

* * * * * The eighth issue of a weekly fanzine by Andrew
A P P A R A T C H I K Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, broadcast
* * * * * from The Starliter, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103
8 May 5th, 1994 Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt Press
* * * * * Production # 183, adopt no inhalations.

Make me grow Brainiac fingers!

LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE EGO-SCANNING, SHALL WE?:

KATE YULE, 1905 SE 43rd Ave., Portland, OR 97215: "Personally, I liked the paragraph on "King Kong" better than any amount of sercon editorializing about TAFF and trufannishness, etc...." [Well, I know one can get too much of a good thing. -- aph]

CHARLES E. BURBEE, JR. P.O. Box 2284, Temecula, CA 92593: "APAK # 6 is a pleasant surprise to me, I didn't think you'd go past # 3.

"I have a clear memory of the not-so-phlegmatic captain's answer to Carl Denham's surprising statement, 'Captain, There's a little Kong!'. 'How little?' from the bad movie "Son of Kong." I still consider it the best movie line of 1934."

[What, even better than "We belong dead?" Or does memory fail me, and was that from 1935? -aph]

"Even today, I have a hard time looking at the ending of "King Kong". My sympathy is always with Kong, especially when he does the very human gesture of looking at his hand that has blood on it from the bullets inflicted by plane guns. I always feel sorry for Kong.

"Enclosed is a check for \$3.00. It is a monumental task to try and put out a weekly mag. Good Luck."

[Oh, I don't think it's so titanic. I am, after all, very seldom without a few pages worth of things to say. The various copying facilities are about 200 yards form here, and the two post offices I frequent are a twelve minute bus ride or a fifteen minute walk away. As long as the circulation is as low as this, I can keep it up for a while. Thanks for your fiscal confidence. -- aph]

HARRY WARNER JR. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown, MD 21740: "One more loc is being written to acknowledge two more issues of Apparatchik. One of us is going to crack soon under this strain and pressure.

"Incidentally, I find myself mystified by the little 4 in the extreme upper-right corner of the mailing label. It can't refer to the number of issues you're going to send me because it's the same on both labels, it can't represent the number of issues you've published since I last responded, and I can't think of any fannish activity that would give me a 4 under a scoring system like Tonya and Nancy experience. Equally baffling is my nine-digit zip code which the postal machinery imprinted under the mailing label onto both issues, because it has a 20 after the nine digits. Are mailmen so unperceptive that a computer uses a code to tell them where to find the mail receptacle on my front porch? Or has there been an unpublicized further refinement into an 11-digit zip code which has some awful ulterior purpose?"

[Not unless you consider delivering the mail an ulterior purpose. My understanding is that the post office sub-divides zip codes into smaller delivery areas that are the responsibility of individual carriers. In my neighborhood, they scrawl the number of my area onto the back of most of my mail ("12" or "12-B"), often in green magic marker. The little number in the corner of your mailing label is referent to the master

...scrupulous syntax and mixed, nay, blenderized metaphors...

She put a Doobie Brothers tape on...

mailing list code as defined in the decrepit share-ware address software I'm using. 4 stands for people who are to receive the fanzine in perpetuity, 3 stands for family members, 2 stands for people left over from the 1990 CUBE mailing list, 6 stands for bitter, crawling Ex-Clarion suck-ups, and # 9 means that I am standing behind you and about to whack you with brook trout. --aph]

"The classic exposition of what you write about excluding an individual from contempt for a group was writtn more than a century ago by W.S. Gilbert. In the first act of *The Pirates of Penzance*, Frederic tells the Pirate King: 'Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable, but, collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh! Pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that, once out of my indentures, I shall feel myself bound to devote myself hear and soul to your extermination.' The King responds with advice to 'Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.'"

GEORGE FLYNN, P.O.

Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge MA 02142: APAK # 6 received...The best anagram I came up with was Avid Dearthly, which almost looks meaningful. By the way, have you noticed that David/Teddy's name includes the letters of both 'Darth' and 'Vader' (though not both simultaneously)? This Must Mean Something.

Many Thanks for your kind words about NESFA press (in spite of the tortured syntax of 'the collected Cordwainer Smith collection.') which will be passed on to the responsible parties. (My copy of Making Book didn't have an extra page 40.) Yeah, it is rather remarkable that that NESFA has been putting out so much faanish stuff, given its superficially so unfaanish image. (Let's see, the Bob Bloch collection is out of print, but I believe we still have the both the Lee Hoffman/Bertram Chandler and Terry Carr/Bob Shaw collections. And we're sales agents for a bunch of other stuff, including Warhoon 28.) Coming soon: the NEW Langford collection.

