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# APPARATCHIK

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The fifteenth issue of a more or less bi-weekly fanzine, published by Andy Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, at The Starliter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 192. Apparatchik is filmed on location in lovely Drumheller, Alberta.

**Issue # 15, August 18th, 1994.**

I HOPE THAT THE WEEKS' DELAY in the appearance of this issue hasn't caused my correspondents any undue concern. I hate to have slipped my schedule, since I had done so well at meeting (or nearly so) all of the deadlines I had set for the production of APAK up to now. But I'm sure that you can understand that when given the choice between doing reasonably lucrative paying work (with a hard deadline less than a week away at this writing) and meeting a bi-weekly publishing schedule for this little exercise in fannish vanity, I'm going to go for the money every time. Ah, the life of a filthy pro for me.... WHAT I'VE BEEN WORKING on is another series of essays about professional athletes and their teams, this time concerned with football (the American kind). It's required me to speak with a level of knowledge in regard to the game that I honestly did not possess before starting the project, which is in sharp contrast to the baseball book I worked on earlier this summer. Much of that stuff I could have composed with only intermittent recourse to reference materials. In that regard, this has been an interesting project, since it provided me with some proof that I could write with a certain assurance about subjects that I can't claim any particular experience with. But then, APAK readers will have observed my facility for that a long time ago.... Anyway, I now know all I want to (and more) about the average gross punt yardage amassed in the NFL last year.... THIS IS OBVIOUSLY a somewhat different format that I have used in previous issues of APAK. I'm hoping that the smaller type-size will be counter-balanced by the higher quality (i.e., darker) print. I'll probably twiddle around with different elements of the design for the next few issues, as I get used to having so many options open to me. WAY BACK IN APRIL, Ted White asked me if publishing APAK at such a frenzied pace would not obviate the need to publish SPENT BRASS as well. At the time, I answered in the negative, but the fact that we have not been able to bring out an issue since then gives Ted's theory a certain increased plausibility. What Carrie and I have decided is that when we finally get the long-delayed 27th issue of SB, we'll commit to a quarterly schedule, less frequent than before, but hopefully more dependable. In doing so, we can increase the size of the individual issues, hopefully creating a near-genzine more worthy of notice than the rather slight fanzine we have been publishing, whose only real virtue has been its theoretical frequency of publication. It pains me to bend in this manner to the forces of creeping lizzardization, but a

thing worth doing is worth doing better than we have been doing it lately. And by today's standards, a zine with any weight to it at all that actually comes out every ninety days is a rare phenomenon. We have a big wad of articles in hand that we'll publish in the next issue, but after that we're going to need some quality material of somewhat greater length than we have been able to accept in the past (too bad you yanked that long letter on me, rich, I was just about to write and ask if we could put it in the fall issue). And since I've finally updated my DTP outfit, I can accept material on disk in just about any format that's most convenient for you...I mention all these things to the APAK audience because I feel like you are the elite 20% of our regular mailing list, and whatever material I receive for any publishing endeavor is most likely to come from you. You certainly LoC at a rate much higher than the mailing list as a whole.... ANYWAY, given that SB won't be coming out as often as it once did, I'm going to try and report such breaking fannish news as I ever get to hear in this little backwater of de big fannish ribbuh in APAK instead. This will help tide me through afternoons like this one, when I can think of precious little to say of my own. First, another birth announcement. Little Aurora Hackney was born on Monday the 15th, the daughter of Ruth Hackney, and granddaughter of Glenn Hackney and Kate Schaefer, stalwart readers of APAK. Both parties physically involved are said to be doing well, although tired of answering questions about the new-born's lack of a middle name. People's curiosity about this is due to the fact that Aurora's big sister Amber was given the penultimate sobriquet of "Peyote" to carry her through life... Your suggestions for a middle name will be duly passed on to the parties involved.... THE FANNISH SOCIAL EVENT of the summer season in Seattle so far was the party held last Sunday at Jillian's billiard parlor, to honor the birthdays of John Bartelt and Lucy Huntzinger who were here visiting Lucy's family. It so happened that the party fell on this reporter's own birthday, so the event became a triple celebrations. Big thanks to Janice Murray for organizing the event..... THE LOCAL GANG is also breathlessly awaiting the visit of DUFF delegate Alan Stewart, stopping by in Seattle on his way to the Winnipeg Worldcon. Details of Alan's opinion of our bowling prowess will appear in the next issue of this fanzine. TO DATE, the two candidates for the next TAFF rate appear to be Dan Steffan and Joe Wesson, but other interested parties should note that nominations will not close until

