
APPARATCHIK

The thirty-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 # 219. Tell him myself? Naturally not . . . I'm a gentleman . . . I did what any gentleman would do. I told all his friends.

Issue # 33, May 4th, 1995

TO FOLLOW UP on last issue's report, I am happy to say that Paul Williams is doing much better. He was released from the Intensive Care Unit about ten days ago, and moved to San Diego's Kaiser Hospital, a facility run by his insurance carrier. Paul is said to be much improved, talking and making some phone calls as of the 26th of April. His recovery has been progressing rapidly, all things considered, but he still faces a lengthy process of rehabilitation. Apart from his good fortune in receiving quick medical attention, Paul was lucky in one other regard as well: after some time without health insurance, he had just secured a policy a few months before the accident.

We hear from Robert Lichtman that the next issue of *Crawdaddy* was just about finished before the accident. He and Donna Nasser are having it printed, with a notice about Paul's injury and the necessity for the magazine to suspend publication for the immediate future - for at least six months, in Robert's estimation. Paul's rehabilitation is likely to take at least that long. They'll also have a large collation/assembly party in order to get the issue out; California fans who want to help should call Robert for details.

I want to thank all the fans who have helped to keep me up to date on this story; Robert, of course, plus Dan Steffan, Geri Sullivan, and our New York correspondent, the gafiato Tom Weber, who first broke the news to Victor and I.

SPEAKING OF DAN, congratulations are in order. After a very close race, Dan Steffan has won the right to attend the Worldcon in Glasgow as the American TAFF delegate.

I have some voting summaries from Jeanne Bowman, but it should be noted that these are not the official totals that will be published by her and Abigail Frost a little later this month. I took these down over the phone, so any errors are probably my own. Anyway, the first round looked like this:

Region	Steffan	Jeudé	Wesson	No Pref.	Hold over funds
North America	100	124	46	7	0
Europe	51	18	9	1	0
Other	3	2	4	0	0
Totals	154	144	59	7	0

This is pretty much as most people predicted, with Dan receiving a healthy majority of votes from Europe, and Samantha Jeudé doing very well with North American voters. While Joe Wesson had some very vocal and committed supporters, the large overall turnout of voters probably worked against him. The extremely close totals between the two top candidates necessitated a reduction of the sample, with Joe's votes distributed as follows:

All Regions	Steffan	Jeudé	No Pref.	Hold Over funds
Totals	178	156	7	17

And when the "No Preference" Ballots were redistributed, the totals looked like this:

All Regions	Steffan	Jeudé	Hold Over funds
Totals	180	156	19

Because the margin Dan had over the combined total of Jeudé's and Hold Over Funds votes on this ballot was only five votes, the administrators decided to reduce the sample all the way. After distributing the hold over funds vote, they showed Dan with 188 votes and Samantha with 162. And that, folks, is what I call a squeaker.

Jeanne wanted me to assure everyone reading this that no votes which arrived on time were rejected for any reason. All voters not known to the administrators were duly vouched for by experienced fans. Some votes did arrive after the deadline, and these were not counted. Jeanne assured me that even if all of them had been counted, they would not have altered the order of finish in any way.

She also wanted me to mention that rumors you may have heard in regard to the conduct of the voting and tallying are almost certainly untrue. At various times it has been suggested by parties on the Internet and in other forums that she was: receiving pressure from former administrators to giving extra weight to one or more candidates; that numerous votes had been rejected because the voters were unknown to her; or that one or more candidates were to be disqualified for not receiving a sufficient percentage of the European vote. All of these things are completely untrue. Jeanne invites anyone who would like further clarification of these or any issues related to the election to call her at (707) 996-9009 and discuss the matter personally.

So, with the end of the election itself, the discussion of its meaning will certainly begin. Clearly, assertions that "no one had ever heard" of Ms. Jeudé before the race have been shown to be ridiculous. She received 144 first place votes; it isn't much of a stretch to imagine that if there had been one more candidate in the race, especially if that person had been known as a fanzine fan, she would probably have won.

