

At Corflu Wave, after the events described in the first paragraph below, I told Seth Goldberg that I would definitely write an article of this title. Sorry you can't read it here, Seth, but you were the only person there who already knew it all anyway. So here, for the first time in print, is . . .

## The True History of the Corflu Guest of Honor

by David Bratman

At the Saturday programming session at Corflu Wave, one of the items featured Ted White, Andy Hooper, and other greybeards and mavens discussing the Corflu traditions. They talked about the site selection tradition, of course, that being a currently hot topic; they talked about the banquet tradition, the limited-programming tradition, the selection of the past president of

fwa, and other traditions. And they talked about the Guest of Honor: how Corflu I chose its GoH's name out of a hat, and how first impressions that this was rather silly gave way to deeper feelings that this was the right and proper way for Corflu to do this, kept on by all succeeding Corflus except number 5 in Seattle. ("And that's all right too!" they said. "One of Corflu's traditions is to break the traditions once in a while.") The theory is that, outside of the increasingly class-stratified world of major conventions, within fanzine fandom we are all equals, and we are all friends. Each of us is known to the others, and each of us is worthy to be Guest of Honor at Corflu. And this theory has been verified in practice. Every Corflu GoH has proved a worthy choice, most of them were at least reasonably well-known in our small world, and those few relatively little-known fans who found their names drawn from the hat — Barnaby Rapoport, Jae Leslie Adams, Gary Hunnewell — made their reputations on the spot with brilliant and effective speeches, bringing themselves the reputations they deserved. And that too verifies the theory, because good fan writers can, and always have, sprung up spontaneously. Of course we honor our fancestors and BNFs, and our neos have to learn our customs, but anyone who does learn and honor our customs is welcome here, anyone who wants to is likely to feel welcome, and once they do, they're on the same level as everybody else.

Thus, partly explicitly and partly by implication, the panel discussion. And that was fine as far as it went, and I agree with every word of it. But there was one important and less comforting point about the nature of the subject that was hardly touched on. And just as importantly to me, *they didn't tell the full story of the first Corflu GoH*. Apparently of the attendees only Seth and I remembered this particular footnote to history, so it's time to put it in print.

The received story, as colored by my memory of the actual event, but with the omission still left out, goes like this. It's Friday night in the con suite. The announcement is made: the name of the GoH is going to be pulled out of a hat containing slips of paper, each containing the name of a Corflu member, one slip for each registered member. Terry Carr stands in the front of the room, near the doorway. He pulls a name out of the hat: Mike Deckinger. "He's not here!" somebody calls out. "Is he going to be?" asks another. "I don't know," says someone else, perhaps a committee member. "He bought a membership, but he hasn't turned up yet." Well, if he isn't here yet he can't be that interested, and in any case we don't want to risk having an absentee GoH — we remember the 1974 Westercon — so Mike Deckinger's name goes back in the hat. Terry swirls his hand around in it and pulls out another slip of paper: it's Mike Deckinger again!

*continued on next page*

### The Corflu Guests of Honor

1984	1	Berkeley CA	Pascal Thomas
1985	2	Napa CA	Allen Baum
1986	3	Tyson's Corner VA	Teresa Nielsen Hayden
1987	4	Cincinnati OH	Joel Zakem
1988	5	Seattle WA	Gary Farber
1989	6	Minneapolis MN	Stu Shiffman
1990	7	New York NY	Barnaby Rapoport
1991	8	El Paso TX	Dick Smith
1992	9	Los Angeles CA	Linda Bushyager
1993	10	Madison WI	Jae Leslie Adams
1994	11	Arlington VA	John Bartelt
1995	12	Las Vegas NV	Gary Hubbard
1996	13	Nashville TN	Gary Hunnewell
1997	14	Walnut Creek CA	Victor M. Gonzalez
1998	15	Leeds UK	?

## Issue #78, May 8th, 1997

This is the seventy-eighth 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 9238 Fourth Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98106, 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 completely alien gene to inject into our biosphere. See the back page for the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #294. **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**: Pages 5 and 6, Bill Rotsler.

Legend has it that he pulls Mike's name out a third time, though I don't remember that for sure; but eventually someone suggests that maybe Terry should just not put the slip back in. So he doesn't. Then he tries again. This time we get: Pascal Thomas. He's present, he's not going anywhere, so he gets to be Corflu GoH.

All this is true. But it leaves something out. Mike Deckinger's was not the first name that Terry Carr pulled out of Corflu 1's hat. It was the second name. (As well as the third, and possibly the fourth.) The first name was:

Michele Armstrong.

Who? Well, that's what Terry said at the time, and so did just about everybody else, which may be why they forgot. But Seth and I knew her — we were probably the only people there who did — and that must be why we alone remembered.

Michele didn't figure in the long memoir of Seth I wrote for Girabbit 7 (now in production), but that's not for unimportance. It's partly because no obvious place to bring her in presented itself, and partly because I'm writing about her here. Michele had been, not a proto-fan but perhaps what might better be described as a nascent fan, at the time that Seth, working for the Stanford Synchrotron Radiation Laboratory in the early 80s, discovered her in the administration office doing the bookkeeping. She was an sf reader, an American who had lived for some years in Australia, where she'd gotten to know Bruce Gillespie under circumstances of total coincidence, completely apart from fandom. She was, and still is, a tall woman, rather shy, but quick and bright of speech and written word.

Under Seth's tutelage, she began some regular fanac. At first he alluded to her occasionally in conversation with me, then unexpectedly introduced us over pizza one lunchtime. I got to know her better in part because we shared an interest in classical music, which didn't mean so much to Seth. We also shared an interest in Seth himself, and would talk about him whether or not he was present. Later on, Michele joined a couple of apas at Seth's behest, and became a leading member, which pleased him greatly, but this hadn't happened yet, and at no time was she much of a social fan. It was Seth's idea to get her the membership in Corflu at all, and she certainly wasn't there on Friday night. Seth and I were on the other side of the room during the GoH selection, leaning against the window sill and viewing it all detachedly. "What if they should pick Michele?" Seth mused during the preparations. "That would be pretty amusing. I wonder what would happen then." "That's a good question," I said, "but it's probably not going to happen."

Then it did happen: Terry pulled out the slip and read the name. Seth and I stared at each other, agape and amused. Terry and others were nonplused at this unfamiliar name. "Is she here? Does anybody know her?" "She's not here," said Seth, adding, "She wouldn't want to be Guest of Honor anyway." Seth did not have a loud voice and we were back against the window; it took a while for this message to get through.

So Terry put Michele's name back in the hat, shuffled through the slips again, and pulled out Mike Deckinger, and here the true history of the first Corflu Guest of Honor rejoins the main track of the remembered history.

Michele actually did come to the convention for the day on Saturday, but did not make a spectacle of herself. Seth was himself both too shy and too considerate to go around introducing Michele to all and sundry as the almost-GoH, but he did introduce her to a few people, and he would certainly have *talked* incessantly about doing so.

As for Michele, she began her quiet apa career, submerged though it became by a growing family. She remained a friend and one of the most important people in Seth's life, and even proud of her momentary position as the first, ever, Corflu Guest of Honor.

