Corflu 1998, Alyson Abramowitz asked members of the first two Corflu committees, to say a few words. Judging from their reticent and halting account of those distant days of the mid-80s, they must find it hard to remember being fans at all; nonetheless, they were confronted with a 127-member fanzine-intensive convention, and could only wonder at what they had helped set in motion. No wonder they blinked and gasped like people who had been locked in a dungeon for the past decade.

This first West coast Corflu since 1992 was certainly one of the most impressive in terms of facilities and hospitality. Alyson achieved quite a coup in convincing the staff of the Marriott to rent her the "conciierge lounge," normally reserved for corporate clients. With so much room to stretch out, there was

never any sense that the 127 of us were crowding the place. The selection of drinks, snacks, sweets and treats bordered on obscenity; Alyson explained that she hadn't expected other people to bring so much food of their own! We looked around for Don Fitch as she said this, but he had slunk off somewhere to have a smoke. Should Don stop attending conventions, the Macadamia nut industry would collapse over night. Most notable were the *nine* elaborately decorated cakes, three served each evening, which we struggled to finish. Some people wondered why so many cakes, why not the occasional pie? It was clear to me that Alyson had found a confection format she liked, and was bent on getting out as many issues as possible.

So, things were proceeding smoothly until Friday evening, when Victor's name was chosen from the hat as the convention's guest of honor. With both of us already committed to a production of my play "Fanotchka" on Saturday night, and Victor planning to issue a one-shot fanzine while at the con, it was hard to see when he would have time to write his speech. Some Relaxicon! I haven't worked that hard at some conventions I've chaired.



I'd like to thank Raoul Mitgong . . .

Walnut Creek is a pleasant little burg, once you get away from the highway; unfortunately, the hotel seemed to be surrounded by heavy traffic, which made walking to restaurants or for exploration an occasionally dangerous proposition. On Saturday, this hardly seemed like an issue, as my day was programmed from noon to 10 p.m.

The program area was a large room with a pair of concentric circles of chairs. This led to a chaotic but lively conversation, as the nominal panelists were

tossed right in with the audience, who often seemed to be moderating the discussion. We talked about music and fandom for an hour, then moved on to Corflu and its traditions (all issues seemed to be settled, and bids have already announced for Florida in 1999, and Seattle in 2000). I ducked out for most of the discussion of Attitude the Convention, but it appeared that the success of Attitude would have some effect on the Leeds Corflu. Lenny Bailes' "Strange Faniverse," an improvised narrative designed to offer fannish spoofs of Fortean tabloid TV, was a surprising hoot. We raised over \$1,500 for TAFF and DUFF at the 4 p.m. auction, and material not sold then was offered in a silent auction Sunday afternoon, which sent it to good homes.

I had done a minor re-write of "Fanotchka" to correct some problems that came up in the LACon production, and I guess these were good changes, because the audience seemed to enjoy the play even more. Paul Williams and Cindy Lee Berryhill played the principal roles, but the entire cast did a great job, and I thank everyone for giving up so much of their Saturday evening for the performance.

Sunday morning came far too early, but the excellent food at the banquet, including fresh, individually-prepared omelettes, helped us forget how hung over most of us were. Ted White supervised the election of the fwa past president, and conducted an impromptu symposium on the history of that body; we think we may finally have an accurate list of the past presidents, to which we added Bill Rotsler, for 1996, and Lee Hoffman, for 1951.

The FAAn award results were announced, with myself, Ap-

paratchik and fan artist Ian Gunn taking home this years plaques. I was proud and flattered to win again, but I want to applaud someone else next year, and disqualify myself from future Best Writer awards for five years. I was extremely happy that Victor was there to help accept the award for best fanzine, and all of us thank all 51 people who took the time to vote.

This led naturally to Victor's speech, which you may already have read. I think it helps a lot if you've been reading Apparatchik for the last few issues.

After the brunch, some of us took off for a nearby school yard and played a little pick-up softball. It was fun, and I especially enjoyed abusing Steve Swartz in the outfield (after it became clear that we were not going to have enough people to play a formal game, we just played some work-up, with people coming to bat after they had made a certain number of plays. After a while, I stopped playing the ball and began trying to catch Steve's head instead. Greg Benford said the caption to any pictures of our grappling should be entitled "No Sex Please, We're Brutish".), but I think we might want to find an indoor game to play at Corflu in the future. The mere threat of rain is enough to keep many fans inside, and few want or can remember to drag gloves and bats across the country with them.

The number of fanzines handed out over the weekend was down a bit from the past two years, and only a few were written especially for distribution there. This enabled me to get the fanzine balance running my way for once, as I brought a huge paper box full of zines for auction, and went home without the box and everything in it.

Many members of the convention stayed over through Monday, and took excursions into San Francisco or Berkeley. I took the train in with Frank Lunney, and met Jay Kinney for lunch, then explored book and record stores in the Haight for several hours.

One terribly sad note on the weekend is that Seth Goldberg, long-time Official Editor of FAPA and co-administrator, with David Bratman of the Hugo award tallying, died suddenly on March 18th, apparently of heart failure caused by a viral infection. Seth was at Corflu on Sunday, and I said hello to him briefly; I had no sense that he was unwell. As of this writing, it's been decided that David Bratman and Robert Lichtman will handle the May FAPA mailing, but it will be very difficult to replace such a dependable editor, and impossible to redeem the loss of such a faithful friend.

Opinions are still coming in, but this must be regarded as one of the most successful Corflus to date. The variety of attendees, overall decency of setting, and high energy of the weekend met all my expectations, and I had a great time.

