

\* \* \* \* \* The 13th issue of a bi-weekly fanzine by Andrew  
A P P A R A T C H I K Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, begat  
\* \* \* \* \* at The Starliter, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103  
# 13 July 14th, 1994 Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt Press  
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I guess sometimes there just aren't enough rocks....

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THESE THINGS HAPPEN, OF COURSE, but it's still annoying to have to send out an issue as badly duplicated as the last number of APAK. I've been resisting buying a new ribbon for my printer in hopes that I'd have a whole new printer by now. But it's taking a predictably tedious amount of time to pick out a new system, and I wasn't able to get to my regular copy source, and I seem to have completely lost the ability to keep the ball in the same area code as the head pin...anyway, it possibly won't happen again. Maybe.

SO MUCH for nonstop paragraphing. You'd think people would be able to find better things to complain about, especially with so many to choose from....

STILL PERUSING THAT FASCINATING DOCUMENT Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk # 6, I've come across an insert that deserves to be mentioned. Greg Pickersgill is asking for information about and all TAFF nominees and their nominators, the complete results of TAFF elections, the particulars of their trips and the publication of their trip reports, if any, and their overall fate in fandom after their experiences with the fund, all of which will be used in the preparation of an article for a future issue of RJC. Of this, Greg writes: "This article is NOT going to be muck-raking or troublemaking; it is intended to demonstrate some of the realities of the TAFF experience in order to dispel some illusions that surround it. Its overall approach will be BOOSTING, and will seek to encourage people in the idea that TAFF, for all its apparent faults, can and will function successfully."

I, for one, am always happy to have my illusions dispelled, so send such information as you might have to: Greg Pickersgill, 3 Bethany Row, Narberth Road, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA 61 2XG United Kingdom.

THE LAST WORD ON TAFF for this issue comes from Jeanne Bowman, who writes: "Hey, it's official: TAFF nominations open July 15th and end Sept. 30th. Ballots accepted (we expect immediately distribute them) October 15th; voting deadline April 29th, 1995."

IT IS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT to for me to think of a sufficiently fannish topic to fill these few pages, and I sense a similar lack of motivation from those of you who receive this fanzine. Oddly, since the refractory period between issues has increased, the volume of mail in response to it has decreased; it is as if with the abandonment of the weekly schedule whatever novelty that drove you to comment so faithfully has disappeared as well. I think I should note that hyper-faanish issues are not the only thing which I am interested in covering here. Last Saturday afternoon, we were sitting around in Jerry and Suzle's living room after collating the 16th issue of Mainstream, when Jerry mentioned that he has difficulty summoning the energy to read most of the fanzines they receive. "I'm just sort of tired of reading about fandom, is all," he said. "There's so many other things I'm interested in that fandom just doesn't seem worth so much time anymore." I was tempted to ask why he had bothered to publish a 32-page genzine if he felt that way, but sometimes its better to just nod and grunt and look for the typos in your column.

The major thrust of APAK will continue to be current issues in the life of fandom, but I hope that we can find room for ideas and issues

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A fierce race of warrior hamsters who dyed their fur blue with woad

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in the lives of fans as well. A number of people have written and expressed their boredom with the discussion of TAFF here, so we'll take a break from that for a while. Perhaps we can move on to complaining about the fan Hugos now, or wondering why science fiction isn't as much fun as it was when we were 14....

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Screw you, you over-glorified ten-percent-taking butt-boy....

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I DON'T KNOW IF YOU FEEL THE SAME as I, but it has always seemed to me that there is nothing so boring as listening to other people describe their dreams. For one thing, it is very rare that I can recall a dream with anything approaching the lucidity which people claim when describing them. Most often, upon waking I am seized with the fast-fading memory of disconnected and surreal images, which bear no resemblance to the elaborate scenarios which other people seem to retain from their dreams. This leads me to think that folks who talk about them are generally making them up as they go along

So, it comes as something of a surprise to me to admit that a few nights ago I awoke with the memory of a dream of Selim the Algerian.