Especially because she never had to get up before a crowd of fanzine fans who didn't even know her, after dining on Scope a la mode, and give a speech. So let's consider that dreaded Corflu GoH speech for a bit, then. This duty has become so feared, so pulverizing, that all most GoHs can think of after their selection is, "Oh God, *what* am I going to say, and *when* am I going to have a chance to write it?" One recent Corflu even offered its members the opportunity, by paying an extra dollar in membership, to have their names removed from the hat, though I don't know how many took up the offer. That aside, though, it's become the ironclad rule that every attending member (that is, everyone with an attending membership who isn't known not to be coming), except for past GoHs, has to have that name in the hat, whether they're in the consuite on Friday night or not. Consequently almost everyone shows up, to get the bad news quickly.

Is this a fake reluctance, like the show of hesitation made by new Speakers of the British House of Commons, who have to be dragged to the chair? I'm not sure, and perhaps not even the past GoHs could answer honestly, since their service is over now and they don't have to dread it any more. But can you imagine — say this in the same tone of incredulity that you would say "Can you imagine printing your fanzines by hecto again?" (unless you're Dick and Leah Smith, in which case you probably would) — returning to the unwritten rules of Corflu 1, by which people not in the room could be turned down as GoH, even though they weren't known not to be coming?

Or who could turn the honor down in absentia? If a person could avoid becoming GoH now just by not being in the consuite at the time of the drawing, the place would be deserted — or at least people talk as if it would be.

But being GoH is supposed to be an honor; that's what the H stands for. So what happened?

Well, what happened to the fan funds, for that matter? Winning a fan fund used to be about the honor of going on the trip; now it seems to be all about hawking fanzines and keeping accounts, and writing (or not writing) a trip report. Something at once similar and quite different seems to have happened to the Guest of Honorship at Corflu. The first two GoHs, quiet unassuming fellows both, gave such rousing and delightfully funny speeches that everyone is now expected to do the same, and to do it as well as they did. That's a much more agreeable change in expectations than what's happened to TAFF, but it does make the job more intimidating. (The ritual initiation that the third GoH was put through may have scared people off as well, but since it was not repeated perhaps it did not.)

Fortunately, virtually everybody likely to wander in to fanzine fandom and stay long enough to attend a Corflu has the mental wherewithal to deliver a good Guest of Honor speech, as the names in the box above demonstrate. They have all been fine choices, fellow fen: we should be proud of our acumen in choosing them, whatever the method we happened to use. And that includes the ones who didn't get on the list. So next to Mike Deckinger on the historical footnote, let's not forget the name of Michele Armstrong.



---

"I was going down the car park ramp when I hit a giant plastic mouse."

---

## Serendipitous in Seattle

(or what I did instead of Corflu)

by David Levine

This business of multiple fandoms means that sometimes you have to make hard decisions. Two weeks after Potlatch, Kate and I went to Seattle

again. I'd asked a bunch of people at Potlatch about Corflu, and in the end I decided I'd rather go square-dancing with Kate.

It wasn't just me and Kate, it was me and Kate and our square-dancing friend Michael, and square dancing (among straight people) is an extremely "couplist" activity with little room for singles or triads. So Kate and I danced together on Saturday, while Michael went shopping at Ikea (we loaned him a copy of Maureen Kincaid Speller's fanzine Snufkin's Bum with a cautionary tale of the awful things that can happen at Ikea). Then on Sunday Kate danced with Michael while I spent the day with Seattle fans Luke McGuff, Kate Schaefer, and Glenn Hackney. We planned to see a show of Japanese calligraphy at the Seattle Asian Art Museum, have sushi for lunch, and maybe browse the funky shops in Fremont.

When I arrived at Luke's place in Wallingford, Luke and I found a phone message from Kate Schaefer promising to be only ten minutes late. I toured Luke and Jane's basement apartment, which seemed remarkably spacious, with two bedrooms, two offices, two living rooms, two kitchens — no, wait a minute, it's just toroidal. Luke and I talked about fandoms — square dancing, Fremont Arts Council, and SF — over orange juice for half an hour or so, then decided to walk down the block and see what Kate and Glenn were up to.

We arrived just as they were unloading some shelving from their car. They too had been to Ikea. (Synchronicity in action. I had barely *heard* of Ikea before this weekend . . .) They had achieved shelving, and we helped carry it in. I was impressed by Kate and Glenn's house, a fine bungalow with plenty of wood trim and spectacular beamed ceilings in the living and dining rooms. They also have a brand new VAIO (the computer formerly known as Sony, whose name is an unpronounceable four-dimensional glyph). We had fun watching the graphics rotating on the startup screen for a while, then went off toward the museum. On the way, Kate pointed out a house where Gary Farber once lived, until it burned down. Also an apartment building where some fan named Matt used to live. And the offices of Dr. McIntyre — Vonda McIntyre's dentist, but no relation — former home of the Country-Western Dental Hygienist.

But first we stopped off at the Broadway Center to see if we could get tickets to "Louis and Dave," a Seattle Fringe Festival play that a friend of Luke's recommended highly. However, when we got there we found the performance space — a 1987 Plymouth Volare — was gone. (Yes, the play was performed in a car. More on this later.) Had the play closed early? Had the theatre been stolen? We inquired within, and found that the theatre would be arriving shortly and tickets would go on sale at 12:30. We decided to catch a bite to eat and come back for the show.

Now, a bite to eat was problematic, because one of our party was allergic to just about everything except sushi. So we found a nearby sushi place in the phone book and gave it a call. It was closed. (Or too busy to answer the phone, just as bad.) But we thought we'd seen a Japanese place down at the other end of Broadway, so we walked back to the car and set off In Search Of Sushi. Once we got there we had to park — not an easy feat in Capitol Hill, but through pluck, perseverance, and

invocations of the Great Spider and Doris Day, we triumphed.

It was closed too. And the other Japanese restaurant across the street was purely a noodle bar; not useful. Kate and Glenn suggested an Indian place in their neighborhood — Indian food being not completely non-allergenic, but possibly close enough — so we walked back to our lovingly hand-crafted parking place (admiring on the way the alien birdhouses and other public art projects that make Seattle such a nifty place) and drove back to Wallingford. As we drove, Kate pointed out another house Gary Farber lived in once, before it burned down. Also another apartment where Matt used to live. After two further restaurants were closed or being steam-cleaned, at last there was Chutney's, the new Indian place in Wallingford Center. We drove past. It was closed. No, wait — there were people moving around inside! It was open! Quickly we parked and ran inside. They had a buffet. It smelled good. We ate it. Only half-way through the meal did we realize we had no idea how much it cost.

By the time we finished our (reasonably priced, as it turned out) lunch it was after 2 p.m. But when we got back to the Broadway Center there were four tickets available to the next show of "Louis and Dave" which would be starting in 20 minutes. We bought our tickets — ensuring another sold-out show — then walked up and down Broadway, talking about Clarion, until showtime.