May your beans be plentiful and your oats free of tears

The 1997 FAAn Awards: Top Ten Finishers

Best Fan Writer			Best Fan Artist			Best Fanzine		
Rank	Name	Votes Received	Rank	Name	Votes Received	Rank	Title	Votes Received
1	Andrew Hooper	87	1	Ian Gunn	78	1	Apparatchik	83
2	David Langford	45	2	Teddy Harvia	46	2	Attitude	53
3	David Levine	19	3	D. West	41	3	Mimosa	42
4	Christina Lake	16	4	Bill Rotsler	39	4	Ansible	32
5	Judith Hanna	14	5	Steve Stiles	30	5	Bento	30
	Joseph Major	14	6	Dan Steffan	15	6	Trap Door	23
7	Randy Byers	13		Brad Foster	15	7	Wild Heirs	17
	Victor Gonzalez	13	8	Lesley Reece	14	8	Challenger	14
	Arnie Katz	13	9	Sue Mason	11	9	Plokta	13
	Lesley Reece	13	10	Stu Shiffman	8	10	Fosfax, SF Five-Yearly, Thyme	10

— Thanks to Janice Murray for tallying the totals

Perth on the Edge of a Convention

by Christina Lake

All right, so I did make it to an Australian convention in the end. But this was pure chance. I happened to meet Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown at Readercon last July

and they told me that Swancon was on in Perth in January. What's a Swancon? I wondered. It sounded exotic. A convention in the most isolated city in the world, in the middle of the Australian summer. I imagined us picnicking on the banks of the river, black swans gliding by, golden champagne sparkling in my glass. Who could resist? Particularly as I just happened to have a flight to Perth at the appropriate time.

I soon discovered that a certain portion of the sense of wonder of being in Perth can only be obtained by gazing at a map. Fortunately I'd already equipped myself with the UBD Australia 1:4,600,000 map with a nice picture of river gum trees on the cover, and which fitted neatly on Leigh and Valma's dining room table. Here they could point out names on the map, like Baldonia hotel, which were exactly what they implied — not a town, not a village, not a hamlet, but simply a hotel, marked on the map, because there was nothing else there worth mentioning, bar a few tufts of spinifex and some red soil. Many of the other places marked on the West Coast in relatively large type would barely have rated a mention in the more populated East, my hosts informed me. The nearest cities really are more than a thousand miles away — Adelaide to the East, Darwin to the North and, at a guess, Johannesburg to the West.

Without the map, though, it has to be said, Perth does not feel particularly isolated. It's not like the city sits in glittering splendor on the edge of the Indian Ocean, sprung fully-formed from the desert. It's surrounded, like any other city, by its own hinterland of freeways, residential suburbs, drive-in McDonalds and out of town shopping malls. Isolation does not mean immunity from the 20th century either, because, of course, everyone there can still get TV, still wants to own a car, still shops in the same chain stores and still builds ghastly housing estates next to the main road (there may be a lot of space in Western Australia, but how much of it is actually habitable?).

But, there is one sense in which Perth is truly isolated, and that is in terms of its culture. It's not easy (or cheap) to go anywhere from Perth, and by the same token, it takes extra encouragement and funding to attract major figures in the arts or music to the city. So, by and large, the inhabitants of Perth make their own fun. Which could account for Swancons — Australia's only regular convention, now up to number 22, yet so isolated that I'd never even heard of their fan GoH, one Dave Cake, and no-one there had heard of me (which, whilst not being surprising, was rather a pity as then I could have tried to talk them into having joint guests of honor, Cake and Lake.) The committee, so I was told, were mere youngsters, barely in their 20s, and inexperienced enough to believe that they could run a convention for over 200 people in a hotel with less than 30 rooms available. Then again, the committee did have the good taste to invite Howard Waldrop as their international guest of honor.

The lack of hotel rooms didn't seem to dampen anyone's fun. Its main drawback was to make it rather harder to test my tricontinental sex, drugs and rock n' roll theory of fandom. Drugs, of course, is US fandom. Rock n' roll, for which read beer and a taste for sleazy, smoky pubs is British Fandom. And sex, or so my hearsay evidence would have it, is (or was once) Australian Fandom. Well, it quickly became obvious that drink-



ing was no big deal in Perth fandom. The committee announced a Happy Hour at the bar and no-one showed. The committee gave away party packs containing whiskey, vodka, port and a wine box and there was no big rush to hold parties (though admittedly they didn't detail the contents of the party box at the opening ceremony, or I'd have held a party myself!) At least the bar was open — Perry Middlemiss told me horror stories of Easter weekend Swancons where no one sold drinks for love or money. As for drugs, I would say most of Swancon's members were high on a combination of youthful energy and caffeine, though speed is probably the only way to account for Danny Heap, special guest of honor from Melbourne, who was running around all weekend like a hyperactive weasel. Then, of course, there were the Tim Tams. Not cool designer drugs from the streets of Perth, but chocolate biscuits. Drinking port through Tim Tams, or the Tim Tam suck as they call it in the Sydney papers, was the activity de choix at the inevitable @ party. And sex? Well, there were rumors of skinny-dipping in the hotel pool at three in the morning and the convention did seem to be heading toward a bacchanalia on the last night as everyone put on their masquerade costumes and sighed orgasmically as fireworks illuminated the Perth skyline to celebrate Australia Day. Who knows what happened after I had to leave for my non-hotel room in the suburbs?

But perhaps the true addiction of Australian fandom is science fiction. At Swancon, the heart of the scene seemed to be the semi-professional SF magazine *Eidolon*, and Grant Stone, who collects science fiction as part of his role as humanities librarian at Murdoch University (though he does collect fanzines too! For scholarly purposes.). Throughout Australia, the people I met tend to be involved in some way with the writing, editing or criticizing of science fiction. Fanzine fan isn't a dirty word, just one without much meaning among the mass of fans. Why devote your energies to describing the activities of fans when there is so much to be done to maintain Australia as a presence within the science fiction world? People of talent, therefore (with some obvious exceptions) want to put out literary magazines rather than fanzines, run discussion groups and attempt to write, if possible, the definitive Australian science fiction story. There was plenty of evidence of this addiction at Swancon with its copious guest-list of emerging Australian writers, book launches, Waldrop's new anthology of stories (published by the *Eidolon* bunch). True, there was room at Swancon for non-literary pursuits — gaming, quizzes, media panels — but if you were going to be inspired by the convention into any activity it would be to write fiction, not put out a fanzine. Which is perhaps one reason why Swancon remains an isolated local phenomenon, appreciated by its habitués, but not exactly part of the mainstream of Australian fandom. It has plenty of myths, like the signed fencepost from the Nullarbor, auctioned for ridiculous sums every year, but has yet to develop a written tradition to make them famous. Then again, no written tradition however sparkling is going to remove the huge expanses of empty land (that I had to travel across myself by train for two long days after the convention) that separate Perth from the rest of Australia.

