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APPARATCHIK

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This is the sixty-third issue of a bi-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. Send correspondence to Victor at 403 1/2 Garfield Street S., #11, Tacoma, WA 98444, and at Gonzalez@beringa.tribnet.com (note change). See the back page for availability and trade info, including the addresses of our British and Australian mailing agents. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #267. **Apparatchiki:** Steve Green, Irwin Hirsh, Lesley Reece, Martin Tudor & Pam Wells. Three cheers for the red, white and ghu!

Issue #63, July 4th, 1996

Don't think I won't hit you

Compiled by Andy

HAVE YOU MADE PLANS TO attend Toner yet? It's now less than two months away, you know. Toner is a fannish relaxicon planned for the week-end prior to the Worldcon,

August 23 to 26th, at the Four Queens Hotel and Casino in downtown Las Vegas. Tom Springer is heading it up on behalf of those Vegas trufans, and if there's one thing Tom and his compadres are best at, it's putting on a party. The membership rate is just \$20.00, and single or double rooms at the Four Queens are only \$51.00 a night. A number of people are already planning to fly into Vegas and then put together rental car-pools for the trip down to Los Angeles — the average savings on air fare between arriving in Vegas and at LAX is about enough to cover a one-half or one-third share of the cost of the car, plus a few bucks left over for video poker.

Fans who attended Precursor last August know that the energy and ambience was supremely fannish, and no one was yet exhausted by the struggle to merely survive at the Worldcon. And as with last year's event, there are at least a few fans coming who don't plan to be in LA at all. And who knows who will take the pie in the face this year?

Toner has invited the delightful and fannishly supersaturated Geri Sullivan to appear as their guest, and TAFF delegate Martin Tudor and his wife Helena Gough will be there as well — again, a chance to meet and talk with them before we all disappear into the howling maw of madness in Anaheim. And

besides, how much work do you really get done the week before Worldcon anyway?

Contact Tom Springer at 2255 E. Sunset #2030, Las Vegas, NV 89119 for more details. Hope to see you there! IT'S BEEN A QUIET TWO WEEKS for news in fandom, at least as far as I can tell. There was a vigorous flame war on some Usenet groups over Harlan Ellison and his work, but one could say that almost every week. One interesting project underway is a plan to bring Gary Farber to the U.K. for Novacon this November. They've even held an event to raise money for this project, entitled "Farberday," a sort of picnic/carnival/festival of ritual haircuts, where flavoured condoms and Abi Frost's old cigarette butts were auctioned off to help bring the Titan of Usenet to Old Blighty (inane mid-sentence capitals used in Gary's honor). Most Americans have observed that they'd be happy to contribute if only Britfandom would promise to keep him. Anyone over there able to offer us a report on the festivities?

I HOPE TO SOON BE ABLE to offer a listing of fanthologies, memorials and other special fan projects in print. If fan editors holding stocks of such publications would be willing to send us word of what they have and what they want for them, we'd be happy to list you in a special section of Apak 66 or thereabouts. WE OFFER OUR SYMPATHY to the friends and family of Jason Ligon, 22, a Bay-Area fan and costumer, founder of the alternative fan club "The Black Fleet," who died in a motorcycle accident on the 25th of June. Jason was a rising star in costuming fandom, and will no doubt be sorely missed. IF ANYONE READING THIS can spare a little positive energy, try directing it toward our friend and mentor Walter Willis, who will be undergoing surgery for correction of spinal stenosis this month. Interestingly enough, Philadelphia Phillie outfielder Len Dykstra will have the same operation around the same time. Eerie similarities continue to mount, as Dykstra is, like Willis, a well-known hot dog fancier, who once let his shower shoes drift away in the Phillies' hydrotherapy tub.



IN THIS ISSUE: When you've finished reading the aimless ramblings, turn the page for Lesley Reece's explanation of the origin and purpose of her deep affection for black clothing. Australian readers should check the Lake of Fire for items especially of interest to them. Then, welcome Heather Wright with some insight into the strange world of cockatiel motherhood. Letters from divers hands attached to fans like Peter Roberts, Kim Huett, Murray Moore, Joseph Nicholas and even a few grubby Americans grace this issue's lettercol. Victor offers his assessment of Arnie Katz' new project VFD, and Andy follows suit with the fanzine countdown. *Cartoons: page one by Ian Gunn, page two & the LIZARD-LOGO by Lesley Reece.*

Tracking Global Happiness

Black Flag

by Lesley Reece

ONCE WHEN I WAS ABOUT nine, my mother brought me along to "help" her with a charity rummage sale. She didn't have to tell me to be good and not terrorize any-

one there. I rarely did anything like that. All I wanted to do in those days (much like now) was read anything I could get my hands on. That day was no different. While she carried boxes around and yacked with her friends, I quickly found a large pile of ancient magazines and dragged them off into a corner behind a moldy-smelling steamer trunk where no one would bother me.

I sat there for a couple of hours, wondering at the ads in several 1950s editions of Ladies Home Journal. "Wow," I remember thinking, "how do all those moms wash the floor in high heels and fluffy dresses?" Didn't they know about jeans and sneakers? And everyone seemed so happy to see TV dinners. My mother didn't believe in those, so we never had them. Not that I felt deprived or anything. I was sort of repelled by them, actually, not only by the bony ends of the chicken legs, but especially by those pasty blobs of taters, sitting there in their little triangular areas, their square yellow butter pats melting greasily off into the corners. I didn't feel too sorry for the magazine families, though, because even if they didn't eat as well as my own family did, they all had cars like the ones on Perry Mason.

The magazines got older and older as I worked my way down. At the very bottom, under some mildewed National Geographic (which I must admit I never liked), I found something really cool: a 1912 ladies' magazine. I forget now what it was called. It didn't have any photos, just drawings, but I started reading the articles anyway. The best one was about selecting clothes on a tight budget.

There were a lot of things you could do, it said, if you could only afford one nice dress. First, you should choose a discreet dressmaker who wouldn't tell everyone in town about your financial situation. "Discreet?" I wondered, then I realized that there were no discount stores in those days. I was still puzzled about the "discreet" thing, however, mostly because I had a hard time imagining being able to afford only one nice dress. I almost never wore any of the closetful of nice dresses I had at home. I hated every single one of them.

I don't have the magazine anymore; it vanished long ago. But I can still see the second suggestion the article made, just as if I had it in my hands. "If you are only going to have one good dress," it said, "the color it must be is black. No one will recognize a black dress from day to day. You may rather have a brown one, but if that is what you choose, very soon other ladies will begin to say, 'Here comes Mrs. — in that awful brown dress again!'"

Though that advice was lost on me for a long time, I remembered it as soon as I started having to buy my own clothes. For the last fifteen years, the overwhelming majority of the items in my wardrobe have been black. Frankly, I can't understand why everyone else hasn't taken advantage of this strategy. Black is practical. It hides the coffee stains that are inevitable when the guy at the espresso stand you frequent doesn't know how to put lids on tight. And when all your clothes are the same color, it really cuts down on early-morning wardrobe angst. I never even have to look in a mirror; I know I match. Doing the laundry is a snap, except when you have to find a certain item in a pile of black stuff.

I realize that not everyone feels the way I do, but I often wonder what it is about a black wardrobe that seems to upset people so. I mean, I don't mind the teasing anymore. I laugh when I hear shouts of "Going to a funeral?" I even thought it was pretty darn funny when Hooper gave me the title of "Commissar of Gothic Fashion."