Her strong showing also leads me to sadly conclude that my wish that delegates might spared the need to attend the Worldcon is still somewhat premature. Those 144 people have now contributed their money to Dan's trip; where else is he likely to have a chance to thank them except at a Worldcon? And all 365 voters will be eager to see if he can break the pattern and publish a report on his trip. So, once again, congratulations, Dan: now for the hard part!

If you don't go to their funeral, they won't go to yours.



Those Goddamn Cars, Part One

by Victor M. Gonzalez
Staff Writer

I saw a big, expensive pickup truck southbound in the middle lane on Interstate 5 today with its left turn signal on. There was a car to its left, though and I figured the driver knew he couldn't change lanes yet.

Then he switched lanes to the right.

His left turn signal continued blinking. I drove up next to him and gave him a long stare. He returned it. I passed him.

A half-mile later, I could see the left signal still blinking behind me.

People always reminisce about cars. They talk about the romance of good design, peoples' dedication to the greatest American status symbol, the mobile society.

Most people can tell you about one or two cars that are very special to them.

I also believe cars are irretrievably connected to our consciousness.

Three out of four A1 "lead" articles for the various papers I've worked for have been about car wrecks.

Eleven people died when a Blazer hit a Caprice in Wenatchee Washington, the night before I started my first-ever job in daily journalism.

I was assigned to do legwork for a reporter who was over there talking to the families and the cops. I also talked to cops and interviewed witnesses, who had seen and heard the six children burning to death, over the phone.

Co-bylined, but front page on my first day.

A few months later, the triple-fatality happened that I've already written about.

Then, a couple of weeks ago, it happened again.

I was zooming down I-5 in the Volvo, with a cell phone, a map and a scanner in the passenger seat. It was about 9:30 in the evening on my first Friday-night "cop shift."

There was an apartment building burning in Parkland. Central Pierce Fire and Rescue was already saying it was under control, no injuries or deaths, but it was big enough to make the front page of the local section. Ten units destroyed, or something like that.

Then, over the scanner came the female voice (they all are): "Injury auto, 77-hundred block of Canyon Road East."

A few moments later: "Car versus four pedestrians."

I made my first call to the editor, and got voice mail.

"Maybe I should head to this," I said, after describing what the dispatcher had said.

Then, over the scanner: "Medics report they are starting

triage. A MAST helicopter is coming."

A long list of ambulance numbers followed.

This time I called the hotline.

In many ways it was the most exciting story I've ever done. I was on the scene from about 9:45 to 1:00 a.m. Although I got front page credit, I didn't write a word of it -- I phoned the facts in to the editor, who put it together on her computer. An extra editor and reporter were called in to handle the overflow and call hospitals.

Two ended up dead; seven injured. There were about ten ambulances and sixty police cars there when I arrived. There were still sixteen police cars, an emergency response truck, a coroner's car, an investigative truck and a couple of ambulances there when I left.

A hatchback had broken down on a freeway overpass. Several people had pulled over to aid the two teenage women who were trying to push the car off the 4-lane overpass. They were on the outside lane, overlooking Highway 512, with the driver's-side door open.

Traffic was slowing down behind them when a man impatient with the delay whipped out and pulled ahead, shortly plowing into the people pushing, then snapping the car door back against its hinges.

Then his car rebounded into oncoming traffic, hitting a late-model Buick head-on. A passenger in that car, an 80-year-old man, was laying beside the Buick, already under the sheet, when I arrived.

One of the "good Samaritans," who had parked his Audi on the shoulder past the overpass, was being worked on while I was there. It took them a long time to decide he was dead, but I never saw him move.

I'm told the medics call this state "Circling the drain."

A giant Army chopper landed in a circle of flares laid out on the roadway and took him away.

The driver "reeked of alcohol," said the police, and had been taken to a nearby hospital to treat his wounds and take blood.

Shortly before I left, I heard a cop talking to the hospital.

"He won't cooperate?" the cop asked. "Then use the big needle. The one with the square tip."