**Life is the crummiest book I ever read**

## Unfortunately, Geis was whistling in the dark...

the 30th of September. LAST WEEK I was getting all wound up to do this prolonged editorial essay about trust, in the wake of having watched a very good factual documentary on Watergate on the A & E cable network (It brought a lot of stuff back to me that I hadn't thought of in a long time. I found the various hearings fascinating at the time, and read everything I could lay my hands on, including literary pastiche like Roth's Our Gang and Nicholas Von Hoffman's Trout Fishing in the Reflecting Pool. But it had been years since I had given any of it any thought.) and with the advent of the baseball strike. But all of those ideas seem to have dissolved in a storm of completion percentages and big play percentages. I had all these great similes in mind, but the only one I can think of now was comparing Watergate to Pickett's Charge, in that one now can travel back in the mind's eye to the moment before Haldeman and Mitchell gave Liddy the go-ahead, to a time before confidence and trust in the executive branch had been irreparably lost just as the Confederacy's chances for victory were dashed on the Union line at Gettysburg. But that seems like a goofy stretch to make now that I see it one the page, so let's just drop the whole thing. STILL, I KNOW that everyone expects me to have some comment on the baseball strike, even if all I do is make painful withdrawal sounds and curl up in a fetal position until Ken Griffey Jr. comes to bat again, so here goes.

So far, the thing I have found most frustrating about the strike is that I don't think the real financial issue confronting baseball has been mentioned by anyone yet, not even George Will, who had some otherwise pungent comments to make on Larry King's show last week, when he backed both player-rep Donald Fehr and the owner's main mouthpiece Richard Ravitch in to a corner on the inevitability of the strike. We have heard a lot of talk about the impropriety of people who make an average of 1.2 million dollars a year striking for any reason, and we have heard a lot about the need for a salary cap and revenue sharing to support the small market clubs around the country. We have heard about the terrible economic hardship which those small clubs face if nothing is done to level the financial playing field. But so far, the only thing to which that hardship has been attributed is the size of player salaries, which is quite simply a lie.

The real problem facing these clubs is the fact that almost all of them have changed hands since the last prolonged player's strike in 1981, and all were sold at prices set when baseball was in a period of apparently unlimited economic growth. As a result, the asking price for even an unsuccessful franchise has been set at over 100 million dollars. The various entrepreneurs who have acquired the teams didn't have that kind of cash lying around loose, of course; like everyone else in the eighties, they borrowed the money they needed to buy the teams, trusting that profits would continue to grow and that they would be able to absorb the massive amount of interest that this debt would generate through the huge television and licensing revenues that would come their way.

The reality of sports income at the present time is that the major networks have over-extended themselves badly in the face of the big chunk of viewership being taken by cable companies like ESPN. While we enjoyed the endless succession of games the cable companies brought us in the past few years, we were really contributing to the shortfall in revenue which both the major networks and the clubs without cable deals of their own were suffering. When it came time to negotiate a new broadcast contract, individual club's deals with "superstations" had cut into national advertising revenues so thoroughly that it took a coalition of broadcast and cable networks to be able to afford the price which baseball had to ask of them in order to stay in business.

Now, even given this reduced level of revenue, there ought to be plenty of millions to go around. Attendance is still going up, despite all of the abuse which the game has asked fans to accept, mostly in the form of higher and higher prices. A bleacher seat still costs less than going to a movie does, but parking, concessions, souvenirs have all gone through the roof. And in a lot of places, people pay for baseball through higher taxes levied to help pay for new stadiums partially built with public money. Yet, baseball still enjoys a ridiculous anti-trust exemption based on a ruling made in the 1920's, that it is an entertainment and not a business. That Congress recently declined to remove this exemption seems to set an untenable double standard.