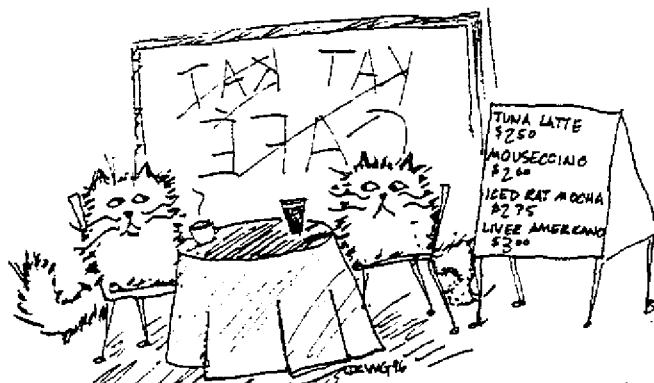
That stuff's harmless. But my clothes have caused me some unexpected problems. In the late eighties, I had a boss who asked me, in a do-this-or-get-fired tone of voice, to "wear more cheerful clothing." Shocked by his chutzpah, I said nothing, but glared malevolently at him until he got nervous and went away. When he was out of earshot, I immediately grabbed the phone and called the Human Resources department. They confirmed my suspicions: the company dress code covered style, but not the color of employee dress. I ignored my boss's edict. That time, I won.

Much scarier was the day I looked out the window of the house I used to live in and saw the landlord — who was actually a couple of cans short of a six-pack, but he was still the landlord — kneeling in my driveway, clutching a crucifix and praying for the demons to be cast out of the house. I called his daughter, and she told me he had decided, largely because of my clothing, that I was an "evil witch." In other words, I was too weird, even though I wasn't the one who went around performing driveway exorcisms. I decided to forfeit that round. I moved.

Last week, one of my friends at school told me that a mutual acquaintance, puzzled by my wardrobe, had asked her if someone I knew had died recently. Clearly, people are going to continue thinking my wardrobe is odd. I don't care, though. I'd look a lot stupider in unmatching clothes with coffee stains all over them. Besides, this way, the "other ladies" will never be able to say, "Here comes Lesley in that awful brown dress again!"



The concept of public restrooms makes sense.



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"EVER CONSIDERED HAVING YOUR WHISKERS STRAIGHTENED?"

THE LAKE OF FIRE

Harvested by Andy

WE JUST GOT THIS NOTE FROM Irwin Hirsh, regarding his production of the Australian edition of Apak: 'News Flash! I've been indirectly caught out at work doing private photocopying. They don't mind me using their machine, but want me to bring in my own paper. The upshot is that a) it'll cost about 8-10 cents more to produce a copy of Apak, and b) our Aussie sub rates are now too low. I suggest \$4.50, \$17.00, and \$28.09.'

We're very grateful to Irwin for risking such trouble to bring Apak to our Australian readers, and will indeed note the

continued on page 3

Cockatiel Toes

By Heather Wright

GWION WAITED FOR A conspecific after Punk Rock, through New Wave, and into Alternative Music. He and I moved into an apartment in a

brainwave-eating plant which mimicked a big brick house, by the Ravine of the Slug in the University District. Accident-prone Nancy Pigeon was our guest, briefly. And then I found Suibne (Sweeney) Pigeon, a dirty and confused juvenile, and gave him a bath and a home. He grew into a splendid adult who dated a Converse Hi-Top before deciding that I must be his mate.

When I failed to accept the towel cabinet as a suitable place to lay my eggs, Suibne must have realized that things would not work out between us. After several trips to Lake Washington, Suibne finally joined a flock of pigeons and did not beat the car home to greet me at the window. I see more large, glossy, black pigeons around the lake eight years later, so I believe he found a mate.

Gwion never mistook a Converse Hi-Top, or me, or a pigeon, a parrot, a snake, or his mirror, for another *nymphicus hollandicus*. He waited like Yiddish Theatre for a cockatiel hen.

The giant slug in the ravine rasped on, and threatened the plant we lived in. The apartment changed. It wanted more than brainwaves. Gwion watched me crawl across the floor to make phone calls during the day, to find the molecules to patch my cell walls enough that I could stand up by evening. Then I could dance all night, and pay the rent. But the slug was a landlord about it, and rent was incidental: the walls were thickening with enzymes. It was time to move.

It would have been enough to escape, but we went to live with Randy the photographer on Capitol Hill, where his apartment smelled like vanilla and photography, sun and pine incense, linden flowers, blueberries, plastic, camphor, cinnamon, wax, and no sleep. It was spring. Gwion perched on photographic equipment and ruled.

Randy and I returned from a fashion show one night and saw a white cockatiel hen in the window of the pet store on Broadway, under the pink neon light. It was long after midnight and she was awake, shredding some nylon fibers. We named her Bronwen of Broadway. The neon light was on all night, always.

When I brought Bronwen home in a box, an unsmiling man on the street said one word to me in a low-pitched voice: BLONDIE.

Gwion and Bronwen met through the bars of two cages, and they soon enjoyed calcium cake and millet in one cage.

When a rain storm came, they mated. We gave them all sorts of supplements and nesting food.

Bronwen loved her eggs, and guarded them well. She and Gwion shared hatching duties equally, in shifts. They hissed and lunged if we got too close to the eggs. They were both perfect parents until pink, monstrous, vulture-headed reptiles destroyed the eggs from within, and needed care. The peanut-sized pink things went chip-chip-chip. Bronwen stared at them with her glassy raspberry eyes, and Gwion fed them.

We noticed red streaks on our white bird. Randy and I looked into the nest box, and it was painted with blood. The babies were peeping, and we wondered if Bronwen had hurt herself. A second look: the babies were missing feet! Their toes were gone; they had only blunt little stumps. Everything looked red. The babies went chip-chip-chip, asking for food. They had stopped bleeding. Their eyes had not opened yet. This was one of the years when night or day could happen at any time, in any combination and sequence, in our apartment. I know the light was on, and too bright. And anything could instantly expand in the zoom-lens atmosphere. The worst annoyance had been the distraction of noticing each color of each tiny bit of lint in the air, on the walls, in water. Where, for example, had those five or more dark green-blue fiber bits come from? Our clothes were black for just this reason: to avoid distraction. Now we did not see the colors of dust. But we saw the translucent mauve eyelids of the four tiny babies, and their ginger root yellow fuzz, and their delicate pink skin. We saw no toes, no feet really, just legs that ended. The parents chirped and hissed. Our faces were wet. I realize we were both crying. I held all four babies in the palm of one hand. Without any discussion, we started flushing the toilet, one of those serious apartment toilets that can just keep flushing. It made a whirlpool. I tossed the babies in and they were gone.

About a year later, we let Bronwen and Gwion have more chicks. This time, no toes were eaten. Gwion was an excellent father, doing most of the work of feeding the babies. The only questionable thing he did was when he consumed a green onion and fed onion-pulp to the babies, which made them seem like pink, spiny burping matzo balls. They looked like little old men, and they hissed and roared early every morning for warm cereal with fish meal and peanut butter. Bronwen didn't like feeding the babies, and avoided it, but at least she did not eat their toes.

All of the offspring of Gwion and Bronwen have become healthy, friendly, interactive birds. Several have gone on to be very good parents, and none of them eat toes.