Well, this is about a green liquid — what is it, anyway?

Building on Foundations

by Greg Benford

dels where once you had tread with hushed whispers.

Asimov's Foundation series began in World War II, as America arced toward its zenith as a world power. The series played out over decades as the United States dominated the world's matters in a fashion no other nation ever had. Yet the Foundation is about imperium and decline. Did this betray an anxiety, born even in the moment of approaching glory?

I had always wondered if this was so. Part of me itched to explore the issues which lace the series.

The idea of writing further novels in the Foundation universe came from Janet Asimov and the Asimov estate's representative, Ralph Vicinanza. Approached by them, I at first declined, being busy with physics and my own novels. But my subconscious, once aroused, refused to let go the notion.

After half a year of struggling with ideas plainly made for the Foundation, persistently demanding expression, I finally called up Ralph Vicinanza and began putting together a plan to construct a fittingly complex curve of action and meaning, to be revealed in several novels. Though we spoke to several authors about this project, the best suited seemed two hard sf writers broadly influenced by Asimov and of unchallenged technical ability: Greg Bear and David Brin.

Bear, Brin and I have kept in close touch while I wrote the first volume, for we intend to create three stand-alone novels which none the less carry forward an overarching mystery to its end. Elements of this make their first appearance here, to amplify further through Greg Bear's *Foundation and Chaos*, finding completion in Brin's *Third Foundation*. (These are preliminary titles.) I have planted in the narrative prefiguring details and key elements which shall bear later fruit.



Genres are constrained conversations. Constraint is essential, defining the rules and assumptions open to an author. If hard sf occupies the center of science fiction, that is probably because hardness gives the firmest boundary. Science itself yields crisp confines.

Genres are also like immense discussions, with ideas developed, traded, mutated, their variations spun down through time. Players ring changes on each other—more like a steppin'-out jazz band than a solo concert in a plush auditorium. Contrast "serious" fiction (more accurately described, in my eyes, as merely self-consciously solemn). It has canonical classics that supposedly stand outside of time, deserving awe, looming great and intact by themselves.

Much of the pleasure of mysteries, of espionage novels or sf, lies in the interaction of writers with each other and, particularly in sf's invention of fandom, with the readers as well. This isn't a defect; it's the essential nature of popular culture, which the United States has dominated in our age, with the invention of jazz, rock, the musical, and written genres such as the western, the hardboiled detective, modern fantasy and other rich areas. Many kinds of sf (hard; utopian; military; satirical) share assumptions, code words, lines of argument, narrative voices. Fond remembrance of golden age *Astounding* and its letter column, of the New Wave, of Horace Gold's *Galaxy*— these are echoes of distant conversations earnestly car-

ried out.

Genre pleasures are many, but this quality of shared values within an on-going discussion may be the most powerful, enlisting lifelong devotion in its fans. In contrast to the Grand Canon view of great works standing like monoliths in a deserted landscape, genre reading satisfactions are a striking facet of modern democratic (pop) culture, a shared movement.

There are questions about how writers deal with what some call the "anxiety of influence" but which I'd prefer to term more mildly: the digestion of tradition.

I'm reminded of John Berger's definition of hack work, describing oil painting in *Ways of Seeing*, as "... not the result of either clumsiness or provincialism; it is the result of the market making more insistent demands than the art." Fair enough; but this can happen in any context. Working in a known region of concept-space does not necessarily imply that the territory has been mined out. Nor is fresh ground always fertile.

Surely we should notice that a novel Hemingway thought the best in American literature is a sequel — indeed, following on a boy's book, *Tom Sawyer*?

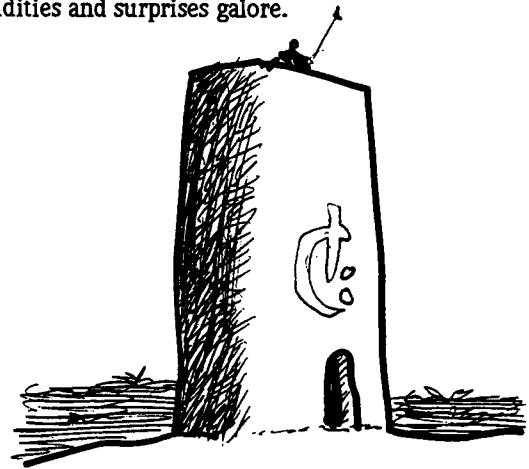
Sharing common ground isn't only a literary tradition. Are we thrown into moral confusion when we hear *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*? Do we indignantly march from the concert hall when assaulted by *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*? Sharecropping by The Greats? Shocking!

Reinspecting the assumptions and methods of classical works can yield new fruit. Fresh narrative can both strike out into new territory while reflecting on the landscape of the past. Recall that "Hamlet" drew from several earlier plays about the same plot.

Isaac himself revisited the Foundation, taking different angles of attack each time. In the beginning, psychohistory equated the movements of people as a whole with the motions of molecules. The Second Foundation looked at perturbations to such deterministic laws (the Mule) and implied that only a superhuman elite could manage instabilities. Later, robots emerged as the elite, better than humans at dispassionate government. Beyond robots came Gaia . . . and so on.

In this three-book series we three "Killer Bs" who stand in the shadow of Asimov and his generation shall reinspect the role of robots, and what psychohistory might look like as a theory. More riffs upon the basic tune.

So I set out to walk the sacrosanct lyceum where once as a boy I had stood in awed wonder. As I'll detail next time, there were oddities and surprises galore.



OUTPOST AGAINST THE BARI. ROTWELX

"I didn't know something could kick this much ass!"

Yes, It's Dyed

by Lesley Reece

getting burnt out at school and I needed a break.

"Oh, you should go," Hooper said when I told him. "Can't you rearrange your exams or something?"