"Congratulations as usual on your Hugo nomination." [Ghu, is my being nominated for a Hugo something that usually happens now? These are the days of miracles and wonder. And as for our old pal, Reddy Vitaha: --aph]

DAVID THAYER, 701 Regency Dr., Hurst, TX
76054: "'Wait a minute! What about Hooper?'

"'Well, what about him?'"
"I asked the other 499 in my circle of friends if they wanted to meet you. All said, 'No!' Ha, Ha, Ha!"

"The talent of a fan editor is not in scattering fillos throughout his pages but in getting the fan artist to contribute them in the first place.

"I've been introducing my daughter to the relevance of science fiction in real life. We watched the Twilight Zone episode in which Ann Francis played a mannequin. Later at the mall we passed an exhibit of high school girls in a static fashion show. Matilda jumped when one blinked. 'See,' I said.

"Even more educational was the kissing scene from Forbidden Planet. The id is a terrible thing to waste.

"So until next week, it's Dative Hydra, signing off."

VELMA J. BOWEN, P.O. Box 175, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156-0175: Like Laurie Yates, I'd prefer to meet fans in their own homes, rather than at cons, but I tend to think that one of the responsibilities of being a TAFF/DUFF winner is to

connect with as many fans as possible -- and that's easier to do at a con. One thing I think would help (maybe is if more past fan fund winners actually published trip reports. I know it's hard to do -- I have problems writing con reports when I compare my writing to, say, Langford's -- but I keep hoping that people will finish their reports, not to I can compare them to anyone else's report, but just so that I can find out what the trip looked like and felt to them. I agree with Barnaby that Corflu and Mexicon sound like more fun than Worldcon and Eastercon, and when stops in other cities can be scheduled by the winners, those seem to work well for all involved."

[I should hasten to add that there is no certainty that Mexicon will continue to exist at this point, and that there is considerable discontent with its state in Britfandom. -- aph]

GERI SULLIVAN, Toad Hall, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315: "As you've heard from almost everybody else, TAFF isn't broken, or on the brink of extinction, or even in need of much tinkering. I'd prefer it remained linked to the Worldcon/Eastercon. With the revival of good fanzine lounges, Fortress Roscoe-style suites, and the like, I think there's a decent meeting point for the TAFF winner coming to the US to connect with 'us.' Worldcons also have the resources to provide a membership and room, and the TAFF write-up in the program book is a good thing.

"I wouldn't mind Corflu, Ditto, and Mexicon continuing to do some stuff with special funds, a la the Harris fund, or Cas and Skel's trip a few years back. But not every year. (Or even twice on Sundays.)

"What I'd most like to see is more communication in print between U.S. and U.K. fandom. Let's get to know each other more and rebuild the enthusiasm for actually meeting each other and spending time together in person. I'm reminded of an odd experience I had during my first trip to the U.K. I went down to London to stay with Rob and Avedon... After leaving Ving's, and having dinner at an Indian Restaurant, Rob, Avedon, Martin Smith (tm), and I went back to 144 Plashet Grove. The conversation soon degenerated into 'what do you like to do? what do you want to see?' and, less precisely stated, 'what do we have in common, what shall we talk about?' These questions never came up during my visits to Daventry or Donaghadee. I was mildly freaked to be so at a loss for conversational intimacy with fans of my own generation after basking in the glow of fannish ease with my so-called fannish elders. Then I realized the crucial difference: while I'd spent convention weekends with all of my hosts in America, I'd been corresponding with Walter and Chuck regularly, for well over a year. But I'd only exchanged one or two letters with Rob and Avedon. We didn't really know each other. We didn't already have a strong friendship in place.

"I've hosted several TAFF and DUFF winners in the past few years. But I didn't know any of them before their trip. I barely knew of them. I'm glad to have had the opportunity to meet them, but, for a recent example, I can't help but think that Abigail Frost probably would have had more fun staying with David Stever and Marge Parmenter, or any of several other Minneapolis fans. If I'd known more about her political interests before her trip, I could have made sure she met some of the many Minneapolitans who share her passion. (Hell, we've even got our own gubernatorial candidate, Will Shetterly. How many fan groups can say that?!)"

[The greatest degree of mundane political ambition I ever saw in a fan was in Madison fringer Don Helley, who once ran for mayor. Your comments

...I had a Roger Daltrey cape on...

...opaque melodies that would bug most people...

in regard to written fanac going before a trip are well-taken. That needs to be part of any fan-fund's process, and no small measure of its benefit is the communication that it fosters between the principles in an interesting, well-documented race. That's a lot more important than whether or not the delegate goes to any specific convention. And Now: -aph]

MORE from VELMA BOWEN: (In re) "'I agree that we may be estranged; but can anyone remember just who it (is?) we are supposed to be estranged from?' These days, I'm not sure who -- apart from apahacks and a few others, who tend to be mentioned in friend's zines - - is out there in British and European fandom. This is in part, of course, my fault for staying in apas so much, but so it goes. At least through the apas I know about twenty or thirty people."

[I would warrant that through those twenty or thirty people, you're only one or two steps away at most from most everybody in the part of fandom that likes to leave a written record of itself. But four postcards in two days from you is ample proof that more people ought to have you on their mailing-lists, even if you are among those Women Who Apahack Too Much. The truth is that everyone feels that they are only a few feet away from the abyssal darkness of Gafia, viz: -aph]

ALGERNON D'AMMASSA,
134 George M. Cohan Blvd., Providence, RI 02903: "I cannot agree that "to...have a sense of difference [as a group] without having a sense of superiority...goes against the grain of human nature." That is an acquired habit, not a genetic trait. You are looking at a picture of the moon and howling!

"P.S. Oho! Not even a WAHF?? Have I truly reached the outer shore of GAFIA?"

[My apologies, sir, from losing track of your letter somewhere in the Stygian murk of my apartment. I think it is ingrained in us to value our own interests in preference to other people's as part of the survival imperative. When we extend moral acceptance to other people and social institutions, we see them as an extension of the self, and innately more worthy of preservation than those we name as the "other." We can dance around in a sweet little Tarantella of semantic confusion about this if we want to, but most ethical precepts take a back seat to self-interest and it's behavioral extensions. I am, at the first and most irreducible level of my consciousness, the hero of my story. But the question of its inevitability is pretty moot, given the near-universal admission of guilt which fanzine fandom seems ready to deliver. -aph]

DON FITCH, 3908
Frijo, Covina, CA 91722: "IT seems to me that there really has long been a strand of deep-seated animosity towards 'outsiders', both in fandom in general and in specific in-groups within the larger whole. At the very least, there must be something wrong, something lacking in them, especially if they've been exposed to our particular sphere of interest and haven't instantly leaped on the bandwagon. It's only a streak, a thread, perhaps, because most of us don't feel it strongly, and are content to merely ignore 'mundanes', 'media fans', 'people who wear stuffed dragons on their shoulders', 'obnoxious neofen' (When that phrase isn't perceived as redundant), and even (as I heard at one Corflu) 'The sort of people who wear tee-shirts at conventions'. But some (almost always, it seems, including some of the Leaders) do generally act on such standards, and thus influence the mores of the others. It's one thing to reinforce the Sense of Group Identity by constructing borders, but quite another to (as I think a too-large number of influential people do) draw the lines of those Borders in

inappropriate places, and turn them into Walls, even though an occasional exception may be made for a specific individual.

"I'm so far on the outer fringes (not merely geographically) of "Los Angeles Fandom" that I'm not even sure that such a thing exists, even though Ted White seems to have a clear Image if it; mostly, what I perceive is small groups which the members presumably think of as 'us', while other fans are 'the rest' and 'mundanes' are 'those others.' The sense of being 'LArea Fans' doesn't seem to be at all well-developed, perhaps because most of these people are only vaguely aware that other fans exist, elsewhere. the sense of Superiority (whether real or imagined) doesn't seem to enter into groups' thinking (with the possible exception of SCIFI, which is one of the smaller groups), though it may play a large part in some individual's Self-Images.

"While it's obvious that fanzines (as we know and want them) must be Participatory, the snag to this is obvious in Apparatchik # 6; the nine people listed under WAHF (and the writers of the almost certainly severely-cut letters which were published) undoubtedly produced much material I'd very much like to read -- but which, absent Great Wealth, you could not manage to publish. That's a problem faced by the editors of all good fanzines, and one to which there seems to be no really satisfactory solution. *sigh*"

[Well, actually, a lot of the letters I didn't print, and the parts which I cut, were often full of "Goshwow, thanks for sending me your really bitchin' fanzine, Andy," which is cool for me to receive, but tedious for you to read. And as I mentioned last week, there are occasionally passages which I don't want to spend space discussing in APAK, no matter how much it would cost to print every inch of every letter I received. And I can always come back to a letter the following week, which just might happen to you, Mr. Lifetime subscriber. But Right Now, Here's something we hope you really like: -aph]