Promptly at 2:30, we were met by Louis and Dave (as identified by their baseball caps): our ushers, as well as our cast. They walked us to the Chevron Volare Theatre and checked our coats in the spacious trunk, then escorted us to our (extremely cozy) seats in the back row. We were offered a tempting assortment of tasty treats from the concession stand in the glove compartment, and were invited to contribute our wrappers to the already-substantial pile rustling at our feet. After a brief safety lecture on the usage of our seat belts, which would be needed in case of any unexpected eventuality — such as the car moving — the dome light dimmed and the play began.

The story of Louis and Dave, all fourteen minutes of it, was set in an '87 Volare as well as being *presented* in one. In the play, Louis and Dave drove around the main strip of their small town, yelling out the window at girls (who ignored their pathetic advances), full of confidence that some day soon, they would indeed Score. Then Louis (the passenger, skinny, pock-marked, blonde) mentioned to Dave (the driver, who resembled Dave Thomas from SCTV) that Canadian power-trio Rush would be coming to town next Thursday. Dave was initially enthusiastic, but then realized that he would be unable to attend the concert because of his book group. "Book group? You mean, like, *reading*?" Yes, Dave was a member of a book discussion group, currently reading Camus. "Camus? The killer whale?" Well, it got worse than that. Dave would also have to miss the Giants game because the symphony was coming to town — "and it's Mahler!" "Smaller than what?" And then, the real killer — it came out that Dave would have to miss something else because of the ballet: he was in it.

Louis was appalled. "Are you trying to tell me that you're — an intellectual?" Yes, it was true. It was a big emotional coming-out thing for Dave; he'd been hiding it all this time. Louis couldn't take it; he got out and started to walk home. "Please don't hate me," Dave begged. In the end, though, they shook hands through the open window and promised to meet as usual next Friday night. End of play.

After that there wasn't enough time for the art museum, so we drove and walked around Capitol Hill goggling at the huge

---

The Venusians knew it was wrong but the fur-covered apes were so beautiful they could not help themselves.

---

old houses — some magnificent, others appalling, many both. I specifically remember the stone fruit bowl finials at one place, so overgrown with moss they looked like something from the back of the fridge. On the way back to Wallingford, Kate pointed out a house where Gary Farber had once lived that was *still standing*, and another apartment where Matt Whatsisname used to live. Also the place where Jerry and Suzle lived when

they first moved to town. We hugged everyone good-bye, picked up Michael and my Kate at the square dance, then headed home to Portland.

And even though none of the specific things we'd originally planned to do had actually occurred, it was exactly the sort of fancish day I'd hoped to have. Serendipity triumphs.



---

In all these books he found quotations that seemed to explain or ennoble his private misadventures.

---

## In the Midst of Life, Dr. Fandom by Ted White

Lou Stathis is dead.

Like most of my friends, I have a hard time dealing with this. It was not unexpected, especially after he was moved into a Brooklyn hospice, but Lou was young (well, younger than I) and, in his healthy days, so full of that peculiar energy and drive that I identify with native New Yorkers.

I met Lou in the seventies, more or less through his Queens roommate, Barry Smotroff. It is doubly ironic that Barry was murdered in his apartment only a few years after that. Lou and I became close friends in the seventies, and I saw in him great talent as a writer, which I encouraged editorially. I first published him, as a (brief) columnist, in *Fantastic*. Then, when I moved to *Heavy Metal*, I launched his career as a music writer by giving him a rock (or, as he spelled it in those days, "rok") column. After I left HM, Lou succeeded Brad Balfour as HM's "magazine section" editor — responsible for the short text bits that ran as a section in the magazine. And that launched his editorial career, which continued through *High Times* (Senior Editor), *Reflex* (editor), and, more recently *DC Comics* as an editor of the *Vertigo* line.

I always knew Lou could do it — although his columns always butted against deadlines (and, once, missed) — he had the talent and the drive. His grungy little penthouse apartment on West End Avenue was a frequent refuge for me. Many a night after working at HM until 8 or 9 I'd go up there and hang out with Lou until midnight, reluctantly returning to the apartment I was sharing with Brad (and several others). And, both before and after HM, when I visited New York City, it was with Lou that I stayed.

Dan and I were talking about this the other night, after we'd gotten the news of Lou's death. "You know, Ted," Dan remarked, "you always said that after Jerry Jacks' death, you didn't feel the same about visiting San Francisco. I feel that way about New York now." I knew exactly what he meant, because I felt it too. I mentioned this in a phone call with Frank Lunney, and he said, "Me too. I always stayed with Lou when I was in New York." So many of us did.

Lou developed a brain tumor a year ago. They operated to remove it — twice. It kept growing back. Then they turned to chemotherapy, wiping out his immune system. At some point his back began to go, and he was placed on heavy pain medication. He died of respiratory failure, probably caused by an "opportunistic" disease. It is not an end I'd wish on anyone, much less Lou.

He is survived by a great many friends.



Sam Moskowitz died on April 15th. The date is moderately ironic. My reaction is not.

I read his *The Immortal Storm* when I was in high school, within less than a year of the time I read *The Enchanted Dupli-cator*. The version I read was published by a fan house (ASFO Press? I'm working from memory here), and had the dubious

distinction of being typeset on a Varityper. This machine, a first-cousin to the typewriter, used interchangeable type fonts, and had variable spacing, producing the look of set type . . . more or less. Until the advent of IBM's Executive typewriter, it was as close as you could get to a typeset look with anything less than the Real Thing — but it wasn't that close. Reading the pinched, crammed together type of *The Immortal Storm* could lead to eye strain. But I devoured it.

It was in that same period that I was buying SF+, the Gernsback-published magazine that Sam edited. It was a strange magazine, somehow time-travelled out of the mid-thirties to the early fifties, and decked out with glossy paper and fancy production values, its stories reeking of mustiness, as though exhumed from the authors' basements or attics. I read every story in every issue (there weren't that many). (Years later I published in my fanzine a piece by Randall Garrett called "The Bite of the Asp," in which he complained bitterly about how Sam, as editor of SF+, ruined with his editorial interference a story by Phillip Jose Farmer — a story which had struck me at the time I read it as atypical of Farmer.)

Those — the book, the issues of the magazine — were my introduction to Sam Moskowitz. Neither painted a very flattering picture of the man, and neither prepared me for my first experience of him, at the Cleveland Worldcon in 1955 (my first convention). In person, Sam was friendly, outgoing, ebullient, and loud. He had a voice that didn't require amplification, and when he was running the auction he didn't use a microphone. (But — even then — Harlan Ellison was a much better auctioneer . . . the best I've ever seen, in fact.) Thus it was grimly ironic when Sam lost his voice to throat cancer, years later.

In the course of the fifties, I acquired more knowledge of fanhistory, saw more of Sam at various conventions, and gradually formed an overall opinion of him. My opinion was a mixed review: I felt Sam had made some genuine contributions to sf and to fandom, but that he was, in a jazz term of the fifties, a "moldy fig." He was dedicated to the past, not the present or future. (Later, when he began profiling sf authors for *Amazing*, he did so in a manner which offended many of them, using a "tune detective" approach to their stories and what influenced them, which seemed plodding and pedestrian — not unlike Sam's prose, which Sid Coleman once suggested read as if badly translated from a middle-European language. At one point in the fifties, Dick Ellington "edited" Sam's writing for him, significantly improving it. One wishes Dick had kept doing it longer than he did.) Sam was still a member of FAPA when I joined it, and it was in FAPA that I finally collided with him myself.