Baseball clubs enjoy an unparalleled set of advantages toward maximizing their revenue, and there should be no excuse for any team, even those in places like Pittsburgh and San Diego, to lose money. The reason they manage to do so is that they are all leveraged to the eyes, paying fantastic amounts on interest on the grossly inflated prices they agreed to pay on purchasing the teams. This, I believe, more than anything else, is why the clubs are unwilling to open their books to a third-party auditor. It's true, they are losing a certain amount of money each year. But that loss is only peripherally connected with the supposedly grossly inflated level of player salaries.

The players, for their part, have not been very effective in communicating these facts either. And the relatively inflated level of their salaries means that they have to eventually accept some role in helping to bail out the less profitable clubs. But the unilateral imposition of a salary cap would not do much to address the real financial crisis which some teams face. It isn't the players, by far, who have the most to offer those struggling franchises. It's the club who have sweetheart deals with broadcasting corporations, whose pursuit of their own TV revenues have reduced the pool of money available to the leagues as a whole. As the players point out, it isn't fair to ask them to make good the small clubs' losses while the big ones continue to squirrel away just as much money as before. The issue really isn't between the players and the owners; it's between different factions of owners.

This is why Fehr and Ravitch have not been conducting negotiations over the first week of the strike.

What do they have to offer each other? They are even beginning to run out of volatile rhetoric to slam one another with, jeopardizing their hard-won status as the two most hated men in America (after the president of course). There may eventually be a face-saving solution to the strike, which will probably involve the removal of binding arbitration from the collective agreement, in exchange for more liberal free-agency rules, but it's hard to imagine how the problem of the team's debt-load can be solved with anything short of the bankruptcy and/or relocation of a certain percentage of the teams in the Major Leagues.

On the other hand, if you want to go on assuming that the players are greedy, over-paid and morally deficient, feel free. It's probably true. It just has nothing to do with the issues at hand.

More than enough of that, I think. Let's move on to your letters and some even more confusing issues. We'll lead off with Mr. TED WHITE (1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046), who has some more thoughts on the theory of criticism in fandom:

"...I really wanted to comment on # 13 because in it you proffered several definitions of "KTF" fanzine reviewing and commented upon them.

"What I would like to see is an agreement on just which fmz reviews are -- or ever were -- "KTF" rather than this abstract categorizing.

"I believe that we can all agree that since the term "KTF" originated in Britain that in all likelihood that nation must have given us the first examples of KTF reviewing in practice. Okay, fine. Point them out to me. Are we speaking of Greg Pickersgill's fmz in the seventies STOP BREAKING DOWN? Nope, I can't agree. I've read those reviews and they are not Over the Top, nor do they shred their "victims." In fact, Pickersgill's are some of the most insightful, -constructive fmz reviews I've ever read.

"What about Joseph Nicholas' late-seventies-early-eighties reviews in NABU? Anti-American, without question, and prone to all Joseph's rhetorical vices, but not really KTF. Phil Palmer had a brief go at filling Joseph's shoes, but while he shared the anti-American bias, he too was hardly in the KTF mold.

"In fact, dear friends, I cannot recall ever reading any actual British KTF reviews. they may have existed and simply eluded me, but try as I may I cannot pin any down and say, 'Here they are!'

"At this point I am certain that someone out there in New Fandom will chime up with, 'You write KTF reviews, Ted White!' But to me this is simply a sign of ignorance. I've been writing fanzine reviews for almost forty years, and for nearly as long I've adhered to the same simple straightforward style, of calling 'em as I see 'em. Some people (most of them being Guy Himself) think I KTFed Guy Lillian III. These people (not excepting Guy III) are Critically Challenged and we can only hope they are not exposed to the real thing."