Not all Mokele-Mbebe sightings can be explained as elephants.

rise in the rates for antipodean subscription rates. Not that this is a really important distinction, since, aside from the few Australian fans whose correspondence and art you've seen in these pages, and one or two more who trade their fanzines, we have not heard ONE GODDAMN WORD from the various fans who have been receiving the fruits of Irwin's labors. Since it takes a while for word to trickle down to the southern hemisphere, we give these people until issue #65 to let us know they want to go on receiving Apparatchik, or we'll find some other lazy fake-fans to annoy.

HEY EVERYBODY! Jon Singer says hi! Also, he offers this new address, for people who would like to talk to him about exotic fungi and left-handed bowling technique: 10402 SE 16th St.,

Bellevue, WA 98004-7142, telephone (206) 688-1263. How's that ankle healing, Jon?

VICTOR'S E-MAIL ADDRESS IS NOW:

Gonzalez@beringa.tribnet.com.

Through no fault of his own! For some reason, all mail without the "Beringa" domain has begun bouncing. Please update your address files.

WE HAVE WRESTLED with this moral dilemma for some time, but have decided to be practical, as well as shameless: Voting for us in the Hugo awards cannot be given a monetary subscription equivalent, as that would be buying votes, but a recitation of your pleasure at having voted for us at some upcoming fan kultureklatch will likely make us your pals eternal.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH here: Lots of triff and spiff mail has come in over the past few weeks. We start with HOWARD WALDROP (Box 5103 Oso General Store, 30230 Oso Loop Road, Arlington, WA 98223), who paused before heading south to ConDiablo to respond to Murray Moore's recent account of seeing a feature film set at a convention and his belief that it was the first such production in fan history:]

The Adventures of Gary (1968) dir. Mark Lamberti, starring Gary Acord, Larry Herndon, moi, Tom Reamy (who stole the film playing a Mad-Magazine-"Fumbles"-type assistant henchman). Filmed at the Dallas Comic-con, 18 mins. Various hilarious continuity errors, obeying of turn signal and boulevard stop laws during high-speed car chases, etc: sound not more than 10 seconds out of synch, etc. (My disguise as Black Howard was a vest that reversed from green-side-out to black-side-out.) Actually shown at early 70s film festivals around the U.S. *Marriage of Shan-dor and G-Narr the Victor* not the first film ever set at a con: first feature maybe. Are there fictional films based on the Exclusion Act? Did Tucker star in *Who Sawed Courtney's Boat*? Is there a whole cinema out there, like the Micheaux black feature films, based on and starring fans and fandom?

[APH: One wonders, and indeed, one certainly hopes so. There are numerous accounts of odd film projects in fan history, many of them dating from the fifties, from both sides of the Atlantic, but there seems to be singularly little note of such films breaking into something we could call the mainstream. Of course, if there is anyone who would know about this, it is Stu Shiffman, whose exercises in creative film history are quite legendary. We've been trying to lure Stu back into our compass for a couple of months now, after we so aggrieved him by rabbit-punching his friend Jerry Kaufman; perhaps this subject will serve as a stimulus for further words from him.]

[VMG: I hereby nominate Howard for the Gary Deindorfer Memorial Award. Howard outdoes Deindorfer, but there's no one else to compare him to.]

[APH: Moving along, I now face the music from JANICE MURRAY (P. O. Box 75684, Seattle, WA 98125-0684, e-mailable at 73227.2641@CompuServe.com), who didn't much care for my creative quotation of her in issue #60:

'I was a bit startled to read your page one piece in Apparatchik 60. It triggered a reflexive response I seem to have developed from high school journalism classes. I always believed that when someone puts a sentence in quotation marks it means the writer has gone to certain lengths to make sure the words are being quoted verbatim. These quotations were not only not verbatim, but were far enough off to possibly cause my motivations to be misunderstood.

I mentioned this to Alan and he informs me that what we have here is just an example of a literary device that is rather common in fanzine writing. Everybody who reads this will understand that it is a Dramatic Interpretation, if you will, and no one would perceive it to be technically accurate.

Is this common? Have I read fanzine articles in the past, thinking them to be a true rendition, when they were in fact written with a penchant for hyperbole? (For instance, maybe it isn't true that at British conventions all the men do is get drunk in the bar and bitch all weekend.)

'One of the reasons I am so concerned about this is that

I've noticed in the Australia/New Zealand Apa that Australian fans do not speak ill of their fellow fans, even when they really deserve it and everybody knows it. I am planning to stand for DUFF again this year and I don't want people to think that the conversation as presented in APAK #60 accurately depicts my usual modus operandi. That, as they say, Will Not Do.

I would appreciate some feedback on this subject. If most of your readers do accept such prose as quasi-fiction, maybe I can take the leash off of my own fanwriting and start producing zines that are much more memorable.

'Thanks for letting me bring up the subject for debate.'

[VMG: The question you raise here is a good one. In my understanding, not all quotes in fan writing need to be correct; we do dabble in sarcasm, satire and overstatement. Also, parties and conventions are rarely great places to take notes. I would say that a remembered quote should be as carefully rendered as possible, with an emphasis on the speaker's intended meaning. If what appears is presented as an accurate rendition of the truth, then the standards of journalism should apply. But, in many cases of fan articles, we are going for amusement value instead of journalism. We run risks in offending people who are sure "I didn't say that," but we also depend on the fannish literary convention that Alan mentioned. In general, this is more easily done with fans one knows rather than those one doesn't.]

[APH: I appreciate your making such a measured response to something which was clearly a source of discomfort to you. I think it is a fairly common practice in fandom to be rather liberal or even careless with the use of true quotes — so much so that the late Terry Carr found it convenient to invent and use something called "semi-quotes," which captured the spirit of a person's words without having to recall them in toto. I really ought to have used such a device in the piece about our discussion in #60, although I must admit I thought I had recalled most of what was said with reasonable accuracy. People do make free with quotations where they shouldn't in fandom, but it usually clear from the context that they do so as a humorous device, and I thought that was what I was doing in #60.

But that's a feeble defense, given the harm you feel you've suffered as a result of my attempts at humor. For the record, Janice said a lot of complimentary things about Kim Huett as well as the very mild complaints which I chose to mention. She and Alan did *not* really choose to keep Kim all to themselves, that really was just a joke; they took him to a wide variety of fannish events during his stay, and I think he met a large chunk of Seattle fandom in the process. For the most part, Janice does *not* bad-mouth people, and has a much more forgiving attitude toward people's foibles than a lot of fans I know. I think she'd be an excellent DUFF candidate and delegate, and would be happy to back that up with a nomination, if she ever had to sink so low as to seek one from me.

But as far as the practices of British fans at conventions are concerned, I'm afraid you're on your own, Janice.

Before moving on to another apology, here's a postcard from TEDDY HARVIA (701 Regency Dr., Hurst TX 76054-2307):]

'Addressing what might well be my 100th postcard to you, I mentally calculated that by simply writing you a check for a lifetime subscription to Apparatchik I could realize an instant

Nevertheless, the albatross had been tied around my neck.

time savings and within a year a monetary savings of almost \$1.50 per month (in postage and picture postcards).

'A letter by Brian Earl Brown in Christina Lake's latest *Balloons over Bristol* made me see how un-American Apparatchik is. Most North American fan editors publish "two or three issues worth of material at a time to make up for the two or three issues worth of time between issues." You suffer from neither procrastination nor its guilt.'

[APH: No, You're quite right; my sins are generally of commission, rather than omission. I notice that you chose to send both a postcard and a check for \$19.73; as usual, these appeals tend to work best on the people who have already contributed more than enough. But you have our thanks nonetheless.