Rearrange my — hey! What a great idea! I contacted my instructors the following morning. None of them minded.

Unfortunately, I had only a few days left to finish all my work for the quarter. I barely remember doing any of it; one minute I was talking to the travel agent and the next I was staring at my Spanish final, trying to remember the difference between the "yo" forms of "to laugh" and "to get embarrassed." Two hours after that, I was on the plane, remembering that the time I really want a drink is during takeoff.

But it was worth it. I not only got the vacation I wanted, I got to meet dozens of people that the other Apparatchiki have been telling me about since I got involved with fandom. Like Spike Parsons, whom I'd missed at Potlach — I was interested in talking to her, since I recently found out she thought Andy and Victor had made me up (Not true, though there are times I wish they had).

I was also glad to meet Ted White, whom I instantly liked. All you have to say to a bass player like me is "I knew Charlie Mingus," but what really won me over was the facile way he dissected the obsequious waiter our dinner party had at a nearby French restaurant on Friday night. Ted wanted escargot, but only if they were in butter. The waiter said they were in a cream sauce with Pernod, so Ted declined.

"Oh, I didn't mean to put you off," the waiter gasped. He

In my last piece for Apak, I talked about how I couldn't go to Corflu because my final exams were that week. I was disappointed, too, because I'd been

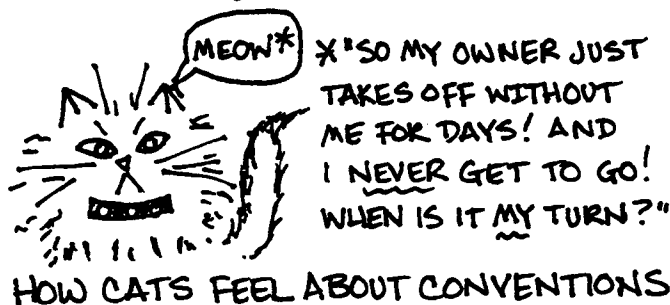
leaned over Ted, wringing his hands in fake distress. "Our escargot really are excellent."

"You didn't," Ted said. "I just don't like Pernod." They stared at each other for about fifteen seconds. Then the waiter abruptly straightened and vanished, mumbling something about getting our wine. If only I could learn to do that, I remember thinking, restaurants would be a lot more fun.

Normally I have no trouble keeping names and faces straight, but by Sunday night I'd met so many new people I was in a state of total brainlock. I didn't want to see a name tag ever again (being new, I had to look at everybody's). But I'm still happy I went, because I found out I have an audience. I'd like to thank everyone who told me how much they've enjoyed my writing. It was great to find out that actual people with actual faces are reading these things. And I hope I'm a face now too, or at least a head of henna hair.

One last thing: Berni Phillips mentioned that some people wanted my address, but it hadn't gone into the official list because of my hasty travel plans. Here it is:

Lesley Reece, 1521 15th Ave, Apt. F. Seattle, WA 98122; e-mail: lreece@u.washington.edu



A living brother is more to her than a dead mother.

The Little List of Dr. Fandom

by Ted White

Corflu Wave(less) is overnow, and I carry away a number of enjoyable memories and a vicious cold/flu bug which hasn't let go for nearly two weeks now.

One of the things I do at Corflu each year is to preside over the election of the Past President of fwa. This is one of the events coordinated with the Sunday brunch/banquet (the food for which was quite good this year), and has been a "tradition" at Corflu since 1985 (Corflu 2).

A couple of years ago I asked that previously elected Past Presidents stand up. I had two reasons, and the other one was that I had forgotten just exactly who all the Past Presidents were by then. I got little cooperation on that occasion; most of those whom I did remember did not stand.

Andy Hooper subsequently sat down and tried to make a list. It was the starting point, and this year after he and I had gone over it, wracking our memories, we believed we had all but one. I queried the Assembled Multitude at the banquet, and that name was filled in to our satisfaction.

Before I present that list, I want to point out that fwa was founded at the 1984 LACon, and for a brief period of time Past Presidents were selected at both worldcons and Corflus. Those chosen at Corflu were the Past Presidents of the just-previous year. Those chosen at worldcons were retroactive, going back before 1983. This was not done in 1985 (when the Worldcon was in Australia), and was last done in 1986 (Atlanta). In 1985 and 1986 retroactive Past Presidents were also elected at Corflus. (Confused yet?)

That said, here's the list.

1. (LACon, 1984): Avedon Carol, 1983
2. (Corflu 2, 1985): Suzle Tompkins, 1984; Terry Carr, 1982
3. (Corflu 3, 1986): Lucy Huntzinger, 1985; Gary Farber, 1981
4. (Confederation, Atlanta, 1986): Ted White, 1980
5. (Corflu 4, 1987): rich brown, 1986
6. (Corflu 5, 1988): Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas, 1987; Stu Shiffman, 1979
7. (Corflu 6, 1989): Jeanne Gomoll, 1988
8. (Corflu 7, 1990): Harry Warner, 1989
9. (Corflu 8, 1991): Bill Bowers, 1990
10. (Corflu 9, 1992): Robert Lichtman, 1991
11. (Corflu 10, 1993): Bob Tucker, 1992
12. (Corflu 11, 1994): Jack Speer, 1993
13. (Corflu 12, 1995): Charles Burbee, 1994
14. (Corflu 13, 1996): Bob Shaw & Peter Roberts, 1995
15. (Corflu 14, 1997): Bill Rotsler, 1996; Lee Hoffman, 1951

As you can see, we did not stick inflexibly to a rigid format. In 1996, we honored Bob Shaw posthumously and Peter Roberts as well, since Peter had just returned from a decade-long gaffiation and was attending that Corflu. And I think we voted Lee Past President for 1951 in celebration of the still-ongoing SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, the first issue of which appeared in 1951. Sort of like the retro-Hugos

I offer this data here, in Fandom's Newszine of Record, in hopes of either inscribing it in a form of permanence, or eliciting any corrections that may be proffered. If anyone among you recalls a name or date not given on this list, please let us know.