In 1960 or thereabouts, NYC fandom had been divided into two general factions: the sercon types, exemplified by Sam, his new wife Christine, and Belle Dietz, who ran the Lunarians and ESFA — and the Fanarchists, exemplified by the Riverside Dive/Nunnery group that included Dick Ellington and Bill Donahoe. They socialized together to some extent, but took potshots at each other in the pages of local fanzines.

A major topic of argument was the discovery of peyote, a source of mescaline (a psychedelic), by the fans at the Nunnery.

Christine Moskowitz, presuming on her reputation as a doctor, published a piece in Belle Dietz's fanzine confusing peyote with the mesquite bean, and condemning both for causing "mesquiteism." Nunnery fans laughed, and Tom Condit published a refutation.

Into this I blithely stepped as a newcomer to NYC fandom in 1959. When Sam extolled, in his FAPAazine, his new wife's virtues (surgeon, fencer, softball player), I cattily remarked that she sounded, from Sam's description, like a better man than he was. My mistake. Christine wasn't bothered, but Sam was. He sent a Harlem storefront lawyer, one Stanley Seitel, to Towner Hall to throw a scare into me, and when that didn't work, he instituted a libel suit against me (in Christine's name), for calling her a lesbian and impugning her professional reputation. (This suit, filed in 1961, dragged on for more than five years before getting a court date assigned to it — at which point Christine dropped it.) It was Sam's hope to financially ruin me with this action, but Larry Shaw thwarted that hope by finding me a First Amendment lawyer who defended me pro bono, thank ghod.

And that was my introduction to the vindictive Sam Moskowitz.

I've often wondered how he felt when, in 1968, I became the editor of *Amazing* — the prozine founded by Gernsback, whom he had idolized for so many years. Another irony, I guess. In the late seventies I ran several pieces in *Amazing* by Tom Perry, who researched how Gernsback had lost *Amazing* in 1929 — actually going to New Jersey and digging up all the court files — and Sam became livid on behalf of Gernsback, actually threatening a lawsuit from Gernsback's estate. Why? What Tom learned directly contradicted the story Gernsback had told Sam, which Sam had been telling in articles and books for at least forty years. It must have hurt. (There was no lawsuit. Wiser heads prevailed.)

The last time I saw Sam was at the New York Corflu. It was a pleasant meeting, our disputes long behind us. By then I think he saw me as One Of Us (in his terms), no longer a kid and assimilated into the history of the sf field. By then I'd been around for forty years myself.



I am listening (on headphones) to the late-seventies *Metro* album by Peter Godwin and Duncan Browne as I try to organize my thoughts and write about Lou Stathis' wake. I think that's appropriate. Lou and music were inseparable, and *Metro's* combination of decadence and sensuality captures for me at least some of the feelings that swirled around Lou at the wake, where tears mixed with laughter and Lou was celebrated by divers people.

I took the day off from work and drove up to New York City with Dan and Lynn Steffan. It was a smooth drive that got us there in only about four and a half hours. I haven't driven a car in Manhattan traffic since 1980, but I hadn't forgotten how, and we found a parking lot only two (short) blocks from our destination, the funeral home of John J. Barrett & Sons, on West 51st Street, between 9th and 10th Avenues. We strolled up 53rd Street to 9th Avenue, and found a good Italian restaurant, where we had an excellent luncheon. (Lou loved food and delighted in discovering good restaurants.) We arrived at the funeral home shortly after 2 p.m.. I met Lou's sister, Marguerite, who knew of me although we'd not met before. She was very like Lou in the important ways, and we liked each other immediately. She thanked me for launching Lou's professional career, and I was grateful for that.



Lou had a great many friends, among them people I hadn't seen for years, like Mike Hinge (no beard now; "I'm semi-retired"), and John Workman (my art director at *Heavy Metal*, and my first and best friend there). And I met Shelly Roeberg, Lou's girlfriend and constant companion throughout his illness, on whose shoulders many of the burdens of his death fell. Others who showed up during the afternoon were Moshe Feder, Lise Eisenberg, Brad Balfour, Rob Hambreck, and Frank and Mike Lunney. When the funeral home closed at 4 p.m., a group of us adjourned to a nearby bar (an Irish pub) for drinks, and then moved on to a Thai seafood restaurant (excellent) for dinner. Then it was back to the funeral home for the evening session. It was much more crowded, more than a hundred people there. I encountered old friends among editors (Bob McCoy), agents (Don Maas), and comics professionals (Matt Howarth). And many of our mutual friends, like Chris Couch, Susan Palermo, and Gary Farber. DC Comics people were out in force. Mixed into this large group were members of Lou's family.

After a religious service (much of it in Greek), various people, including Dan and Matt, spoke about Lou, but the emotional climax came with Shelly's tearful reading of her prepared words, which had most of the women there crying by its end.

I was struck by how many people there felt they owed Lou a great deal — for discovering them, encouraging them, and prompting their best work, as their editor or boss. As someone who had played that role for Lou, it was fascinating to hear how well he'd passed it along to others. And it was odd to hear Lou — 14 years my junior — referred to as some sort of senior eminence by those who were younger yet. The wheel keeps turning.

I felt far sadder about Lou when I left than before; here was physical evidence of his impact on so many people. He was so much more than just my friend; he was so many people's friend . . . and he was remembered with so much love by his former girlfriends, many of them there to support Shelly.

We got back to Virginia around 2:30 in the morning. I slept very little before getting up to face another day of reality. Life goes on.

---

"We just wish you could all be here and doing what we are doing."

---

## Days of Fandom

edited by Andy

the page. We corrected this for the overseas addition, and the full text was on the Web site, but for those who have been waiting three weeks to find out, this is the full final sentence of Christina's article: "I wondered if perhaps New Zealand fandom wasn't a lot saner than I am." And haven't we all? Our sincere apologies to Christina, wherever she is.

Congratulations to Martin and Helena Tudor on the birth of their daughter Heloise, at 3 am on Friday 25th April 1997, weight 5 pounds 9 ounces. As Martin reports, "despite being over two weeks early and sharing a birthday with Steve Green, Heloise is remarkably well and healthy. Mother is doing fine. Father is feeling fragile."

Mike Glicksohn wrote to me, noting that the Toronto in 2003 committee will meet in about three weeks to consider who their guests of honor should be, assuming they win the bid. Mike would like suggestions for possible fan GoHs — write to him at 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, ONT M6S 3L6 Canada if you have any suggestions.

In the wake of my comments about DUFF's change-of-administration, Janice Murray sent along this communique:

"The more I think about it the more I like the idea of having as few rules as possible governing the management of fan funds. There should be room for flexibility since there are always unforeseeable circumstances.

'For instance: Usually, a North America-to-Australasia trip involves attending an Aussie convention somewhere around Easter. This year the literary NatCon and the media NatCon are being combined and held in September. Since this convention is three weeks after the San Antonio Worldcon, I won't be able to attend LoneStarCon. I sincerely believe that DUFF should have a presence at every Worldcon: to organize an auction, to answer questions about the current state of DUFF and to be on the alert for possible future candidates. Pat and Roger Sims have graciously agreed to stay on as administrators and to be that presence. For that I am very grateful.