Cars are forever intertwined with my existence because of death and tragedy. Considering the fatality statistics, many other people must have personal experience with that. I wonder, quite a bit, especially when a driver with his left signal on shifts right, if anyone else thinks about what cars mean.



AND NOW, YOUR LETTERS:

[APH: Plenty of words to wade through this time. We'll start with some from Victor Gonzalez (NEW ADDRESS: 403½ Garfield St. Apt. 11, Tacoma, WA 98444) replying to comments on his work from last issue:]

"I must thank Gary Farber for attempting to come to grips with what I've written in this fanzine.

"But after reading the letter several times, I can't separate the smarm from the substance. One wonders if Gary's bouts of depression aren't juxtaposed with fits of schizophrenia.

"In one instance, six one-page bi-weekly columns written to Gary's liking aren't a 'huge task'; in another he complains, '[Hooper has] a new zine battering down my door while I'm still on my second draft.'

"A comment here: you have offered a column to anyone willing to make the deadline; Gary should either produce it or shut up."

[APH: Victor, the man has written a seven page letter every two weeks since March. That's quite enough Farberage for me.]

"In one moment, my sycophancy to the Ted White group mind is odious; in the next he warns me I might insult my fannish god.

"And it took more than two weeks to write this piece of lucid coherence?

"Well, I asked for it.

"But on to the issues.

"I stand by my statement, 'Chung did a bad thing.' But it is a complicated belief, simplified in the context of the article, which was largely about someone who tried to use her error to bludgeon me.

"I did not read the transcripts of the interview. I detest Chung, and most television interviews.

"But I did read numerous summaries which included the information Gary said I disregarded.

"Simply put, the 'off-the-record' promise is not something to be casually bantered about. Journalists take it seriously. Did Chung say, at any point in the interview, 'This is, or course, not just between us'? Kathleen Gingrich (I note that Gary's extensive research failed to yield her first name) is 85 years old.

"Personally, I think it's stupid to say anything in front of a live microphone or camera that you don't want people to hear. I believe Gingrich intended the comment to go to the world. Or she is senile.

"Chung, a journalist only technically, is at her best loosening people up. In this case her guard-lowering flux revolved around a meaningless conception of a critical idea.

"Would Gingrich have said the same thing if Chung had used a different approach?

"What if Gingrich really did want to say something off the record? How would she have indicated that?" Even if everyone involved knew the comment would be public, it hurts the reputation of all journalists. Every interview involves negotiation, which requires

trust. That may explain the news media's widespread lack of support for Chung.

"In other words, the sub-rosa contract is one tool we don't play with.

"On the other hand, Newt Gingrich played his hand well, spinning contempt from himself. That is partly because the comment he made to his mother was a non-issue. Can anyone claim they've never privately cursed their enemies?

"And now back to ad hominem schizophrenia.

"I must wonder what it is in my behavior that Gary is not 'Much' 'Seriously Mad' about.

"Is it a difference of opinion about Chung and the painful memories that recalls for him of my earlier support of 'Republican Big Lies'?

"Or is it Gary's lie that he 'never heard from' me in New York? We spoke on the phone while I lived there. 'I paid no attention to context, wrote Gary, leading me to be despised. A few graphs later, he criticized as 'bode[ing] ill' a comment about a particularly disturbing story I covered. What it boded ill of, naturally, was left to the reader's imagination.

"Gary twisted a description of mixed feelings (the triple fatality story), which I tried to portray with rather complete honesty, into a general reduction of the subjects of my stories as 'stupid people,' etcetera. A thorough misreading, and unforgivable.

"Gary has his head up his ass. But at least he's farting in the right direction. Much.

"Cheers, Victor."