Dispatches to Apak

[APH: Both our coverage of Potlatch and the insertion of photos into #75 sparked most of the comment on the issue. RON DRUMMOND (7746 15th

Ave. NE Seattle, WA 98115-4336), with an interest in both subjects, comments:]

'Many thanks for turning me on to the great new Phil Manzanera album, *Drummondhead*. While a handful of the songs are characterized by Top-40 catchiness, the rest of the material is extremely diverse, with subtleties and complexities that richly repay close attention. Indeed, the whole album opens up considerably on repeated hearings, and is well worth getting to know.

'The most immediately appealing song is, of course, "To the Spoils Go the Victor." (The title's thought-provoking turn-about on cliché continues the tradition of Ian Anderson's many similar inversions, my favorite being "Take the horns by the bull.") The lyrics — a devastating evocation of the loneliness and insecurity at the heart of machismo — are made all the more ironic by being welded to an aggressively commercial melodic hook, the kind you remember whether you want to or not.

'My favorite track is the 12-minute neo-prog rock anthem, "Beethoven Was a Lesbian." Manzanera pulls off the incredible feat of successfully marrying the 15-second thematic cell from the opening movement of Beethoven's E-minor piano sonata, Opus 90, to the more dissonant passages from the Great Fugue, and then develops the resulting odd couple into a blistering, multi-layered dirge of truly monumental proportions. (The feedback guitar is the best I've heard since Hendrix.)

'Only a genius like Phil Manzanera could prove once and for all that not only was Beethoven both a black man and a lesbian, he was a prog rocker, too.

'P.S. Phil could have chosen better cover art for the album, though. I'm just not that photogenic.'

[VMG: Glad you like the new album, Ron. I agree; "To the Spoils" is the best song; I especially liked the B part, in which the sinuous twist of guitar and distorted Moog (in this day and age, what a choice!) seems to evoke the camaraderie and machismo of insecurity. Unlike you, however, I liked the album cover (I even bought it on vinyl for the bigger picture); to me, it said all that needs be said.

RANDY BYERS (1013 N. 36th St., Seattle WA 98103) has a quick message in regard to events at Potlatch:]

'Just a quick note to remind Tommy Ferguson that the name of the cult into which he was inducted is the Secret Order of the Light Magenta Lighters. As in, "Well, fuck me pink and call me light magenta."

[APH: The Proceedings of the SOLML are mysterious and seldom revealed to outsiders — Tommy should consider himself lucky! Now, IRWIN HIRSH (26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia) offers his views on other things mentioned in recent issues:]

'I'm not sure that Apak is eligible for the Nova. The defining point is a British editorial address. Apak is published in the US, UK and Australia, but it has only a US editorial address. This means that while there is nothing wrong in my saying that I've published a Hugo-nominated fanzine, my name didn't appear on the ballot form. Christina Lake's NQA had an Aussie editorial address in 1996, so she and it are eligible for the 1997 Ditmars. On the other hand, a case could be made to say that a fanzine edited in Seattle is eligible for the Ditmar.

'Victor's stats are interesting. And flawed. His locs averages per loccer assume everyone has been receiving Apak from the beginning and on schedule. For example, I received the first 20-something issues in a bundle. And while I responded to it, it was a single loc covering a number of issues, not a number of locs. On other occasions I've received 3, 4 and 8 or 10 issues together. Other anomalies come up in Victor's averages: One of my appearances in your lettercol was bits from two locs. On the other hand the paragraph which appeared in #73's loccol came from a letter which probably wasn't a loc, so I guess that balances things out.

'As for Christina Lake not wanting to buy into the discussion of how the 1997 Aussie Natcon clashes with "some important footie match" . . . the most recently published chapter of my GUFF trip report deals with how my GUFF duties clashed with the 1987 football finals, and how I missed out on watching the Grand Final. Not only that, I also described how I caught up with the latest footie news by spending an hour in front of Christina's TV. As it happens the 1997 Grand Final will mark the tenth anniversary of the most recent Grand Final that I've missed. I intend to be there at the MCG, one of the 95,000 or so watching the game. And if that means missing a fair chunk of the natcon, so be it. I'm not yet a member of Basicon 2, but I am a member of the Australian Football League. So I've already paid my entrance money to the 1997 Grand Final. I asked Karen Pender-Gunn if AFL members will be offered a discount on their membership to Basicon 2. Her response — that she and Cath Ortlieb may organize an anti-Football League panel — didn't answer my question.

'The colophon remarks that carl doesn't require fanzines in trade, only wanting "the good ones", has me perplexed. I'm not a fanzine publisher but if I were I'd like to trade with carl. But the way I see it, it wouldn't be my place to decide if carl regards my fanzine as good.'

[carl replies: I'd thought the synaptic gap between trading one's zine and asserting that one's zine was worthy of reading could be easily bridged, but I guess my request has been too gnomically expressed to be readily understood. I've certainly enjoyed the fmz I've received lately — Attitude, for example — but in the words of Tom Lehrer, "More, more! I'm still not satisfied!" (Blame it on Cain.) Henceforth we request that our companions in trade send a third copy care of Andy for yr obt servant.

Anything not to have to reduce the type in the colophon again. Meeks out.]

[VMG: I struggled with how to compile the statistics and how much work it was going to be. A final deciding factor was what sort of information could be determined for sure. For example, I don't think Andy knows who — exactly — was on the mailing list for issue #1. Or #2. Etc. If you believe, however, that you are capable of ascertaining that, by all means deliver upon us a better set of statistics. The average is perfect in the sense that it measures published locs divided by issues, with the one stated caveat: that two or more locs from the same person in the same issue are counted as one. The reason goes back to the same problem I just made reference to: it is very difficult to determine how many locs were condensed into one before publication. Or which weren't published at all. It's easy to come up with a single example, but it is certain that some examples would have been forgotten. Again, if you think you can do it (and not just in regard to your own letters), feel free. Written records don't exist.

Shall we engage in Farbitration?

Not everything is possible. So there.