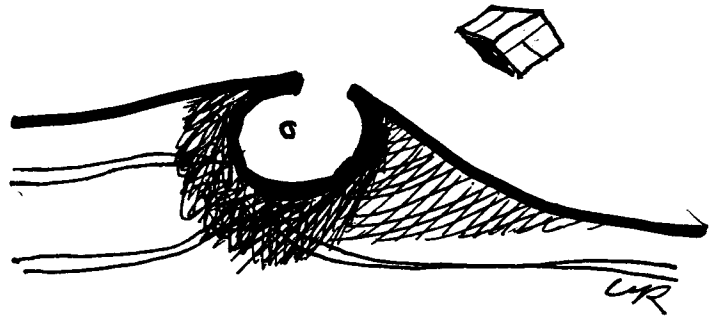
'I can, however, sympathize with the alternate method of passing the torch. I can see where an administrator could be tempted to say "Congratulations! You just won DUFF!" and then attempt to dispose of all of the paperwork as soon as possible.

'I was intrigued when Alan Stewart told me about the gentlemen's agreement he and Perry Middlemiss worked out, wherein Alan maintained the job of administrator until Perry returned from the trip. I was unaware that this was similar to the arrangement that the Smiths had with the Sims. So now we have a couple of precedents, and the system worked well in both cases. Should this not be convenient for my successor, we will deal with it then.'

Perry Middlemiss also wrote me to point out that Alan Stewart had concluded a similar "gentlemen's agreement" when he won the fund, and that he found this a much preferable situation than the one which Alan had faced taking over from the late Roger Weddall, or that Roger had to deal with when succeeding the gaffiated Greg Turkich — Roger had to publish the news of his victory himself!

All of this indicates that we are moving toward a system where the outgoing DUFF admin does everything they can to help ease the new delegate's load, and that seems like a very good idea. Perhaps TAFF should follow suit? Does it already?

First of all, a major piece of errata: In the process of tweaking and polishing #77, we managed to bump the last line of Christina Lake's article off the bottom of



It's been reported to us that SciFi Inc., the corporate face of LACON III and other Southern California fan projects, has passed on \$22,000 each to the next three Worldcons, in San Antonio, Baltimore and Australia. The consumer advocate side of my brain asks why membership costs have to be so high in the face of these profits, but all kudos to SciFi for their generosity anyway, and especially for making the grants so quickly.

It couldn't come at better time for San Antonio con members. Membership estimates have been adjusted downward to 4,000, and everyone involved has scurried to cut their budgets before they get cut by someone else.

Congratulations to Seattle resident Nicola Griffith on the best novel Nebula for her book *Slow River*. Bruce Holland's novelette "Lifeboat on a Burning Sea," and Esther M. Friesner's short story "A Birthday" also took Nebulae. Jack Vance was given the Grand Master award.

As for the Hugo nominations, fanzines *Ansible*, *File 770*, *Mimosa*, *Nova Express* and *Tangent* were so honored, as were fan writers Sharon Farber, Mike Glyer, Andy Hooper, Dave Langford and Evelyn C. Leeper, and fan artists Ian Gunn, Joe Mayhew, Peggy Ranson, William Rotsler and Sherlock.

Fans from around the globe have been quick to send us their condolences on Apparatchik's failure to receive a Hugo nomination this year. They decry *Nova Express* for its crass self-promotions, wonder what an issue of *Tangent* might look like, and assure us that it is only regional prejudice which kept us from the running. But regional prejudice is a fact of life in every Hugo ballot. One suspects that back in 1960, regional prejudice had something to do with the Hugo for *Cry of the Nameless*, and no one suggests that the Busbys, Burnett Toskey and Wally Weber should have given back their rockets. The trend wherein fan editors and fanzines from the host city of the Worldcon disqualify themselves from consideration for the award seems like a Calvinist gesture of self-denial that fandom doesn't really need. Honestly, what real perks are there for the hordes of middle-management con-running specialists that a Worldcon relies on so heavily, if not for the chance to vote local favorite writers and fanzine editors a big silver hood ornament? Good for you, Texas.

carl would like me to mention that he would love to see copies of *Banana Wings*, *Plokta*, *Wild Heirs*, and *Glamour*, to mention but a few, so send extras!

Finally, a few quick Changes of Address: Lindsay Crawford is now at 5335 Daisy St. SPC #94, Springfield, OR, 97478, and accepts e-mail at [lindsay.crawford@juno.com](mailto:lindsay.crawford@juno.com). And Amy Thomson and Edd Vick are now out in the hinterlands at 14906-210th Ave. N.E., Woodinville, WA 98072-7635, where Amy gets e-mail at [amy@jetcity.com](mailto:amy@jetcity.com).

---

Later, she gave Sen. Helms a blue t-shirt inscribed, "Somebody at the State Department Loves Me."



## Letters to ftp

by Victor M. Gonzalez  
Staff Editor

vention. That person turned out to be Lucy Huntzinger, who accepted the assignment with an ease found only in the truest of fen, and who finished a snazzy, snappy 600 words within hours.

But, even as I read Lucy's piece, crouched over the Powerbook on a table in the Concierge Suite (me, not Lucy's piece), I was still unaware of the fate that was no doubt being concocted in a nearby hotel room.

Typically, I do nothing but sleep and party at conventions. But this time I'd decided to do freak the people — my first solo fanzine in many years — and I'd also taken a part in Andy's radio play. Then, in the con suite Friday night, the trap was sprung and I was named Guest of Honor in the random drawing. Ahem.

Anyway, here are the letters I got commenting on ftp.

From *Bill Bodden*:

Your article on drinking was courageous, to say the least. You were in a position where no one in fandom need have known, yet you willingly put your head on the block for it. Having had an alcoholic brother (who mercifully did not turn to god to get his life together; he just got himself clean and sober) I have at least a clue what it might have been like for you, and I'm glad you were able to catch yourself before someone got hurt. If for no other reason, you should have a great deal of pride in yourself for that. Not everyone would've done it the way you did, but I must admit having a great deal of respect for you. I'm also glad you've seen positive results and real benefits to curbing your drinking, and pleased for you that the cold-turkey approach wasn't necessary.

Helpful, too is the fact that you have an outlet for your non-work writing, which I hope you find rewarding enough to continue, and a growing group of friends and acquaintances who can be there for you if you need them.

Thanks again for the zine. Best of luck, and don't let Paul Kincaid bust your balls. Opinions are like assholes; everyone's got one, but not many of them are worth seeing.

[VMG: Thanks a lot. I'm blushing a little, and I have to say that it didn't seem so courageous. Sometimes you just have to come up with a good subject to write about, and this one dripped with grist. But it has been a really cool change. My problems certainly haven't disappeared, but I'm trying to solve them with a slightly better attitude.]

From *Lucy Huntzinger*:

I'm home, and I'm quite happy about it. A visit to the Bay Area is always splendid, but without the presence of my favorite person and assorted pets, it just isn't quite right. Corflu was fun, and I swear to you the fix was not in on your GoH pick, and I think you were just perfect for the honor. Andy's so noisy, I sometimes think your writing is under-appreciated. You may not feel that way, but I do.