A note now from TOMMY FERGUSON (42 Ava Drive, Belfast BT7 3DW, Northern Ireland), who expresses his appreciation for the late Ethel Lindsay:]

'As I'm sure you've now heard Ethel Lindsay died recently and I'm proud to say I had the privilege of meeting her. She was the only person who sent a loc to every one of the seven issues of *Gotterdamering* and always had something constructive to say (something that I also used to get from *Atom* on my early issues of *TASH* which, by any standards, were crap).

'The weird thing is that my favorite fan writer Chuck Harris also featured prominently in her own zine from the (fifties?) and sixties *Scottishe* — where I found the original runs of the *Goon Defective Agency*, one of the great series of fan stories. Thanks to Walt Willis, who is in the process of moving house now, I now have the pleasures of these zines in person.

'A wonderful person, a joy to be with and an example of how fandom can be a wonderful place solely because of the people who live there. It will be that much smaller now that Ethel has left.

'A personal note on Bob Shaw — he attended every single *Novacon* in Birmingham except one. That was when he was guest of honor at a Belfast convention I naively (and mistakenly) organized on the same date. *NICon '87*. Without even telling me, and my committee, of this stupendous error, he was a fantastic guest of honour and made the whole convention a real joy to attend.

'Not a good year for the fannish roses.

'On a slightly happier note, many thanks for the wonderful review of *Gotterdamering* that you carried, it has garnered a lot of enquiries and we are now going to have to go into a reprint. *Gotterdamering* number 8 should be out before I head off to Canada. (Any fans in the St. Catherine's/Niagara Falls area? I'll be holding there two weeks in August before making the move to Toronto in late October or early November...)

[APH: Belfast's loss will certainly be Toronto's gain.

Maybe you can galvanize Toronto fandom into publishing something other than apa-hacking and clubzines again...]

WALTER A. WILLIS (32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, Northern Ireland BT21 0PD) also has some thoughts of and for Sister Ethel that he wants to share with us:]

'I was very upset to hear of Ethel's death. I had just written to her, in a letter which must have arrived the day after her death, delayed by a one-day postal strike. For some reason I feel like sending it to you. Herewith:

"Dear Ethel,

"I got your new address from the June issue of *Ansible* and resolved to write to you. I had no difficulty in thinking of what

to say because of something I had just read in a copy of *Hyphen* 22 I was sending to Martin Tudor for auction at the Los Angeles Worldcon. It was a letter from, guess who, your good self. You say —

"While fandom is always "just a hobby" that at times requires keeping in its place, have you ever thought that it can be — as an abstract thing — a very comforting thought? As long as you belong in fandom, you can never be lonely. To you, with your family, loneliness may never be a possibility, but in my job I see so many lonely men and women. Not always very old people either. I reflect then how lucky I am to be so rich in friends.'

"That was back in 1959, and seems prophetic now, doesn't it? Certainly I cannot think of anyone else so rich in friends. For myself, you are in a special category ever since you told me my column in *Nebula* was instrumental in bringing you into fandom. I have felt proud of you ever since, as well as fond of you in a more personal way.

"You may have read in the most recent *SF CHRONICLE* that I was admitted to hospital for observation following a stroke. Actually it was for a spinal stenosis and the full story is set out in the attached copy of a letter to Elinor Busby, which you may find of some professional interest. I sent a copy of it to the consultant concerned, which was a fannish thing to do, and amazingly effective. He sent for me at his outpatient clinic, thanked me for the letter and said he suspected the hospital had not been altogether fair to me. He has arranged my operation for reduction of the stenosis in July.

"This is the first time I have been taken for a confused old man, but I suppose that at the age of 76 I should have been on my guard against it."

[VMG: I just wanted to thank you personally for sending your letter to Ethel along, Walt. It not only helps make her personality real for those of us who didn't meet her, it also makes a significant positive statement about why we value fandom.]

[APH: Back to the apologies now. JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU) points out some more foolish mistakes on my part:]

'Many thanks for Apparatchik 61, and indeed for several previous issues to which we have not responded due to other pressures. Many thanks also for the generous review therein of *FTT 20*, but it contains a grievous error: the US travelogue was written not by Judith but by her brother Julian Hanna as clearly stated in the italicized introduction to the article and indeed the name that appeared below the title. One wonders how the reviewer could possibly have made such an extraordinary mistake... unless they simply weren't paying attention?

I note also that the review refers to my article in *FTT 20* as a "column" — and I recall that the same term was applied to my article in *FTT 19*, although I can't see why. Unless there is a particularly US meaning to the word which yet evades me, I cannot see how two separate articles with different titles about two different subjects can possibly be described as installments of a "column."

Tonight a Friends of the Earth meeting, tomorrow a meeting at work about an EC Directive, this weekend our midsummer party; and to all this must be added a pile of reading to catch up on, shelves to finish varnishing, a bookcase to paint, a bath surround to renew, frogs to watch, *American Gothic* to enjoy. There's no time like the right time, sung The Standells (or was it? Paul Williams will surely know), and now

only by picking what had lasted the most well (or worn the less badly) could we have fulfilled the task

is obviously not the right time to attempt a loc on Apparatchik!

[VMG: In all sincerity, Joseph, it will be a lot easier to attend all those meetings if you removed that stick that's up your butt. The error of authors is significant, but he clearly read the piece. "Column" is a more vague term than you are presenting, but I think the author's intention, not the reader's interpretation, should be the guide to labeling something like that. If the reviewer believes the writer is in error in how they label their work, he is free to say so.]

[APH: Admittedly, the failure to correctly note the author of Julian's article was an egregious one, and I apologize sincerely to both him and Judith for my incorrect attribution. This particular error occurred at least in part because FTT 20 arrived on Apak final deadline day, and I didn't want to hold it over for the next issue. I took the time to read the different articles and editorials, and swiftly skimmed over the lettercol, and then rushed to get a review done before Carl arrived to help configure Apak. I do recall being bothered by the authorship of the piece, since I figured if Judith had traveled all over America in the manner of Julian's trip, I would probably have heard something about it.

Victor gives me more credit than I deserve as to my terminology in addressing your work. While one could argue that the common threads of politicization and a certain disdain for conventional culture which run through most of your work suggest sufficient relationship to warrant the use of the term "column," the truth is I just don't know or care enough about the specific definitions involved to make such a case. I am not, in the definition which most of our readers would use, a particularly educated person. My work here would best be described as "meatball fanac," as removed from your style and attention to detail as battlefield amputation is from microsurgery. I understand the imperative you feel to belabor such minutiae as suggested by your second paragraph, but as I have said in the past, I sincerely doubt that it will ever lead to any satisfaction for you.

Should your back-garden frogs ever ask for a king, I hope you tell them to DIY.

Speaking of belaboring minutiae (oh, you know we love it, George) GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn. Cambridge, MA 02142) is back with another mixture of anecdote and correction:]

"Thanks for Apparatchik 62 (and for the added opportunities to deploy the serial comma). I see that only 8 of your 9 loccers are listed on the first page; you did that to see if I'd notice, didn't you?

"The zine I just got from Christina Lake says her Massachusetts address is good till the end of November, not for "the next sixty days."

"Afterthoughts on the Moskowitz vs. Wollheim business: You know at Noreascon 3 in 1989 we celebrated the anniversary of the first Worldcon by offering free memberships to anyone who attended or was excluded from it. I was at least mildly concerned about the possibility of old feuds being rekindled. Looks as if I was right to worry. (I hear that Harlan Ellison gave a speech to the HWA a few weeks ago denouncing the Wollheims as thieves; well, at least that was for alleged offenses within living memory . . .)