CHERYL MORGAN (21/60 Princess St. Kew, Victoria 3101 Australia, e-mail to CherylMorgan@compuserve.com) is also concerned with issue of awards eligibility:]

'I'm afraid Irwin Hirsh is incorrect in saying that the Australian-published issue of Never Quite Arriving is eligible for a Ditmar. The rules clearly state that only Australian citizens and permanent residents can receive the awards. This, of course, means that I am not eligible, being only temporarily resident. But it does mean that Giulia de Cesare and Plokta could be nominated. Do other countries' awards have daft rules like this?

'By the way, we are all deeply flattered that Christina views the MSFC as a sort of junior NESFA. However, given that we are about to celebrate our 45th birthday, a feat I believe is only bettered by LASFS, it might be more correct to say that NESFA is a junior MSFC.

'Now, Mr. Middlemiss.

'No doubt Perry would like the world to believe that I am unable to tell the difference between WWI and Vietnam. Sadly for him, this is not so. They teach us quite a bit of military history in British schools. We do, after all, have a few genuine victories to celebrate. But, being British, we tend to concentrate on disasters. The Crimea and Dunkirk come over as just stupid, but Gallipoli really brings the message home. Sending our own troops into hopeless positions is, after all, our own fault. But that we should do the same thing to troops from other countries is quite appalling.

'To come to Australia and find that they treat it as something glorious, rather than thronging the streets screaming for reparations, came as something of a shock.

'But it was Vietnam that we were talking about. The event in question may well have been the battle that Perry mentions. I can't remember the name, but I do remember the banners in the streets, and that there was a documentary programme about it that evening. I think there was a parade as well. From the way the radio announcer treated it on the morning news, there was no doubt it was a celebration.

'The thing that got to me most, however, was that the enemy was always referred to as "the Vietnamese". Not "the North", not "the Communists", but "the Vietnamese". Given that Australia now houses a large population of Vietnamese refugees, many of whom may also have fought with distinction in that war, and most of whom will have lost more from the war than any Australian family, this left a bad taste in the mouth.'

[APH: People have different reactions to memorials; some don't want to be reminded of sad or horrific events, while others venerate them with fanatic intensity. And all wars inspire some demonization of the enemy, that's simple human nature. But an uncertainty about the adversary's identity is a particular feature of guerilla warfare, which has left the US and Australia with the feeling that their allies and enemies were the same people. This might be reflected in the generic nature of the descriptions you heard.

ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) offers feedback on #75 and Corflu Wave:]

'It was good seeing you and Victor at Corflu, and to meet Lesley Reece, who appeared to be having a good time at her third convention. The incident involving you that most sticks in my mind was on Sunday night in the consuite, when you slid open the door and invited me to join the Seattle party out there in the drizzle. Way cool. Less way cool was that I didn't spend as much time with you as at last fall's pair o'cons, but so it

goes. How many miles did you rack up during Corflu? (I'll look to your report in the next issue to provide the answer to this.)

'Your, Randy's and Lesley's looks at the recent Potlatch were good reading, with the best bit being Randy's paragraph that ends, "To his side, Jeanne Bowman leans over to read it." Tommy Ferguson's reference to remembering and missing the hills of Northern Ireland when confronted with the hills around Vancouver was quite evocative, especially when read after driving Geri Sullivan up to Glen Ellen after the banquet on Sunday. As we drove through the hills of Napa and Sonoma counties, she commented on how the fog-shrouded slopes reminded her of driving to Portstewart with Walt to see James. I had to admit they had the same effect on me, suddenly unjaded from driving past similar hills as part of my everyday commute. I haven't paid the batch of Tommy Ferguson's fanzines that arrived in the recent past the attention they clearly, from the sprightliness of his piece here, deserve. I'll have to remedy this soon.

'Victor, memory may well be "more visceral than the printed page," but for me it's what I read in those pages that initially helps me sort out and become preacquainted, if you will, with the people I meet and hang out with at conventions. So the feedback from cons and from fanzines is often interlinked. Regarding your comment that "fanzine feedback is more permanent in a way — one can look back on it years later and enjoy the resonance of the past": this happened to me when I was Looked through a small batch of fanzines I recently acquired. Most of them were from the '60s, and I was present in almost all of them: with several LoCs of my own and references to me, the most noteworthy being in John D. Berry's Baycon report where he recounts meeting me for the first time. Overall, leafing through these fanzines was an experience in egoboo flashback.

'Enjoyed Pain Wells' and Spike's Attitude reports, and please print the address of Felix Cohen, if you can obtain it, so that this promising 14-year-old could be sent fanzines. In Spike's, one wonders if male heterosexual British fandom will take Lillian's suggestion that they write about their sex lives?

'Richard Brandt's reference to a vision of desolate Chile fields stretching to the far horizon in connection with the article he wrote for Trap Door is rather mystifying. The article by Richard about to appear in the next issue has nothing to do with Chile fields. Perhaps the article he mentions here is one he's planning to send once I get the one I have on hand in print?

'As for Tom Feller's comments about the alleged polarization between Corflu and Ditto, where is it? The organizer of this year's upcoming Ditto, Bill Bowers, was at this year's Corflu — and I was happy to see him there. As for his wondering if an overseas Corflu would increase attendance at next year's Ditto, we can only see. I can't speak for them, but it would be interesting if the Las Vegrans bid for the '98 Ditto and combined it with Toner 2.'

[VMG: I find some people abrasive in print; they piss me off, and I end up writing stupidly angry responses. But I can't recall meeting one of those individuals at a convention and not getting along. In fact, I would say, meeting in person has been the best thing for me in terms of not overreacting to what they write.

CHRIS BZDAWKA (909 Walnut St., Verona, WI 53593, e-mail to Bzdchris@aol.com) is another fan with interesting idea of what face-to-face fanac at Corflu might be like:]

'I've got to say that the clear, straightforward format APAK is currently using makes it a joy to read. I really enjoyed the con reports in #75, and photos — Wow! Randy Byers' column

So what did they do? Throw a midget at it from the other side?

reminded me of the many snapshots I've taken in my head at cons, and captured the con ambience quite nicely.

