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# APPARATCHIK

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The forty-third issue of a bi-weekly fanzine, published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, also available at APHooper@aol.com. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 234. *Apparatchiki*: Victor Gonzalez, carl juarez, A.P. McQuiddy, Lesley Reece & Martin Tudor (British Address: 845 Alum Rock Rd., Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG UK). Is it bigger than a Mannlicher-Carcano?

Issue # 43, September 28th, 1995

This issue's Worldcon Anecdote: "Look! Ninjas!"

A lot of what I recall best about the late events in Glasgow were little smoke-filled room parties in the Central Hotel. Ted and Lynda White and Dan and Lynn Steffan had rooms in the central; so did Geri Sullivan and Nevenah Smith and various other traveling jiants of the Apparatchik mailing list. We used the legal parlance made popular at Corflu, spiced up with generous lashings of single malt as provided by Geri, and kept up an ongoing critical narrative on the convention at the same time. Ted and Lynda's room was spacious and had a very high ceiling, but it felt oddly haunted; we ended up pursuing most sidebar conferences in Dan and Lynn's room, which enjoyed a great view of the glass roof over the Glasgow Central railway station. Huddled 'round on their beds, the single chair, the sills ("Mind the window, Frank"), we perused the newest fanzines, compared notes on official events, and bitched about the bad Indian food we'd had on Thursday night, all weekend long.

On Friday night, several of us were sitting in a rough semi-circle around the Steffans' windows analyzing what Greg Pickersgill must have felt like an hour after eating the Brownie of Doom, when some unnamed soul hushed us into silence and directed our attentions out the window. "Look," I murmured, "assassins!"

Three people had climbed up on the catwalks which ran along the roof outside. They appeared to be interested in looking down into the station, but they also had that half-assed shuffling gate people assume when they think other people expect them to move without being seen but they don't feel sufficiently motivated to actual bend over in the process. One of them appeared to be carrying something; to me, it looked like a convention program book. Someone else observed, "Look, they have a device of some kind." A banner with a strange device, I silently declaimed.

After a little while, the three figures, who all appeared to be wearing some sort of dark raingear or anorak, grew tired of trying to pry open various windows, and climbed back down from whence they came. After they had gone, we had trouble convincing one another that they had really existed, and that we had not fugued into some unpublished story by Borges.

Then, the following evening, much the same people (call us "The TAFF Pack," we rose and acted as one at TAFF Boy's every whim) were sitting around the same window when pink and green fireworks began to burst above the skyline in the middle distance. We did not ooh or aah with any great conviction, but it certainly broke up the monotony of the evening view. The display continued for about two minutes. Something cheap to commemorate a minor business success somewhere in the city. . . . But even as the last burst was fading, the report echoing off the glass panes outside, we became aware of another sound. Hundreds of panicked cries, from fleeing seagulls, bounced around the glass and

brick and roof slates, scrambling like hell to get out of the way of the terrifying light and sound.

Individual birds swooped quite near to us; some people had a momentary Hitchcockian twinge and ducked away from the window. But most of us sat there rather slack-jawed and watched the birds swirl around the station, stunned silent by their shrieking sheer outrage at being bolted out of a sound evening sleep by some kind of hollow human posturing. Then they all seemed to blow south toward the Clyde, and the conversation rebooted itself, and we went on some more about the political reliability of people who write skeptical reviews of Blat!. And a few minutes later, when the kid from Croydon came out of the bathroom, it was impossible to convince him that the birds had ever been there at all.

And a lot of the weekend seem to go like that.

AS PART OF MY DUTIES as guest of honor and programming draft animal for the upcoming ReinCONation, I'm wondering if it would be possible to put together an impromptu show of Garth Danielson's Dead Smurf sculptures at some point during the weekend? If interested parties within the sound of my mailing list will bring their examples of this exquisite fannish artwork to the convention, perhaps we can offer Garth some of the attention these works have always deserved. If possible, I'd like to take notes toward a preliminary catalogue of all existing and lost examples of the dead Smurf, the proceedings of which effort will most likely be reported here in the future.

I wish I had more to offer you personally in this issue, but I have to admit that my mind has been occupied most tenaciously with the local baseball club this week. The Seattle Mariners are making a robust drive toward their first-ever pennant, the American League Western Division championship, in what would be only the second winning season in their history. Last night, ESPN commentator Peter Gammons, perhaps the most trusted man in America, said that the 1995 Mariners reminded him of the 1967 Red Sox, the 1969 Mets and the 1988 Dodgers, and two of those three went on to win the World Series. And at the same time, we've been waiting to hear the result of an election issue about the team's future that was held a week ago, for which there is still no final tally due to 15,000 outstanding absentee ballots in a race where the current margin is less than 400 votes. Plus there's been a lot to do in anticipation of making the pilgrimage to the land of the happy shrimp, where Masonic mysteries surrounding the number 23 are to be revealed, and many chicken-fried steaks are to be consumed. Plus the tale of a time-traveling fan who escaped the new world order only to fall afoul of revolutionary technocracy in a new dramatic presentation, Ten Zines that Shook the World. Can your heart take it, Vegas? Is a town that is still fascinated by Starlight Express ready to hear the secrets behind the black helicopters of the Zionist Occupation Government and how they learned to love Redd Boggs? Open your script and find out!

My story's infinite / Like the Longines Symphonette / It doesn't rest

**You're going to get your egoboo the way you like it -- rough and crusty.**

**AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:**

[APH: We've got quite a few yards of mail to go through, so let's get going with LUKE MCGUFF (P.O. Box 31848 Seattle, WA 98103-1848) who writes in regard to #41:

"I appreciated Victor's brief autobiography. As far as whether his column 'fits' into *Apparatchik*, that's up to you to determine. An editor who contours his/her publication (whatever scale or level) towards the perceived desires of 'the readers' inevitably winds up patronizing that reader. So I think editors (especially of zines) should do the zine they most want to see. Otherwise, why would you bother?"

"Victor also made a side comment about snide comments (too clever before 10 a.m. on a Sunday--10 yards) that I'd like to veer off in my own direction about. Yes, a couple people from Vanguard did write locs to you, and their mention of Victor's column had more to do with dislike of Victor than any comprehension of what he wrote. I'd be stung by that, too.

"On the other hand, I remember Victor going around Vanguards saying he just wanted to be noticed, he just wanted to be controversial. Given that, I think he should just go re-read the slings and arrows clause from Hamlet again.

"I mean, when I wrote the fanzine review column for the Rune boy *Rune*, I was pretty 'controversial', but controversy wasn't my goal. I was working out a set of principles about doing zines (of all sizes and stripes) that I still hold to. Admittedly, I was pretty hotheaded--okay, very hotheaded. But poorly or not, I was saying what I felt it was most important for me to say. I last reread the columns in the late 80s, and was surprised by how much I agreed with them. I bet I'd still agree with them today. I'd certainly flinch at the failure of translation from ideas to words, and if someone were to try to cite me chapter and verse, I might seem to squirm and retroactively self-justify. But I maintain that if you were to examine what I've done since then (*Proper Gander*, *Minifications*, *Live from the Stagger Cafe*, *Laughing Whale*, *Pocketful of Mirrors*, *Ready Made Exotic World*, *Killer Whale*, *the Stranger*, *Clarion '85: the apa*, *Men's Apa*, *Egotrip 1.5*, *Project Z*, *Cacophony in a Box*, *Janecon*, *Potlatch I, III, V*; events with the *Cacophony Society* and the *Fremont Arts Council*) --well, sheesh, I don't know what you'd find. I'll leave it to someone else. Many of those zines were one-shots, whether I meant them to be or not. And most of them had little or nothing to do with sf faanish fanzine fandom. Also, the right end of the list fades off into stuff that is in process or doesn't exist yet. Hah!

