

APPARATCHIK

Metal Fatigue

by Andy Hooper

The last few times we've published an issue of Apparatchik, I have turned to carl at the moment when we felt most exhausted, and said, "Remember, this is Apparatchik — the fanzine with a heart of iron!" And in every production session, there are long moments when I feel the euphoria of a miler nearing the finish line, and I really do think that we

could go on doing this forever.

Unfortunately, those moments have become less common over time. The strain of putting out issues on time and on target has been just as great as you've all assumed in your letters and comments. Even with all of the generous subscription checks you've sent, and spreading the financial burden among three editors, I'm going broke putting out this fanzine.

Add to this personality conflicts which are probably inevitable when three people with very strong ideas have to work together under deadline in a small living room, and what's really surprising is that we've stuck it out for this long. Victor doesn't want to work with carl anymore; carl's not too enthused about working with Victor; and I don't much want to work with anyone at the moment. Publishing this fanzine is nowhere near as much fun as it used to be. Rather than trying to subtract any of the three of us from the mix, as I thought I was prepared to do a few weeks ago, it just seems far more appropriate to let Apparatchik come to a natural close, and to that end you hold in your hands our last issue.

It's been a remarkable experience. With the aid and vision of Victor, Apak changed from a perzine to an snappy, ensmallled genzine. With the ideas and expertise of carl, we went from a smudgy, shabby, eye-straining layout to what I think is a very appealing and impressive eye-straining layout. And if I took the time to list all of the things they've taught me, there would be room for nothing else in the issue. I'm a better writer, a better editor, and a better fan than I was two years ago, and there's no way for me to thank these two guys adequately for all the things they've done for me.

I think the most important thing I've learned through our work with Apparatchik is the importance of periodicity in fanzine publication. No matter how lovely an individual issue of a fanzine may be, without the promise of subsequent issues, there's little hope that it will foster useful dialogue and help define our community of fans. I want to go on publishing a frequent fanzine, something which will contribute to that process and help people feel like they are connected to fanzine fandom, and indeed, fandom as a whole. I just need to take a break, and to find a level of production more within my financial means. (This will entail trimming more than a few names off the mailing list. Those of you who have recently bought lifetime subscriptions certainly have nothing to worry about in that regard, and if you'd like to get some back issues of Apak that you may have missed, please ask!) And I'll admit that it's sometimes been a strain finding compromise between my vision of the fanzine and that of my co-editors; it will be both a relief and slightly terrifying to have no one but myself to please in my subsequent projects. You can look for something from me before the end of July, and I have every hope that the first issue of Victor's new fanzine will be out before the end of the summer. Don't be surprised if you see carl's name in other fanzines from time to time, too.

While I am thanking the people who made this fanzine possible, I should be sure to include our columnists and correspondents, without whom there would have been many more installments of "Air Kombat Korner." It's been a real privilege to publish work from such a variety of fans, and the unstinting praise and positive reinforcement which so many letter-hacks have sent us was a real inspiration. Especially back in the bi-weekly days, it was very impressive to see the number of writers who worked to meet our ridiculous deadlines. Randy Byers and Lesley Reece were great friends as well as remarkably dependable contributors.

I don't know if Apparatchik is the best fanzine of its time, the tenth-best, or the worst, and quite honestly I don't care. I do know that it was a gas to produce, and when we were all working well together, it gave me a unique feeling of communal and personal achievement. If another fanzine ever feels this hot, this satisfying to me, I'll be very grateful and surprised.

Issue #80, June 20th, 1997

This is the eightieth and final 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 Starliter 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 fmz at 612-1/2 N. 43rd St., Seattle WA 98103. You could get Apparatchik for the usual or 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 sundry trinkets, an option which a disturbing number of readers chose to pursue. See the back page for the addresses of our Commonwealth mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #296. **Apparatchiki:** Jae Leslie Adams, Gregory Benford, Randy Byers, Irwin Hirsh, Christina Lake, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor, Pam Wells & Ted White. **On the Web:** <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK>
Art this issue: Pages 2 and 5 by Bill Rotsler, Lizard Logo by Lesley Reece.

The lips, the tips of the fingers and toes, and the palms and soles of the feet, were often dyed red with lac.

Our Revels Now Are Ended

by Jae Leslie Adams

weekend I kind of missed the simple days when any room at the convention would present me with only one or two choices of comfy companions, if any. My feelings alternated between this shy shrinking from the surrounding crowd and a rejoicing glow at having such a wide choice of friends presented to me in every room. I am only beginning to learn the kind of social triage by which I work through who I most urgently need to talk to, who responds to me, who will be mad at me if I don't attend to her social needs, (whether I care) who will let me listen but offers scarce chance of a word in edgewise, who will be most amusing even to a fly on the wall, who will come across with the frank attention I want, and other such complexities. This was only the ninth year that I have attended the convention, which still leaves me feeling like the new kid in town in the small circle which calls itself Madison Fandom. Fortunately WisCon has become a much wider slice of the world.

Tracy Benton had enticed me to work on Publications again this year by promising no such grandiose efforts as last year's, when Andy had chained me to the mimeograph machine. The newsletter *Vintage Times* was a daily flyer, available for general at-the-con notices and miscellany. We played around with making hand carved rubber stamps instead of using commercial clip art or mugging any fan artists. As I was not handmaiden to any machine I actually attended some programming, and floated around. When Tracy required assistance she would (like the White Rabbit) send in Bill. So I occasionally found Bill Bodden following me, or he found me, and unobtrusively herded me through the milling social distractions until I had made my way back to the Publication room. This level of production only took a couple of hours' attention each day, which left Tracy and Karen Babich and me free to spend a lot of time on other things.

The handful of panels I saw had more participatory audiences than were common at WisCon, before last year's extravaganza. I imagine that the other hundred-sixty-odd panel items were likewise resolving such highly charged questions: *Is Resistance Futile?* Yes, the market forces of the genre are too powerful for mere writers, readers, and librarians to influence, although we all should probably be as cranky about it as Eleanor Arnason. *Futuristic Motherhood* will be a lot like the old kind for which we're hardwired, which still has a thing or two to teach technological society. The *Angela Carter* panel adjourned to the hotel bar before I had a chance to join them, and toast the new Fairy Godmother writer's award named in Carter's honor. *Crones, Sages and Silly Old Women* were discovered in the audience when the panelists all found themselves too young to lecture on the subject. That pesky question of market influences came up again in the discussion of *Signs of Genius* in prolific writers, but the panelists eventually wandered back to the big question of what we really want out of our reading, and those who had showed up for class on this one unsurprisingly demanded, More But Different.

One might wish that the four days of WisCon were on some kind of holodeck to wander through over several months. There were still far too many places to be at the same time. Parties in three to five different large suites on the same floor

with the consuite made staying up way too late every night easy. The spontaneous outbreak of hall parties impeded otherwise easy progress from one party to another.

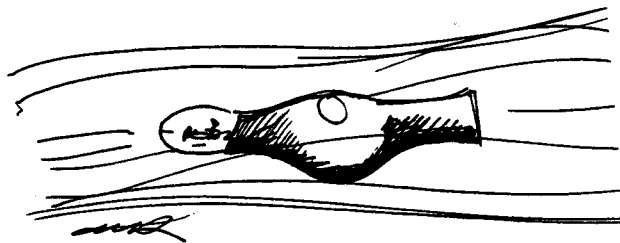
But going to bed to get away from it all seemed more to the taste of most of the conference participants. I theorize that the purpose of hall parties is to waylay and distract people on their way to the privacy of the elevators: a drawn-out losing battle in which all are called upon and all inevitably defeated.

On Saturday evening, I had to make a provocative choice in programming between a small and intimate poetry reading which I had previously committed to, and a panel delayed from last year, which I had looked forward to ever since the planning stages at Potlatch 5 in Portland: Ellen Klages and Pat Murphy with the assistance of their lovely audience established a *SPECTRUM OF RESPECTABILITY* across all media for works of fantasy. As reported in the con newsletter, the pinnacle of respectability is held by Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, British live theatrical by a dead white guy; the lowest depths murkily inhabited by *My Mother*, *The Car* (American TV show) just below *Tarnsman of Gor*. The audience assigned the Foundation trilogy to the neutral center of the spectrum. Personally I would put the neutral center a little higher, around by *The Wizard of Oz* the book, above *Wizard of Oz* the movie, and I imagine the Argentinian Borges would be floating somewhere off the top of this scale. But I wasn't there to defend these opinions. As usual those who showed up for the meeting got to decide.

The Tiptree auction occurred in two parts, apparently because there was so much wealth to distribute—and collect—and many of the con participants would be leaving Monday afternoon. Their opportunity to throw money at the fund was Sunday evening, when the original manuscript of Tiptree winner *The Sparrow* (complete with elegant recyclable binder) fetched \$123 and odd cents, which was also the amount raised by a cake skillfully decorated by Georgie Schnobrich to look exactly like the cover art of *The Sparrow*.

Ellen Klages continued as auctioneer at the ultimate program item on Monday afternoon. After auctioning a great many \$30 autographed bottles and \$80 teeshirts, she seemed surprised at the amount of interest in her casual offer to shave her head if the audience as a whole could raise \$500 for Tiptree. But Steve Swartz apparently saved all his mad money for the opportunity to contribute a large bid on this unique item. Then she actually went through with it, which must have been terrifying for her as the exhausted third-day-at-the-con audience swayed and moaned and clutched their seats to see Ellen's scalp exposed. She bravely kept cracking jokes about the cutting edge of feminism and such. Some suggested that the hair be collected and woven into lockets for future auction. I am beginning to see Ellen's role as a de facto tax agent of fandom. I hear that the Tiptree fund raised some \$5,000 this weekend.

After this emotional climax the concon agreed that there was no need for the customary wrap-up panel.



Anti-Masons were not content simply to say that secret societies were rather a bad idea.

Days of Fandom

edited by Andy

I hereby surrender the balance of this column to North American TAFF administrator, Dan Steffan: 'TAFF LIVES!

'Once upon a time, in a fandom

far, far away there lived a happy little fan fund. Every day the wee fan fund would wake to the friendly sound of friendly fanzines thunking into its friendly little mailbox. With a blissful grin the li'l fan fund would hop from its li'l bed in the bottom drawer of a very big file cabinet that was filled to the tippy top with other fanzines that had also thunked into the li'l mailbox, and begin the happy work of bringing all of fandom together. It was a tough job, but the tiny fan fund did it happily, knowing that the hard work facing it was good and nice and, well, made fandom a better place to be.

'But then one day, when the happy little fan fund had turned its back for just a moment to water the beautiful rows of Lichtmans and Langfords and Hansens and Hugheses that flourished in its happy li'l garden (the Peter Roberts had finally bloomed after many dormant years), a Wicked Ol' Witch came to town and, as Wicked Ol' Witches are wont to do, cast an evil spell over fandom. Everywhere the Evil Crone went she left behind a cloud of darkness. Before long, fandom became confused and disoriented and seemed to lose its way in the darkness. No one knew why the sky had grown dark. Even though they noticed the horrible witch sitting off in the corner of the bar, smoking evil ciggies and drinking nasty gin, it never occurred to them that she might be to blame. After all, she was one of us.

'Soon, while fandom was busy arguing about the cause of the dark cloud (and who had the biggest Hugo award), the witch's hideous curse reached the home of the happy little fan fund and before you could say, "Mr. Burbee, I am not a . . .," the tiny, defenseless fan fund fell into a deep sleep, a sleep so deep that not even the sound of a copy of Habbakkuk thunking into the mailbox could wake it from its slumber.

'But then, one fine morning, fandom noticed that the dark cloud had begun to disappear and before long the mist had lifted enough for fandom to wonder what had happened to their happy little fan fund. Was it dead? Was it obsolete? They tried phoning the fund, but because of the witch's spell the fund slept right through the calls, no matter how persistent the ringing. Finally, the darkness began to lift for good and fandom found out the truth.

'Outside the sleeping fan fund's hovel they had found a clue — a trail of nasty old cigarette butts and empty gin bottles — that led them directly to the whiny old witch's cave deep in the heart of Wilmot Woods. Fandom then sent a hairy little troll into the cave to confront the old witch and to get her to lift the spell she had cast on the poor sleeping fan fund and to return fandom to the happy place it used to be before the dark cloud had plunged all fandom into blandness.

'Soon the sleeping fan fund awoke and once again began to tend its garden and make fandom the happiest place on earth. The troll who had confronted the witch became a hero and was granted a wonderful reward for his good deed. And the fan fund returned to the great task it had been born to carry out.

'Unfortunately for the happy little fan fund and for fandom-at-large, the witch's spell had left a lot of yucky crapola behind that made Business As Usual a lot more tedious and difficult than it had ever been before. Ciggie butts and empty bottles littered the fund's beautiful garden and choked its growth. And then there was the matter of the missing pot o' gold that the

evil witch had taken right out from under the fund's sleeping little nose. Sure, she had promised the hairy troll that she would return the pot to the happy, but overworked fan fund Real Soon Now, but when she did it was empty.

'“Oh well,” said the fund, “at least now I'll have something to piss in.” Which, as we all know, is better than not having something to piss in. Soon the little fan fund was hard at work. He rolled up his sleeves and put his shoulder to the wheel and his nose to the grindstone and his pants around his knees and, with the help of a lot of friends and a lot of bheer, filled the once-empty pot to the tippy top with beautiful gold once again.

'Soon the zippy li'l fan fund had restored the garden and sat back to admire his good works. Everything was right with the world. The fund announced a new TAFF race and everybody lived happily ever after.

'Except, of course, for the evil, nasty, horrid, stinky, poo-poo panties wearing old witch, who spent the rest of her life on an island where every man she met instantly turned into a woman. The End.

'MEANWHILE . . .

'The TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND is happy to announce the beginning of a brand spanking new TAFF race for the year 1998. We are also happy to announce that the British branch of the fund has, through generous donations and ardent fund-raising, lifted itself from the monetary hole it was in and is now solvent and secure in the hands of UK administrator, Martin Tudor.

'The American branch of the fund is also doing well, with a current bank account of \$3233.29 and counting. Even a nasty attack by the Virginia Department of Taxation against administrator Dan Steffan hasn't stopped us. However, it did necessitate that some of your TAFF checks had to be held until the attack was over. This meant, unfortunately, that some of your checks have remained uncashed at this time and have therefore exceeded their six-month window of usefulness. This has meant a long, arduous process of replacing those checks, which is being done at this writing. In the meantime, however, all monies due TAFF have been covered by administrator Steffan to protect the fund's account. This means that all money due TAFF is secure while awaiting the replacement checks. If you are one of those folks whose check has gone uncashed, you will receive a letter of notification. If you haven't already gotten one, please be patient. Everyone will be notified by July 15, 1997.

'Meanwhile, we are happy to announce the commencement of a new race to send some lucky American fan to attend the UK convention known as INTUITION, which will be held April 10 through 13, 1998.

'The deadline for nominations (3 American nominators and 2 UK nominators, plus a \$20 bond) is Friday, August 1, 1997, which will begin a race that will last until Saturday, December 13, 1997, the deadline for voting. We invite everyone to consider running for TAFF and having the kind of fun that Martin and I have had on our TAFF trips.

'A full-fledged TAFF fanzine is on the verge of publication (awaiting only some material from Mr. Tudor) and will be sent to everyone on the Apparatchik mailing list, and then some, and should come thunking into your mailbox within two weeks of this publication. For more information or to enter the race, please contact: Dan Steffan, 3804 South 9th Street, Arlington, VA 22204, (703)685-7320. Or Martin Tudor, 24 Ravensbourne Grove (off Clarkes Lane) Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX UK.'

"Being arrested for going to school, I don't understand it," he said.

Harriet the Fan

by Lesley Reece

She was my age, but she got to sneak all around New York City, spying on everybody and writing everything down. I bought a green composition notebook just like the one she had.

I didn't live in New York City, though. I lived in a suburban tract house neighborhood where everyone knew who I was. Sneaking around was impossible: "Hi Lesley, your mother just called and she wanted to know where you are!" Writing everything down also turned out to be impossible: "What are you writing? Are you writing about me? Can I see it?"

None of that ever happened to Harriet.

I kept at it, though, barricading myself in my room and writing down anything I could think of. Some of it was fiction, mostly about children my age who lived in large urban areas. They got to sneak around and spy on people and write it all down. Nobody ever asked them stupid questions about what they were doing.

But that was the only theme I could come up with. Eventually it got boring, so I started making lists instead. "What I would do with one million dollars. 1) Buy the planet Mars and ten cats. 2) Buy some candy. 3) Go to Mars on a space ship and bring the cats. 4) Live happily ever after. PS — Do not forget Note Book and Malibu Barbie."

To date, that qualifies as my best science fiction short story.

My adolescence brought long, agonized exegeses about how miserable life in general was, how useless, how tedious, how utterly grody to the max. I quoted Kafka a lot. And there were sheaves of terrible poetry. You can all stop smirking right now, because I know at least half of you did the same. I refuse to apologize. It got me through.

I quit high school when I was 17. "Released from Comput-

sory Education" was how the paperwork put it, and that about matched how I felt at the time. But for the next thirteen years, I held a series of jobs that didn't take much advantage of my intellect. Most of them, in fact, discouraged me from using it at all. After a day spent taping boxes shut, or crawling around in a warehouse full of spiderwebs, or filing smelly NCR forms no one was ever going to look at again, or being polite to coworkers I really thought ought to be letter-opened to death, the notebook was my escape. Inspired by vague dreams of publication, I started writing even more of my life down, just to keep in shape in case somebody would eventually want to print something I'd written.

Over the last couple of years, that's finally happened, thanks to fandom. I have to admit I wasn't too sure about getting involved with fanzines when I first encountered them. Nobody knew who I was, and I didn't think anyone would be interested in what I had to say. But Victor and Hooper kept working on me, pestering me, wearing down all my arguments. Finally, after more than three months of that, I couldn't take it anymore. I caved in. Now I'm glad I did. I've met all kinds of cool people, and lots of them have read my writing and liked it. That's made all the years of notebook writing worthwhile.

But I have kept up the notebook, mostly because there are some things I just want to remember. Like this: "5/27/97: Saw large spider on clock in office. Freaked out. Grabbed handy copy of Bessinger and Yeager's *Approaches to Teaching Beowulf*; mashed horrible thing to death. Regretted this immediately; pictured enormous knife-wielding Mom-spider swimming out of cave behind clock, coming to avenge son's death. Wished for loyal thanes to call upon for help. Wiped remains off book with Kleenex, gave them decent burial in trash can while apologizing aloud to Mom. This was 20 mins. ago. Cannot stop checking clock for signs of impending retaliation. *Norton Anthology of World Literature* ready just in case."

Not terribly important, no. And there was no spying involved. But I think Harriet would have approved.

men pierced by arrows all across Europe

Dr. Fandom Investigates

by Ted White

much is missing . . .

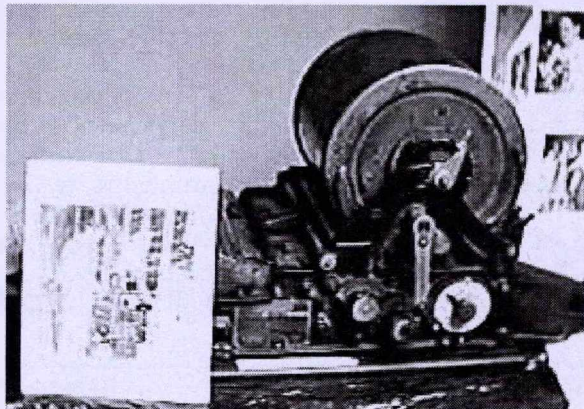
I myself put in only about twenty minutes at that Disclave. I was making the rounds that Saturday. At about 3 p.m. I was in Fairfax City, attending the (delayed by almost a year) wedding reception of my former band's bassist, Data Dave Chandler. Dave is a huge bear of a man with a full black beard

The Story Behind The Headlines: In APAK #79, a headline reads, "Disclave S&M Massacre?" Andy gives a brief précis of the events, as they were made known On The Net immediately thereafter the 1997 Disclave. But so

and twinkling eyes. At his day gig he's a computer specialist. His mom's back yard was full of people, only a few of whom I knew, but I spent an hour there before moving on.

I arrived at the Disclave hotel (a Ramada Inn in New Carrollton, Maryland) a little before 5 p.m. This hotel has hosted many Disclaves over the past couple of decades, and has changed ownership several times during that period. Time has not been kind to the never-too-well designed facilities. "Run-down" is a common description of the place.

I was there to find and pick up rich brown, who had told me the previous Saturday that he expected to go to Disclave for at least a look around. We play cards every Saturday night (with Ben Zuhl — we need a fourth!) and I anticipated finding rich, going out for dinner some place with him, and arriving back at my house at about 8, for cards. So I prowled Disclave. The bar was empty — not a single fan in it! A bad sign. I stuck my head in the program rooms, but rich wasn't in any of the audiences. I circumnavigated the pool area (ringed by poolside rooms, once, years ago, afternoon party hangouts for various fans). Finally I crossed the driveway and descended into the "DisCave," a basement space under the parking garage, divided into "the con suite" & registration area, and the huckster room. I ran into Bob Madle there, sitting behind a table crammed with old sf books and magazines (unlike the jewelry and crafts at most of the other tables). I greeted the 1957 TAFF winner and asked him if he'd seen rich.



Primitive S & M gear from the Burbee Collection

"Gee, no," Bob said, musingly. "Doesn't he live in California?"

"Not for a while now," I said.

At that point I found a pay phone and tried rich's home number. He answered promptly.

"What are you doing there?" I asked accusingly.

"I told you I wasn't going," rich replied. I sighed.

And then I left, mildly annoyed about the waste of time and regretful about the missed dinner out (rich had already eaten, anyway), and went home. So much for my Disclave.

Tuesday, back at work after Memorial Day, I started getting e-mail about The Flood at Disclave. I paid little attention to it until Wednesday night, at my writers' group, The Vicious Circle, when Lelia Loban brought it up. She had the straight scoop, having been rousted from bed some time before dawn to evacuate the hotel.

In his brief news report Andy refers to "an impromptu S&M dungeon;" Lelia referred to the trouble-makers as "Goths," one of whom she knew slightly.

What has happened is that a separate group of people (on the outer fringes of fandom, if they're even that closely connected) has attached itself, parasitically, to Disclave. They are known as the Alt.sex.bondage people, and they dress in studded leather. To some extent they blend in with the hall-costumers, but their presence and visibility has steadily grown over the past ten or twelve years until they now constitute a sort of sub-convention of their own.

Two years ago they took over the better part of one of the Disclave hotel's floors. (This was a different hotel, in downtown D.C. Disclave was asked not to return the following year.) You had to sign a disclaimer sheet before entering the hallway to their section. They had more than a half-dozen rooms in this section, doors all open. In two adjoining rooms naked people with their backs to the doors were placed with their wrists tied to a high cord, and subjected to (when I was there) a half-hearted "whipping" that seemed to cause no real pain. The Ms were physically unattractive. In another room an obese woman lay face down on a bed, while two people listlessly slapped her buttocks — a sprawling mass of jello, between which they sometimes groped for inexplicable reasons. I did not linger on that tour.

Last year, if they were present they were far less visible. There was a growing concern about their presence at Disclaves among those putting the convention on that year.

This year they Went Too Far. Fortunately for Disclave, the person (apparently a New York City cop!) in whose room the flooding occurred was not a registered member of Disclave. This improved Disclave's position with the hotel considerably. Apparently when they looked for attachments in the room to which to tie their Ms, they used a ceiling fire sprinkler head. The resultant flooding — which began on the fourth floor — caused significant damage, not only to the rooms directly beneath, but to elevators and Disclave's "green room." (But not the "con suite," which was located under the parking garage. It suffered its own leaks during a Sunday afternoon thunderstorm) Hotel guests were evacuated to the parking lot, and some guests had to be relocated to dry rooms subsequently. Lelia told us that since the elevators were out, once she could return to her room she had to use the stairs.

The real question is whether this will end the "Goths" parasitic relationship with Disclave. There has been a lot of discussion among Disclave people about the feasibility of this separation: how do you stop someone from showing up at your

con hotel the weekend of the con and holding their own, separate, events? What legal recourse is there? What tactical recourse is there?

Only time will tell.

Feeling that I had not exhaustively covered the above topic yet, I went to the WSFA meeting of June 6th and asked questions. Here's what I found out:

The A.S.B. people had blocked off the entire fourth floor, with Disclave's cooperation. But the room in which the flooding occurred was not a "public" room in which displays were being conducted for viewing and/or participation. It was a "private" room to which two people had gone for a private session, during which the sprinkler head was broken.

The "Goths" (in studded leather) are a somewhat separate group from the a.s.b people (who apparently aren't into costuming) although there may be some overlap.

A sampling of opinion at WSFA (host to the Disclave) revealed no real hostility toward the a.s.b people, but more of a live and let live attitude; the a.s.b parasitic convention, piggy-backed to Disclave, is not generally viewed as A Problem, although a past Disclave chairman did see it that way. There was more concern over WSFA's legal position concerning the flooding, since this caused Significant Damage. WSFA's current president, John Pomeranz, is an attorney however, and he spoke with guarded optimism.

The incident was the talk of WSFA, but more because many had been rousted to the hotel parking lot soon after going to bed, than because of the specific cause — although there was some snickering about the woman seen running, naked, from the flooded room, still trailing a string of beads from a portion of her anatomy.

Your Reporter has No Personal Opinions about this incident, having personally experienced none of it.

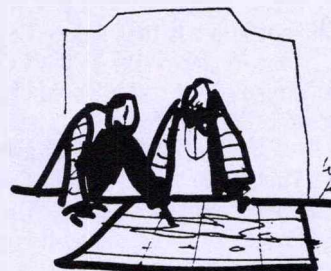


So this is the Final Issue. I was surprised by the suddenness of the announcement, but there is hardly any other way to end a successful run of a good fanzine than suddenly.

I'm on the other side of the fence now, and now I know how it must have felt to others when Dan and I folded PONG (with, interestingly, issue #40 — half the number this fanzine has seen). We knew about it several months in advance, having planned it, but kept it to ourselves. It's better to end a fanzine decisively than to let it trail off into limbo, further issues still planned but never published — especially a small, frequent, life-line kind of fanzine.

I've come to expect and depend on this fanzine, and I've welcomed every issue since the first. But fandom is just a Ghoddammed Hobby, and we can't expect small, frequent, life-line-type fanzines to go on forever . . . unfortunately.

So, a tip o' the hat to Andy, Victor & Carl. They done good.



Something's going on Mr. Jones and you don't know what it is, do you?

Keep me Lifted

by Randy Byers

who has played a part in my rise to power and prestige. So, I herewith give my thanks to a typical few.

Above all, thanks to Mrs. Azari for the clear premonition of a future past presidency when she wrote of a shit-scared seventh-grader, "Someday others will look to you for advice & leadership." As for other teachers, thanks to Alan Ball for Camus and for the Gitanes and whiskey on the back porch, to Linda Robertson for the Dorothy Parker act and the first paid publication, and to Jim Manuel for the retort: "I submit to you, Mr. Byers, that a nuclear weapon is *not* just a big rifle."

Thanks to Carl Juarez for knocking on the door and for many leaves turned and burned since. Thanks to Paul Lemman for the giggles that got me through the first year in Seattle. Thanks to Ron Thomas for the snow and for tales of acid vengeance, and to Barbara Edie for being a better Virgo than I was at the time. Thanks to Jerry Kaufman and Suzie Tomkins for the Red & Black party, where many fates were set.

Thanks to Tami Vining for the dress shirt, the magic pouch, the silver chain, and the fire. Thanks to Jane Hawkins for encouraging me to take a romantic flight and for applying salve when it crashed. Thanks to Kate Schaefer for posts to rass-eff that make me LOL. Thanks to Constance Maytum for the reminders that I was cuter when I was nineteen, and to Eileen Gunn for sensible advice and creative accouterments. Thanks to Vonda McIntyre for blushing.

Thanks to Karrie Dunning for numerous dances and ongoing lessons in health and humanity. Thanks to Jessica Amanda Salmonson for at least one obscure and maddening book. Thanks to John Berry for reaching heights of design, and to Katherine Howes for the winged cat and wicked words. Thanks to Amy Thomson for a Twicky ride on a rainy day and for sunscreen on a sunny one.

Thanks to Sharee Carton for laughing at my poor pose, and to Lucy Huntzinger (and Dave Clements, RIP) for being cool and funny when the tire went flat. Thanks to Ted White for the observation that King Crimson's *Red* represented a direction that heavy metal could have taken. Thanks to Caroline (or was it Carol?) for the squalid moment in the back seat of a car.

Thanks to Ron Drummond for timely and musical conversation. I love it when you talk dirty to me. Thanks to AP McQuiddy for books, beer, and *bonhomie* — and for at least one other thing that starts with a B. Thanks to Victor Gonzalez, Castle Rock cowboy, for Independence Day by the Bay and

Behind every Past President of ffw stand dozens and dozens of heroic people. On the way home from the May Vanguard, it hit me that I'd been neglectful of everyone

Thanksgiving in Manhattan. Thanks to Luke McGuff for hoeing the row and making a go of it, and to Art Widner for out-burping Luke.

Thanks to Spike Parsons for the Mona Lisa grin. Thanks to Glenn Hackney for compelling reading in Men's Apa and FELLAS, and for looking good in a hat. Thanks to Carrie Root for the calm, level-headed presence, even in absence. Thanks to Don Keller for the comment, "It's trying to be a Wolfe story," and to Tom Weber for helping to finish the keg before it spoiled.

Thanks to Robyn Roberson for making the first move. Thanks to Brad Matter for spastic grooves, and to Marc Olsen and Chad Shaver for tricky licks. Yeah, and thanks to the Bitches for the bruises. Thanks to Molly and Frank Blades for the upstairs smoking room and everything that has happened there, and thanks to Don Fitch for the feather in the cap. Thanks to Nancy McCann for the occasional Sherman and for once and future operas. Thanks to Cliff Wind for conversation at Mr. and Mrs. Bear's house that was just right. Thanks to Nahid Katla for the tears.

Thanks to Andy Hooper for wit, unseemly kindness, and drunken song. Thanks to Hazel for beauty beyond the call of duty and for the hugs and free ale, and to Dick for brewing most of that ale. Thanks to Lesley Reece for the smoffing and for the perfect illo of an empty gondola. Thanks to Steve Swartz for turning me on to gardening. The weeds look almost like flowers sometimes. Thanks to Ian Hagemann for responding to one number with a another. Thanks to Mark Manning for the terrifying and terrific story of family visitation in Jupiter Jump #27, and to John Hedtke for the suggestion that I measure the bottom rather than the top.

Thanks to Geri Sullivan for taking an unexpected inspiration and then giving it back. Thanks to Tommy Ferguson for pushing the (virtual) envelope in TommyWorld, and to Robert Lichtman for the loc and other egoboo. Thanks to Frank Lunney for making the LACon corridors friendlier, and to Sheila Lightsey for — you know, I just realized the other day that you were the one hanging out with Nevenah and Barnaby at ConFrancisco. Thanks to Michael Stearns for charming the women at the dinner party and then droning on and on about Paul Auster. Mercy!

Thanks to Denys Howard for the invitation to Seattle and for doing the grocery shopping. Love & rockets, comrade!

Thanks to Jay Salmon and Elonna Lester for barbecues, Xena parties, and the jungle of flowers. Thanks to Mom, Dad, LaVelle, Jolie, Lonnie, Terry, Ryan, and Cody for being a family and lovable. Weirdos!

And lest I forget, thank you. Yeah, *you*. You know why. *(With apologies to Spearhead.)*

Take 1 pill each of Prednisone, Zovirax, Bactrim and a prescribed multivitamin.

VUG

by Irwin Hirsh

"When shall we have Corflu in Melbourne?" was a question Andy Hooper recently passed to me. What Andy may not know is that before Corflu reached out to places like Tyson's Corner and Walnut Creek, it was already on its way Down Under. Back in early 1985 Jack Herman offered to run a small fannish relaxicon after Aussiecon Two, and even went so far as to get the okay from the Powers That Be to call the event Corflu 2.5. Unfortunately, the con never came into being. The 47th issue of Thyme (August '85) noted that the convention wouldn't be going ahead due to lack of interest.

Fast forward a couple of years and DUFF winner Lucy Huntzinger is telling me that "this convention has the feel of a Corflu." What Lucy was referring to was Eastercon 87. While

our intention hadn't been to run 'a convention for fanzine fans', it was nevertheless very satisfactory to be compared favourably to a convention of which I'd heard good things.

Eastercon 87 grew out of the dissatisfaction surrounding a larger convention, Capcon — the 1987 Australian National Con. Soon after being given the Natcon nod the Capcom committee announced their convention wouldn't be held over Easter after all. Instead it would be held over the following weekend. The story goes that convention GoH Robert Aspirin told the committee he couldn't attend at Easter as it clashes with some big SCA event. As time went on and no other news was forthcoming from the committee, Capcon was becoming a convention people would attend out of obligation (it was our Natcon, after all) and not because they thought it would be good.

Carey Handfield worked around the corner from me, and

during my lunchtimes I'd pop in and say hello. Sometimes we'd talk about Capcon and how the Easter weekend was going free. A small fannish gathering had all sorts of potential. The 1987 DUFF and FFANZ races were scheduled to have someone at Capcon, and the two winners would probably be persuaded to spend Easter in Melbourne. A Perth group was bidding for the 1989 Natcon (to be voted on at Capcon) and a con in Melbourne in Easter could persuade some Perth fans to make their Capcon trip into a nice, leisurely holiday. Eastercon 87 had been born.

Initially there was just three of us running the show. Marc handled membership and publications, Carey looked after the hotel and the money, and I built up the programme. Three or four panels during the day, and a party-type event in the evening. The panels were evenly-split down three areas: science fiction, fanzines, and general fannish matters. I didn't try to do anything spectacular, and sought to provide basic convention fare. One panel was "The Basic SF Library" in which panelists were invited to suggest books every reader should have. The people I invited to be on it responded with great gusto, and each independently told me that it was a great idea and wondered why it hadn't happened before.

As Easter approached, a few of my ideas weren't coming together, and I invited Michelle Muisjert to join me. She proved to be a great help, with one of her items proving to be a highlight of the con. Noting the trend of publishers attending conventions and earnestly, pompously launching their new book or magazine, she suggested we have a fanzine launch. Fan publishers who came to Eastercon with a new issue were asked to get someone to say a few words on behalf of the new ish and pop open a champagne bottle. After the drink was drunk, a copy of the fanzine was stuffed into the bottle. The convention then wandered down to the end of St. Kilda Pier, where those who had spoken launched the fanzines into the water of Port Phillip

Bay. Inspired with a strong insurgent element, the launch exuberantly celebrated the hobby of publishing fanzines.

One fanzine that wasn't offered up to be part of the launch was Radiation Exposure. It nevertheless had its own unique release. Prior to the Launch a number of people wearing radiation suits went around the crowd handing out, with tongs, what they'd produced the previous evening (Good Fryday, as they called it). This instant zine, sponsored by the local branch of Mutants Anonymous (their motto: We Gave Up Changing) was a fun read, a point I made to its perpetrators, one of whom gave me another fanzine by way of compliment. That was my introduction to Ian Gunn, Phil Wlodarczyk, James Allen and Lindsay Jamieson. These days they are in the fannish center, and I'm out on the fringe.

One of the things I've come to realize about Eastercon '87 is that it reflected on the fannish scene of the time. While it is decades since Australian fandom, on a world scale, has had an era of great fanzines, I consider the two years after Aussiecon Two (1985) as one of Australia's better periods for fannish activity. Once the Worldcon was over, it took an enormous weight off our shoulders, and committee members like Marc Ortlieb and myself could, and did, get back into regular publishing. Others benefited from the new contacts and perspectives the Worldcon gave — for example, the issues of Thyme which Roger Weddall and Peter Burns published in 1986 were the best they did, and Mark Loney, Michelle Muisjert and Julian Warner revived The Space Wastrel and soon had a solid genzine on their hands. These, and zines like The Notional, Fuck the Notional and Apocrypha had people talking about fanzines for the first time in years, and a critical mass had developed. Eastercon 87 both fed off and reflected upon that critical mass. It was a convention for its time, and it's time probably demanded something which had "the feel of a Corflu."

Sheila Lightsey: The Yoko Ono of Apparatchik.

Silence at Last

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Obit Writer

across fandom's shallow oceans?

Well, I'm sure all of those questions will be resolved in time. I do have a title for my next fanzine, which I expect to get out by the end of the year. And I'm looking for other outlets as well.

So instead I'd like to thank Andy and Carl for approaching the zine with such dedication. I think Apak has been a lot of fun, and I think it's set a certain standard for frequent fanzines, at least in this decade. Through all of the criticism we've taken, Apak has remained frequent and mostly interesting, thanks to those many fans who took an active role by writing articles and letters. As well as printing all sorts of general interest stuff, Apak was often first with the news.

Most of the kudos must go to Andy, whose home, computer and life were dedicated to the production for one week of every three, and who — despite his outbursts and frequent calls to kill the zine — always came through with patience and effort.

The fanzine is dying because of irreconcilable conflicts between Carl and me that have essentially driven Andy insane. What had been an acceptable working environment was becoming more and more strained as it became clear Carl and I

I accept Andy's decision to put Apak to sleep with dismay. What will I do with my weekends? How will I use all that extra time? And, more importantly, how will I continue to cast my shadow

wouldn't be able to discuss or overcome our differences. Most of that was focused on Carl's inability to deal with my personality. His best suggestion was that I should seek therapy and take psychoactive drugs like Prozac or Zoloft. But he refused to discuss the intricacies of our problem.

To my thinking, this conflict allowed only one solution: either Carl or me would have to leave. Carl had made it clear he was willing to leave (saying that at least he knew he would have left at the pinnacle of the fanzine's success). I was less willing to leave, but eventually the strain wore me down to the point that I asked for a decision from Andy: Who goes?

Faced with this — and incorporating thoughts about other aspects of his life — Andy decided to kill the zine. He chose not to choose.

Fanzines are not made for money, and in most people's lives they rarely take precedence over more critical matters, like jobs or families. So I'm not critical of Andy's decision. He's done what works best for him, and this is Apak's final issue.



I would also like to take this opportunity to note once again my *change of address*: mail should now be sent to me at 9238 Fourth Avenue Southwest, Seattle, WA, 98106. Please take a moment right now to make the change in your database. Otherwise you're wasting postage. And, if possible, please keep me on your mailing list; Apak 80 will not be my final fanzine.



Dispatches to Apak

[APH: We've a certain amount of mail about the Hugo awards this time out, so we start with someone intimately acquainted with one, F.M. BUSBY (2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98119) :]

"Thanks, Andy, for the gracious correction re the Cry fan Hugo. It was only the sixth such award, and previously the situation (concom members publishing a zine in the running) hadn't occurred. So we had no precedent. But: the previous year's winning editors — the *incumbents*, so to speak — helping count the votes? *Hoog.* (Even though we officially pulled Cry from contention, it came in second on the nominating ballots.)

"Why do fans write (Victor asks)? Maybe it's a case of monkey see, monkey do. From infancy my parents read stories to me and made up their own stories to tell; by age three or four I wanted to tell them stories right back (with amazing patience, they allowed this). Around my fifth birthday, looking at the page my mother was reading to me, I suddenly realized *I could read*. Three years later I got around to writing a "Story" myself, and ever after, in the kaleidoscope of interests an emerging human will cycle and recycle, every so often I'd hit a streak of obsession with writing. Loved doing parody verse, for instance. Read my first true SF at age nine but along that line I never wrote anything but false starts until *much* later.

"Gee, all an active Seattle fan used to need was the ability to cut stencils and/or turn the crank, lack of time for watching TV, an apa membership (optional, though not very), and firm opinions on everything under the sun except who sawed Courtney's boat. You folks' criteria are tougher. But funnier."

[VMG: Now there's a lesson that could be learned by the editor of Nova Express. The difference is, if you hadn't pulled Cry, it probably would have won the award — justifiably.

ALISON SCOTT (42 Tower Hamlets Rd., Walthamstow, London E17 4RH UK, e-mail to alison@fuggles.demon.co.uk) also has Hugo thoughts, and shares some concerns from Plokta HQ:]

"I hope that the people who suggested that Nova Express was guilty of crass self-promotion are not suggesting that Apparatchik is above such things. Fond as I am of Apak, I consider it to be the most relentlessly self-promoting fanzine I receive by some considerable margin. Now, clearly, you're a lot more subtle about it than Nova Express. But is careful, clever and subtle self-promotion morally superior in some way to crass self-promotion?"

"You are, I suspect, likely to deny that Apparatchik is a self-promoting fanzine. Would you be happier with the phrase "well-marketed"?"

"Geek corner, but as the details are discussed in your letter column: Plokta 7 will be photocopied rather than laser-printed; less difficult and less wearing on our printers. Also less beautiful. We considered litho, but we can't really justify the expense. We don't use Adobe Photoshop; our main image manipulation program is Paint Shop Pro. However, the optimization for photocopying rather than printing is done using the NT printer driver for Steve's printer. You'll see the results soon."

[VMG: I suggest using a digital photocopier — it might even be possible to avoid the print-out stage, as some of these machines can read directly from the software file. The question of "self promotion" is rather too easily presented as understood in your note; whatever it is we do to "self promote," your impressions are no doubt influenced by the fact

that you get a new issue every three weeks. If we didn't publish so often, we'd be in your face less. But don't worry, you're not the only one who reacts defensively to our schedule. All of this has become moot after this, of course.

Now, lest one think that everyone shares this generous attitude toward Hugos and self-promotion, here's a letter from DAVID LEVINE (1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland, OR 97215 e-mail to davidl@co.intel.com):]

"I just received e-mail from Lawrence Person, the editor of the Hugo-nominated fanzine "Nova Express," inviting me to send him my postal address for a free copy of his zine. I was furious.

"Now, you might think this reaction a little odd. Why did I react with anger to a friendly offer of a free fanzine? It's because I was just one of 1,432 people to receive this identical offer. Lawrence Person doesn't know me from Adam; to him, I'm just a name on a mailing list. This message was unsolicited e-mail, also called "junk e-mail," unaffectionately known to the on-line community as "spam."

"Junk e-mail is extremely controversial in the on-line community. Some folks, I'm sure, accept it as a minor annoyance on the order of paper junk mail. A vocal minority defend its use. But almost everyone I've talked to about the issue really hates it.

"Because e-mail costs almost nothing to send, the amounts of junk being sent every day are astronomical (I typically receive three to five pieces of junk e-mail a day). These floods of junk tend to obscure the real information. I recently sent a message to an acquaintance, to which I did not receive a reply; when I next met him in person and asked about it, he told me that he receives so much junk e-mail he simply trashes anything whose sender is not known to him. This is just one example of the ways bad e-mail drives out good.

"So: many people, myself included, despise junk e-mail and refuse to do business with anyone who uses it. And now the kicker: Person used the "Fannish E-Mail Directory," compiled by Portland fan John Lorentz and posted to the Web by Yours Truly, as his mailing list. The Directory begins with a large warning that "E-mail addresses on this page and its subpages are provided for the convenience of individuals seeking addresses of other individuals, for one-to-one correspondence. These addresses are not to be used for commercial solicitation." I'm sure that Person figured this didn't apply to him because his spam was non-commercial, but his spam was an outrageous violation of the spirit of the rules by which the Directory is maintained.

"I would encourage all Hugo voters to protest this spam as follows: DO NOT VOTE FOR NOVA EXPRESS. It is important that you leave it off your ballot completely. Do NOT vote it below "No Award"; since "No Award" is usually eliminated in the first round, ranking a nominee below "No Award" just means that your vote goes to that nominee later rather than sooner — but they still get your vote. The proper way to express disapproval of a nominee is NOT TO VOTE IT ON YOUR BALLOT AT ALL. And I wish to express my disapproval of Nova Express in the strongest possible terms.

"I recognize that this call for action may be controversial. I recognize that junk e-mail is not universally despised. I am doing this anyway, because I think junk e-mail is one of the most appalling things to happen to what we used to call the Net, and I want to do what little I can to discourage its use. And I would really hate for a fanzine I never even heard of before this year to get a Hugo by using junk mail to build name recognition."

And our sex killers are widely acknowledged as among the finest in the world.

[VMG: I sympathize with your feelings about Nova Express. It sounds as though they think the Hugo is given for the most solicitation. And their use of spam isn't the only thing that has occurred to some people. A recent list in the New York Review of Science Fiction had Nova among the prozines and semi-prozines — where some might think it belongs.

According to David Bratman, who has had considerable experience with the Hugos, "I think most administrators accept the categories that most of the voters nominate in, unless they have reason to think the bulk of them are mistaken. . . ." David goes on to say that the distinctions are mostly intuitive, and that, "I can't recall any cases where placements have been challenged."

According to Worldcon rules, a semi-prozine must push two of the following five buttons, Bratman said: average circulation over 1,000; contributors or staff paid in a form other than contributor's copies; the source of more than half of the editor's (or someone else's) income; carry advertising that fills 15 percent of total space; and call itself a semi-prozine. I have no idea what Nova Express actually is, but I'm pretty sure it's not worthy of a Hugo.]

[APH: I cringe inwardly when someone writes those words: "not worthy of a Hugo." When I was just making my way in fanzine fandom, someone I consider one of my most important fannish mentors told me that was considered bad form to criticize Hugo winners and nominees, and in general, I have taken that advice to heart. I've always tried to concentrate on the individuals and works that were worthy of the award, and avoid talking about those that were not. But it seems to me that when a person uses mass-mailing techniques to elicit votes for their fanzine, book, etc., offering direct assertions that their work is the most worthy candidate for the award, they have essentially elicited opposing opinions themselves. I'm not voting for Nova Express because there are three better candidates on the ballot, if anyone cares what my opinion is. Leaving a candidate entirely off your ballot is indeed the most effective means of denying them your vote.

I'd like to know how Mr. Lorentz feels about the use of his mailing list for this quasi-commercial activity. Presumably he can't control what people do with it once they've received it from him. And I think I'd appreciate it if the people in charge of the Hugo balloting took a little longer look at the fanzine/semi-prozine borderline in the future, even if no one asks them to.

Picking up on Victor's questions about Why We Write in a big way is ULRICA O'BRIEN (123 Melody Lane, Apt. C, Costa Mesa, CA 92627):]

'Well, fuck. Mental note to self: Things *not* to do when your self-imposed deadline is already blown and you're polishing intros waiting for that last article to arrive so you can pub your first ish: (1) Read the latest Apparatchik and make side by side comparisons. Apparatchik: writing clean, spare, punchy, funny. Mine: crap. High blown, meandering, tedious, fatuous crap. Scrap one introduction. I didn't like it anyway. Start over.

'Good way to never pub one's ish, that. I don't mind Robert Lichtman so much. He takes a year to pull an issue together. So okay, it's going to be polished. You guys do this in three weeks. Bastards.

'And then to top it off, Victor, King of Pith, is up front

whinging about only being successful in two areas of writing endeavor. Only. "But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue." He gets to make his *living* writing, and wants my sympathy? This is a joke, right? Faanish humor? Must be.

'Aw, all right. I guess I really do get it, sorta, and I'll strain myself to dredge up some sympathy if you give me a mo'. The whack-a-mole of discontent seems to be endemic to many of the sort of I admire most. Cyril Connolly complex, or something. Always wanting to do more/bigger/better/different, grass always greener (see first paragraph), and so forth. It may well be a good thing, in limited doses, because it keeps us moving and trying new stuff out. But flopping around on the deck about Is It Art? and Is It Valuable? and so forth seems a little self indulgent, to me.

'Or maybe it's just that, to me, it's bloody obvious that of course writing well, cleanly, and clearly is valuable in itself. I'm a bit of a fiery-eyed proselyte about it, in fact. But rather than get up on the stump and bend your ears for an hour, I'll recommend Neil Postman's *Teaching as a Conserving Activity* and *Amusing Ourselves to Death* and *The Disappearance of Childhood*, and anything you can lay your hands on by Richard Mitchell (sadly, he's out of print — but a lot of his stuff is collected at <http://members.aol.com/hu4wahz/ug/index.html>), though especially *Less Than Words Can Say*, oh, and while we're at it, probably William Zinsser's *Writing to Learn*, for a bunch of good reasons why good writing is valuable. I'm hoping we can take it as read that Victor's writing is, in fact, good.

'But, to answer the question, why do I write? To make contact with people. To force my ideas into a linear arrangement and check their logic. To stress test my arguments and ideas on an audience to see where they fail, where they need rethinking, where they need clarification. To be social. To play with the language. To record my impressions of life and experience in a medium perhaps more reliable and certainly more transmittable than my memory. To think. To maintain the limberness of certain parts of my brain. To show off (yes, it works just often enough that I keep doing it for that reason, too). To fit in with my tribe. I'm sure there are other reasons, but these are the ones I'm most conscious of. Writing is just a normal aspect of living, like brushing your teeth or something.'

[VMG: That's for the kind statements. I wasn't really trying for sympathy; just trying to get a discussion going (albeit, unfortunately, rather truncated). I largely agree with you, but I wonder about writing in different genres, and whether there is a qualitative level of value we can assign to them. In other words, science fiction is better than mainstream fiction, or vice versa. Though you say I shouldn't complain because I make my living as a writer, some in Seattle have made it clear they think the "writing" I do is demeaning. Too restrictive to allow any real talent to emerge, that is. Personally, I've found that any genre I learn about (in this case daily journalism) adds to my writing skills in general. Still, I wish I was doing something important, something my fannish acquaintances could respect, alas.

Now I'm whingeing.

I have some problems with Postman; just happened to do a paper on *Amusing Ourselves* in college, and found he had misrepresented a couple of sources. In an important part of the argument. But I'm familiar with his ideas.

Now, here's GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142) with his ideas on why

The desire of the future will be purely the expression of the inner meaning.

we write:]

'Victor wants to know why people become writers. Good question. When I was a student, I hated writing assignments. In high school I was named "literary editor" of the school paper, and I was supposed to write an essay every month; but I produced nothing worthwhile and quit after a couple of months. I like to think this was all because of the total lack of interest in things that I (thought I) was expected to write about, but perhaps I've just changed a lot since then. (It was over 40 years ago.) I got into fandom when I was over 30, and had still done almost no non-technical writing (though I co-authored three textbooks at just about the same time). Before I knew it I was a fairly active letterhack, and was producing 20-page apazines. What had changed? I dunno.

'Assuming that vampires don't exist, holding irrational beliefs about them is fairly harmless. The problem is with people who hold irrational beliefs about groups that *do* exist, and act on those beliefs.

'E.B. Frohvet" also anagrammatizes to "H before TV," which is at least a truth about the alphabet.'

[APH: Oh yes — E.B. Frohvet. I almost forgot about him — but ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) has not:]

'In the lettercol, I'm surprised to find that I was the only one to comment on your revelation concerning E. B. Frohvet. Can it be that fanzine fandom these days is so blasé that when a major hoax goes down and is finally revealed, everyone is too high-minded to even notice? By the way, Frohvet has a folder for his zines not because he's a hoax but because he's published enough to go over the threshold of number of issues needed for one's own folder (which is four or five, depending on thickness). Andy's comment "I'll admit there is a hoax being perpetrated here, but I won't say upon whom," is certainly designed to keep up the uncertainty about whether Frohvet *really* is you guys, or what.

'Victor asks, "Is a writer and original thinker or just a communicator?" — my response would be both, neither, or perhaps just one, depending on the writer and the writer's intention with any given piece of work. I'm a little confused by his second goal, "to elicit descriptions from others — from you — in any terms they're comfortable with." Was something left out of here during an edit? Descriptions of what? Like Victor, I remember writing as far back as I could manage it, and while I don't remember specifics of just what I was asked to write in grammar school, I know that every fall was the what-I-did-over-the-summer essay teachers loved to inflict. By the time I was in my early teens and reading science fiction, I began writing short-short stories and even sent a few of them off to hapless prozine editors. For many years I kept a polite and helpful rejection note from Tony Boucher, received years before I ever met him. I gave all that up when I began writing for and publishing fanzines, but not before one story crept into print (in Psi-Phi No. 1). Why do I "spend so much time" doing fanwriting? Compulsion; habit; the desire to stay in touch; with any luck to entertain; for the fun of it. Victor's mention of writing a story that included his experiences as a part of Seattle's Rocky Horror crowd made me wish he'd write a fan article about same. And finally, who's Sheila?

'In Roger Ebert's list of "legendary BNF's," I'm straining to remember who Ed Gorman was. I looked him up in the 1957 through 1960 editions of Ron Bennett's Fandom Directory. Ebert appears in all but the first, but Gorman isn't in any of

them: a strange absence for someone who's such a legendary BNF Roger compares him to Tucker and Warner. Hmmmmm.'

[APH: Mysteries within mysteries. Perhaps CHRIS BZDAWKA (e-mail to BzdChris@aol.com) can offer some explanations in her reactions to # 79:]

'Thanks to Mr. Bratman for his encouraging description of fanzine fandom and the Corflu milieu. Makes me want to pub my ish. Could I be quick-witted and urbane enough for Corflu? Or has my exposure to Broken Spur trailer trash rendered me a hopeless hick, only good enough for novels? We'll see.

'As the former owner of two Volares (love that Mopar engine, but those heavy, clunky doors — ugh), I could imagine the "Louis and Dave" play Mr. Levine described. Yes, the seating would be limited. I'd love to see the production go on tour — the play sounds great, very immediate, a stroke of genius.

'One of the things I'll miss about APAK is reading Mr. White's column. His writing is so good, so personal. His comments about his friend Lou's girlfriend Shelly put me to thinking about the death of lovers. What would I say or do if my lover died? What would my lover say about me? Do my former lovers remember me with love? How much fire damage have my bridges sustained? Hmmm.

'My heart goes out to Martin & Helena Tudor — the illness of a baby is terrifying. They're so helpless and small. At one year old, my son Matt became seriously ill with a kinked bowel, had emergency surgery, and was in the hospital for about a week. I remember vividly just barely sleeping in a hospital chair, watching him incessantly, the agony of leaving him for a few hours to go to work, holding his little pincushioned body in my arms and watching the 1982 World Series, cooing "Go, Mollie" and "Coop, Coop" to him, the nurses who became friends. Best wishes to Heloise, Mother and Father.

'Finally, all this talk about the Apparatchiki posing as E.B. Frohvet is ridiculous — the endless speculation, the finger-pointing — I can remain silent no longer — I admit it — I AM THE REAL E.B. FROHVET. What was I thinking? This elaborate charade is too much, TOO MUCH I say! Ahhhhh! I feel so free now that the yoke of pretense has been lifted.'

[APH: Before this begins to degenerate into the climax of a Dalton Trumbo screenplay, let us turn to the Chairman of Aussiecon Three, the 1999 Worldcon, PERRY MIDDLEMISS Perry Middlemiss (GPO Box 2708X Melbourne, Victoria 3001 Australia, e-mail to PMiddlem@vcrpmrkt.telstra.com.au) who has some sad news to share:]

'It is with much regret that I have to inform you of the death of George Turner, doyen of Australian Science Fiction, and Guest of Honor for the 1999 Worldcon.

'George suffered a massive stroke on Thursday 5th June at his home in Ballarat, Victoria. He did not regain consciousness and passed away on Sunday 8th June. He will be sadly missed.

'At the time the Aussiecon committee (or the A in 99 committee as it was then) asked George if he would be our guest of honor he suggested that we should choose someone younger. We disagreed and told him that our aim was to honor him, and his work. Again at his 80th birthday party last year (after a previous stroke had left him rather frail and easily tired) he again pointed out that he may not be able to make the convention. I told him that if that was to occur it wouldn't change our minds and that we intended to honor him anyway. I tried to make light of it, but you could tell he was worried that he wouldn't be with us. It strikes me as a measure of the man

"The only laws these guys are breaking, are ones we never heard of."

that he should feel compelled to suggest such a course of action.

'Although I haven't spoken directly to all members of the Executive as yet I feel safe in stating that although George will not be with us in 1999 in a physical sense, he will be there in spirit and that we intend to honor him as best we can. Our Guests of Honor for 1999 will be the same then as they are now — namely, Greg Benford, Bruce Gillespie and George Turner.

'I have been informed that the funeral will take place in Melbourne, on Wednesday 11th June.'

[APH: We send our condolences to George's family and friends everywhere. I think it's a pretty classy gesture to keep him on the list of honored guests.

Now, we've caught up to TOM PERRY (2268 N.W. 37th Place, Gainesville, FL 32605-2357. e-mail to oldblue@ibm.net) after one of his frequent moves, and he has the following thoughts on Ted White's obit on Sam Moskowitz:]

'Applause to Ted White for remembering the whole Sam Moskowitz, not just the genial, affable aspect of the fellow that everyone seems to agree appeared at conventions. I thought Ted caught the atmosphere of the magazine Science Fiction Plus (SF+), too. It was billed at the time as Hugo Gernsback returning to SF publishing to show how it should be done (this in the early fifties, at a time I believe when ASF, Galaxy and F&SF were all at their prime); the musty odor Ted remembers is perfectly right, and constituted some sort of accomplishment when rejects from the big three could have filled a magazine quite satisfactorily. I suspect authors avoided Gernsback, whose reputation for low pay or no pay for stories probably endured the hiatus from the cessation of his SF previous publications. Hyphen ran an interlineation/baquote in those days that read, "I wouldn't write for Gernsback if he paid me."

'I recall reading a reminiscence of Moskowitz's not long ago covering that lawsuit he filed against Ted. As I recall, he explained it by saying he had a lawyer friend who would work for free, so he saw no reason not to file suit and cause Ted trouble in return for his quip in FAPA. The comity of fandom, the idea that a clever remark is answered by another (or acknowledged to be a good shot, or whatever), rather than by the filing of nuisance litigation, seemed to mean nothing to him.

'Because I never met Moskowitz, the interesting insight that Ted makes never occurred to me — that fact that he must have been hurt when he learned that his friend and patron, Hugo Gernsback, had sold him a bill of goods in telling him a phoney version of the Amazing bankruptcy and letting him publish it as fact. Sooner or later someone was bound to explode it. It took me less than an hour in a public library to establish that it was false. Of course Sam could have saved himself any potential embarrassment by looking up the facts himself before publishing his account. The Gernsback story consists of falsehoods and crude distortions of published statements, many of them easily checked in the widely available and well indexed microfilm archives of The New York Times. Hugo Gernsback must have had great confidence in his judgement of Moskowitz in relying on him never to make those easy checks of the facts.'

[APH: Interesting observations, Tom. I suppose the isolated tales of litigiousness in fandom ought to make us grateful that most people have a better idea of the proper response to such things. And I don't think it is speaking ill of the dead to sometimes note that their dreams were larger than their personal character.

Now, JAE LESLIE ADAMS (621 Spruce St., Madison, WI 53715-2151) closes this column down with the quizzical observation that:]

'SIR, I AM VEX'D'; or, DOCTOR, MY BRAIN HURTS.

'Back in a January Apparatchik, Victor says Fannish Arts & Letters are not to be taken seriously. I submit now that there is no other way to take them. On a better day I would defend anyone's right to take them as seriously as she pleases. What good is the joke unless you keep a straight face. Don't spoil it with a nod-nod, wink-wink. Say no more.

'Fandom as well as the various pursuits of arts & letters are best carried out as highly serious play, the kind of play that absorbs toddlers with an intensity to which adults with difficulty aspire.

'That kind of seriousness is very uneasy with fashionable cynicism. Cynicism is a sound philosophical position in the Modern world, but I find rather too much of it around. My nine-year-old sounds more jaded than most grad students of English could manage thirty years ago.

'Sure it's absurd to work on anything you're not paid to do; reading, writing, drawing, on no one's payroll: what a bunch of saps we are here. You lift a finger in the service of a higher ideal and next thing you know you might look ridiculous. Yes, yes, to hell in a handbasket. So it goes — the drawn-out losing battle, against illiteracy and what-have-you-got and our inevitable oblivion. I live in a world in which the performance of any art, lit, music without being paid for it is, after all, Just A Goddamn Hobby.

'But hey, she's got some costumes, and his uncle has a barn—let's put on a show! With my duplicator and your mailing permit . . . Looka my roller skates, you got a key? These personal remarks are unloaded for our mutual amusement. If this be amateurism, make the most of it.'

[WAHF: Pamela Boal, Steven DesJardins, Murray Moore, Bob Smith, Ian Sorensen & Martin Tudor. Thanks again, fen, you made it worth going on, as well as worth stopping.]

Another Brush With Mortality, Or Liminal Notes

It seems most everyone this issue is speaking, as much as ink can speak, of beginnings and endings, so, whilst we wait for our ultra-rational masters from planet Nicholas, a word from the excluded middle.

Nostalgia for a past that will never be reminds me of a story. In this story Apparatchik had been published for half its life before Victor enjoined me to proofread. Around this time Andy, whose amor fou had started the gears turning, took on Victor as co-editor, and somewhere back there myself as well — it's all kinda a blur right now.

With three full-on storytellers for editors, and many gifted writers and artists for contributors, the collective post facto entity also known as Apak can never be entirely described by any single point of view, but we can all have pride in our collective creation. Much fine writing has occurred (it would be rude to single out my friends, so I'll mention Ted White and Christina Lake, whom I've never met). Or maybe we peaked with the Thompsonesque *X-Files* parody, or the Ray Nelson baseball illo, I dunno.

Anyhow, I thank Andy and Victor for giving me the opportunity to participate in a historic, or at least historical, contribution to this decades-long conversation that could be called fandom. It was hard sailing, and a privilege.

★

On a different sort of note, any readers in Seattle during the pride festivities this weekend might stop by Volunteer Park immediately after the parade to see Tami Vining's band Chibavision, in which I play guitar, play in front of way too many people. (I'm not much of a rock guitarist, but we have some pretty good songs.) Show starts at 1:30, Sunday the 29th, but as that's s.q.t. (Standard Queer Time) we'll all deal with it.

— carl juarez

I'm not an authority figure, but I play one in prose.

1.) **Gasworks #1**, edited by John D. Berry (525 19th Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98112) and Steve Swartz (4114 Interlake Ave. N. #4, Seattle, WA 98103): After months of anticipation, we have another fanzine under production in Seattle. Gasworks is a clever, attractive offering — I especially like the uncredited art, which I suspect is John's handiwork — which has virtually unlimited potential, depending on the ability of its editors to sustain the effort. John offers some memories from both his 1975 and 1989 trips to Australia, which count as some first steps toward a DUFF report — quick, phone Fox Mulder, no one else is likely to believe it! Steve's column is a good introduction to his thoughtful style, and covers some interactions he had during his trip to Britain for Intersection this spring. He tries to suggest a way of looking at fanzines that allows for many divergent styles, and honors each one by its own standards. The Britfans must have hated his guts. To cap things off, Howard Waldrop gives a brief précis of the UFO mythos and his reactions to it, which is a real treat to read. As with most emsmall fanzines like this, the real issue is sustainability — if they can put out a few more issues in a timely fashion, Gasworks will shortly rise to the top of my overall list.

2.) **BW #1**, edited by Claire Brialey (26 Northampton Rd., Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA UK) and Mark Plummer (14 Northway Rd., Croydon, Surrey CR0 6JE UK): Good heavens, a veritable clone of Apparatchik! Mark and Claire have zipped BW together as a link between issues #6 & 7 of their larger genzine Banana Wings, with the apparent subtextual motive of showing that they can so produce a short fanzine if they want to. It's hard for me to judge how successful they are in this, since BW seems to have been designed in direct imitation of Apak, in both appearance and tone. I don't know how to respond; is this that sincerest form of flattery, or an effort to show what a bunch of losers we are? I laughed anyway, at stories of leeches in the drains, pronouncements by his Pickersgillosity, and the usual desperate Croydon fun. It will probably come as no surprise to them, or anyone else, that I think they do much better when they edit themselves down to this sort of length — the entire zine is shorter than one of Claire's articles in the last Banana Wings — and somehow there seem to be more useful comment hooks and points worth responding to in these short articles than in their longer pieces. This is my own prejudice speaking, but what else am I to say in response to a zine that seems designed specifically to beard that prejudice?

3.) **Quipu #7**, written and edited by Vicki Rosenzweig, 33 Indian Rd. #6-R, New York, NY 10034: Vicki Rosenzweig's style of writing is conversational and discursive, rather redolent of the apa-hacking which has been her fannish staple over the years. It's not the kind of fan-writing that lurches off the page and grabs you by the lapels — it rather depends on its subject matter to draw the reader in. Happily, in this issue Vicki has a lot of cool stuff to talk about, including getting a tattoo, and traveling to Hong Kong for a long, infatuated look before the new/old owners take over on the 30th of this month. You don't

have to like or really even know Vicki to get a lot out of this installment; it's a rare fanzine that describes the view of the Sea of Okhotsk from cruising altitude. A few letters on previous issues fill out the 12 pages.

4.) **Widening Gyre #1**, edited by Ulrika O'Brien, 123 Melody Lane, Apt. C, Costa Mesa, CA 92627: To understand why the arrival of this fanzine struck me as a momentous event, you have to know that Ulrika O'Brien is one of the leading lights of contemporary on-line culture, such as that may be. Her production of a fanzine on paper, and one this good, gives a great deal of credibility to the largely-discredited idea that new and wonderful fanzine fans can be found and nurtured on-line. Her editorial is polished, an excellent introduction to her style, and funny besides — the reason people keep thinking they ought to know you, Ulrika, is that they want to know you, when they see what good stuff you produce. Charles Stross, Michael Weholt, Geri Sullivan and Debra Fran Baker also offer impressive essays, although Baker could have used some cuts.

5.) **Emerald City #22**, written and edited by Cheryl Morgan, available from her at 100610.3413@compuserve.com, or at <http://www.emcit.com>: No one can claim that this particular e-mail zine is an ephemeral or trivial undertaking; even after I loaded into a double-column format with rather small type, it still tipped out at 14 pages! As with most issues of this fanzine, Cheryl's primary focus is on science fiction. Her review of David Brin's Uplift books is thoughtful and free of any reaction to Brin's annoying personality traits, of which she seems to be conveniently ignorant. It's nice to receive some comment on the man's work without having to read some sort of codicil on what a jerk he is. Anne McCaffery and Sheri Tepper come in for shorter comments, in reference to works in which each stays true to type. The people who really get some stick from Cheryl this time are Plummer, Brialey, Kincaid, et al, at Banana Wings. She turns the full force of her scorn on Claire Brialey and Maureen Kincaid-Speller, guilty in her eyes of self-conscious intellectualization and rampant logorrhea. I found this a disquietingly vindictive and disingenuous (yet entertaining) attitude from someone willing to go on about the thematic underpinnings of *The Uplift War* for thousands of words.

Also Received: *Crawdaddy!* #16, Paul Williams; *Mimosa* # 22, Nicki & Richard Lynch; *TommyWorld* #16-17, Tommy Ferguson; *Ansible* #119, Dave Langford; *Lettersub* #15, Terry Hornsby; *Vanamonde* # 210 & 211, John Hertz; *Canadian Journal of Detournement* #20 & 21, Opuntia #33.1 Dale Speirs; *FHAPA* #3, Nigel Rowe; *Ethel The Aardvark* #72, Ian Gunn for the MSFC; *MSfire* V.3, #3, Lloyd G. Daub for MSFS; *Thyme* #115, Alan Stewart; *Brum Group News* #308 & 309, Martin Tudor for the BSFG; *PhiloSFy* #6, Alexander Slate; *De Profundis* #301, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS. All these are reviewed on our web site at <http://www.oz.net/~cjuarez/APAK>

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK was the Matt Murdock of fandom. A childhood accident with radioactive materials robbed him of his sight, but also conferred upon him remarkable extrasensory powers, and allowed him to become the Man Without Fear. For readers in the United Kingdom, Martin Tudor once accepted £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 were able to 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, Chuch Harris, Ken Forman, Ian Hagemann, Margaret Organ Kean, John Hertz, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, A.P. McQuiddy, Janice Murray, Ulrika O'Brien, 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.