[Well, I for one think that I would class Joseph Nicholas' reviews in NABU as being very, very close to

KTF...assuming that we had any accepted definition of the phenomenon to work from. You reject my definitions (apparently) but offer no specific elements which you think would need to be present in order to count a review as being KTF. I'm perfectly willing to admit that my ideas about the phenomenon may be faulty, received wisdom from sources that didn't know what they were talking about either, but I insist that the term "KTF" has to have meant something at some time. We may have to go to the original source to get a working definition.

Oh, as for my thoughts on Nicholas' reviews...I always thought that some of those reviews attacked the root motivations and ideas of editors and writers so thoroughly that the only way they could have satisfied Joseph's critical agenda was to cease publication altogether. That's the sort of thing I always thought went along with a KTF review. But I remain open to many other interpretations and examples, which I hope might eventually be a springboard to a discussion of the value and purpose of criticism in fandom.

This, I think, would be more constructive than tarring anyone who disagrees with your methods with a pejorative title like "New Fandom," particularly since a lot of the people doing the disagreeing have been in fandom for twenty years or more. It seems no less a folly than trying to lump a school of fan writers together as "KTF reviewers," when it ought to be obvious to anyone who can actually read that the people so described had widely diverging ideas and methods that can't possibly be summed up in a four-word nickname.

Besides, instead of laboriously constructing some ideological school to explain the reaction to your review of CHALLENGER (and what a geeky title for a fanzine that is! Kill the Fucker!), why can't you just refer to them as "People Who Don't Like Me?" As far as I can see, that's a more accurate representation of their objections to your review anyway.

Anyway, like I said, I still would like to see some more opinions on the place of critical thought in fandom. And now, here's something we hope you really like -- aph]

GEORGE FLYNN (P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142) returns us to the idea of:

"Forgotten history, yes. But history's losers aren't always forgotten: sometimes they get romanticized, which does an equally good job of distorting What Really Happened. Isn't that where the 'Grey Fen' you describe are coming from? And I find it croggling that one of the main hotels for this year's Worldcons is the Place Louis Riel. (But since most fans -- indeed, most people staying there at any time -- probably have no idea who Riel was, this is a case of romanticization *and* forgetting.)

"Subsequent news stories confirmed that Neil Armstrong lives in Ohio."

[All right, so he lives in Ohio. Did they say anything about his being a reclusive hermit, refusing to let his fingernails be trimmed?

**I would, however, like to talk about brain transference.**

**...for men would not believe that matters of such strange import could come between fan and fan...**

Since you've dropped the gauntlet here, I ought to explain to other readers that Louis Riel was a political and religious revolutionary who led a rebellion against the Canadian government in March of 1885. Riel led a group of Metis, people of mixed French and Indian heritage (here we return to the subject of multi-racial isolates again, which is probably why George brought this up), who had been at odds with government land policies for decades. To put it as simply as possible, the Metis generally had no legal claim to the land they lived on, and were continually being threatened by government surveys that did not recognize their occupation of it. In the 1870's, many of the Metis had fled the formation of the province of Manitoba, which entailed the sale of the land they lived on to eastern land speculators and railroads, and moved to new homes in what were then referred to as the Northwest Territories. These were the people who had opened the Canadian frontier, and they were well-adapted to life along it. The new economic order pushing westward from Ontario was difficult for them to adapt to, and the racial and religious prejudice from the largely English and Protestant easterners made it even harder.

Riel led resistance to government policies in 1869 and 70 as well, taking hostages and demanding concessions from the government. These were largely made, and the situation was resolved with a minimum of bloodshed. But in 1885, Prime Minister Sir John MacDonald rightly assumed that public opinion was strongly against the Metis. It was swayed even further in favor of armed action against them by an ambush conducted by Metis guerrillas against the North-west Mounted Police garrison at Duck Lake. 12 police constables and 5 Metis were killed in the exchange of fire, and a large column of troops were subsequently sent east to punish the action.

Riel had hoped to avoid armed action, and is said to have limited the bloodshed at Duck Lake by riding around the battlefield with an upraised cross in hand, demanding that the firing cease. But after the expeditionary force began its travel west, he sought to engage them in a costly siege, which would eventually compel the government to meet the Metis demands for land survey reform, or even accept the formation of an independent state dominated by the French-speaking Catholic Metis.

The Metis put up determined resistance. But the local Cree and Sioux Indian population, whom Riel had hoped to enlist in his cause, largely refused to come to his aid. The differences between the largely Europeanized Metis and the tribal populations were larger than the similarities. Likewise, the white population of the region were not sympathetic to his cause; whatever their religion, the advance of eastern development represented the benefits of civilization to them, and Riel represented further economic isolation. Riel and his followers built works around the town of Batoche, and held out well for about a week, but their supplies were low from the beginning, and the combined effects of hunger, cold and artillery ended the "Riel Rebellion."

Riel was tried and convicted of leading armed insurrection against the government of Canada and was hanged on 16 November, 1885. His primary lieutenants, Gabriel Dumont and Michael Dumas, escaped across the American border, where Dumont later starred as a sharpshooter in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show.

The Metis lost whatever political cohesion they had possessed in the wake of the rebellion, and have only begun to gain a voice in Canadian politics in the last 25 years. Riel does not immediately strike one as a good subject for romanticizing upon, but then, Bonnie Prince Charlie was an arrogant Fop and Nathan Bedford Forrest was a vicious war criminal, so you can never predict how these things will go. I wouldn't be surprised to see people attending Worldcon at the Hitler Center Hyatt in fifty years or so.

On that cheery note, we'll move on to HARRY WARNER JR. (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740) who has some observations on history to share:

"Maybe I too once had a dream resembling the real life adventure of Selim the Algerian. That's because I have a strange sense of *deja vu* after reading your essay on your dream and his life. However, it's conceivable that I have a vague memory of having read about him somewhere else, perhaps in an old issue of *American Heritage*, if I'm not instead confusing his adventures with those of some other African who unexpectedly found himself in the New World. But there is one thing that seems strange in this accepted version of Selim's life. Why did it take him so long to learn a little English? I judge from your paragraphs that he spent at least a few years in English speaking areas, although your chronology seems to be confused by a misprint in the dates given in the fourth line from the bottom on page two. He was intelligent enough to have learned Latin and Greek in his youth and it seems very improbable that he was unable to pick up the rudiments of English a few years later. I also wonder if the Shawnee captors really intended to adopt him into their tribe; many Americans in North America were slave owners."

[I had to grab a copy of # 13 to look for the chronological error you theorized, and then check my source.

The error was in stating that Selim definitely left Istanbul in 1759. He left there in 1758, and arrived in central Virginia just one year later. I think it would have been a lot more likely for him to pick up some French in the process, but it's not impossible that all he learned were a few command words, punctuated by blows to the head. No one wanted him to learn to communicate, just to do manual labor. Picking up a new language is far more difficult than people portray it as being in books, and it helps to have someone actively trying to teach it to you.

As for the question of the Shawnee looking to adopt him, I can't say for certain since I wasn't there, but my impression is that they were morally opposed to the practice. Plenty of other people weren't, though, and Selim could easily have thought their plans for him were similar to those of the French. -- aph]

"I had a more exciting experience involving the first moon landing a quarter-century ago than most fans had. During the afternoon when the landing was imminent, I was taping radio coverage and watching the simulations on Television when a stupendous thunderstorm was bearing down on Hagerstown. It seemed bigger, darker and noisier than any storm in memory and it grew in intensity as the moment of the landing became imminent. I kept thinking about science fiction stories in which bems had done terrible things to puny humans when they dared to venture into space and I also wondered if God was angry about this effort to move humanity from the world where he had placed them to another world. The most deafening thunderbolt struck just minutes before we learned that the landing had occurred safely, but we were in a minority of Hagerstonians because the storm had knocked out the cable before the climax. fortunately, I was still using a rooftop antenna at that time and the power didn't go off in this block

"Of course, I was still in my mid-forties on that day so I felt confident that I would be around for the first human exploration of Mars if I lived to the Biblical three score and ten. Now it's obvious I'll never have another exciting day like that one with Mars taking the role previously held by the moon.

"The concept of making a trip somewhere to see Civil War reenactments is wild enough for me to have trouble grasping. Locally, the problem is to stay clear of such things. Something of the sort is going on almost ever warm weekend at Antietam, 20 miles south of Hagerstown and at Gettysburg, 35 miles to the northeast. In the biggest Hagerstown park, only a couple of blocks from my home, there are weekend skirmishes. The Battle of Funkstown, which occurred two miles east of here and is relegated only to the tiniest print in foot notes in Civil War histories, is re-run every summer. Fort Frederick, built as a protection against injuns in the mid-18th century, is infested with Revolutionary War and French & Indian War Reenactors. In a few weeks, Hagerstown must endure a simulation of the day when Confederates threatened to burn down the town if it didn't pay \$20,000 in ransom. (It was saved from torching by a stupid mistake. the confederate officer got mixed up and asked for that sum even though he had orders to demand a \$200,000 ransom. There wasn't nearly enough money in town to meet what he should have demanded but the city fathers got together some cash and the Confederates accepted enough merchandise to equal the \$20,000 goof.)

"It's sad to find a perceptive person like you aping the media cliché about the slowness of baseball. The average pro football game lasts a little over three hours and most college games run a little longer. Nothing can happen in football without the clock running except for the few seconds required for points after touchdown and the interval between the time when the foot hits the ball and in a kickoff and the moment it is touched by a receiver. College and Pro games have a one hour clock duration. Isn't it obvious that spectators sit through two hours of total inaction plus quite a few minutes of semi-inaction while the clock is running and the players are picking themselves up and huddling between

plays? Why is baseball considered to have 'discontinuous quality of action'? Much the same holds true for basketball, where the clock runs forty minutes during a college game but more than two hours usually elapse from start to finish."

[Just so, Harry. I agree that baseball gets a bad rap in that regard, but you know me, ever the compromiser, I was just trying to work within people's foolish prejudices. As for the idea of traveling to a re-enactment, you have to remember that there weren't very many battles of the American Civil War north of the Columbia river. The only war they like to commemorate around here was fought with Britain over possession of the San Juan Islands, and the only casualty was a pig someone killed.

I might well have had contact with that same storm system you mentioned -- I only lived about a hundred miles from you, after all -- but I have no memory of it. One question I wanted to ask; I didn't think that many people had cable television in 1969. Was Hagerstown an especially progressive area, or a test region for the technology? -- aph]

Now we'll hear from DON FITCH (3908 Frijo, Covina CA 91722) on the reports of big sales in Connecticut:

"I suspect that the sales of Freddie Baer T-shirts @\$200 at ReaderCon is as misleading as the prices old fanzines have sometimes brought at Corflu auctions. Not that her artwork isn't 'worth' that, but...among other things, it's so difficult to mat and frame her T-shirts (which I'd not more than briefly think of doing; the whole thrust of her T-Shirt-of-the-month club is to put Art where a large number of people can see and enjoy it, with which I strongly agree, though I don't think much of the concept that art should be ephemeral and fade away as rapidly as a T-shirt does).

"Yeah, why *is* forgotten history forgotten? One reason, I learned in high school from a sly teacher who pointed me toward Tey's Daughter of Time. I shan't argue here that Richard was really a Good Guy (though I think there's a high probability he was ); the point that's really lasted is that 'History is written by The Winners' ...along with the implication that almost all Historians have always been part of some sort of establishment; they were, as most human beings are, generally not able to perceive facts which did not conform to their particular view of the Pattern of History, and to a large degree they controlled much of the data that was going to be passed on to future historians. If they didn't consider something important, or didn't even see it, it didn't get included in the thinking of those who followed them. Only recently -- since, say, the invention of the newspaper -- has a substantial amount of raw data been readily available to researchers, and even then what's passed on is often a bit peculiar and biased.

"Another reason, I suppose, is that our culture and our concept of history is based on power, and that most examinations concentrate on those sub-sets which were (and which long remained) at the top of the power pyramid. furthermore, those not toward the top often left few written records, and the very concept of Oral Transmission tends to

**I suspect everyone...and I suspect no one.**

be frowned upon by those historians who even recognize that it might exist. Indeed, there's some reason for frowning -- the people who pass on Oral history might be even more prone to make 'minor adjustments' than those who do it in print -- but to ignore it entirely is, I think, unwise.

"Those 'tri-racial isolates may well be even more common than Luke suggests; a late, former co-worker of mine was White (German), 'Gabrileno' (he knew the names of the Native tribes commonly called after the name of the near-by mission) and Mexican ancestry, and at the time I associated with him, his family was strongly interactive, socially and by marriage, with a large number of families of similar background. (Charles Burbee & his family, by the way, seem to occupy a similar position.) And at a typical Southern Plains type Indian social dance in Oklahoma, or in southern California, you're likely to see more than a scattering of people, obviously participating fully in the culture, who are apparently 'White' or 'Black', rather than 'Indian.'

"I keep wondering, though, about that story of Selim, the Algerian... it sounds so much like the plot of one of those highly-complex Fantastic novels, written under the influence of Dumas, Haggard, and others who influenced, say, the guy who wrote the one from which the Book of Mormon was abstracted."

[Well, Don, they say that truth is stranger than fiction...but your guess as to that legend's particular veracity is as good as mine. Southern California is an especially rich area for cross-culturalization, but these sorts of things happen all over the country, and I think it makes for much more interesting history when we accept it as the rule, rather than an isolated exception. Which was sort of my point of bringing it all up in the first place.

"And as for the issue of Freddie Baer artwork, I don't think that the prices her stuff goes for is as dependent on isolated fanaticism as are the prices of fanzines at Corflu. For one thing, they seem to have a more universal appeal among fans...on bowling nights here in Seattle, it seems like more than half of us have one of her shirts on ever week.... --aph]

Now, the specter of TAFF rears it's gnarled head once more, in a letter from SIMON OUNSLEY (25 Villa Park Court, Leeds, LS8 1EB, U.K.):

"Thanks for the composite copy of APAK. I can hardly criticise the general practice of sending your overseas copies off in bulk like this, as that's exactly what I've been doing with *Platypus*, but -- at the risk of sounding rather predictable, as I suspect that others will have passed the same comment by now -- it is a bit annoying when so much of the material concerns TAFF which, by it's very nature, is a matter of particular concern to European readers. Especially as you claim, rather misguidedly I reckon, to know what we think about it. As you didn't give us over here the opportunity at the time to write in and set you straight, some of your readers might unfortunately have made the mistake of confusing what we actually think with what you think we think and adjusting their views on TAFF accordingly."

"For the record, I think your view of what we British fans think about TAFF is about ten years out of date. You say 'there is a growing feeling that TAFF has outlived its usefulness, and ought to be scrapped, as people can generally afford to make the trip themselves if they really want to.' I seem to remember Greg Pickersgill saying something like this in, I think, his last issue of *Stop Breaking Down* in the early eighties, but Greg later changed his views enough to stand for TAFF himself, and I seem to remember that when the dust had settled the consensus opinion seemed to be that the financial status of the candidates was pretty much irrelevant. TAFF was never intended to provide a free holiday for impoverished fans, but to promote relations between out two fandoms and to celebrate the fannish achievements of the winner. As far as I know, this is still the generally accepted viewpoint -- I don't remember Greg's discarded arguments being resurrected in recent years."

[Look, I'm perfectly willing to take my lumps for not having involved you in the discussion earlier, but I don't much like the implication that I based my comments on things I read in ten-year-old fanzines. The attitudes I spoke of were based on conversations I had with British fans, including present and recent TAFF delegates. If they represented a minority opinion and things are really much better than that, I'd be very happy to hear it.

Oh, that's enough for now. I'll be back on the 1st of September with # 16. Thanks for being patient! --aph]

### **..fished for almost twenty years under Captain Moyle Crouse of Lunenburg..**

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