"I wandered off into my own brag there, but the point I was really trying to make was that it's not a good idea to be consciously controversial. When you look back on the careers of people who really affected the fields they were in, they were less motivated by a desire to be controversial and more by a desire to say what they felt was most important to say, regardless of how it affected the discourse. SF faanish fanzine fandom is more generally (and positively) affected by people who refine the game and play it well than it is by people who abort, retry, or ignore the rules. This used to really piss me off, being someone who is more likely to abort, retry, or ignore than refine, but now I can see the value in it. (Besides, I get more published in sf fanzines these days than I did then.)

"Well, this loc purports to be about Victor's columns, and, um, isn't. But at least I know when I'm veering off on a tangent, rare enough in fandom. Hah!

"I liked the way the section you wrote between Precursor and Intersection referred to what you had written in Seattle;

and the long paragraph of snippets at the beginning gave it the feel of a chapter from a 19th century boy's adventure novel. Dan Steffan's page was great, also. It must have been a kick to pass out at Intersection--notice how tactfully I forego the chance for a joke about Joseph Nicholas--to hand out at Intersection the first conreport about Precursor. Hah!

"In closing, I'd like to leave you with a bit of wisdom from William Hazlitt--perhaps about netiquette?--from *The Fight* (1822): 'Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow your brains out, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman.'

"See? Dead white guys STILL got something to say."

[APH: As if there was ever any doubt! But thank you indeed for the kind words on the Precursor pages. Sitting in Avedon's office at 1:30 in the morning, sweating effusively and struggling to sum up the previous 72 hours, I had doubts about my ability to produce anything coherent. It's nice to know it was of interest to someone on a different continent at the time.

Setting a pose of any kind for purposes beyond pastiche or homage never seems to work for me either. It's difficult enough for me to achieve a balance between style and intelligibility to begin with, without trying to write like someone else, or trying to completely avoid writing like anybody else.

Now, seeing my gentle admonitions to the e-mail using populace out there to submit their mail to this publication in that manner, DON FITCH (3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722) writes:]

"I knew it! I knew faneds would start demanding that LoCs be submitted by email or on disk! (Now, Andy, don't try to claim that you only suggested that LoCs in those forms would have a better chance of being published at length; such a subtle hint from you reverberates throughout the halls of fandom as a Commandment from On High.

"Not that I'm entirely Outraged, mind you--a 3.5" crispy costs only 55 cents to mail (in the heavily-padded bags I timorously use), and would hold something like a 600-page LoC, whereas even a mere 20-page one would cost at least that much in postage.

"I stopped listening to Popular Music sometime in the '40s, when it was at a nadir, and undoubtedly have missed much Good Stuff (those funny-looking British guys on the Ed Sullivan show weren't too bad). As far as I know, I've heard only 4 or 5 Grateful Dead pieces, which I rather liked...but I've very much liked almost all the DeadHeads I've known, so I sympathize with their loss of Jerry Garcia. A chalkboard in a brew pub in Eugene bore the message: 'Bye, Jerry, B C 'N Ya', and TV clips of Dead shows gave the impression that these were gatherings of loving friends and family -- no small legacy to leave the world.

"If we might go back for a moment to a previous issue. . . I certainly didn't intend to foment dissension between British and Scots fans or fandoms (if the latter exist as distinct entities). I was trying to point out that, to one fairly average US fan, a good many of those references to 'The Scottish Convention' sounded as though they had distinct overtones or connotations of cultural/racial/nationalistic animosity. I wouldn't be at all surprised if most of the criticisms of the ConCom (which may well include only a token minority of Scots) and its organizational procedures were reasonably accurate, but it did seem to me that here was strikingly more carping and Dire Predicting than I've heard before any previous WorldCon, and far less expression of the customary faanish attitude of 'we'll all pitch in and make it a Good Con, regardless of The Committee' (which is frequently what happens anyhow-- and I'll bet, did happen at Intersection

## 7 runs batted in by Vince Coleman and Alex Días -- hell has gone blue and cold, son.

(which is, by now, almost a week in the past, but I've heard no word about it.)

"In a LoC to *Apparatchik* #40, Greg Pickersgill raised an interesting question resulting from the almost entirely On-Line planning for Intersection:

"There's something fucking wrong here. Are we in a world where to have a successful fanning life you have to have a PC, a modem, and an Internet account? That's a lot goddamn different from a notepad, a biro, and a bag of stamps, which although rudimentary was actually all that was required hitherto. And yeah, yeah, I know the price of equipment is dropping like a stone, but when you have little or no money any extra expense is too much. Perhaps some of the more obnoxious critics of fandom are horribly right--it is a game for middle-class university-graduate whiteboysandgirls. How galling."

"I suspect that, indeed, fandom (Convention Fanac in particular) will become divided into three Party Lists:

A.) Fans who are OnLine and get the poop while it's still fresh and smelly and who can participate actively in initiating Ideas and modifying other participating fans' ideas while they're just in their preliminary stages.

B.) Fans who have computers but aren't OnLine, and who have sources for obtaining periodic/frequent downloads, on disk, of the pertinent OnLine material. (A good Electronic Magazine (OnLine &/or OnDisk) Publisher to serve as a Central Source would be of great help to fans in this group.)

c.) Fans who don't have computers and must rely on second-hand transmission via in-person social contacts, letters, or (with even more delay) fanzines for their input of What's Going On In Fandom; their ability to Influence Things will be restricted to (possibly) deflecting (or somewhat changing the vector of) Ideas already well in motion & with some/much accumulated inertia.

"It looks as though the U.S. socio-economic trend towards a small Very Rich class, a moderate-size Well-to-do class, and a very large Poor class (with a considerable gap between the latter two) will continue for another decade & maybe a generation or more -- and that, for varying reasons, people in the Poor class will effectively be cut off from participating (and contributing to) fandom. That'll be our loss, and I believe it'll be a serious one; many of the most valuable people in fandom today came from Lower- and Lower-middle-class just about where that gap is developing.

"In fandom . . . let's face it, being poor has always been (and always will be) a sort of handicap. For the first ten+ years of my fannish life, starting soon after I graduated University, I couldn't afford to go to Conventions farther afield from the LArea than San Francisco (which meant none at all, some years, since there were only World or Westercon). Nor could I afford to publish a fanzine that either was frequent or had a large circulation . . . and I certainly wasn't capable of publishing such a good one that neither of those things would matter. There are ways of getting around this; the late Rick Sneary became a well-known, much-liked, & highly-respected fan on (I understand) a fanac budget of something like a dollar a week (for stamps, paper, envelopes, and typewriter ribbon.) One wonders how many brilliant & talented profans there are, right now, who simply can't afford today's equivalent of that dollar a week, much less being able to afford a computer and modem/on-line time . . . and one sighs and goes on to think of something else. Or maybe even goes back to the topic.