Yikes, my cat has just caught a bumblebee. I can't watch.

I learned a lot about myself at the con. I heard the most delightful gossip about me, and was astonished to find out what power I wield as well as what a scary person I am. Apparently, I declared that Corflu could not go overseas in 97, so it didn't.

Some seven weeks ago I had a crazy idea. I would do a one-shot at Corflu, with material by Andy, myself, and somebody else to be selected at the con-

Gosh. Also, I am a severe and wrathful critic of fanzine fans who do not meet my exacting standards, whatever they are. And best of all, I am intimidatingly prone to running fans out of fandom for being unworthy. I'll bet you didn't know that. I assure you, I didn't. But hey, if they want to assign me Fannish Legend status, who am I to quibble over mere truth? I laughed quite immoderately.

Write when you get work . . . no, wait . . .

[VMG: Kim sent me a CD of *Novacaine* by Eels, though I'm not sure it was from him. It had no return address and no explanatory note. But it came from Australia, and he's sent me music before. It is a soothing song.

I had a good time at Corflu, despite no sleep. I will go to my deathbed believing that my selection was a set up. The truth will out, even if I'm dying of liver failure in prison, with the family of Jeanne Bowman calling for a new investigation from the jailhouse steps.]

From *Harry Cameron Andruschak*:

This has been a strange Corflu for me, but nothing prepared me for receiving ftp and reading about your drinking problem therein. For what it may be worth, you certainly have my best wishes. Oddly enough, 17 March will see me celebrating 13 years in Alcoholics Anonymous, after a three-week hospital stay starting 24 February 1984. Anyhow, if you can control and enjoy your drinking without further outside help, I congratulate you and hope you stay that way.

All in all, I have had a pleasant Corflu. I have no problem with the ido in the UK next year, even though I probably have no chance to attend it. I have already booked a vacation in February 1998 to see the total solar eclipse on a Windjammer, so a second big vacation in 1998 is not likely.

And I notice this antique IBM is starting to act up again. O well, it does need to be replaced. That sentence up there should have been "I have no problem with the idea of the Corflu being in the UK next year." I bought this factory reconditioned IBM Selectric One for \$400 in 1977. Twenty years is a long time for something to work.

[VMG: Indeed. My Mac Plus died after only 13 years of service.]

From *Randy Byers*:

Just wanted to let you know that I think FTP is an excellent little fanzine.

Your article was an effective piece of personal journalism. Sharp details, well organized. It comes across as a very honest and clear self-examination. It was also interesting to see the noodling at the beginning about other possible topics — a tip of the hat to a broader world before narrowing in on the task at hand.

Andy isn't quite able to tie in his feelings about the Kincaid review with the main body of his piece, but the information about Lewis' death was unfamiliar and intriguing. He's great at that kind of historical meditation.

And Lucy's piece is a gem. Raises a good point, gives opposing points their due, mixes in some dry whimsy, and wraps it up with becoming self-referentiality. Perfect.

For a four page zine, it packs a good punch. Nice work all around.

[VMG: Again, can't help but feel a little self concious. But, I had fun doing it, and it has put me in a good mood for finishing the first issue of my new zine, Squib. Coming to you before the end of the year.]

---

Use of this product is beyond our control.

---

## Dispatches to Apak

[ APH: We start with another fine letter from ROBERT LICHTMAN (PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442: ]

'Now to some comments on Apak No. 77, which despite all the furious activity that led to tonight's paste-up (plus other stuff too numerous and time-consuming to mention) I've made time to read. Most enjoyable review of Langford's *Silence* by carl juarez. A few questions arose during reading, however. "...[W]e want NESFA Press to send us more books." this implies an obligation to review NESFA publications due to receiving them for free. My question is: how do I get on this list? Next, "NESFA Press should be congratulated on the steady evolution of their publications." This made me wonder if carl has seen NESFA Press publications prior to the three he mentions here: the Smith volume and the two Langford tomes., NESFA Press, in my view, has a lengthy history of reasonably attractive publishing. In my own library, I particularly treasure the little hardcovers they did in the 80s: Bloch's *Out of My Head*, and the Terry Carr/Bob Shaw and Lee Hoffman/Bert Chandler NESFA double-backs. And of course Teresa's *Making Book*. If carl is unaware of these publications, someone should make them available to him; between them there's a lot of excellent reading. Returning to the Langford collection, although it's interesting that 40% of the page count in the trade paperback is taken up with reprints from the earlier collection, I for one am quite happy to have those items in a more permanent form. It doesn't seem like carl truly objects, either.

'Have just added carl c/o Hoop to my mailing list and changed Victor's address. Also added Roxanne while I'm at it. And Ulrika O'Brien. I'd thought of adding Roxanne on several previous occasions when I wasn't at my computer to actually do it, but I hadn't heard of Ulrika until just before Corflu.

'Loved this line in Randy Byers' piece: "The masseur next door located a brick of winter in my lower back and pressed it to talk." Beautiful. A nicely atmospheric little piece.

'Don't feel so bad, Victor, comparing the photos in Apak to those in Plokta. For one thing, they're printing each page from their laser printer, not a copier, so of course they can have greater definition. They're probably better at Photoshop — or whatever they're using — than you, too. Comparing Plokta to Twink is like those old classics, apples and oranges. Subjectively I like Plokta more, but this judgment is based on my lesser interest in reviews of science fiction books and not on their true relative values? Both seem to do what they set out to do fairly well, on each's own terms.'

[ VMG: Thanks for noting my new address in the last issue. Reminder to other fans: I have a new address, listed on the front of this fanzine. Please change your mailing lists accordingly.

I grant that the Plokta cabal has better printers at their easy disposal; I do not accept that they are better at using Photoshop, though they certainly have more experience. Anyway, results count, and I was unhappy. We have improved the way photos will look in the future — though I don't know if we'll equal Plokta.

Now, a probing letter from the frequently-WAHFed MURRAY MOORE (377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2 Canada, e-mail to murray.moore@encode.com: ]

'Apak 77 was another strong issue. Maybe it's just me, or is the benefit of tri-weekly over bi-weekly publication kicking in? Benefit being, more time for the collective you to spend preparing an ish, more time for your readers to compose judi-

cious missives. The lettercol in No. 77 was first rate. I wonder, however, why APAK does not draw more letters than it is.

'I have an amusing theory about the identity of E.B. Frohvet. In Twink 5, the first issue I have received, E.B. says "When our readers figure out who we 'really' are — a subject to be discussed at greater length in future Twink's — you people are gonna be so disappointed . . ." [Twink's, and trailing dots, sic.]

'Our fandom has a history of hoax fans. Carl Brandon is the first name which comes to my mind, representing the active fan who writes letters and articles, and pubs his ish, and, eventually, is revealed to be a construct of one or more real fans.

'E.B. declares he/she/they — is the Frohvet "we" plural or merely imperial? — to be a pseudonym. No obvious hoax fan angle there.