"I may have already told you that I've been copyediting a forthcoming biography of H.P. Lovecraft. It's rather *eldritch* strange to read this detailed critical analysis of some of his

early writings, and then realize these are *apazines* we're talking about! (Though of course the word didn't exist yet: they called them "papers.") Meanwhile I'm also working on collections by James White (*The White Papers* for L.A.con; to save editing time we're standardizing on American style for his pro writings, British style for the fan stuff) and Dave Langford (*The Silence of the Langford*). All this is fascinating, but it does tend to cut into my loccking time."

[APH: Yes, I apologize for having misremembered Christina's travel plans. I knew the number six was involved, but it turned out to be six months, not six weeks.

Not that I'm above simple jealousy here, but how did Langford get this great recurring gig with NESFA to have all his grocery lists reprinted in such lovely hardback editions, anyway? Do the 14 Hugo awards have anything to do with it? Maybe someday I can get such a collection in print. I think I'll call it *I, Bastard*.

Let no one read anything read anything into the juxtaposition of that last line with this letter from Kim Huett (P.O. Box 679, Woden, Act 2606, Australia), who found a big heap of Apaks waiting for him when he got home:]

"So now I'm finally receiving Apparatchik on a regular basis, and how do I reward you? By not writing! Shame on me! I suppose the best I can do in these difficult circumstances is try to make some comment on those issues which have accumulated since my return to Canberra. I think I shall start way back when with #54.

"I must mention how much I appreciate Ted White's comments on the Beatles. Beatleologist Nicholas Schaffner has described the recording of the *Revolver* and *Rubber Soul* albums as being the point in their career where everything turned from black and white to full colour, just like that scene in *The Wizard of Oz*. For me personally this is the point when rock music as a whole went from one to the other. It almost certainly would have happened without them but that does nothing to lessen their efforts in my mind.

"Lesley Reece's description of favouring the book over the pc comes as no surprise to me. The book is the artifact we were brought up with and it's asking a lot of us to switch over to a very different sort of artifact this late in the game. The interesting question is will the generations now growing up who will have interacted with computers all their lives still find they prefer to curl up with a book. Is the book an inherently more convenient method of reading, or is it merely so for us because we had to adapt to its ways when we were growing up?

"I think the next item you should lend Lesley is Fanthology 1981 so she might read Ted White's explanation of fannish packaging. It may not change her mind about commercial printing, but it certainly will help her to understand the other side of the coin better. While you're at it you might like to ask Ted for his thoughts about the personal touch in current fanzine layout and production. I for one would be interested in knowing if he thinks the handcrafted look has vanished entirely or if vestiges remain, and if so what are they. You might also like to make it clearer to Lesley that the major reason Walt and Bob seemed so down on offset and litho was due to the expense of using them at that time. Assuming that is that she didn't deliberately misunderstand their point in order make one of her own. She strikes me as a subtle woman so anything is possible.

"P.S. Apparatchik #60 arrived just after I completed the hand-written draft of this letter so I thought I should tack some

"LAUGH OR ELSE"

sort of acknowledgment onto the end. I am flattered, one more step towards becoming a legend. Further response may come later after deeper reflection. To quote Kelsey Grammer as Frasier: "The mark of a man is one who knows he can't control his circumstances — but he can control his responses."

[VMG: The phrase "handcrafted look" has a nice meaning in the current debate over modes of production. Computers have simplified the task of making a fanzine so much that "handcrafting" takes more time than the rest of the process. In the old days, I imagine, adding a personal touch to fanzines was a little more integrated into the longer and more involved process. The art of "design," while never the strongest suit of all fans, has seemed to disappear.

Wild Heirs is a fine example of a fanzine where text is pumped into templates, with little individuality or specialness to the layout and design. Look to the finely designed and illustrated Teloses and Izzards for a fairly modern look at truly great fanzine production. But most of those were done on mimeo. Personally, I think Blat! is a good example of a modern, photocopied, well-designed zine. As much thought went into that as did into the mimeo'd fanzines of the past. On the other hand, we've seen quite a few Wild Heirs since the last Blat!]

[APH: I should think you've earned the right to relax about your rate of contribution, Kim, Your place on the mailing list is safe.

I think the problem which faces the contemporary fanzine editor is taking advantage of the bells and whistles of their dtp software, while still giving their publication some measure of soul, some characteristic which another fan, using the same software, would not have created. I like to think that Apak, even though now composed in Pagemaker, still has some qualities which mark it as a product of our particular editorial bund.

Personally, I think there's nothing wrong with Wild Heirs that just slightly smaller type couldn't address. Plus, what degree of design should really be expected from a senior editor who can barely see the screen?

I'm glad you were not too offended by the things I wrote about you, Kim. Like I said earlier, we enjoyed your visit and regarded you as one of the more congenial fans to pass through Seattle over the past few years.

MURRAY MOORE (377 Manly Street, Midland, Ontario, L4R 3E2 Canada, e-mail at murray.moore@encode.com) points out a fannish departure we have not mentioned in these pages:]

'Is Norm Clarke's death generally known? The only mention I have seen is in STEFANTASY 118. Bill Morse of Tweed, Ont., in a letter dated Dec. 18 to STEF editor Bill Danner: "I don't know whether you knew about Norm Clarke (obit enclosed) but he was also a well-known FAPAn. There's no mention of Gina, which tends to confirm vague rumours that they had parted."

[APH: I had seen some mention of it before, but not much notice seems to have been taken. And even less is known of Gina Clarke, who appears to have disappeared completely from the fannish scene almost 20 years ago.

People do occasionally reappear after such a long time imbedded in the ice pack; case in point, one PETER ROBERTS (P.Roberts@lion.rbgkew.org.uk), who does get around:]

'Many thanks as ever for yet more star-spangled issues of

your non-generic newszine. Yes. I did go to the Great Smoky Mountains after Corflu, rented a Mercury, cruised the freeways, turned the country music station up loud, waved to the good ol' boys in their pick-up trucks, and generally had a splendid time. On account of the driving snow, I didn't actually see any Great Smoky Mountains . . . but I was getting over-excited anyway, so it was probably just as well. I'll be back.

'You'll be touched to know I thought about you last month, Andy. I was trying to get a drink from a river (life can be tough sometimes) when I noticed that as well as the shoals of fish waiting for me to fall in, there were also several small shrimps lurking nonchalantly around the edges trying to pretend that shrimps normally lived in rivers and not in the sea.

'When I mentioned this interesting fact to my local guide and colleague, I was informed that "the big shrimps come out at night" and immediately had this vision of you and Dan Steffan waiting patiently at table for sunset and big shrimp time.

'Unfortunately I forgot to ask just how big these shrimps might be and spent a nervous night peering out of my tent flap. In the morning I discovered all my bananas had gone, which was a bummer. Got lots of fungi though.

'So what is the right way to grow Kiwi trees?'

[APH: That's one element of the conversation which Janice really did omit to share with me, Peter. Perhaps Kim can enlighten us as well.

If they were really shrimp you saw in the river, and not crayfish, you must have been in some sort of estuary. The only freshwater shrimp I know of are almost too small to see with the naked eye. Shrimp used to come up into the tidal rivers I fished in Florida during vacations of my youth, and red snapper used to follow them; shrimp were therefore mostly useful to me as bait, and man! Those snapper used to hit them like a ton of bricks.

What either fish or shrimp would want with your bananas is somewhat beyond me. I suspect instead a vegetarian variety of the *chupacabra*, or perhaps a peckish specimen of the *mokele-mbebe* (you'll note I've moved on from UFOs to cryptozoology these days).

We devoutly hope that ROBERT LICHTMAN (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442) can avoid having to scatter anyone else's ashes for a while now:]

'My last letter was written to you the beginning of the Memorial Day weekend, when I'd finally gotten my new lead-off for Trap Door finalized and planned to go to press the coming week. I arrived home to a message on my answering machine from Ed Burbee, about Charlie. Later today (it's quarter to 1 a.m.) I'm flying to Las Vegas, where I will be preceded by half an hour by William Rotsler. Saturday we and Arnie and Joyce and Ben Wilson (at last count) will drive to a location in the heart of the Mojave Desert where Charlie wanted his ashes to be strewn: a place called the Amboy Crater. Besides us, it will be family. More will be written of this in the again-to-be-remodeled Trap Door.

'Did you send SaM a copy of Apak No. 61? Or Norm Metcalf?'

'Victor's tales of life at the paper remind me a lot of the way the winds shift where I work depending on various considerations, many of them political, some of them economic. As a faceless minor bureaucrat in municipal government, I've seen municipal priorities shift drastically as the city council's make-up changes in each bi-yearly election. I watch with amusement as various upper level bureaucrats sweat and

Byline of the week: "Exclusive Interview: Randy Johnson," by Steven Bryan Bieler, InterAction magazine

strain to swallow hard enough to keep up with it. Those of us in support positions just keep to our routines, and say to one another when our work occasionally suddenly takes on a new wrinkle, "it all pays the same."

I'm going to have to remember Paul Williams' "Brief History of *Crawdaddy!*" when it comes time to do *Fanthology '96*. I agree with you it's a splendid piece of fanhistory writing. Regarding the new release by Brian Wilson, some of it is worthy of all those "paroxysms of ecstasy and appreciation" that Paul lavishes upon them. I particularly love the new arrangement of "Do It Again."

[VMG: I think we all are anticipating the next *Trap Door* with both happiness and a sense of doom. It is a credit to you that the issue's been held up in order to get reflections on the deaths of some of the best and best known fans ever.

I am only beginning to understand how county and city governments work and feel. What's going on in Pierce County right now is small fry compared to some of the scandals of the past — but it certainly sheds light on how the big fish eat the little fish.]

[APH: I'm sure that Brian Wilson album is quite good; Paul does not bestow his paroxysms lightly.

I appreciate and approve of the very slight measure of hubris implicit in your reference to *Fanthology '96*; I think it would be a Good Thing for fandom if you took on the semipermanent title of fanthologist laureate and helped whoever was charged with the actual production of the zine in the selection of material — a role which you have *de facto* assumed.

I have sent a copy of issue # 61 to Norm Metcalf, and I have yet to send one to SaM, but I will. I rather doubt he'll read it unless someone points out the reference to him.

Your comments on bureaucracy remind me, in a small way, of the fine British comedy series *Yes, Minister*, in which the career civil servants were always able to manage the elected and appointed officials they worked with into following business as usual, no matter what personal agenda for change the latter brought into office. I know that the work you do is generally removed from any real potential for malfeasance, but I think it helps for people to remember that their elected officials, who come in for so much abuse and (valid) accusations of gridlock tactics, often have nothing to do with the way that government really works from day to day. And then, the people who do realize it tend to do nothing with that knowledge other than harass people who are just trying to do their jobs, as you've pointed out in the past.

We now close our panoply of apology with a special guest-apologizer, KATE SCHAEFER (4012 Interlake N., Seattle, WA 98103, e-mail at kate@scn.org), who wrote a piece for my *Wiscon* daily newszine, and, as she predicted, got into trouble for it:]

I wrote an article, rather more quickly than I should have, for the *Wiscon 20* daily newsletter, third issue, *SLOW MIMEO*. It appears on page 3, under the title "The Boycott," by Kate Schaefer (my name, by the way, is not spelled Schaefer, but no doubt someone's name is). In the article, I said, "There was no feminist programming at Suncon, the 1977 Worldcon. I heard that a reprise of Susan Wood's panel was suggested but vetoed because there had already been one panel on women, so it didn't need to be done again. The hotel roof leaked, too."

"The hotel roof did leak, but I was mistaken about the lack of feminist programming at Suncon. There was no feminist programming listed in the official program book, the only research material I had available to me while writing the article, but Gary Farber did schedule feminist events in the fan program, which was listed separately only in the Suncon pocket program, which I no longer have. In fact, had I consulted the *Wiscon* souvenir book while I was at the convention, I would have seen an anecdote about such an event in the section about Avedon Carol, but I read the souvenir book after arriving at home.

I apologize for my error. I deeply regret having made it in the first place. Gary worked hard on creating a thoughtful program at Suncon, and he deserves to have that work remembered.

In the last two paragraphs of my article, I said, "Again, I was working at the convention [referring here to *Iguanacon* and referring back to the fact that I was working at *MidAmeriCon* and *SunCon* as well] and didn't actually attend any of the programming, so I'm not the best witness of history." And, "As we all know, Arizona ratified the ERA soon thereafter, followed by Illinois and the other holdouts. We now live in a world of complete gender equality. *Wiscon* continues to be the only feminist SF convention because feminism has become an antiquarian issue, of interest only to specialists."

I apologize to anyone who was misled by this account of history. The ERA did not pass. We do not live in a world of complete gender equality. Feminism has not become an antiquarian issue, of interest only to specialists.'

[APH: Kate was moved to offer this apology in the wake of some wounded e-mail from Gary Farber, but she specifically asked me not to run Gary's complaint because it "might move her to violence" to see it in print once again. This arises in part from a long and checkered relationship with Mr. Farber — my impression is Kate worked just as hard on the late-seventies *Worldcons* in question as Gary did, to considerably less attention and fanfare — but I suspect that Gary's reference to Kate's commission of slander toward "unnamed persons," a neat syllogism in itself, was an unfair characterization of her motives in writing the column. In any event, I'm sorry if my pressure on you to come up with something on such short notice contributed to the problem, Kate, and equally sorry that my proofreader didn't know how to spell your name.

It is kind of ironic, though, to see feminist history rewritten for the benefit of a male ego.

Quickly now, as time grows short: DALE SPEIRS (Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta Canada T2P 2E7) comments on Irwin Hirsh's column in #62

'Apak 62 at hand. Irwin Hirsh's commentary on Greg Hills essay about *The Usual* makes me wonder if Hills we be the new generation's Laney, going on about the Nutrasweet idiocies of modern fandom. My first response when I read the original article in *STET 6* was that no fanzine editor is obligated to carry anyone on a mailing list. This makes commentary about what the value of *The Usual* should be set at superfluous. If an editor doesn't like the response or lack of by a reader, the editor has the right to delete the name from the mailing list.

'Before writing this loc, I re-read *STET 6* and was reminded of one useful impact of Hills' article on me. He mentioned that many zines publish addresses of loccers but neglect to do so for article writers. I took that to heart and have since made it a

What else can I say / Everyone is gay

Another Monthly Fanzine?

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

I RAN INTO WIL Tenino last weekend at Teddy's, a tavern I frequent. I'm still trying to get him involved in fandom,

so I showed him the only fanzine I had with me, Arnie Katz's epistolary Vegas Fan Diary #1. I went silent after ordering him a pint o'Heffe and pulled on my beer as he opened the 14-page affair.