"It doesn't look to me as though one must have a computer (PC or Mac or whatever), modem, & Internet

account in order to 'have a successful fanning life' -- unless you insist on defining 'successful' as including up-to-the-minute, first-off-the-blocks, cutting edge dominance . . . which I don't think is often a Good Idea anyway. The fan careers of people on Party List C (no computer) are likely to be less spectacular and meteoric, but those of individuals there who are reasonably smart (and, preferably, wise) are likely to last longer and shine brighter in the long run. I think almost all the really good fannish stuff on the Net will, in time -- probably only a couple of months, and much less if contacts are established in the proper places -- filter down to the lowest-tech level. And if you want to think of fanac as a matter of Competition (for BNF status, or whatever), remember that the fans on the HighTech CuttingEdge of NetAc are spending well over half their energy and time frantically fanning the chaff away from the grain which soon finds its way down to nourish those of us lower on the chain . . . which means that we can concentrate our attention on more important activities.

"One can usually trust Joseph Nicholas to find an Ideology to explain almost anything . . . and he might be correct in ascribing the dreadful state of contemporary science fiction to a 'failed technocracy', depending on how he defines the latter word. It seems to me more like a flaw in the marketing system, whereby publishers (and producers of other goods) concentrate almost exclusively on producing those items that sell best, and add only ones made to very much the same formula as the most recent best-seller . . . though of course the government's new taxation policy on unsold stock (valuing anything held over the end of the year at the wholesale price, rather than at its cost, for inventory tax purposes) works against things that sell steadily but slowly (as many excellent books do).

"I do think Joseph has an interesting point, and perhaps a good one, in suggesting that US drivers ought to pay more for gasoline. Not, as you ingenuously suggest, to protect the profits of the international petroleum cartels (they might even make less profit if less of their product were sold), but to help reduce some of the more grossly-unnecessary use & pollution, and to help finance other segments of the infrastructure (including urban public parking garages, and even public transit). I can't help feeling that there's something Wrong when I see so many drivers wheeling around in ostentatious vehicles that consume twice as much gasoline per mile as mine does . . . and also when I see a few people zipping around on bikes (though at that moment I feel a twinge of Guilt).

"As I recall, Patrick Nielsen Hayden's question about the reliability of the chap who's getting most of Walt Willis' fanzine collection wasn't really acidic at all, for Patrick -- he tends to be . . . quite outspoken on matters about which he's deeply concerned (and to ignore most other things). (I seem to recall, also, that I saw it in the TimeBinders Email APA, so it may have had an audience of only about 40 (mostly fanzine) fans, rather than being as public as a BBS . . . and Dave Langford responded in that smaller venue, with quotes that presumably satisfied anyone who was worried about the matter. Greg's point, though, seems misdirected toward BBS people -- I've seen, in several, small, frequent, traditional APAs, all too many ridiculous interchanges, stretching over 4 or 5 issues, of speculation that could easily have been settled quickly by consulting common, standard reference books. Perhaps a tendency toward The Grand Gesture (or Mindless Nattering) is inherent in a certain percentage of all fans.

"Let's face it, in situations like parties, fans do talk about fans who are not present. Ideally, they don't say anything

**"Yes, Hitler was theirs. But so also were Churchill and Roosevelt. They planned on reducing the world to complete chaos."**

'behind people's backs' that they wouldn't say to their faces (if only because they know that our microcosm is so small that they know word would get back to the person); rarely is such talk actually outrageous, and even more rarely are people outraged at having been talked about (perhaps even less often than at having not been mentioned). This is, I think, a simple & generally-accepted fact of social life . . . and it seems apparent that we're going to have to accept the fact that many or most people regard their BBS activity as no more than conversation at a very large party."

[APH: All of these predictions of yours seem perfectly reasonable, but they also appear to be in fair agreement with much of Greg Pickersgill's comments; you just don't see the situation in as bleak a light as he does. I think that it is far from agreed that on-line communication is going to be a prerequisite for participation in cutting-edge fanac, even on the rarefied levels of the quasi-permanent Worldcon bund. Fandom does not sit still long enough to be counted, let alone united in one grand throbbing cybernetic network. You're presupposing a fandom in which everything worth knowing will be disseminated via on-line communication, either directly or indirectly. Well, I plan to continue to use the telephone for actual conversation from time to time, and I think I'll go on cranking out my quaint little hard-copy fanzine for a while longer, thank you; stfnal though the on-line world may be, only about 40% of the people on the APAK and SB mailing lists appear to be on-line so far, and I still see my current course of action as the most universally applicable, given that most of these people can read at least a little English.

Fanzine fandom, even given the most extended definition anyone could possibly apply to it, only includes perhaps 800 to 1,000 people worldwide. When 4% of those people are told that I am a Denebian Ratfucker, it does diminish me in perceptible, measurable ways. A writer must be prepared to accept the responsibility for everything they write at any time, no matter how innocuous or limited in distribution it may seem to be at the time of publication. I don't think I respond well to the idea that I am being openly slagged at some fan party either; no one enjoys knowing this sort of thing, and the best way to avoid such unpleasant interactions is to communicate one's bile on a one-to-one basis, without leaving a paper trail. Of course, I personally have left that possibility far behind . . .

Now, having patiently hovered in the foyer for the past ten days, IRWIN HIRSH (26 Jessamine Ave. East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia) writes to us in regard to issues strewn across the last ten Apparatchiks:]

"Some bookkeeping first: my address is badly typo'd in # 38's lettercol. Though on the envelope you had things nearly correct. The only thing wrong was spelling Prahran the same way you did in the letter-col.) It would be interesting (though I don't encourage you to try) to see if anything sent to the address you typed up would get to me. My street directory, which takes in the greater Melbourne and outlying cities and towns such as Geelong and Healsville, has only one entry under Jessamine, and our home is the last number in the street. Our next door neighbours are 24 Jessamine Ave. and 56 Packington St. Occasionally people knock on our door looking for 58 Packington St.

"I've been thinking about Judith Hanna's letter in APAK 36. I meant to discuss this in my previous letter but in rehearsing my response something was missing, which acted as a form of writer's block. Reading the response to Judith's letter over the next few issues I remembered: five or six years ago in a major survey Melbourne, Seattle and Montreal were

rated as the Most Livable Cities in the World. Ever since our local media has trumpeted the result (although in typical can't-see-beyond-the-end-of-the-nose fashion Seattle and Montreal being rated our equal is ignored) and whenever I hear someone referring to my city as The Most Livable City in the World I have to laugh. I would've thought that a good public transport system would be a prime criteria for rating a city as livable, and Melbourne's is rather shoddy. (I was quite impressed with Seattle's mass transit system when I visited the city in 1980. From Denys Howard's letter in #38 I gather it's been allowed to run down in the decade and a half since.)