'I have noticed that E.B. and Twink receive regular coverage in Apak from Andy and Victor. I wonder. Carl Brandon has been done. How to extend the hoax fan, enlarge the envelope? Publish a fanzine on the opposite side of the continent, declare through your proxy that you are a pseudonym, make noises in your own high profile fanzine that you will unmask the identity of the mysterious Frohvet? Hmmn?'

[ VMG: Yes, I think the tri-weekly schedule has worked, for exactly the reasons you point to. Why don't we get more letters? Aside from the fanzine not appealing to people, the only thing I can think of is that three weeks is still too fast for fans used to much less frequent zines.

Yes, you have indeed discovered the truth behind Frohvet. We are him, and he is us. We produce masters here and mail them to an East Coast agent who delivers them to the postal drop off. The most difficult part is making those Delany reviews quite so bland. Also, the bad art was hard to do, but we farmed it out successfully. Congratulations, Murray — and a big hand to the Seattle fans who helped out and managed to keep it a secret.

So much for Twink.

Now, here's a letter from CHRIS BZDAWKA (909 Walnut St. Verona, WI 53593, e-mail to Bzdchris@aol.com): ]

'Another fascinating issue, folks — lots of big words too! I've almost taken to reading APAK with a dictionary at the ready.

'The extent of my Net usage is sending and receiving e-mail from two friends who also use America Online. I have yet to see a website. I was astonished to receive and send an Instant Message. We've got an AOL instruction book that my boss paid like 20 bucks for, but I never have enough time at his desk to really go over it, so I'm going to trade my superior house-cleaning skills for Internet lessons with a friend.

'I understand that a number of companies are marketing PCs with basic bells and whistles for about a grand, so the plan is to get my oldest son to chip in and buy one for our home before he starts college next year. Of course, then there will be at least One More Thing To Read, the problem Mr. White comments on — I too have trouble keeping up with my magazines, periodicals, APAK and the other fanzines I've been receiving, and books. However, having a computer at home would certainly help organize my food research and recipe catalog, and maybe encourage the writing of something other than the occasional loc. These, of course, are examples of High Hopes Prior to Buying a Computer. In reality, I'd just develop a serious Solitaire addiction.

'I loved Judith Hanna's bagpipe story, which if not beating Waldrop and Hooper comes dangerously close. My own bagpipe

"Mr Hicks, are you familiar with the tapes *Clam-Lappers Volumes 1 through 90?*"



story is so much more conventional, but I'll tell it anyway. Several years ago, I attended the SCA Pennsic Wars. We arrived long after dark, set up the tent, changed into garb, and took a walk. I was transported directly from the hell-hole my life had become to this magical world of big-breasted women and hand-kissing men and fires and jangling bells and singing and blue guys running around naked. In the moonlight, we came upon a small lake with thick mist hanging over it, and I could hear a bagpipe playing wa-a-a-y-y-y over there. I remember noting a feeling of peace in my heart and the thought that maybe it was a good thing to be alive after all.

[ carl sez: Now I wish I'd been able to get "lucubrous" into my piece, which would've been apposite in several senses. Long words are good — they keep the linos from running into each other. ]

[ VMG: Though I've enjoyed the web — particularly for the freeware I've been able to download — e-mail is what makes it cool for me. Imagine trying to do Apak they way we do 10 years ago. With me in Federal Way much of the time, e-mail allows me to see, edit, and return material almost as fast as if I were in Andy's dining room at the Star-liter. It is now much, much easier to co-edit a fanzine from opposite sides of the country — or the Atlantic — without the typical sense of disconnection that afflicts most long-distance collaborations.

JOHN HERTZ (236 S. Coronado St. #409, Los Angeles, CA 90057) also has comments on bagpipes and Socrates: ]

'Hurrah for I.F. Stone's *Trial of Socrates* (1988)! What a *tour de force* this book is. Here is Stone, the flaming liberal, halted by heart weakness from pubbing his ish after 20 years — *I.F. Stone's Weekly*, well outside fandom but a zine to be reckoned with. Just to take things easy he learned classical Greek — enough to study this trial in what remains of the sources, 2400 years old. He then had the guts to look at the idol of his own pantheon, that old trickster Socrates, beloved by us liberal types as a martyr to free thought for millennia on the strength of the version by his disciple Plato. Now there's biography. But how might things appear from a different view? Could it be that in this case too there was another side? Talk about asking the next question!

'Most of my bagpipe stories are about Southeast European pipes, but here's one, I think from Noreascon II, that great Worldcon. The night was young, about 1 a.m., when to the wondering eyes a Scots piper appeared. He was searching the halls for a place to play. Of course we had to hear him. As good fen we didn't want to disturb benighted others who might even then be seeking their beauty sleep. So I went to Ops. "Where," I asked, "might we unobtrusively hear a bagpipe?" The Bostonian never blinked. He didn't say "Now that's an oxymoron," or "Hear a what?" He had, as I recall, acoustical charts of the hotel, and probably the City of Boston. Studying his resources he pointed out a room. "Up here on the thirty-leventh floor you'd be too close to the SFWA Suite," he said. "But look there. On the second floor, room 2018. You'd be just fine. The piper could play as long as you like. This runner has a key and will let you in." Off we went. So as not to disturb hotel security we closed the door. It was Scots-music heaven. Half an hour later the piper wanted a break, so we took five in the hall. Down from the SFWA suite came Jerry Pournelle, beaming broadly, in one of his finest moments. "Did I hear a bagpipe?"

[ VMG: Your thoughts about I.F. Stone's genius echo my own; he was a better, truer, and more dedicated journalist

than any other I've read or read about.

His constant dogging of the U.S. Government through McCarthyism, the race riots and Vietnam — not to mention dozens of other more minor epochs — is commendable to an extreme. Admittedly opinionated — and blacklisted during the 50s (*I.F. Stone's Weekly* came not from the desire to publish his own 4-page newspaper, but from the need to make money (which really didn't work)) — Stone wielded facts like hatchets. So much so that since his death he has been accused of being a Soviet spy. There is no one like him now. Not even Cockburn, who used to have a powerful voice in *The Nation*, can equal the power of Stone's reporting.

We've received some reaction to our coverage of the Leeds Corflu discussion, such as this note from KEV MCVEIGH (37 Firs Rd., Milthorpe, Cumbria LA7 7QF UK): ]

'There was much discussion of Corflu UK during the final half day of Eastercon, all I was able to attend, I'm afraid. In particular a debate between I and Sorensen and Greg Pickersgill with interjections from bystanders did very little to clear up a few doubts and worries some of us have.

'Nevertheless, I did get a straight answer to one question: if we Brits produce a convention that works like a Corflu, walks like a Corflu, and quacks like a Corflu, then Ian Sorensen believes significant numbers of Corflu's normal attendees will come to Leeds . . . if we call it a Corflu. If we call it something else, do it independently of the Corflu tradition, then it might look like a Corflu but "you lot" probably won't come. This suggests that either Ian Sorensen is portraying US fandom as shallow and narrow-minded, or that we don't have to stick slavishly to US Corflu traditions in their entirety. There is room (and I would say, a definite *need*) for "Corflu UK" to stress the "UK" aspect as much as the "Corflu" — otherwise what is the point? On the strength of his argument with Greg, Ian Sorensen seems reluctant to do this.