As he read, I wondered if the zine has a chance. The Vegrants already produce one fanzine that used to be monthly, and I assume Tom Springer and the rest won't sit by without violence if Arnie devotes his energy entirely to VFD. But the "diary" format — not really epistolary — allows him to go on at length or not, and so long as he puts 20 minutes into it every day, he could probably meet his schedule. As the man himself says, "I can revise as I go and then dump the whole thing into a DTP template — instant fanzine!"

"Well, he talks about his life and movies and books and stuff," Wil said slowly after he turned the last page. "Some of it is kind of funny, witty in a belabored way."

Wil doesn't pause for long periods. He doesn't really drawl, either. And he certainly doesn't have problems forming words — he's really quite a bright guy. But it still seems like he speaks very slowly, the words pouring over his subject like gravy.

"But I still don't understand most of what he's talking about," he said.

"Yeah," I rattled back. "Fanzines are often self-referential, so some time is necessary to get acquainted with the various personalities before —"

"No, I get that part, Victor," he said, interrupting. "What I don't get is this."

I looked where his finger was pointing. Arnie writes: "Fifty years from now, fans will speak knowledgably, and perhaps with awe, of the Las Vegas fans, just as we do of the pioneers of the 1930s and 1940s. By our fanzines they will know us and (in most cases) love us."

Not certain how to answer, I asked what he thought it
(up there!)

Acme Safety Lino

point in my own zine to get every contributor's address published, whether loccer, essayist or artist.

Ultimately, who pays the piper calls the tune. Editors decide who gets a copy. Since zines are a hobby, not contractually obligated prozines who must send you an issue if you sent the money, no one is bound by the dead hand of tradition.

An interesting analogy, which I leave for someone else to develop fully, would be con suites as zine trades. Who do you let in for free munchies? Those who worked on the concom only, those who only paid the membership fee but are good conversationalists, or the geeky kids who gobble up the food, make a mess on the floor and take off having done nothing whatsoever for the common good? Was it the Boston cons that were damaged by freeloading university students looking for a party? Was it Fact-sheet Five that was crippled by a policy of The Usual?

[APH: The issue of social contracts in fandom is a complex one. I think I'll wait and see if Irwin cares to respond to this before I do. Thanks for this, and to all the others who wrote. WAHF: Claire Brialey, Jeanne Bowman, Lindsay Crawford, Bruce Durocher, Jerry Kaufman, and Mark Plummer.]

meant.

"Well, given that it's in a remembrance to a dead person, I guess he's saying that there will be more dead fans to bury in the future, including him."

"That's very important to Arnie, I think," I agreed.

"Hmmm. How about this?"

He pointed to a section dated May 21, in which Arnie starts asserts that I've ignored the laws of physics and quotes a statement I made during the Bongdoggle: "I suspect the average age of the average Vanguard meeting has increased by more than half a year for every year that's gone by since 1985."

Arnie then continues: "Victor makes it sound like they've discovered the cure for aging in Seattle! Here in Las Vegas, the average age of meeting attendees increases a year for every year that passes." sighed and tried to look put-upon. "Well, that's an interesting one," I said. "One of two things is going on: either Arnie understands what I meant and is trying to tweak me — you noticed other times where he did that?"

Wil nodded.

"Or he really doesn't understand that when a new fan enters the group, younger than the average age of the group, the average age of the group declines. The average age of no group with a changing membership will increase at the rate of one year per year. I intended my little equation-in-words to measure the amount of new blood — like you, Wil — entering the stream." My voice had reached a certain level of intensity by the that point. "But Arnie is usually willing to sacrifice logic for a chance to dig the knife. There's really no way to tell if he's that dense."

"Well, we could look at the rest of the fanzine," he intoned. My mood broke, and I remembered I was trying to turn Wil into a fan, not an anti-fan. "Some of it is interesting, but a lot seems just like a diary — not as interesting. I'm not even sure why I'm interested in some of it. I found myself wondering why the part about Nintendo was interesting, but I read all the way through."

"Look, Wil," I said, interrupting. "I think the thing about the average ages is emblematic of a bigger problem. Arnie is self-enclosed. He wants, deep down, to reduce everything he does to a basic system of steps. Take what he says at the beginning: 'Instant fanzine.' And so it is with the writing. He's learned, probably long ago, that it doesn't take anything 'new' to write about if you know the basics of writing a fan article. Drop in five fan names — at least one must be well-aged —, insert three fanhistorical references and a topic that ranges from silly to meaningless. Mix well, and pour into the mold. This fanzine allows Arnie the chance to do nothing with scope or true originality. It's just more Arnie ramblings more often!"

Wil looked at me rather sympathetically, finished his beer and handed me the fanzine.

"See you later," he said, and walked out the door.

I cradled my head in my hands. Foiled again.



1.) **Never Quite Arriving #4**, written and edited by Christina Lake, currently at 21 Sunnyside Place, Belmont, MA 02178: Really a terribly cool fanzine from someone who is currently pursuing a terribly cool lifestyle: Christina inspires envy by listing her itinerary for about the next 9 months, which features stops in Boston, Fiji, Sydney, Jakarta and Bangkok, and several more interesting places. Clever person that she is, she's found a way to avoid the worst of winter by heading for the southern hemisphere from November to March. All this is being undertaken as a lengthy vacation, and an alternative to traveling to Lesotho as a librarian's assistant. I think Christina has made the better choice here, even if it seems like a somewhat less responsible one. It's quite compelling to read about the thought process behind this — I've always admired the honesty in Christina's writing, and she's usually able to leaven the hopeless gloom that infiltrates a lot of British fan writing — and one can only hope that such an adventure will provide ample material for further fanzines like this one. I also liked the account of her struggle to hold a room party at the most recent Eastercon. But the star of the issue is probably her description of how she had to break off contact with her ex-husband — at his request — imbedded in a story of how she has been unable to get her washing machine to work. Really very good writing, something to keep in mind for *Fanthology '96*, someday, somewhere. Some rather old letters round off the issue, but Christina does a good job of editing them. Another very solid effort by one of the more underrated fan writers working today.

2.) **VFD #1**, edited by Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107: Still another Arnie Katz publishing project. In addition to doing a lot of work on *Wild Heirs*, and before that *Folly*, Arnie has these periodic compulsions to produce a fanzine that's somewhat more personal than those large genzine projects (He also sponsors huge reprint projects and lengthy exercises in fan philosophy and fiction, but that's another story). Last year, he started an appealing little perzine called *Swoon*: a year later, obeying essentially the same imperative, we have the first issue of *VFD*, which stands for *Vegas Fan Diary*. This strikes me as being the most successful of these "side" projects to date, largely because Arnie doesn't seem to be trying quite so hard to entertain us, just telling the story of little things that happen over the course of a month in his life, and in the lives of some of his friends in Las Vegas fandom. One clever touch is that he prints the names of the people he mentions in bold, so that is easy to riffle through the issue and see what he has to say about you. We tried that for a few issues at *Apak*, but it got to where every page looked like it had great blotches of toner all over it: since Arnie is working with a somewhat larger type face (yet still quite a bit smaller than in *WH*), the effect is much more pleasing when he does it. Comings and goings of Vegas fans and goofy burlesques of local fan politics, problems with burglars and alarms to keep them out, and quite a bit about imaginary baseball teams stand out in this issue. I hope he'll do another one. Oh, and to answer your question, Arnie, Claritin is a mild antidepressant and antihistamine, which keeps my wife from clawing her own skin off in the middle of the night. You decide which function the drug is performing in her case.