"Public transport has long been one of my major interests. I delayed getting my drivers license for almost three years in order to make a statement about Melbourne's public transport system. Eventually the statement I got to make was that while Melbourne has public transport it has no system. The prime focus of public transport is the City (translation for North Americans: Downtown). Every train line and 95% of the tramlines radiate out of the City, cartwheel fashion. The trams don't go much beyond the inner suburbs, but there's a network of bus routes. But underlying all this is that there is little sense that each part fits into a whole. People like to mouth off against the government run trains and trams, but from Wendy and my experience it is the private bus companies which are the pits. If the end of a bus route is a train station the bus timetable will be thus: the bus would sit at a train station for five minutes and leave as soon as the driver sees a train in the distance. People alighting from the train would have to wait for the next bus. What all this means is that if you live on a train, tram or bus line and work in Either the City or in the opposite direction you are okay. If you need to go across these lines or have to change during a trip, you've got problems.

"One of the biggest difficulties I have with our non-system is that it all stems from decisions made in the decade prior to my birth. The idea that Melbourne was going to be one of the largest (geographically) cities in the world was observed in the 50s. The area where the biggest population growth was expected to (and did) occur was east of the City. Lots of good planning flowed out of the predicted growth. For example, Monash University, Melbourne's second university, set up in the late 1950s, is situated in the eastern suburbs, so as to meet the tertiary education requirements of the population. However the planning didn't extend to consideration of transport requirements. The existing population corridors through the eastern suburbs had train lines, but nothing was done to meet the needs of the communities which were to fill the spaces between those corridors.

"I've long since used Monash University as my example of bad transport planning. The site given to be the (now) main campus of the Uni is a about a kilometre-and-a-half from the nearest train line; a distance which is far enough to give a car focus to its population. One year someone has not yet reached the driving age and is a high school student. The next year they've acquired their drivers license, are at university, and find that the public transport system is inadequate to their regular, routine needs. A recent issue of the Royal Automobile Club of Victoria's monthly magazine unwittingly supports my argument. They have a regular column "My Car and I", which recently featured the president of the Monash students' Association. The opening paragraph stated that she is part of 'one of our most car-conscious communities.' According to statistics provided by the MSA 63% of the Uni's 18,000 students arrive at the main (Clayton) campus by car, with

**"In St. Louis he walked boldly into a hotel and rented a room,  
secure in the knowledge that there were hundreds of Orientals there of all descriptions."**

80% of those being the sole occupant the car. 34% of first year students drive to the campus; a fair chunk of the other 66% would not yet be old enough to have a driver's license, or have only just acquired one. In second year 58.5% students drive to campus, and the percentages increase with each further year. When they leave the University the graduates are set up for a lifelong relationship with cars and an alien regard to things such as trams, trains and buses.

"Had the planning in the 50s been thought through a train line would have been built from Port Phillip Bay (up to say, Eltham). Significantly it would have run across the cart wheel plan, connecting to five existing train lines. One of the new stations would have been at the Uni. I'm not saying a new train line should've been built just to serve a group of people who would only use the service for three or four years. It's just that the setting up of Monash Uni showed foresight in regards to the tertiary education needs of Melbourne's expected population growth. similar planning about the growth in transport requirements wasn't there. And forty years later we are suffering.

"State governments throughout the 70's and the 80's tried to improve things, but they were each limited by an infrastructure which works against significant advances. On the other hand, the current (conservative) state government is doing its best to turn people away from public transport. Every now and then the workers in the public transport system will go out on strike for a day. Arriving at work I'll be greeted by co-workers fussing and hissing about the traffic chaos. My response is always along the lines of 'You better get used to it because our government's policy is for us to turn to cars.' "

[APH: Some people have expressed some bewilderment on the seeming fascination of this public transport issue; I point them to the science fictional ethos underlying the effort to plan transport policy that will come into effect some ten to fifteen years in the future. I think it holds the fannish eye rather better than I expected at first. What I love about Irwin's account is the mixture of three different technologies, trains, trams and buses. You need some kind of water-borne craft to complete the whole picture, I expect. The problem with radiating or concentric city design is that as the population expands away from the center, the original transport corridors become more and more separated, with acres of road/track/canal needed to maintain the same degree of service as given to the population closer to the city center. The obvious answer, for a government that wants to stimulate road use, is a useful bus system that runs all over hell and gone between the trains and tramways, causing loads of pollution and can stimulate automobile use by having everyone drive to central parking lots, where they can then pick up buses in order to get to the train and then ride a pneumatic tram to the quayside where the classroom barge is bobbing. 73% of all cool people would prefer to arrive at work via Zeppelin.

But don't take Denys Howard's complaints as the last word on the Seattle Metro system. I find it gets me where I need to go.

I've gotten onto another failed technocratic fugue here; best move on to a note or two from TEDDY HARVIA (701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054-2307) who writes:]

"How convenient that two atomic flashes in August 1945 allow the aggressors in the war to portray themselves as victims. Japan was about as supine as a rattle-snake in the grass. My only regret is that the bombs stopped a war, not war itself. Atrocities like the Nazis and Japanese perpetrated continue today.

"I certainly hope that the Unabomber, when they catch him, is not an SF fan. I have trouble enough explaining my

interest in the genre to mundanes without them coming to my door with ropes and torches.

"You must be an imposing figure on the pitcher's mound. Dan Steffan captured the essence of the international pastime with his strip.

"After The Scottish Convention, Diana and I traipsed across the United Kingdom sightseeing, working in visits to Terry Hornsby (neè Broome) in Leeds and Alan Hunter in Bournemouth, British fans who rarely attend conventions. Some fans stand out away from the crowds."

[APH: It's difficult for me to imagine being of sufficiently dubious historical familiarity with the second world war as to be willing to accept a picture of the Japanese as blameless victims of American industry run amuck; cemeteries up and down this still unfamiliar coast are full of the cost of Japanese imperial designs. But wars are not morally simple affairs, in which one side gets to ride away blameless and the other takes it in the ear and is forgotten at the bottom of the historical spillway. Blame and recrimination are as much a part of warfare as jellied gasoline and cholera. The bombing raids that "destroyed" Japan were the massed incendiary raids that burned 70% of the urban terrain in central and southern Honshu, and left such a vast number of the population homeless and incapable of feeding themselves that Japan would not have been able to offer more than token resistance to any invasion attempt made by allied forces. The Japanese army was increasingly engaged in attempting to secure supplies of safe drinking water, fuel for vehicles and cooking, electrical power, and other basic resources, and would have been logistically brittle and prone to isolation throughout the islands. The idea that the bomb would prevent massive loss of life was suggested by some bright soul on General Leslie Grove's staff and made into an expression of national policy with no debate, and indeed, no public knowledge. Had the Truman administration not relented in their insistence on removing the Emperor from the throne, the bombs would not have won capitulation from the Japanese, and their radioactive contaminants would have presented a health hazard to American personnel engaged in the conquest of the country. Try to imagine the whole project being pursued without the pressure of several billion tax dollars behind it, and you'll go mad. The dismal truth behind the bomb is that it had little or nothing to do with American Strategic policy toward Japan, and was tantamount to an experimental collaboration between the intelligence community and a speculative wing of American business that we will be paying for many generations in the future. The whole question of it having anything to do with the moral or legal culpability that any nation may have for the conduct or origin of the war seems quite absurd.