[APH: Personally, I always feel a shiver of doubt when characterizing someone's reading of my work as faulty, but I admit it doesn't stop me from doing it. On the other hand, I'd try to stop short of characterizing an expression of faulty memory as being "a lie." People make plenty of mistakes without necessarily having evil intent - although, being mindful of Gary's attitude toward my own errors, I'm not sure he would agree with me. Speaking of the Brooklyn Guerilla, here he is now, with an entirely new letter. Sorry, Mr. Farber (88 Parkville Ave., Basement, Brooklyn, NY 11230-1017), but if you insist on sending seven pages every week, some of them will end up cut:]

"I'm VERY distressed to hear of Paul Williams' accident. It sounds nasty, and any stay in the hospital is a major drag. . . I was stirred to think by your phrasing 'It's especially upsetting to hear this news less than two weeks after seeing Paul and Cindy. . . ' This is the absolutely normal typical response to this kind of event, of course, but it also strikes me as an interesting example of the way we are all so timebound.

"The nearer we are in time to an event, the more recent it is, the more it seems real to us, and vice versa. Otherwise, of course, there would be no rational reason for feeling *more* upset because you had just seen Paul looking so healthy. I haven't seen Paul in a few years, but I am no less upset at the news of his injury than if I had seen him in Las Vegas. I could draw a comparison of how I only just heard at length about Paul's appearance

These itty bitty glasses don't *hold* much, do they?

there from Moshe Feder a few days ago, but the fact is that if I hadn't heard Paul's name in a year, or you had missed your last two contacts with him, we would both be just be reaching that little bit further back to our last word of him, and reacting with that as our most recent context.

"I'll cut you some slack on the majority of small errors that crept into my text, but will give one light smack with a rolled up copy of Lan's Lantern over those that changed my meaning slightly: I said you did 'one of, not 'the' most difficult zine(s) to loc, and that I never head 'from' Victor, not 'of him, for instance, and as a member of the Adverbally Defensively League must point out that I am neither Seriously Mad at Victor, as I originally wrote, nor Serious Mad.

"The latter is a message I might have conveyed better if you had not removed the statements 'And I am enjoying his column. Honest' from my closing arguments about Victor along with the slightly odd sequential re-arrangement you did in the course of your editing. the near-juxtaposition of my negative comments about Victor, out of the context of the doubtless only not-yet-published 6/7ths of my loc won't help any ensuing feeling of persecution by Victor."

[APH: I think it a convenient and useful omission on my part. Now your criticism of Victor's work is my fault, not yours; his anger can be turned back onto me, along with his frustration over the inadequacy of this zine and my inept presentation of his work. And you too can claim to be more sinned against than fuggheaded. But rest assured, folks, every salient point commenting on Victor in this letter now follows, so that Gary can show how he really wanted to glowingly praise the former's work:]

"I continue to enjoy Victor's column with this installment, even after overcoming my giddiness at seeing him expanding to Two Whole Pages, and realizing that the idea of Victor writing six columns without once mentioning Ted White is a Crazy Fantasy.

"Besides, why should Victor stop mentioning Ted when he does it so well? Six times per column, that's not too many.

"Victor certainly seems to be mastering one form of the fannish anecdote. His self-deprecating account of introducing himself to Janice Eisen by way of attempting to assassinate Charles Burbee (Considered As A Downhill Wheelchair Race) was hilariously economical, though it may reveal a previously deeply hidden plot of Victor's to kill all the Grand Master BNFs. I suspect deep implant conditioning, though what exactly has led his masters to activate 'Victor' now, after years of non-activity, I do not know.

"I recommend he be thoroughly questioned, under drugs, before he is allowed near Lee Hoffman. I think you'll find him cooperative to this endeavor.

"I see him, in my vision of the future, crying out 'Question me! Question me, damnit, lest I attack another BNF! Use stronger drugs!' Victor's dedication to the ideals of fandom as he understands them will never be shown to be any stronger."

[APH: If I might interrupt this vision of yours for a moment, this seems like a good point to note that Victor wanted me to be sure and note this tale of tripping over Burbee's wheel was a piece of humorous license, and had nothing to do with the accident which actually sent Burb home early. Back to Gary:]

"If I see any flaw in Victor's writing, it is my detection of suspicious signs of Word Processor Phrase-Saving. This evil syndrome is caused by the desire to save a neat phrase even if it does not feet coherently into the flow of one's exposition, and then Jamming It In somewhere on a second pass. The aura of the syndrome is present when you read text that overflows with phrases the writer Really Liked no matter any logic of one paragraph flowing into the next.

"I'm sensitive to this syndrome because I am often seduced by it myself. though you'd never know it.

"Will Janice Eisen show us The Most Incisive Articles Ted Has Seen In Years if we ask her really nicely?"

[APH: And will you stop using these Inane Mid-Sentence Capitals if I ask you really nicely?]

"Or does she have the most articulate Incisors Ted Has Seen In Years? (I've inspected my photos of last year's CORFLU closely, and she does have a nice smile. She was also killer at the Fannish Jeopardy Game, as you remember.)

"Victor truly rips the mask off the pretenders, shredding the demure surface that conceals the hideous depravity of the curs who seek to maintain a totalitarian grip upon the fabric of the FWAI

"Thank god we have a trained Professional Journalist among us. His investigative reporting have revealed the despotic nature of the 'meritocratic' jackals that walk among us, and I expect that this is only the beginning of the revelations possible were Victor to dig deeper. If he dares.

"If news reaches us of another 'accident' involving Len Bailes, or Victor, I advise those of you who mock the Serious Issues at stake here to be afraid. Be very afraid.

"I agree that the Past Presidency of FWA is too important a post not to have Safeguards to prevent corruption and manipulation by Dark Forces.

"I propose the immediate institution of a FWA Electoral College, with Electors selected from each major fan community and interest group. An Elector will be chosen from the Vanguard Party, from NESFA, from the Vegnants, and so on. To guarantee a fair election within each group, and to ensure an equitable representation, I propose a Fannish Election Commission, which will have the incidental benefit of being able to oversee all other fannish elections, Polls, and Awards. Obviously all funds for such endeavors should flow directly to the Commission to be disbursed fairly and without prejudice.

"The Commission will, of course, need an administrative worker, to do the small bits of paperwork, and make insignificant policy decisions. I'll, y'know, volunteer, to do that as another sacrifice to fandom.

"Thus will fannish integrity be preserved.

"I warn you all now, if we don't act instantly, without thinking, to guarantee in a publicly visible and prominent way the Unshaking Inviolability of the FWA Pee-Pee, than all faith and belief in the Moral Character of Fannish Society will be lost.

"If that happens, the entire fabric of Fannish Society will unravel. Guerrillas will be striking forth from Wheeling, Illinois; mines will be planted among the azaleas in Falls Church! All fandom will be plunged into war, or at least suing each other for \$25,000.

"Just remember that, as in so many other issues, I'm a lonely prophet crying in the wilderness that is Brooklyn.

"As ever, I'm struck by the malleability of the English Language -- in this case, when rearing Victor's innocent phrase 'Lucy Huntzinger, who organized the successful Nashville Corflu bid, . . .' Lucy is, in fact, with Her Man, John Bartelt, the entire Organization, is she not?

"I'm given to dreamily contemplating the Meetings of the Lucy Huntzinger Organization, the motions moved, a failing for lack of a second, the pungent debates, various factions plotting against each other, discussions of drop-safes, secrets kept, the appeals to Robert's Rules of Order when Lucy becomes unruly with herself. I hope she appoints herself as sergeant-of-arms so she can quiet herself as she gets too out-of-line with herself.

"If she needs to move against herself, smoffishly, I'll be happy to disclose some procedural moves that Saved the Day for Our Side in the Iguanacón fight."

[Oh no you don't . . . when you start to bring up Iguanacón (and you're not even from Phoenix!), it's time to cut you off.

Now, JANICE M. EISEN (123B Laurretta Lane, Johnstown, PA 15904) responds to the frequent dropping of her name:]

"I see by the latest Apparatchik that my PR firm has been working overtime. Actually, Victor's Corflu report was a revelation to me in one respect: I had no idea he considered me an enemy. Now I know why he was so eager for me to come out to the desert -- he planned to leave me out there with the rattlesnakes and manta rays. thank ghod you were there to prevent him, Andy.

"I think you're mistaken about that issue of Hyphen going for only \$30, because I know I was willing to go to \$50 and it went too high for me. (Of course, then I exceeded my limit bidding on Fanthology '64, but that's what happens at auctions.) And you missed at least one zine in your list of those available; there were a few copies of Cybrer Bunny 5, Jenny Glover's kids' zine, featuring a stunningly sickening story about a flying kitten by TAFF candidate Samantha b Jeudé

"I enjoyed Corflu beyond all reason (get sercon for four straight days and you too can have a religious experience), but I did wish for more programming. I would have liked to see more than one panel, and I sorely missed fanzine readings. (Lucy has promised she will have readings and, perhaps more important after my team's humiliating performance in Fannish Feud, no

game shows.) But I have to agree that Vegas fandom's generosity was remarkable; there could have been no finer hosts. As I expected, though, it was the company that made the con for me -- I particularly enjoyed getting to hang out with you, and I hope I'll have the chance to do so again. (See, win an award, and people start sucking up.)

"Not much more to say about this issue, except that I enjoyed Gary Farber's cranky letter, and I appreciate your not inflicting any more air combat stories on us.

"Yours in shrimpdome, Janice."

[APH: I've given up running them here in favor of uploading them straight to you, Janice. Let me know what you think of my 26,000 word treatise on flying interception over the Remagen bridgehead.... On a slightly more serious note, I'm sorry to hear that Lucy won't sponsor a return to having a trivia game at Corflu. It's been one of my favorite things over the two years prior to this year's con...maybe we'll have to run it as part of a room party, if anyone can remember anything after a few minutes in Sidebar....

Now, a quick note from GEORGE FLYNN (still at P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142):]

"Apparatchik 32 received. Good phrase, 'fannish quiescence.' Corflu was great all right (I only managed to pick up 14 of the 20 zines you listed, though I do have a couple of others I think were new . . .), but I came home with a cold, and I've had low energy myself ever since. (This has not kept me from copyediting two books: A Clark Ashton Smith collection for the Necronomicon Press; and in my real-world job, a Feltschrift for the Missionary Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. Multifarious indeed is the world of publishing.)

"The Corflu Committee had Bill draw on a series of rocks brought out of the desert.' No, no, it was more wonderful than that: Rotsler went on the tour of the desert Friday, wandered around picking up rocks himself, and drew on them on the spot. (But the prices at that auction were nevertheless insane.)"

[If anyone has further evidence that I missed out on some zines at Corflu, some specific reference to the titles in question would be helpful.

Now, there should be just enough room here for a letter from JOSEPH NICHOLAS (15 Jansons Rd., South Tottenham, London, N15 4JU, U.K.) that's been waiting for a few weeks:]

"Thank you for the latest slabs of text, received on 31 March and thus too late for us to participate in the Spent Brass Poll. I really ought to send you a proper letter to respond to these issues, but the Ducklands Eastercon is now less than two weeks away and we are racing to complete FTT 17 in order that we may (at least) have the British copies available to hand out there; in consequenceconsequence, I have the time only to respond to your rather strange comment in Apparatchik 26 that you 'reckon Joseph wouldn't be in that great a hurry to characterise himself as being on of 'us'."

"Two responses suggest themselves. The first is that

You do not - I repeat - you do not ask a guest in my home to make a pillar of fire!

FANZINE COUNTDOWN, APRIL 20 TO MAY 4TH:

#1: Empties #14, Martin Tudor [An interesting issue, composed of a variety of fan's memoirs about "first times." None of the individual pieces seemed particularly stunning, although Richard Standage's account of how his first efforts at sex led him to the emergency room was certainly memorable. Empties is prone to the "Reader's Digest Effect," where the combination of a series of short articles eventually creates a kind of gestalt, a picture of Martin's segment of fandom. Although the layout and type used are not very attractive, the issue has a lot of very good art, and I liked it. And it was much stronger than # 15, which arrived in the same envelope.]