'There is a significant resurgence in British fanzine fandom at present and Corflu UK should mine this and develop it, but some of us are worried that instead it will be swamped by Ian Sorensen seeking to pander to his perception of what Corflu's American audience demands.'

[ APH: One wonders what British fandom did for villains before the advent of Ian Sorensen — had to make do with Thatcher and Robert Heinlein, I suppose. Seriously, I think all American fans interested in Corflu understand that the 1998 version will be quite different from previous installments, and I doubt anyone really wants to go all the way to England just to attend another American convention. Whatever British fandom comes up with will be Corflu for that year, for good or ill. Call it Oblitercon if it makes you feel better.

Now, very quickly, a reply from GEORGE FLYNN (Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142): ]

'I am relieved that carl found no typos in *The Silence of the Langford*. (I copyedited it, which for Langford is not a very challenging task.) I should note that the physical difference between NESFA's two Langford collections does not represent any evolution in publishing ability: *Let's Hear It For The Deaf Man* was supposed to look like a fanzine. (It seemed like a good idea at the time.) And one other quibble; the mail-order price is \$15 plus \$2 postage & handling.'

[ WAHF: Pamela Boal, Richard Brandt, Lindsay Crawford, Tom Feller, E.B. Frohvet (*really!*), Mike Glicksohn, Ian Gunn, Teddy Harvia, Jerry Kaufman, Perry Middlemiss & Ulrika O'Brien. Thanks as always for taking the time to write. ]

"I'll say," I agreed, "You've gone down on everything but the *Lusitania*."

1.) **Trap Door #17**, edited by Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442: Robert notes in his editorial that Trap Door has evolved into a fanzine of record — that is, readers look to it to provide concrete remembrance of things and people important to fandom, their arrivals and departures, the things they do for fun while they are around. More than in any other fanzine, I have the sense that lost fans of yore are loitering around in the background of Robert's fanac, that they live on in the minor perturbations and turns of phrase that wobble this fanzine's semi-annual orbit. I find it amusing that Robert claims to have come to this task by accident; the quality of TD, coupled with his recent drive to catalogue his ever-burgeoning fanzine collection, would indicate that it is really the work that he was born to do. But I never get the feeling that Trap Door is a fanzine obsessed with death, or without interest in the present/future. In this issue we have delightful European travelogue from Karen Haber Silverberg, Christina Lake's consideration of her family history, and a very funny image of what might happen if preppies ever form their own militia, among other things, from Sidney Coleman. Dave Langford and Calvin Demmon rise to the rather unrealistic standard we set for them — everyone seems to get out their best stuff for Robert — while the piece by Richard Brandt, about dealing with fatalities when he was a TV reporter, may be the best thing I've ever read by him. Steve Stiles' article cobbles together several incidents from his youth in Manhattan, all of which struck me a more than capable of carrying a full-length piece by themselves. And as ever, Carol Carr offers some gentle observations that provide a wonderful counterpoint to all the falling bodies and dubious Austro-Hungarian relatives found in the rest of the issue. Great lettercol, too. But I have to say that my favorite part of Trap Door is the art, custom headings drawn by Dan Steffan, Stiles, and Craig Smith, which give it a quality I can only describe as intentional — that is, everything is there because that's the way Robert wanted it to be.

2.) **Wild Heirs #19**, edited by the Las Vegrants, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107: Surely you know the Wild Heirs drill by now: A small cloud of editorials and columns, all of which are charming at worst, and inspire immoderate laughter at best. A long tonne of Rotslers (but now sprinkled more heavily with art by Alan White, Ray Nelson, Ross Chamberlain, etc.) sometimes appearing four to a two-page spread. And fan fiction; you know there will be fan fiction. Which means, I suppose, that if you liked the previous issues of WH, you'll like this one; even so, I think this is an especially satisfying issue. Arnie's fan fiction "That Old Fannish Line" actually verges on being *good* science fiction, as well as being funny enough to make me spew orange soda all over the table while I was reading it. What a great piece! Tom Springer and Ken Forman have stand-out editorials (PS: Glad you enjoyed the Warhoon 28, Tom!), and the gentle contributions of Marcie Waldie and Joyce Katz let me enjoy their voices echoing in my internal soundtrack. I found Alan White's portfolio of potential Wild Heirs

covers impressive, too. And lock up your daughters, Chuch Harris is back! To top it all off, they've started using an even smaller font (10 points?) for much of the text, allowing the whole thing to fit into a svelte 44 pages. Gee, now there might even be room if I fulfilled my two-year-old promise to send them something . . .

3.) **Railings**, dated 4/1/97, written and edited by Steve Green, 33 Scott Rd., Olton, Solihull, B92 7LQ UK: Not so much a one-shot as a broadside. So, this is what Mr. Green has been doing with himself all those cold, lonely nights he spent avoiding writing a column for us. Here, at last, is a published voice willing to publicly state British reservations about hosting Corflu. Where the hell were these concerns five months ago, when I was accused of being the only human being on seven continents opposed to the concept of the British Corflu? And gosh, doesn't the characterization of running Corflu as "injecting this completely alien gene into our biosphere" fill you with a warm glow of good fellowship? One can only hope that the scenario of utter doom and misery which Steve paints here is meant to scare Ian Sorensen, et al, back onto the path of righteousness. Mind you, Steve never goes so far as to make a constructive suggestion as to how Corflu Leeds ought to address any of its many problems, nor does he offer to do any work to create a properly "British" convention. (In his defense, Steve had a fannish convention project he intended to work on, MiScon, which has been tabled in favor of Corflu). Once Corflu Leeds has been punctured, time to go after potential future British Worldcons and the continuing existence of the Brum Group. Brum types, report to your local disintegration chamber forthwith. I can only stand in awe of the truly elevated dudgeon which Steve aspires to here.

4.) **Glamour #4**, written and edited by Aileen Forman, 7215 Nordic Lights Dr., Las Vegas, NV 89119: More observations on life in Vegas from Aileen, who continues to impress me. She seems to have decided that her work here will be just as grounded in the real world as most Las Vegrant fanac is inspired by fannish ephemera, making her zine an ideal after-dinner mint to the two am prime-rib buffet that is Wild Heirs. Some interesting letters have joined the mix. And why *is* abbreviation such a long word?

Also Received: Banana Wings #6, Claire Brialey & Mark Plummer; Plokta V.2, #2, Steve Davies and Alison Scott, Emerald City #20, Cheryl Morgan; File 770 #116, Mike Glyer; Super Hooper, Maureen's Duper, Mark Plummer; Science Fiction Chronicle #191, Andrew Porter; Vanamonde #206, 207, John Hertz; Lettersub #14, Terry Hornsby; Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin V.6, #8, Tom Feller; De Profundis #300, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS; Situation Normal?? V.8, #3, Dave Wittmann for SNAFFU. All of these are reviewed on our web site at <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK>

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK is the Alexandra Potskhvshvili of fandom, a Georgian genius of the four-stringed spadeshaped *tchonguri* lute, who unwittingly became a familiar name to students of the New School in the 1940s, through bootleg copies of Soviet pressings. Who knows into whose hands we may one day fall? 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 Boddin, 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, Art Widner and Walt Willis.