Now, speaking of things that explode, here is ARTHUR D. HLAVATY, MS, DD, KSC, SG, Pope (206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814) writing in regard to the Unabomber theories proposed by APAK stringer Frances Caustick:

"If the Unabomber is a fanzine fan, I'd be most likely to guess he's a British fanzine fan. Technophobia is much more acceptable in British zine circles than American, another reason I'm tempted to consider America and England two cultures separated by a common fandom, as George Bernard 'Bob' Shaw once said. At least I refuse to be proud to be an Amurrican.

"Excellent reply to Harry Warner. America has discovered a new form of government -- the Insuranceocracy -- which confines the efficiency of socialism with the benevolence of capitalism. Only in America, as they say.

## I had 10,000 condoms to give out

"NITPICK\* I believe that Bob Pavlat died in 1984, which was before the previous British Worldcon."

[APH: Just so -- I realized my mistake a few days after I published. I wonder who I was actually thinking of?

Space grows short; best to move forward to a letter from KIM HUETT (P.O. Box 679, Woden ACT 2606 Australia) who bounces all over the APAK neighborhood here:]

"It was frustrating to read of you strolling around Seattle and exploring neighbourhoods at your leisure. My application for a loan was most unexpectedly knocked back. Thus I won't be able to visit Seattle for Ditto. I still have hopes of attending Corflu and visiting sundry fannish cities next year. If that comes off Seattle will certainly be one of my main ports of call.

"Way back in #2 you asked if there were any warnings of such fannish conflicts as the Breendoggle. What came to mind is an article by Joe Gibson, famous fan from way, way back, which appeared in *Shaggy* #58, dated Sept-Oct 1961. I myself think Joe was raving but Bjo and John Trimble must have thought there was something in it to have published it in what was (assuming my memory to be correct) one of the major fanzines of the day. I wonder if Walter Breen was one of the people that Joe Gibson had in mind when he wrote this piece. It could well be but I guess we can't say for sure as Joe was very coy about naming names. You might like to pass this one onto a certain T. White for comment. I'm sure he would remember Joe Gibson well enough to have a better idea than us about just where 'ol Joe was coming from.

"Your suggestion [in #32] that there is a certain sexual imbalance in the fwa election record is spot on though I could have done without you resurrecting the term *femmefan*, a word as ugly as sci-fi in my eyes.

As for the female fan who 'faithfully published some of the most entertaining fanzines of trufandom's most golden age' I can't help but agree that it's high time we recognized Marion Zimmer Bradley for all the work she did with *Astra's Tower*. Snork, snork, bet you wish I was within arm's reach now instead of being able to cower behind the Pacific Ocean. Actually, given that the next Corflu is a southern one it would be most appropriate to make Lee Hoffman past-president of fwa at it.

"I want to congratulate you on your summation of the baseball strike. Being a union man myself I was firmly on the side of the players who in my eyes were just trying to protect their conditions. From what the media fed us here it would seem the average US baseball fan seemed to be on the side of whoever has the most money. So it's good to see that some body on your side of the water can think something like this through.

At least you up there would eventually see baseball again (the minors, if not major leagues). Up here in Canberra we are in serious danger of losing our team in the NBL. Two years ago one of the Melbourne licenses was bought by a Melbourne businessman and moved here. For varying reasons I won't go into the Bushrangers have finished second last both seasons and failed to establish themselves as a money-making enterprise. Not that the game up here is all about money, it's just that the club can't afford to lose money. In the last week it was announced that the Bushranger's license has been canceled due to an outstanding debt of twenty thousand to the league. Unless one or more of the local businessmen interested in buying the club take the plunge I am going to be without a local team, perhaps forever. I await developments with interest.

"One last request before I finish this: Would you mind mentioning in *Apparatchik* that I would dearly like to own a copy of a recently published (I think) book called *The ReSearch Guide to Bodily Fluids* compiled by a Paul Zimmerman (not sure as of the spelling). I'm afraid I don't have any further details such as who published it. All I know is I would very much like to add it to my reference library."

[APH: Firstly, I know a number of people can put you onto the ReSearch volume you mentioned; I'll encourage all and sundry APAK readers to take the plunge and send Kim a copy. He sends remarkable things in trade, and is a correspondent well worth seeking out.

Second, I don't know if I would be as willing to embrace unions in principle as you are, but it did strike me that the players union had the better argument during the strike; we still do not have a labor agreement in major league baseball, and anytime the players decide to walk out or the owners lock them out, we could back in full nuclear winter mode overnight. We're under threat of losing our franchise here in Seattle as well, although most people now speculate that state government will somehow intervene before that happens, as a recent vote to finance a new and more profitable stadium in co-operation with the Mariners has gone down to defeat by a razor-thin margin. Ironically, this comes in the midst of a season where they are finally contending for a pennant for the first time in their entire history. If it were a movie, the Mariners would be a rock-solid bet for the World Series.

The business about Joe Gibson's allegedly precognitive statements in *Shaggy* is of great interest to me, but it's not a fanzine I have in my collection, and your delicate toe-dance around any useful information about the piece prevents me from offering any meaningful comment. If anyone reading this can get me a copy or a transcript or a tomb-rubbing of the article, they would have my sincere gratitude.

With that on hold for now, SANDRA BOND (15 Buckler Road, Oxford OX2 7TE U.K.) joins the ranks of APAK correspondent and characterizes the zine's U.K. agent thusly:]

"Given the way that you and your henchman Martin Tudor keep bombarding me with fanzines, it would take a stronger fan than I not to wilt under the assault and send some sort of response off to you.

"I didn't make it to Martin Tudor's party (even though I was in Birmingham that night, I was otherwise engaged) but I did note with a smile his plea for attendees to bring alcoholic Australian lemonade. This concoction has been encroaching over the UK over the last few months; I first became aware of it in a walk through that most avant-garde of London locations, Covent Garden. Fascinated by the advert outside the pub, I went in and tried some. It was foul. The brand-name of this stuff is Two Dogs, and frankly, I think this to be a very brave and honest piece of advertising by the manufacturers, since it Tudor is the only person I've seen so far who admits to liking it -- but then Martin will drink anything with alcohol in it, so perhaps it's understandable.

"I expect this has already been said, but there was so too a Northern Irish fan in charge of the fan programming at Glasgow, since Steve Glover, as can be discerned by anyone who's heard his accent, hails from the province itself. With the benefit of hindsight, I think the fan programming at Inter-section went as well as anyone reasonable could expect and I certainly enjoyed the hell out of it; in fact the only low point anywhere in sight was the state to which it had reduced Steve Glover the last night, by which time he was willing to spit in anyone's eye and say he was gafia as of now, though I'm

## He was sitting on the couch next to you while you were snogging.

pleased to say that time seems to have sewn up the raveled sleeve of care and that one of my oldest fannish friends still walks among our number.