#2: Space Cadet #2, R. Graeme Cameron. [I quite like this title. Cameron has a weakness for sercon stuff, but he tends to couch his discussion in the form of personal reminiscence, so he slips the sf-oriented material by without one's jaded trufannish hackles being raised. A neat trick. I am also enjoying the reprint of his grandfather's World War I memoirs, and the closing squib on "Snow Monkeys vs. Ice-Rats" had me snickering in the shower again. We must forgive him for the use of one of Scott Patri's Trekkie-bashing cartoons; original cartoons are hard to come by in Vancouver due to the Canadian fan-art embargo.]

#3: FILE 770 # 108, Mike Glycer. [An interesting issue, seemingly commandeered by Portland fan John Lorentz, who has plenty of snarky things to say about Boskone, Potlatch, and Rustycon, while touting the many wonders of his upcoming Westercon in Portland this July. Actually, I'm quite grateful for this in one regard; it was the first I'd heard of the fact that this year's Rustycon ended a day early due to widespread vandalism. The Bellevue Hyatt is pursuing a \$3,847 damage claim against the committee...no wonder people noted that Norwescon was subdued.]

#4: Maverick #13, Jenny Glover [A very mixed bag; brief memoirs by Willis and Jeeves on their entries into fandom, with Walt's bearing the heart-breaking note that it will probably be the last piece he ever writes, plus a rather long piece of science fiction by Simon Pick. But Jenny's brief piece on how she forced herself to love and interact with her children is remarkable; I don't know if it's truth or fiction, but it's a bold and affecting piece of writing in any event, the kind of thing I see only in fanzines. And Jenny - of course you should write a LoC to APAKI You could send me your new address, for one thing....]

#5: ConNotations V.5, #1, Matthew Fredericks and Martha Grady for the Central Arizona Speculative Fiction Society [Snappy newsprint clubzine, very slick, but pretty damn good stuff, too. Great interview with Kim Stanley Robinson and a neat article on sfnal elements in mainstream music. I don't why they sent me this, but I enjoyed it.]

ALSO RECEIVED: Cybrer Bunny #6, Robert and Tara Glover; De Profundis #276, Tim Merrigan for the LASFS; Phosgene, a Fosfax self-parody, Tim Lane for FOSFA.

this is the sort of off-the-cuff assumption which got you into such trouble earlier when talking about what Britons think of TAFF; and the second is: why not?

"Fanzines are and have always been my chief interest in fandom, and I have always thought of myself as a fanzine fan, even though I consider my period of main activity now lies several years in the past and even though FTT looks less and less like a fanzine. (Which may be why some editors have failed or refused to send us copies of their publications in exchange. And not just Arnie Katz or Joseph Maraglino, either; Jenny Glover published an issue of Maverick in February, but mention of it Apparatchik 27 was the first time we became aware of it. So what prompts your remark, and how do you intend to justify your assumption?

"I did like, though, your statement in Spent Brass 25 that if we 'ever stopped publishing it would immediately become necessary to raze the entire city of Louisville, Kentucky to the ground" . . . Might I suggest, though, that your opinion that FTT serves as some sort of counterweight to the right-wing paradigms which often dominate fandom is particular to US fandom rather than to fandom as a whole? The fannish climate here seems a lot less right-wing than that which appears to prevail in the US, although (a) one's impression of the political leanings of US fans is inevitably coloured by the eccentricities of Fosfax, and (b) my impression of the political leanings of British fans is necessarily derived principally from the fanzine fans with whom I most associate -- conrunners, it seems, may be rather more right-wing in their socio-economic outlook."

[APH: Your assertion answers your question; my comment was derived from your political attitudes, which are at odds with many rank-and-file American fans and some US fanzine writers as well (which I believe is who I meant by "us"). I should have been clearer in this, but then, as now, I had simply run out of space. I'm happy to hear you think of yourself as having some common ground with me, and of course, you and Judith will remain on our mailing list no matter what FTT may become.]

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