I have entertained what I consider the ambitious notion of attending Corflu several times during my years in what is apparently fake-fandom, but never felt I was smart enough or fan-nish enough. Just from hanging out at the few cons I've been to (several Wiscons, a Congenial and a Reinconation), I don't honestly believe I could hold my own with 100+ Kaufmans, Nielsen Haydens and Sullivans. Mr. Spiers' description of BNFs smoffing and partying comes a lot closer to my perception of Corflu — the wits all razor-sharp, the banter pithy and pungent, the sexual relations thrillingly incestuous — than an inclusive relaxicon for seasoned and fledgling fanwriters. If Corflu is the "country club" of fanzine fandom, it should fess up. If it's not and the membership desires "fresh meat," perhaps a public relations campaign is in order. Victor is right (in this instance): Corflu should welcome all fanzine fans. But, ya' gotta wanna.

To Mr. Lichtman: In my comment to Victor, my only "accusation" was that Victor was capable of and APAK is deserving of better writing. I'm sorry if you feel I was mistaken. I merely wished that Victor had used his prodigious journalistic skills to explore a topic beyond his own atmosphere. As for those "mysterious but anonymous" fans without health insurance, with all due respect, please either 1) inform me of the name and address of Fandom's health insurance carrier, or 2) clue me in to the secret of Fandom's apparent good health. I am quite familiar with the dismal state of corporate health care management and the realities of uninsured health care. I'm willing to chance that among the millions of uninsured U.S. citizens, there be Fans. If articles about medical problems are common and accepted in fanwriting, then it sounds like illness may also be fairly common. Thus, my "assumption," not accusation.'

[VMG: I have no interest in bickering with you, Chris, but I interpreted your comments mostly as a criticism of my subject matter, not the use of my writing skill. And I might point out that "illness" and "health insurance" are not mutually exclusive. Whether one is covered or not, one gets sick, and some of us write about it. Not you, of course.]

[APH: This is a weird argument. More interesting to me is your image of Corflu. You've been to conventions, worked on them — how can you entertain illusions about just what goes on at Corflu? The "Country Club of Fandom"? Rotting broccoli stems smell just as bad at Corflu as they did at Congenial, I'm afraid.

Which leads us, for some reason, to JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Rd., South Tottenham, London N15 4JU UK):]

"No one in Britain is sending me fanzines anymore!" Christina Lake reports Bruce Gillespie telling her (issue 74). Not true, at least in our case: we have sent him every issue of FTT since the first, twelve years ago. But if he isn't receiving anything else, might this not be attributable to his own inactivity? When, for example did he last write a letter of comment — to any editor of any fanzine? When did he last publish, other than one of his triennial telephone directories full of interminable lists of favorite films and short stories? Might it be that people in Britain aren't sending him fanzines because — as a consequence of his inactivity — *they've never heard of him?*

[APH: From reading this issue, it appears that a lot of people in Britain and Australia have *never heard of each other!* More on this baffling story as it develops.

Now, STEVE JEFFERY, (44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, UK, e-mailed from Peverel@aol.com) pumps the

last drops of fuel out of the tank:]

'As a late footnote to the comments on drivers and driving (unless you've parked this one) I have to admit that I completely wimped out on using my new, and hardly bloodied, driving license while out in Texas for a few weeks, due to the utter madness of driving in Laredo. Sleepy little border town, I thought, remembering back about five years ago; long straight roads stretching into the Texas horizon with nary another car in sight for hours. 55 mph with the radio on, the AC cranked high, and cruise control kicked in. Apart from occasional armadillos, you could almost put your feet up and read a book.

'Dead wrong. Now the new International Bridge has opened up across the Rio Grande, it's chaos. Aggressive driving, forcing an edge into nonexistent gaps in front of huge juggernaut trucks, is not merely the order of the day, but mad homicidal driving, abrupt changes of speed and direction. And the madness of multi-lane intersections.

'And the company Chevy truck had gears, on the wrong side. As I say, I wimped out. I don't want to change down for acceleration and find myself winding down the driver side window instead.

'The weirdest thing I noticed is what happens when an Interstate slipway joins a parallel road. Traffic moving on that road has to yield to that coming down off the Interstate slipway, the exact opposite of what happens in the UK. The concept of 'yield' also seems to be confused with the concept of 'stop', so that vehicles will barrel along at 55 or 60, brake to an almost complete halt in the middle of the road, take a quick look, and then accelerate back up to speed. In the UK (and this touches on the discussion of 'speed vigilantes') almost any manoeuvre that would impede the progress of already moving traffic (whether through undue hesitation or taking chances) would get you a black mark, or a test failure, so my instinctive reaction to this sort of emergency braking is to look up, expecting to see an accident ahead, or an old lady crossing three lanes of traffic to get from one side of the road to the other.

'While I'm not particularly a fan of Greg Benford's work (through unfamiliarity as much as anything else) I loved his analogy of "impressionist" SF as "new ways of looking" in his piece in Apak 72, and interesting things he had to say on the process of writing. "Constraints improve." Yes. Without constraints (even self imposed ones) there is no discipline, without discipline, there is merely self-indulgence, and often silliness or a sprawling mess.'

[APH: We must now hurry to a card from DAVID THAYER (701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX 76054), the page end looms:]

'All I know about Corflu is what I read in the fanzines and hear from fans who've attended, but from my second-hand knowledge I disagree with Dale Speirs' and Tom Feller's criticism of it. The convention eliminates the distractions of art show, dealers' room, and programming and makes fans interacting with other fans the main event. If you want to sit back passively and be entertained by a convention, Corflu is not for you. I've never felt uninvited just because the committee did not send me a personal invitation or publicly advertise. A desire to interact with one or more other attendees is the only invitation you need.

'All cartoonists are evil inside. Ian Gunn's criminally funny "Hooper for DUFF" cartoon proves the point. You published it and yet the caption in any context other than humorous would be fighting words. I am amazed.'

[WAHF: Tom Feller. See you in three weeks!]

Do fish think? Yes, but not fast enough.