"The bit tagged on the back of #41, hurried and on the 'wrong' size of paper though it be, was most enjoyable. I always think it's hard to produce a really bad conrep if one sticks to the traditional formula and doesn't fall into the trap of describing each sausage you had for breakfast in minute detail (only experienced writers such as Simon Ounsley can get away with this; don't try it at home!)

"Nice to see plentiful Steffan artwork in the issue as well."

[APH: I enjoyed the momentary burst of squiggly lines which Dan's art added to the zine, which is normally rather geometrically severe. It was worth enduring his caricature of me to be able to see his portrait of Jack Heneghan at the plate. And yes, Martin Smith really did nearly drown in his own respiratory effluvia as he crossed the plate with what proved to be the final and deciding run of our rally.

Over the course of a generally delightful fortnight in the U.K., we had occasion to try many odd and occasionally emetic liquids portrayed as beverages which people gleefully imbibed for the sheer pleasure which their consumption could inspire. None of them were actually characterized as being animal urine, although it often seemed tasting like animal urine was a major selling point.

Yes, I observed the state that Steve Glover got into on, what, Sunday night? But expressions of somewhat flamboyant distress are often the major means of communication for persons who have fallen afoul of Worldcon committee assignments. Some program personnel at ConFrancisco were reduced to incoherent snarlings and muttering by 3:00 on Thursday afternoon; I think it is fair to say that Steve labored long before he decided he'd had enough.

Speaking of Jerry Garcia, GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069 Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142) writes:]

"Speaking of Jerry Garcia, mere days after his death (and while I was out of the country), the prepress shop where I worked received copy for a postage stamp bearing his likeness, to be issued by Tanzania. Our actual clients, of course, are the agents who market these things to the presumably eager public. In the past we've done, among others, stamps featuring Elvis, Marilyn, and John Lennon -- the latter fulsomely advertised in the newspaper just this week, with an ordering address in Owings Mills, MD -- for one or another third-world country. And then there were the [Groucho] Marx and Lennon stamps for the soi-disant republic of Abkhazia. Anyway, we sent them the proofs for the Jerry Garcia stamp, but haven't heard anything back yet; it's been speculated that they're trying to find a more attractive picture . . .

"Besides Bonnie Prince Charlie, Mary Queen of Scots also grew up speaking French. In the British Museum I saw what purported to be the first letter she ever wrote in English: the orthography was strange, even for the 16th century.

"Your review of On the TAFF Trail reminds me: Last month in Cardiff, I was walking along a path called the TAFF Trail. Alas, the other fans with me failed to appreciate the wonder of it all. (Mind you, it was a strange enough expedition already: We had set out to find what the guidebook said was a Welsh/Japanese restaurant; but it had changed ownership and menu, so we never got to find out what that might be like.)"

[APH: Well, be thankful for small favors. Still, it will be interesting to see if this is a site that Rob is familiar with, or if this is a little piece of Welsh synchronicity at work through the mechanism of my fanzine. And shocking, shocking to hear that the

fen you were with were completely unmoved by the fortuitous reference in the landscape around them. Such persons would not have appreciated the Fanhattanite tour which Rob Hansen gave us the Monday before the Worldcon, which featured many different pubs and sites of pubs where British fans used to get drunk. While jogging between stops on the tour in the destroying heat, we also happened on the site of a building that had been destroyed by a bomb from a Zeppelin during the first world war, and later, on the house in which Samuel Johnson lived for most of his working life.

Now, what I am unclear on here, is whether or not you are doing stamps meant for use by the US post office, or just some that will be bought by large stamp-producing syndicate countries, like Monaco and the United Arab Emirates. I always thought there was some kind of arcane ritual surrounding the creation of images for use on U.S. stamps . . . people portrayed must be dead, especially if they had anything to say against the American government. Perhaps Cliff Wind or some dedicated philatelist will have more to say on this subject in the future.

Now, a brief and slightly desperate note from JANICE M. EISEN (123B Lauretta Lane, Johnstown, PA 15904, e-mail at eisen@third-wave.com ), who writes:]

"Andy, this is not a LoC, in the sense of actually containing comments about APPARATCHIK. However, I'm hoping you'll print a portion of it as a sort of open letter to faneds, since most of my segment of fandom seems to read APAK.

"I have been ill with a couple of chronic problems for months -- nothing life-threatening, but enough to make me miserable and to reduce my writing output to near-zero. Unfortunately, that has included LoCs. The pile of unacknowledged zines has now grown to frightening proportions, and I fear that I'm going to start dropping off mailing lists. I would really regret this, because, even if I haven't been feeling up to writing, reading the zines has helped cheer me up.

"So this is a general plea to faneds: Please don't drop me from your mailing lists for non-response. I have reason to hope that over the next month or so my health will improve, and if it does -- no, when it does -- I will start trying to dig out from under my backlog. It may take me awhile, but I do take my fannish obligations seriously.

"Thanks, Janice"

[APH: One of the few bad things about publishing a frequent fanzine is that it is easy to make people feel like they have fallen behind the pace that your fanzine has set. Five or six issues slip by over the course of three months, and especially responsible or responsive correspondents get the impression that they'll never get caught up. The truth is, after a reader has established some level of response in my mind, I'm likely to carry them for a very long time before I would even consider dropping them. Most people operate at a much slower pace, and besides that, consider altering the mailing list to be very low on their list of favorite activities associated with fan publishing. I can't believe that there is anybody in fandom at the moment who would be so vigilant as to drop you after a silence of only three months or so. A lot of us would very shortly find ourselves with about 50 total people on our mailing lists if we did that.

So, I hope that you get well soon, Janice -- we have missed your writing here at Apparatchik World Headquarters -- but rest assured that Apparatchik itself will continue to break down the door in the middle of the night for many issues yet to come. Soon, we may be adding a columnist from England to growing Party Membership -- can a gang of 23 apparatchiki be far behind?

Good Fanac  
By Victor M. Gonzalez  
Staff Writer

What is the difference between good fanac and bad fanac? I ask in qualitative, not moral terms.

I would say good fanac is interesting and makes you think, and perhaps even question your view of reality. Lagoon 7, for example, has two substantially different pieces that deal with seeing things in a way many would find, at the least, disconcerting.

Lagoon's immediate attention getter is the letter column that deals with D. West's hoax article on art from Lagoon 6 (and providing a new definition for the word con-running).

The letters, exhibiting a fandom in various stages of knowledge and self-deception, are well-followed by Don's response -- as he crows over his victory.

But then in the editorial in 7, Simon lets on that all the games have yet to be played. Obviously, the collective evidence points to the idea that most of the illos you think were done by D. West were in fact done by others.

"Your comments -- and indeed your wildest speculations - [on artwork in the issue] are eagerly awaited, . . ." he writes.

Look at the jawline. Plus, there is one credited full-page Wests (and the front and back cover), but the unsigned others are not listed at all in the table of contents. Ah, my brilliant American mind has outwitted them again.

Although I fall into deficient art-appreciation categories when I try to figure out who did the fake D. Wests (although I'm sure one of them is by Gary Farber). And, I mutter to myself as I try to go to sleep, maybe they are by D. West after all.

Maybe he's caricaturing artists as they would caricature him.

In any case, the whole matter has been the most creative and entertaining thing I've seen in fandom since my return to it, if not since I was a neo.