WHY, it's still MORE of VELMA J. BOWEN: "Ah, yes...baseball. Guys with well-developed thighs and asses in tight pants, running around in circles. Who is, or was, Luke Appling?" ["Old Aches and Pains" as he was known, had a 20 year career as a shortstop with the Chicago White Sox, and managed the Kansas City Athletics for 40 games in 1967. Luke won batting titles in 1936 and 1943, and was famous for astounding bat control. He specialized at getting on base, and since that's the basic building block for all offense in baseball, he seems like an appropriate mascot for our league. He entered the Hall of Fame in 1964. Many contemporary baseball fans remember him for the home run he hit at age 76 in an old-timers game in RFK stadium. but the real reason I named the league after him is that he holds the record for consecutive foul balls in a single at-bat. The story goes (possibly apocryphal, but I think there's a kernel of truth to it) is that the management of the White Sox, always notoriously cheap, told Appling to stop giving so many balls away to kids in the stands. His response was to intentionally spray over a dozen foul balls into the crowd during the first at-bat of the following game, and word came down quickly from the front office that they had changed their mind. -- aph]

ALSO HEARD FROM: Steve Stiles (A copy of the mailing list is on the way, Steve, and the average issue of Spent Brass costs between eighty and one-hundred dollars), Dave Rike, and Tracy Shannon. And there are probably a few others that I've managed to lose somewhere around here. The correspondence is starting to pile up in drifts as high as a small child's chest.

A half an hour later she had frenched his fry....

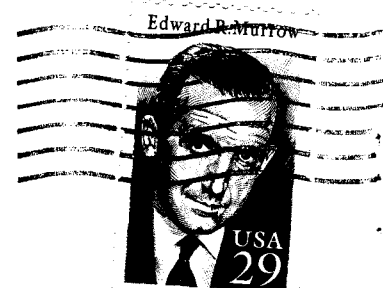
[APPARATCHIK IS THE FANNISH EQUIVALENT OF JUGGED EELPOUTS IN MUSTARD, almost as bad to think about as it is to eat. You can get three months worth of it for \$3.00, or a year's worth for \$12.00, or a lifetime supply for \$19.73, or in exchange for a few published LoCs or maybe it appears in your mailbox at the bidding of a shadowy international conspiracy, which has willed our whole subculture into being as a way to express their alienation from God and modern ethical thought. Soon, you will begin to find little brook trout and baseball players in dusty boxes that you know you haven't touched for years. And what of the photo on the wall, which once bore a face that was very important to you, but now you can't recognize them at all? Phantom memories, the house at Lake Ladoga, the taste of real turnips in a fresh pasty, the eight-track of "Frampton Comes Alive" that got left on the dash in the sun all day when you went to Busch Gardens, and had turned into something from a Dali painting when you returned, but now here it is, whole, playing on the ethereal deck of the heart while fireflies rise up from the long weeds and you smell the peppery turnips in the distant kitchen. Lifetime Subscribers to date: Don Fitch and Geri Sullivan. This is my plan for the near future: Two more weekly issues, # 10 to be handed around at Corflu. After that, a two week layoff to coincide with some further travelling, and to give me a chance to think of something worth writing. # 11, the first bi-weekly number, will be out on Thursday, the 16th of June.

I'm sorry that I don't have the wherewithal to offer much of my own writing this issue, but the project I've been working on has sucked a bit more time than I had originally hoped. Lots of research, and poring over tiny little lines of statistics, all piled up on top of each other. I'm finding out amazing things, the surprising team on-base percentages of last year's contenders, the remarkable bullpen production of teams like Milwaukee and Cleveland, the way that Jose Lind of the Royals seems to think that drawing a walk is some kind of social disease -- that kind of thing. Doesn't leave a lot of time for fanac, though.

FANZINES received this week: Rogue Raven # 46, Frank Denton; gfs, Geri Sullivan; Spindizzy # 3, Joyce Worley Katz; Last of the Spirit Duplicators, Harry Andruschak, Ansible #81, Dave Langford. Thank yew. -aph]

...into a motor vessel. With shortened masts, no main boom for her...

APPARATCHIK # 8
C/O Andrew P. Hooper
4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103
Seattle, WA 98103



Address Correction Requested

Joe Siclari & Edie Stern
4599 NW 5th Ave.
Boca Raton, FL 33431

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