1.) **TommyWorld #5 - 8**, written and edited by Tommy Ferguson, 768 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ontario Canada M6G 2W6, e-mail to tferg@globalserve.net: Following his move to Canada, Tommy Ferguson has become an absolute publishing dynamo! Besides sending out Design for Life #1, and participating in a pair of Götterdämungs, 1997 has seen eight issues of this weekly e-mail fanzine. Of the cluster that have arrived since the last Apak, #5 and #7 have the most compelling material, including an essay on Tommy's relationship with alcohol, and a delightful rant about the miseries of working in an Irish pub on St. Patrick's Day. Tommy's struggles to deal with the cultural cacophony implicit in being a Belfast native living in Toronto assailed by Americans who mistake him for an Englishman make great reading. #6 and #8 were most noteworthy for their lettercols, which are enthusiastic and friendly, and make me think that Tommy could be running a focal point fanzine if he felt like it. This is a perfect example of what an internet fanzine can achieve if managed properly. It has brevity, frequency, and Tommy's writing typically rages from the first line — no twiddling around for five paragraphs before getting to the thesis here!

2.) **Monstrous Crow #1**, written and edited by Tracy Benton, 315 Island Dr. #4, Madison, WI 53716-4530: My favorite acquisition of Corflu weekend, and not solely because I am so pleased to see Tracy publishing again. The layout is much improved from her efforts in Cazbah, although I do find myself shaking my head at my own eternal prejudice in favor of fanzines with the same sort of title/colophon/text configuration that Apparatchik used to have — even making allowances for that, this is a particularly attractive zine, elegant, yet readable fonts, two non-proportional columns of text inside, broken with artful dingbats and clean sidebar quotes. Most of the issue, after a brief introductory editorial, is a lengthy article about the life and work of Frank Lloyd Wright, a figure with whom a number of Madison fans have become obsessed or enamored over the years. Tracy's article is the best I've seen in this local tradition, written in a light, discursive style that makes the dark events of Wright's life more appropriate subject matter for a fanzine than if told with the exhaustive, detached style traditional in writing about history. A few book reviews round out the issue. Well worth the two-year wait!

3.) **Fanthology '93**, edited by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442: Ah, it seems quite ungrateful to offer much criticism on this effort, since Robert once again did the work at relatively short notice, and his choice of articles is, as usual, good on several levels. Some of the more important fanish events and issues of the year are reflected in the selection of material, while other articles could have come from any year, but clearly deserve to be in the collection on the quality of their writing. But I fear that the TimeBytes anthologies that Lake and Edwards did two years ago for Glasgow have created a hunger in me for some sort of analytical material or appreciation of the events of the year written specifically to introduce

and annotate the articles in the fanthology. I said almost the same things in regard to Fanthology '92 last year, and I'm even more impressed by the selection of stuff from 1993. Robert's approach is to offer us a superb selection of source readings, and to leave us to create our own analytical image of their context — and perhaps I'm just lazy, but I find myself wishing for both sorts of fan history. Another fine installment in the series, and well worth \$5.00.

4.) **Glamour #3**, written and edited by Aileen Forman, 7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119: I continue to observe Aileen Forman's evolution as a fan writer with considerable interest. This issue features more observations on life as a blackjack dealer, as well as a glossary of gambling terms that might prove useful to people on their way to Vegas in the future. But the weight of this issue in is the article detailing how Aileen came to meet her birth mother, illustrated with a color photo of Aileen with her mother Judy and her half-brother Daniel. They all have the same eyes. It's a simple piece of work, but effectively and clearly communicated, and obviously packing a pretty heavy emotional wallop. I always feel a lot of admiration for fans who put so much of themselves into a fanzine, and it's impossible not to share Aileen's delight at her discovery. And she closes by noting that she is running out of Rotsler art — as if that were possible.

5.) **Wave Without a Shore**, written and edited by Tom Becker, 2034 San Luis Ave. #1, Mountain View, CA 94043: Tom Becker has made his way into fanzine fandom at least partly through our acquaintance with his wife, Spike Parsons, and when I first met him, he was much more interested in con-running and tech talk than in anything to do with fanzine fandom. But Roscoe's call is seductive, and here we have Tom's first fanzine of his own, although he has done quite a few convention daily fanzines and the like in the past. In three pages, he describes some of the coastal adventures of his youth and how they inspired the vision he had for Corflu Wave as originally proposed for Pacifica, California. Briefly, and I thought quite tactfully, he summarized the problems that prevented that plan from being executed, and how it lead him to bow out of the official committee. The way he describes his memories of days at the beach, and his family's connections to the area, make me want to go back without any convention to distract me.

Also Received: freak the people, Victor Gonzalez; Banana Wings #5, Brialey & Plummer; Snufkin's Bum #1&1/2, Maureen Kincaid Speller; Skug #13, Gary Mattingly; SFSFS Shuttle #129, Ananayo & Perez for the SFSFS; Gegenschein #76, Eric Lindsay; poppin' zits #A, Jerod Pore; Risible, Ian Sorensen; The Knarley Knews #62, Henry Welch; Existentialism's A Cruel Business, Kim Huett; PhiloSfY #5, Alexander Slate; S.F. film Fan #2, Mike McInerny; It Goes on the Shelf #17, Ned Brooks; Minor Deviations #3, Ed Green; all of these are reviewed on our web site at <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK>

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK is a ritual cicatrice on the face of fandom, formed by sliding peppercorns under the skin, then positioning driver ants so that their mandibles clamp down on either side of the incision. The ants heads are then cut off, forming a natural suture. Does this explain the way it makes you feel? 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 \$4.50, \$17.00 and \$28.09 Australian. Lifetime subscribers: Harry Andruschak, John Bangsund, Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Tracy Benton, Bill Bodden, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Chris Bzdawka, Vince Clarke, Scott Custis, John Dallman, Bruce Durocher, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Ian Hagemann, Margaret Organ Kean, John Hertz, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, A.P. McQuiddy, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Mark Plummer, Barnaby Rapoport, Michael Rawdon, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Ruth & Rickey Shields, Leslie Smith, Nevenah Smith, Dale Speirs, Candi Strecker, Geri Sullivan, Alva Svoboda, Steve Swartz, David Thayer, Howard Waldrop, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner.