
APPARATCHIK

The twenty-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. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 204. ...and you fuck like a volcano and you're everything to me....

Issue # 23, December 15th, 1994.

I WAS ALREADY IN A DECIDEDLY FOUL HUMOR when we arrived at the party. There were a number of reasons for this. One was that the party was off in West Seattle, where most North Seattle Mob members seldom travel. The party's hostess had given fairly detailed instructions on how to get to her new house, but our rudimentary knowledge of the area made us miss the turn off from the West Seattle Freeway entirely, and we spent a good half-hour tooling around Alki point trying to find a good landmark. When we finally made it back to the right exit (after passing it several times on different parts of the freeway, unable to get there from here) Carrie was moved to comment that she "didn't even know this ridge was down here." Neither did I. We know much more about the west bank of the Duwamish than we did before.

Also, it had snowed. It does that around here, and people freak out as if the end of the world was coming, even though a mere inch or two usually results. I hold the local inability to navigate in snow in contempt, but all the same, I also hold out hope that I have left the dreadful stuff behind in Wisconsin. But there it was, crusted on top of everyone's lawn. And it was cold, too, down around 20 degrees, another phenomenon I hoped to have seen the last of.

Then, when we got to the party, the hostess kept whacking on the side of a glass with a fork or spoon and requesting that we be quiet so that the people could listen to the music being performed in the other room. Trying to get people to stop talking at a Seattle party is pretty crazy to begin with, but with the party in a huge communal room with very high ceilings, the noise inevitably grew to prodigious levels. With no door (or ceiling) between us and the musician's partition, it was impossible to oblige them. We just looked at her blankly until she finished her tactful entreaties and went back to shouting at one another.

After an hour of this, I felt like I needed to stand around in a shivering circle outside for a few

minutes, and went out to join the smokers. One Mr. R___ told us that he had some private Macedonian stock he wished to share with us, and so we made ready to repair to a more secluded spot. Just as we did this, Victor Gonzalez came walking up to the party. I had to laugh; Victor has a real talent for arriving when the exotic refreshments make their appearance, and his timing was impeccable. He quashed my drive to make mock of him by whipping out his own aromatic blend, and as the evening grew more serene, told us tales of his life as a big city journalist.

Life has been entertaining for Victor lately. He wrote an expose of an expensive junket taken by Seattle Port Authority officials, which led to screaming phone calls from various legal representatives thereof. It also led to a place on the front page, which happened to coincide with front-page stories he had written for two other local papers. He had gone out to cover a three-fatality car-wreck in the snowy, slippery weather the day before, and was willing to describe the disposition of the bodies in detail, but we forestalled this effort. He continues to work as a free-lance, but every story is a big step toward a permanent job somewhere. We applauded his efforts as we pogoed up and down in the shivery air; it's so amazing to see someone we know get a college degree and immediately get some practical use out of it!

Back inside, Glenn Hackney, Stu Shiffman, John Berry and I fell to talking of paleontology, dinosaurs and fieldwork. I described this program I had seen on PBS, about a University of Chicago expedition to northern Niger, where relatively intact skeletons of sauropod and carnivorous dinosaurs were found sticking right out of the ground in a great bone field along the bed of an ancient river. Diggers accustomed to using dynamite to jar broad chunks loose from the bed must have been sick with envy to hear of it. I mentioned that I was especially envious of the undergraduate history students who had

The rugalah is from Costco!

Nothing affects the Head so much as a tentigenous Humor, repel'd and elated to the upper Region.

tagged along, and ended up excavating a new species of carnosaur for their troubles.

"That's one of the things that so great about archeology and paleontology," I said, "anybody can do it. Sometimes you have to get special permits to work on public land, but really, there's no one to tell you that you can't do it. Anybody can head out with a trowel and a screen and get started."

"Yeah, but people can be funny about you digging holes in private property," replied Glenn.

"But they also have the right to give you direct permission. You promise to cut them in for a piece of what you find, and to fill in any holes you make, and most people wouldn't mind at all. They might even help."

The talk inevitably turned to the idea that we ought to take the time to do some fossil-hunting somewhere in the Northwest - but where?

Immediately I suggested a scheme that has been percolating in my brain for some time - to sneak into Canada, creep up to the rock face that holds the Burgess shales, and make off with our own tiny pre-Cambrian fossils, the paleontological equivalent of stealing diamonds from the Kimberly fields. Of course, I didn't put it that way - I just suggested that we could take a trip up there and look at the fossils and leave them for the qualified professionals to collect.

"It's quite a long drive," said Glenn, "and then it's like a 20-mile hike from the trailhead to the shales."

"I heard it's not an easy hike, either", said John.

But I was already racing ahead to other issues. "We'd have to do a one-shot while we were there! We'd have to pick some sort of pre-Cambrian fauna to be our mascot, and get Craig Smith to draw one with the face of Fran Laney -"

"Whoa, what are you talking about, packing in some sort of laptop computer in that kind of rough terrain?" interjected John, trying to slow the pace of my extrapolation.

"I'd vote for *Anomalocaris*," said Glenn

"Maybe, maybe...although that's kind of obvious, and so is *Hallucigenia*...maybe *Opabinia* or - yes, *Wiwaxia*, that's it! We can call it the "Wiwaxia One-Shot!"

"You didn't answer my question," said John

"Now, all we have to do is figure out some way to get a mimeograph and an e-stenciller over the Canadian border, and work out some way of generating electrical power while we're up there -

maybe one of you guys could call A to Z rentals and find out how much...."

But I found I was talking to myself.

ONE OTHER THING I'LL MENTION here is that I finally did finish the football book. I sent the last package of screen-capture illustrations to my editor at Prima on the morning of Thursday the 8th. They hope to get the book out before the end of the football season, but I'm not holding my breath. The other book I worked on this year, Front Page Sports Baseball '94: The Official Playbook is just now appearing on the shelves. True to form, I made a bunch of typos. Oh well, I got paid.

AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS

[First off, we have a note from JEANNE BOWMAN (P.O. Box 982, Glen Ellen, CA, 95442-0982) in regard to statements made in APAK #20 about the TAFF candidacy of Samantha b Jeudé:]

"Allow me to correct your statement regarding 'a surprise last-minute additional candidate' to the current TAFF race. The fact is that when the official announcement of the opening of nominations for TAFF '95 was made, Samantha b Jeudé entered the race. As you know, simply announcing candidacy in a fanzine or consuite does not get one on to the ballot. In order to be placed on the ballot a candidate must 1) Supply a bond, 2) have official nominations, and 3) submit a platform. the first candidate of the three on the ballot to meet these criterion was Joe Wesson, Samantha b Jeudé was second. Dan Steffan just squeaked in at the deadline."

[Your point is well-taken. Of course, I found Sam Jeudé's candidacy to be a surprise, because her name had never come up in roughly 18 months of discussion, most of it taking place in a "fanzine or consuite," that preceded the actual announcement of the race. I obviously didn't talk to the right people. -aph]

"Thank you for planning to send out TAFF ballots with APPARATCHIK. I will be happy to send you a typo-less version. Please, the 'magic tatoos' (sic) is my typo, the tattoos are Samantha's. You might be amused review prior ballots to find my special secret Queen of TAFF (TM) egregious typo. The ballot typo is a TAFF tradition."

[Well, that's certainly convenient. I wasn't aware of that particular piece of fannish lore; you'll send me pawing through my collection of old ballots to see which administrators have maintained the tradition. Actually, I didn't really point out the typo in "tattoo" as an indictment of either you or Samantha; as you know, people have been fond of hammering me for typos in this zine, and I wanted to make it clear that one was not one of mine. -aph]

"Your commentary from APPARATCHIK #20 re Samantha, 'She's won a Big Heart award, which I believe might have been awarded in Orlando, but I have to admit that I don't remember her name ever coming up in any context before. I'm honestly curious

here, I'm not making any snide comment on her qualifications to be a TAFF winner or anything like that; has anyone who receives this fanzine ever met this fanzine before?' seems to be answered in your response to Ted White: 'If I don't know a person, or their work, they could be a part of fandom, but as far as I know or am concerned, they are not. There has to be some overture, some moment of contact, or a piece of work which comes into my view, before I can consider a person a fan.' Personally, I'd consider running for TAFF to be an overture. Your solipsist view may have its charm, but for purposes of TAFF it is inadequate. 'Doc' Lowndes, (editor, futurian, etc.) said it well in 'The Influence of Fandom' ALGOL 17 (1971): 'What I will mean by 'fan' is any person who, in addition to reading SF, does one or more of the following things: writes letters to editors, is in active correspondence with other fans on the subject of SF, is an active member of some fan group, contributes material to fan magazines, publishes fan magazines, attends or participates in conferences, conventions, etc.' Generally, this is the definition Abigail Frost and I are using during our administration of the 1995 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund election - or, as Abi put it, 'a fan is a fan is a fan.'

"Finally, my understanding of fannish courtesy includes sending copies of fanzines to people who are being discussed in them, which you did not do for Abigail Frost during your discourse on British TAFF. I hope you do not repeat this error of omission with our present TAFF candidates, two of whom to my present knowledge have not been on APPARATCHIK's mailing list."

[Ah, but you have a clear and pressing reason to expand your definition of fandom, Jeanne. Any less encompassing a case would probably be considered malfeasance. But let's lighten up here, for a minute. First of all, I was unaware that my personal definition of fandom was of so much interest to so many fen; people regularly point their fingers at me in the public street now, hissing "Solipsist" through clenched teeth (which is a good trick; try it yourself!). Obviously, a person who opens herself to all manner of speculation by standing for TAFF is firmly and forever cast as a fan. In fact, anybody who can tell us what TAFF stands for is by definition a fan as well.

The issue I meant to address through providing my personal criteria for considering a person a fan is the great mass of people who attend conventions, read SF, perhaps even dress up in cool-looking costumes, and otherwise possess the external characteristics of fandom, but who may or may not consider themselves fans or have any more identification with fandom than they do with train-spotting or contra-dancing or playing mahjongg. I'm not seeking to shut these people out of anything - it's just that I am not going to actively seek them out and hand them my fanzines or invite them to a party. They might laugh at me, you see, and call me a geek, because their definition of fandom and the behavior associated with it could be well-removed from my own. All I'm looking for

is some tiny clue, a name I recognize, a book I loved tucked under their arm, any kind of minor hook on which we might be able to hang a sliver of common interest.

Actually, Doc Lowndes' definition works well if you leave out the part about going to conventions. Or maybe if you focus on the word "participates" more closely, and leave out people who just go and wander around without interacting with other people or doing anything beyond passively watching the convention.

Getting back to Samantha Jeudé, let me address some things I said last issue so that you won't feel the need to write in and refute those as well. There is NO evidence that Samantha is motivated by anything other than a sense of fun and a sincere desire to go to the Worldcon in her candidacy. My trouble-making speculation about her motives and that of her sponsors in APAK # 22 was just that - speculation, and looking at it now, pretty mean-spirited at that. A person who has considerable standing in a regional fandom, who has worked with fans around the world in the context of her special interests, and who has had the occasion to meet noteworthy British fen during their tenure as Guest of Honor at regional and international conventions, would almost inevitably arrive at a desire to stand for TAFF, especially if they were a person of such stature and regard as Samantha seems to be. It really was only my ignorance that I tried to address in asking who she was and what she had done; I am not quite arrogant enough to think that I know or know of every person in fandom who would be a viable TAFF candidate.

My paranoid questioning of her and her sponsor's motives were in poor taste, and showed the megalomania which fanzine fandom and fanhistorical fandom seems to be prone to. No one really thinks enough of us to consider mounting a TAFF candidacy solely as a rebuke to fanzine elitists. I mean, one or two people might want to do something like that, but you couldn't someone as firmly set in the mainstream (there's that word again) of fandom as Samantha appears to be to waste her time pursuing that kind of loopy agenda. So, I'm sorry I said anything about it. And it seems slightly unfair to judge Samantha harshly on what is probably a subsidiary reason for standing for TAFF, namely working on handicapped access in Britain, especially when the other two candidates appear to be primarily dedicated to drinking heavily and French-kissing D. West.

Of course, I still plan to vote for Dan Steffan, even if he was the last one to get his papers in. At this point, he's the only one of the candidates likely to invite me along to the cool parties.

I'd be happy to send these past few issues to Joe and Samantha if I had current addresses for them; the last thing I sent to Joe came back with no forwarding address, and I have no idea where Samantha lives. I'm sure you can help me with that. I draw the line at sending Strom Thurmond a copy, however....

My science-fiction twin is doing better than expected....

We'll eat your mules up, sir - we'll eat your mules up!

Now, onto a short note (the only kind he writes) from DAVID THAYER (701 Regency Drive, Hurst, TX 76054) on the title of the fanzine you now hold in your appendages:]

"I never bothered looking up the title of your fanzine, thinking it an obscure Amer-Indian term. Imagine my surprise when I encountered 'rabid apparatchiks... inhibited expression and destroyed careers' in a book on Russian composers. And you thought I only read the funny papers. Now I must send a right-wing cartoon to FOSFAX to lighten it up a bit.'

[Whatever floats your boat, David. Cool four-kopek Soviet pocsarcd, by the way. For the benefit of anyone who is still concerned, "Apparatchik" is a Russian term that refers to a political player, hack or bureaucrat who specializes in intrigue and double-dealing, while quoting chapter and verse on policy, rules and regulations. I also thought it made a good synonym for "Smof."

Now, to consider issue # 22 and my meditation of Bill Donaho's fanzine Habakkuk, here's ROBERT LICHTMAN (Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442):]

"There's no particular mystery (you say 'I don't know how to explain it') to how Donaho manages to 'create something that looks and feels like a real fanzine.' He's been editing fanzines since around 1959, same as me, and is good at it, and has good connections for material to put in it. the most amazing (and my favorite) piece in the issue is t. Bruce Yerke's reminiscence of Los Angeles fandom fifty years ago. How amazing that Yerke should turn up in, of all places, Albany, just a few blocks away from and on a street, Romana Avenue, that crosses the city and county line into El Cerrito and leads to Ray Nelson's abode.

"In my case, your right when you say in response to David There's wonderment over writers of long LoCs that they probably do it over a period of time. this letter is just getting cranked out on the fly, but when I write to *Blat* or *RJC* it takes me some time to do a thorough job, and I generally can't find time to do it all in one evening. Of if I do, I want to go back and do a rewrite before I send it off.

"If there seems to be a 'communal gestalt' between *Trap Door*, *Blat*, *Idea* and *Habakkuk*, part of the reason might be some sharing of mailing lists. when Dan and Ted were about to publish *Pong* No. 41, Dan wrote and asked me, all innocent-like, if I could send him a copy of my mailing list 'for a little publishing project I'm working on.' I later learned it formed the nucleus of *Pong's* (and later *Blat's*) mailing list. When Donaho came back into fandom and was about to launch his little letter-substitute *Habakkuk* he asked me for a copy of my mailing list and I provided it to him. He also got a copy of the *Blat* mailing list. Together they formed the kernel of *Habakkuk's* original mailing list, now expanded (or so I'm told by another local fan) to some 600 recipients. I don't have a specific recollection of sending Geri Sullivan my mailing list, though I suppose I could have, and I know I haven't seen hers. But beyond mailing lists, the sense of gestalt might arise

from the presence of the same core of individuals in the contributors and letter-writers to each.

In my letter, second paragraph, '(emphasis mine)' was rendered mysterious by some apparent glitch in either your brain or your word-processing program that failed to bold (or otherwise highlight) the part I bolded in quoting from the TAFF ballot where it states TAFF 'was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funs to bring well-known and popular fans familiar to those on both sides of the ocean across the Atlantic. Since British fandom's reaction to her candidacy might be summed up as 'Samanda who?' it seems timely to reemphasize this aspect of TAFF.'

[Yes, that was a serious oversight on my part. thanks for writing and giving me a seamless means of correcting the error. I suspect that the sharing of mailing lists is a major factor in the maintenance of a sense of community within fanzines. Everyone gets their mailing list from someone else to begin with; mine began life as Jeanne Gomoll's Whimsey mailing list back about, oh, 1985. But Jeanne has published so infrequently in recent years that I suspect if she decides to bring something out in the near future, she might ask for a copy of my list to bring herself up to date - or, if she follows the apparent fashion, a copy of the Trap Door list!

Now, some more thoughts on *Habakkuk* and other issues from TED WHITE ((say it with me:) 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046):]

"Sheesh! Give me a break! 'An off week?' Just because I didn't spend five pages destroying someone's fanzine this time? I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. FOSFAX may be old news to you, but, as I explained, I was reviewing the first issue I'd seen. I don't see FOSFAX (or THINGUMYBOB, for that matter) as 'easy targets,' and if there were no surprises in my reviews does that make them 'off'? Might you not have as easily commended my review of FOSFAX for being dead on? And is it my conclusion - or, perhaps, yours - 'that the overall effect of the fanzine is slightly shabby and forced'? I don't recall using those words or even words to that effect. (It's not that I disagree particularly with this description of FOSFAX, so much as it's simply not mine, You know that right now someone, somewhere, is saying 'Ted White called FOSFAX 'slightly shabby and forced,' and this is another accretion to the Ted White Myth...)

"Oh well."

[Gee, you're right. you never said anything even remotely like that, Ted, I don't know what I thought I was quoting. Maybe what I meant to make reference to was the final line of the review, "Reading FOSFAX is like drudgery; one feels that putting it together was also." that's a fine line, one that could have stood on its own and obviates the rest of the review. Anyway, sorry if I unwittingly added another brick to the great Ted White Wall of Villainy....aph]

"As unaccustomed as I am to defending Debbie Notkin, I must rise in response [I knew someone would -aph] to your line, 'I mean, is the fact that John Ford's

Growing Up Weightless can be favorably compared to a Heinlein juvenile a particularly glowing endorsement?' To anyone in my generation who grew up on Heinlein's juveniles, it certainly is. Heinlein's Rocketship Galileo was the second sf book I ever read (the first was John Keir Cross's Angry Planet, which I liked, but not nearly as much; I read it a year earlier, in third grade), in 1947, the year it came out. I liked it so much that as soon as I'd read the last page I turned back to the first and began rereading it, with just as much - if not more - pleasure. Heinlein's juveniles were far better than other juvenile novels of the time (with one exception; ask me about it some time....), much more alive. And the science has a sensawonder as well. Great stuff. When I wrote my first sf juvenile, Secret of the Marauder Satellite, I based it on Heinlein - and sold out five hard cover printings; ANALOG called it the best of the year. So, yes, by me the comparison reads like a glowing endorsement.

"I don't get the 'strong Trans-Atlantic feel' in Pickersgill's RJC; it strikes me as a fanzine as primarily focused on the U.K. as APAK is on the NorthAm. I mean, Greg is (increasingly) far from insular in his fannish interests (he's been getting into the fanzines of the fifties, mostly US), but a glance at his mailing list (usually on the contents page) tells the story: very few copies are sent over here, although the number is going up. Like you, Greg doesn't have a lot of money to spend on overseas postage."

[But what I get from Greg is a sense that he often measures things that happen in British fandom by comparison with North American fandom (among a host of other criteria, of course), considering how they do things better and/or worse over there. Greg is cognizant of what's going on over here, and refers to it from time to time, not that frequently, but more frequently than most British fanzines consider American fandom, and a great deal more frequently than most American fanzines consider Britain. Perhaps that's one reason why APAK's poor British distribution record has caused a mild hue and cry; 98% of the fanac published in America makes no reference to British fandom whatsoever, and then when someone does choose to talk about British Fandom, he doesn't even send the damn fanzine overseas. Shameful. -aph]

"You quasi-review of Habakkuk brings to mind a recent phone conversation I had with Bill, in which he suggested I review HABAKKUK, perhaps for you. I think he wants to see what I would say about his fanzine in the context of a real review. But I'm not prepared to do that. HABAKKUK carries a lot of baggage for me: I received and read every issue, from the first on. The fanzine has always reflected Donaho in an odd way which is not easy to put ones finger on precisely. but it has something to do with his own outlook, reflected in his own writings. There is an oddly morally-neutral tone. Donaho rarely expresses anger, or, indeed, any strong emotion, even when discussing intimate aspects of his life.

"Since I've known Bill for years before he started doing a fanzine (or writing for others'; his first fanzine appearances that recall were in Terry Carr's INNUENDO) my perceptions of the man and the fanzine are intertwined. I'm probably too far in the tress to ever properly see the forest. That said, let me tell you about something that happened recently. Rich brown told me, last Saturday, that he had discovered that his letter in HABAKKUK had been extensively rewritten. "It read flat to me,' he told me, 'so I checked it against my original of the letter' (in his computer). 'Every paragraph was changed. Every sentence was changed' He got so mad that he ripped his copy of the fanzine in half and mailed it back to Donaho, requesting that he be removed from Bill's mailing list.

"As it happens, I have copies of the original letter too. Rich gave them to me when he wrote them, since much of his letter is about me or in response to me.

"Here is a sample paragraph, as originally written:

"About my verbosity, I think he's probably right. I just choose, consciously, not to do anything about it. I write the way I write. I'm tempted to add that I'm not certain I could change if I wanted to, but as I really don't want to, and have never wanted to - despite the frequency with which Ted has brought the matter to my attention - it would be dishonest to claim that as an excuse.'

"Here's the way it appeared in HABAKKUK:

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"All of the qualifiers - the hallmark of rich's style - have been removed. 'He changed my voice!' rich told me, and he's right. And this is doubly ironic because he was arguing, in that letter, for the right to his (digressive) voice. Donaho effectively edited that voice right out. And it does make for flatter prose.

"I asked Bill why he'd done it. He said that he'd just done it to condense rich's letter a little; he'd had no idea it would offense or upset rich (who hung up on him, twice). It had never occurred to Bill that he was vitiating rich's argument. He seemed almost amazed at rich's reaction.

"Well, I think rich went a little over the top in his reaction - a point which he is starting to accept with some chagrin [and in fact, subsequent phone conversation confirms that rich has apologized for reacting as badly as he did, so things are being repaired. -aph] - but I think what Donaho did was a real no-no.

"Read through that letter column, Ted, ' rich told me. 'Every letter seems to have much the same tone as the others There's that flatness. I think Bill did this to all the letters, to some extent.'

"I have no idea. Other letter-writers would have to check their own letters, if they kept copies, to confirm this.

"I hadn't discussed this point with rich when I talked to Bill, so it didn't occur to me to ask him then. But I did tell him that I thought it was a violation fannish ethics to rewrite letters or comment in this fashion. If you want to shorten a letter, you don't shorten individual sentences, or even paragraphs. You cut out topics. If you think a letter is worth quoting on a subject, you quote it intact, as it was written, I told him.

"Later I was talking about this with Dan, comparing HABAKKUK's letter-column (so long I've yet to finish it) with ours in the upcoming BLATTI (nearly as long). The letters in our issue are meatier, I think, and occasionally wittier. There isn't much, if any, wit in HABAKKUK's letter column. I dunno if it gets edited out, or wasn't there to begin with.

"My new job takes up a lot more of my time; it's hard to find time to answer letters and do locs. So I'd best end here."

[This is indeed an interesting and thorny subject to get into. I have been guilty of occasionally editing out individual words and phrases from people's letters, especially when I thought that the effect of the unedited copy was violently inflammatory or otherwise unfortunate.

Most of the time, I think the general effect of the passage so edited has been unchanged, while the immediate potential for starting a major feud or punch-up has been diffused. But I do feel a serious ethical pang when I do so, and I have always been quick to apologize if people called me on it. I agree that the more honest approach would be to leave out the offending section or not print the letter at all, but I am usually loathe to turn down such interesting and strong material. My hope is that most letter-writers have been satisfied that I communicated almost everything they meant to say in such cases, and that it was better than not being printed at all.

But in the case which you quoted, it doesn't seem as if any space was saved by Donaho's rewrite at all, which leaves him on the rather untenable ground of having edited on grounds of style. This is appropriate for articles and material submitted for editorial consideration, but letters are supposed to be published in the writer's voice or not at all. I hope that others will write in and give us their opinions on the topic; I promise to preserve your voices, to the best of my ability.

Unless you're a real crashing fugghead about it.

I'll be back in two weeks; the pressures of the holiday might make things a little dicey, but I should be able to get a few pages out. Until then, have a very happy end-of-the-year stress festival!

You are the one who made your escape in your stocking feet and your sticking tape...

APPARATCHIK IS whatever is represented in fandom by the furry-toothed, crusty-eyed, lead-assed feeling you get when you have spent about 14 hours a day at the keyboard for a month and all you can think of to write is "DAWK...DAWK...DAWK..." like a textual representation of a Don Martin cartoon where an I-beam smacks some guy on the head with a resounding "KLOONG!" You can get APPARATCHIK for \$3.00 for a three-month supply, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a life time supply for \$19.73, or in exchange for the fax number of some little

elves who don't mind doing contract writing. Genteel lifetime subscribers to date: Don Fitch, Lucy Huntzinger, Luke McGuff, Janice Murray, Alan Rosenthal, Karen Schaffer, Geri Sullivan and Art Widner. Fanzines and things received since last issue: Floriferous Tasteful Terrace #16, Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas; Malade, no #, Kev McVeigh; Never Travel Without Your Bagel, an Orycon One-shot edited by David Levine; Project Z #1, Luke McGuff. Merry Christmas, Mr. Kluge.

John Ziska, the leader of the Hussites in the early 1400's, was the first...