But good fanac is more than a single good controversy, or something that may amount to little more than a contest. Good fanac is also thoughtful presentation of difficult issues.

In Lagoon 7, Simon proposed the idea that we "create our own reality."

He admits the difficulty in applying this idea in a practical manner: "People ought to be encouraged to start with some thing simpler first, like making it rain for instance, or changing traffic lights to green."

The traffic light thing -- or another self-controlled reality Simon brings up, finding convenient parking places -- induces thoughts of an amusing possibility: That instead of being controlled by the actions of others (the traffic light programmers or other drivers who want to park near the same restaurant), one's success or failure is dependent on a giant mental conflict for ten feet of curb space as people aggressively try to out-will each other.

The central idea behind the essay, so far as I can tell, is the idea that we can heal ourselves. Some selections:

"The basic process is much the same. You place your hands on or near someone's body and the healing flows. . . ."

"Time is simply a function of human existence. The healing force exists outside of human existence and therefore it also exists out of time. . . ."

"More than ever I felt that Richard was there with me -- and that this time he was thanking. I felt that I had paid him back to some extent for being with me and perhaps helping to heal me during those long years of my worst illness. . . ."

"If it is 'meant' to be, then it is because we ourselves have meant it to be."

One must grant Simon two things: his article is laced with "maybes" and other modifiers; he is not presenting his ideas as a perfect description of reality. He also has his tongue in his cheek a good deal of the time --not because he's not serious, but because he knows some of his ideas seem ridiculous; he doesn't try to write around that.

At one point, Simon presents an example through quantum mechanics: a unit of energy, an electron for example, exists as a particle or as a wave depends on whether the observer chooses to measure its position or its velocity.

Based on that, he goes on to say that "here we seem to have real evidence, even if only at the level of these vanishingly small entities, that we can actually influence reality external to ourselves."

But I'm kind of interested in just what that means. If the observer measures one thing, he gets one result. If he measures another, he gets a different result.

Is that significantly different from what happens when you toss a balloon in the air versus what happens when you stick the balloon with a pin? But a change to the nature of the electron -- if it really is an objective change -- is perhaps a greater alteration of nature itself than a mere release of contained gas. Perhaps Simon is drawing just that fine distinction: influencing reality versus changing the very nature of reality.

Somehow, it reminds me of Dhalgren.

"So now I'm working on getting traffic lights to change when I want them to as well. But I reckon this is more difficult because they're linked together and more fully integrated into what we think of as objective reality than parking places -- which simply come free or not according to the whims of individual drivers," Simon writes.

Confidence, he supposes, in what it takes to get the parking spot. If you believe there will be a convenient spot, really believe, it will be there.

But what if, during Silvercon, superconfident fannish dynamos Katz and Hooper finish impromptu oneshots at nearly the same moment and dash to the lobby, have their large luxury sedans brought round, and race off to the downtown Vegas Kinko's.

Sure, there are plenty of copy machines. But next to the print shop is a Chinese Food Casino Complex with a 2 a.m. happy hour in high gear. There is no space between the Acuras, Infinitis and BMWs already parked in front.

The two vehicles race on, the wills of two fannish greats clashing over a ten-year Vegas vet who's losing \$5 a minute on the tables. Either one of them would will him to get up and

leaving giving them the spot. But they can't both have the spot. One of them must abandon the primary target.

Only a hundred yards from Kinko's, Arnie veers off and picks a hotshot in sharkskin who's thinking of making a coke run. The mundane drug-addicted loser climbs into his Legend and makes a call as he pulls away, nearly hitting the loser who's decided to go where the tables are lucky.

Both fans get their spots. Both are -- thank heavens -- safe and sound.

Until they pull those colored sheets of paper out of the hopper and leave to find the post office.

I have a feeling that's not what Simon had in mind. I'm willing to admit that I've probably missed some key points. But what he presented on the subject in Lagoon 7 is one of the first pieces on such subjects I've been able to get all the way through -- and the only thing that has motivated me to respond.

Good fanac.



#### FANZINE COUNTDOWN, September 15th to 24th

**#1) Skosh #1**, edited by Steve Stiles, 8631 Lucerne Rd., Randallstown MD 21133, available for trade. Steve states right at the outset that this zine is intended to be a letter-of-comment substitute. I've never really been able to discern the difference between that and the average perzine, but there's a lot to be said for any 4-page fanzine that covers as much ground as this effort of Steve's does. Career and family have taken a big bite out of Steve's life in the past few years, but he's still interested in communicating with the various fans who keep him on their mailing list. *Skosh* is intended to be compensation for those people who are still sending him fanzines. Anyway, Steve offers memories of Jerry Garcia and his reactions to the latter's heroin use, observes his own recent conversion to Judaism, and contemplates the once and future intersection between fandom and bondage circles. Steve's writing has always engaged me, even when, as it occasionally does, it made me uncomfortable. *Skosh* is just a little bit of him in a fanzine, enough to keep the reader hungry for more.

**#2) Ansible #98**, edited by Dave Langford, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU United Kingdom, electronically at [ansible@cix.compulink.co.uk](mailto:ansible@cix.compulink.co.uk) This issue constitutes a breathless tour through The Scottish Convention, doling out the occasional plaudit or blow on the head. Dave's attitude toward the committee is altogether less conciliatory than is probably healthy for him, but at least he can hold his head high. After winning 11 Hugo awards, Dave can ferret out unctiousness with his head held high, while those of us who hope to maintain a relatively benign image before the voters cannot, for example, mention how desperately twee we found David Gerrold's decision to pull his young son to the stage with him, in order to proclaim him the "real Martian Child." Dave also points out that the bid for the next Worldcon that no one in Britain will support is for Cardiff in 2003, not 2002 as I suggested last issue.

This one concludes with a literate appreciation of the late John Brunner by his friend Chris Priest, which occupies a quarter of the whole issue; a classy gesture.

**#3) Wild Heirs # 9.5: Party Time!**, written and edited by Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, available for the usual: Having spent the last several weeks grappling with the absolute SCALE of the Worldcon, this memoir from last May's Las Vegas Corflu was like a blast of warm ether . . . that's a great lead, isn't it? It's amazing I can keep coming up with these great leads, with these cheesy fan-rags from the desert thumping into the mail box like shotgunned passenger pigeons. Arnie's memory for things which I know were tossed off without any notice by anyone at the time, yet which seem quite entertaining when he recounts them, is remarkable. He expresses some self-consciousness about his inability to create straight linear narrative con reports; I say that we have plenty of people who can write those kinds of things, but a truly creative and conveniently selective memory is a rare and valuable commodity. Plus, having cast free from the anchor of objective reality allows Arnie to digress freely on topics like fanzine reviewing, the innate loveability of Aileen Forman, and Joyce's Theory of Islands. As usual, a varied enough program to harness the most limited attention-span.