3.) **Pink #15d**, edited by Karen Pender-Gunn, P.O. Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria 3130, Australia: This issue has a little more snap to it than 15c did, as if Karen has finally gotten back

into the rhythm of life at home after the epic *GUFF* journey which she and Ian undertook last year. As usual, it's a collection of neat little things Karen has come across, like the discovery of a nearly-intact stegosaurus in Colorado, review of a book on Lady Jane Grey, an account of a visit to a pink lake (named, amazingly enough, *Pink Lake*) on Rottneist island, and some letters on previous issues. Amusing, and more diverting than the average letter-substitute.

4.) **Famous Fantastic Mouse Stories #3**, edited by Redd Boggs. *No longer available*: This actually came in the May *Fapa* mailing, and I have only now had a chance to enjoy it. It was so nice to sit down and read something Redd had published (even a reprint like this) and to take pleasure in something he had sent me just one more time. Fandom, *FAPA*, and the world at large do not seem quite so much fun without him in it. Victor does not share my opinion, as he and Redd had quite a dust-up during a side-skirmish of the *Topic A* war: I'm sorry that they'll never have a chance to patch that up. The clock is running, folks.

5.) **Building Burning Man, Summer, 1996**, edited by Stuart Mangrum for the Burning Man Project, P.O. Box 420572, San Francisco, CA 94142: One of the interesting artifacts of having had fanzines listed in *Factsheet Five* is that publications which resist categorization continue to trickle into my mailbox, years later. The Burning Man Project flyer is one such item, an annual invitation to join with a variety of pilgrims in a journey to the Nevada desert, where life itself becomes a kind of performance, and an impromptu tribe gathers to create and embrace rituals which no one really understands. All this happens over the labor day weekend in Black Rock, Nevada, one of the more desolate places on earth, and has its climax with the combustion of *The Burning Man*, a thirty-foot-high steel effigy limed with neon, which dominates the horizon for miles. If you're looking for a 180-degree-turn from *LA Con III* this August, this might be something to try. They even plan to have an on-site newszine this year!

— Andy Hooper

APPARATCHIK is the Preston Brooks of fandom, who expressed his exception to a speech made by abolitionist Senator Charles Sumner by nearly beating the man to death on the floor of the Senate, May 22nd, 1856. No one lifted a hand to come to Sumner's aid. *Apak* is still available for the usual, but note that trades must be sent to both Andy and Victor (see the front colophon for both our addresses), and/or you can get *Apparatchik* for \$3.00 for a 3 month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a lifetime subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for a pound of cure. For readers in the United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, from 24 Ravensbourne Grove, Off Clarke's Lane, Willenhall, West Midlands, WV13 1HX, UK. Australian Readers can subscribe through Irwin Hirsh, 26 Jessamine Ave. East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia, for \$4.50, \$17.00 and \$28.09 Australian. Lifetime subscribers: Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Tracy Benton, Richard Brandt, Steve Brewster, Chris Bzdawka, Vince Clarke, Scott Custis, John Dallman, Bruce Durocher, Don Fitch, Jill Flores, Ken Forman, Margaret Organ Kean, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Mark Plummer, Barnaby Rapoport, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Nevenah Smith, Dale Speirs, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, David Thayer, Tom Whitmore and Art Widner.

THE 1996 FAAn AWARDS BALLOT

The annual Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards will be presented at the Corflu banquet in Walnut Creek, California on March 16th, 1997. Voting is open to all fans and is not limited to any geographical region. Votes will be accepted via E-mail as well as regular postal service. The deadline to get your vote to the administrator is February 28th. Tabulation will be done on the weekend of March 1st, so votes received after the deadline will not be included.

Please list in order your top three choices in the categories of Best Fanzine, Best Fan Writer and Best Fan Artist for the calendar year 1996. There are no separate ballots for nomination and final voting - this is it, folks. Please mail this ballot to Janice Murray, PO Box 75684, Seattle WA 98125-0684, USA. Votes can also be sent to jophan@msn.com or 73227.2641@compuserve.com. Questions and comments are also welcome at (206) 524-1206.

Best Fanzine:

Best Fan Writer:

Best Fan Artist:

Your Name and Address: _____

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Best Fanzine:

Best Fan Writer:

Best Fan Artist:

Your Name and Address: _____

1996 Egoboo Poll

The 1996 Egoboo Poll recognizes outstanding fanzine fanac for calendar year 1995. The idea is to honor a wide range of fanzine achievement, instead of singling out only the one or two top names in each category. In other words, let's not take it all too seriously, but it is a nice way to recognize the work of other

fans who have entertained us.

Wild Heirs is distributing the ballot initially, but the pollsters welcome republication by other interested fans.

You may nominate up to the stated number of fans in each category. A first-place vote is worth 10 points, second place counts 9 points and so on, down

to one point for a 10th place finish. You do not have to nominate the maximum number in any category; partially completed ballots are valid.

Any fan familiar with fanzines is invited to participate, one ballot per person. Copies, facsimiles and electronic versions are acceptable.

Best Fanzine

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Best Special Publication or Single Issue

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best Fanwriter

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Best Fan Humorist

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best Critic/Reviewer

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best Fan Artist

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best Fan Cartoonist

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best New Fanzine Fan

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Most Important Event/Con/Happening of 1995

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

**More Questions
and Signature Space
on other side**

Deadline
December 15, 1996

Send ballots to:
Arnie Katz
330 S. Decatur
Suite 152
Las Vegas, NV 89107

Electronic ballots to:
WildHeirs@aol.com

A special publication,
free to all voters,
will present the results.
(Scheduled publication date:
1/1/97)

Best Fanzine Column

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

Best Faan Fiction

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Best All-Time Fanzine

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Special Thanks to
 Robert Lichtman
 Andy Hooper
 and
 Victor Gonzalez
 for encouragement
 and help refining the
 categories.

Message
 from the
TELLER

The last time I helped conduct a fanzine poll was exactly 25 years ago. That's when rich brown and I, then co-editors of **Focal Point**, took the 1971 Egoboo Poll, covering fanzine fanac for the year 1970.

The response to that 1971 survey was tremendous; 130 fans sent in their ballots. I hope some other faneds will reproduce this ballot (ready-to-run masters available upon request), so that we can obtain a comparable cross-section of fanzine fan opinion.

The winners will receive... nothing more tangible, and nothing less valuable, than the knowledge that their work is appreciated. I'd rather have that than a stupid trophy; I'm betting that a lot of you feel the same.

The annotated results of the 1996 Egoboo Poll will be presented in a special publication sent

only to those who actually vote in the Egoboo Poll, and that's it. What reason for anything more?

Some may ask why we need an Egoboo Poll when there are Fan Hugos and Fan Achievement Awards. I wish those who lust after rocketships the best of luck, really, but the Fan Hugos hardly reflect the informed opinion of fanzine fandom.

The Fan Achievement Awards can be a good thing, if the ballots are properly distributed and voting is limited to actual fanzine fans, but they have limitations, too. Fan Achievement Awards honor only one person in each of three categories. A fanzine that is everyone's 5th favorite deserves some recognition, but it might not even show up among the FAA also-rans.

Some potential voters may worry that their knowledge of 1995 fanzines is imperfect. A partial ballot is better than none. The wider the participation, the more accurately the results will reflect the fanzine fan consensus.

-- Arnie Katz

Name (please print) _____

Signature _____

If you don't think the Teller will know you as a fanzine fan, please enter the name of someone who does: _____