**#4) Wild Heirs #9**, edited by Belle Augusta, Tammy Funk, Eric Davis and some lesser-known fen, available for the usual from Suite 152, 330 S. Decatur, Las Vegas, NV 89107; There seems to be an odd dialogue going on between this column and at least the cover of *Wild Heirs*, and one which seems to imply a malevolent or attitude on my part toward the people in Las Vegas fandom and other points who put together the fanzine. A few weeks ago, it was assumed that the Intergalactic Brotherhood of Shellfish Gobblers was some kind of sinister, acquisitive organization, *by people who are in fact card-carrying members of the I.B.S.G.* Now, I am portrayed as some sort of latter-day Savonarola, prepared to burn the entire editorial horde at the stake. What deep-seated fear or insecurity have I tapped in these people? Perhaps some hard answers will be forthcoming at Silvercon. In the meantime, the less paranoid material offered by Chuch Harris, Tammy Funk, Ray Waldie and Joyce Katz is top-notch, while Arnie Katz has the temerity to mutter about the lack of creditable fuggheads in the local district. It's amazing the things you find you miss, isn't it?

**#5) Sweet Jane #13**, written and edited by Gordon Eklund, 15815 40th Place S., Seattle, WA 98188. Available to members of the FAPA; I suppose it's a bit odd to review Fapazines here, but I like to think that I judge everything on the same grounds, even if that might include a few items which are not commonly available to everyone who reads this zine. Anyway, my fan-historical appetites were charmed by Gordon's review of the contents of a 1966 FAPA mailing he has had occasion to acquire; sprinkled throughout are observations about things that Eklund can remember in his own life during the same period. Even his comments on other people's

FAPA zines are sufficiently piquant that they make entertaining reading. Who knows, drop him a line and maybe he'll send you this or the next one.

**#6) The Trufan's Advisor: An introductory Guide to Fanzine Fandom**, written and edited by Arnie Katz, 330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107, and illustrated by William Rotsler; Here's something pretty impressive, a publication intended to be an introduction to fanzine fandom. Whenever I think of trying to boil down fanzine fandom into something which would be accessible to someone coming to it cold, I get a shrively feeling in my urogenitive superstructure. Seeing Arnie succeed in providing such a wealth of useful information within only 20 pages is pretty impressive. On the other hand, what does this say about the legendary complexity and arcana associated with fanzine fandom? Is it possible that people who claim to have so much trouble understanding the *lingua franca* of fanzine fandom are simply obtuse or painfully stupid? I also give Arnie high marks for writing something which does not present a sugar-coated or idealized view of fandom, but largely restricts himself to facts that most of us would agree unassailable. This is a really great thing to have a few copies of on hand, in case some neos come to your door selling copies of *The Watchtower*. When confronted with just that situation, give them a copy of this guide and tell them that Arnie Katz would be happy to trade all-for-all.

**#7) Ashè #1**, written and edited by Mark Manning, 1709 S. Holgate St., Seattle, WA 98144-4339, available to members of the FAPA; Another FAPAZine, but worth commenting on at least to the degree that Mark has finally taken advantage of that source for off-set printing that he has been talking about for the past three years. A poetic little stickleback of a fanzine, set in Goudy Old Style and Prose Antique, and looking like nothing so much as one of the efforts Roscoe Wright and Vernon McCain cranked out in Portland Fandom over 40 years ago. Linos from Chad Oliver and Walter M. Miller Jr.; those might not have been out of place in a McCain zine either. And that patented off-kilter Manning humor throughout, in phrases like this one, regarding the Internet: "Instant access to the Zoroastrian daily prayerbook, or allergy facts, or kosher thai recipes is exactly what science fiction fans have dreamed of for yonks now.

"Except for maybe Harry Andruschak, who's said he's waiting for domed-over cities. Go figure."

**#8) Sacred Trust #2**, edited by Murray Moore, 377 Manly St., Midland, Ontario L4R 3E2, Canada, available for the usual or 2\$; Murray Moore's second zine confirms that his first-issue title "sacred thrust", was just a gag, and that this will apparently be his title for the rest of the run (although he also notes that the fanzine is known elsewhere under the title "*Umbrage*," a puzzling observation). Murray offers one of those con reports that seem to spend a good part of their length worrying about the trip there and back -- I'm far from immune to that sort of thing myself, but I always return to an old Clarion

West adage of mine: Don't bore your readers with the "Get in, I'll drive you to the story" approach; start the story after you've gotten your characters out of the car. Nonetheless, Murray offers an entertaining account of his trip to Ditto in Ann Arbor last year. Some interesting character studies of fans encountered there, as well as some under-stated fanhistorical musings. Plus, a very healthy letter column, although we could use a little more of Murray's responses. Worth watching.

**#9) Jomp, Jr. #15**, edited by Richard A. Dengrove, 2651 Arlington Drive #301, Alexandria, VA 22306; I keep hearing people complain about Rich Dengrove's fanzine like it was some sort of noxious insect; I can't say I understand that attitude. To my eyes, Richard is one of the few people publishing who actually talks about science, intellectual history and other Big Topics without digressing me into a coma. He starts out with a brief consideration of the apocryphal nature of the traditional anecdote about Newton's Apple, observes the decline of intelligent conversation, and his ongoing efforts to describe his view of extra-sensory perception, and concludes with a short, but pithy letter column. Fandom has always needed people like Rich to start arguments, to give us something to chew over when we get tired of talking about TAFF and whether our least-favorite authors should be baked or fried. I'm not sure why there doesn't seem to be the kind of energetic response here that this kind of stuff deserves; possibly, *Jomp, Jr.* doesn't appear often or dependably enough to develop that sense of community. But, if you've been receiving this and putting it at the bottom of the pile, take it out and actually read it, it's worth your time.

**ALSO RECEIVED:** Gradient #12, Robert Sabella; Machination #29, Anita Rowland, et al, for the Seattle Cacophony Society; Muse 134, 2 issues, dated July & August, 1995, Steve desJardins; One Parting Shot, one-shot by Jae Adams, Jim Brooks, Bill Humphries & Nevenah Smith; Trash Barrel, no date or number, Donald Franson; Visions of Paradise, Robert Sabella.

APPARATCHIK is the Dave Neihaus of fandom, twiddling along in a mild, almost bland voice until a home run is "BELTED TO DEEP RIGHT FIELD WAY BACK AND IT WILL FLY AWAY!" And when you have recovered from that spittle-flecked howl into the microphone, you can hardly understand the choked-off triumphal moan of "I do not believe what I am seeing . . . in thirty years in broadcasting I have never seen anything. Like this." It's still available for the usual, or you can get APPARATCHIK for \$3.00 for a three month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life-time subscription for \$19.73, or in exchange for proof that the government is concealing shocking facts in the McKinley Assassination. If you live in The United Kingdom, Martin Tudor will accept £10.00 for an annual subscription, £19.37 for a lifetime sub, see his address in the colophon on the front cover. Lifetime subscribers include Tom Becker, Judy Bemis, Richard Brandt, Scott Custis, Don Fitch, Lucy Huntzinger, Nancy Lebovitz, Robert Lichtman, Michelle Lyons, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Tony Parker, Greg Pickersgill, Barnaby Rapoport, Alan Rosenthal, Anita Rowland, Karen Schaffer, Leslie Smith, Geri Sullivan, Steve Swartz, Michael Waite, and Art Widner. Mind if I record your water bag?