It still isn't that lucid a memory, but I know I've been having a number of dreams about historical events or just about living a hundred or more years ago, which I believe is due to the fact that I've been doing all this reading on the civil war and watching the seemingly endless presentations of Gettysburg on Turner (It's amazing that no matter how many times Longstreet tries, his artillery never manages to break the Union position at the Angle, and Pickett's charge always ends in disaster. You'd think they'd figure this out after the seventh or eighth re-broadcast.

Okay, anyway, here's the boring part; in this dream I'm some manner of frontiersman, buckskin clothes, powerful odor, Kentucky long rifle across my arms. I'm out hunting, see, picking my way along a game trail. The forest is close in on both sides, oppressively green and dark. Suddenly I catch sight of something moving in the trees to one side, something big, and I raise my weapon. But I see than that it's a man, lying about halfway up a tree. Actually, all I can see at first is a pair of eyes glittering in the semi-dark, but the figure croaks in alarm, and slides down from the trunk of the tree. He's emaciated, dressed in rags, caked in mud and dried blood. And that's all I remember of the dream, but that was enough to stick in my mind for a while after I woke up, and enough to make me remember the story of Selim the Algerian.

Selim was born somewhere in North Africa around 1740, the son of a wealthy merchant. For the first 12 to 15 years of his life he lived well, and was sent to Istanbul for an education in classical languages and mathematics. After finishing his studies, he booked passage back to Algiers in 1759.

That was a dangerous time in the Mediterranean, and Selim's ship was attacked and taken by Spanish privateers. It isn't clear why the Spanish made no effort to ransom Selim to his wealthy father; instead, he was sold to the captain of a French vessel, who crossed the Atlantic and in turn sold Selim in the slave market of New Orleans.

Selim had no way of communicating with the man who bought him, a plantation owner from northern Louisiana. He persisted in trying to speak the only western languages he knew, Greek and Latin, and showed little talent for the heavy field labor the planter set him to do. He decided that a series of heavy beatings might serve to change Selim's attitude. In the process, he apparently fractured Selim's skull, the effects of which grew more and more debilitating as Selim aged. Eventually, the planter gave up on Selim and in 1758 or 59 sold him to a French trader bound for the mines and trading posts in the country of the Sauk and Fox, along the upper Mississippi valley.

The Sauk and Fox were on good terms with the Shawnee peoples of

the Ohio, but Selim seems to have stumbled into some sort of local skirmish, and he was taken by the Shawnee to their great city of Chillicothe. Naturally, he was as unable to communicate with the Shawnee as he had been with the French, so he was unable to understand that they were deeply contemptuous of the institution of slavery, and probably intended to adopt him as a member of their community. The adoption rituals were brutal and frightening, designed to assure the Shawnee that they were not taking any weaklings into their society. Potential adoptees were beaten, denied food, forced to bear heavy burdens and run the gauntlet. If he had survived this, the Shawnee would have attached him to a family, who would have taught him the Shawnee language and cared for him until he was ready to fend for himself. But to Selim, it must have seemed like nothing more than a continuation of the beatings he had received at the hands of the French. He was determined to escape.

He knew that England, the enemy of France, had colonies and forts along the Atlantic coast. He could not speak English, but still found a way to communicate with English captives at Chillicothe, enough to find out the location of some of their forts. Armed with this information, Selim managed to escape in the summer of 1759. He made his way along a Buffalo trail beside the Ohio river. If he had continued to follow it, he would have arrived at Pittsburgh, and the sanctuary of the English station there. But his understanding of American geography was understandably hazy, and when the river turned north, he became concerned that he was heading into French-held Canada. Instead, he crossed the river on a floating log, and headed into south-western West Virginia.

He had no way of knowing it, but Selim had crossed into hunting grounds used by a dozen different tribes, and some of the roughest country in eastern America. He followed the Great Kanawha river for miles, until it appeared to turn southward again -- back toward Louisiana and the French slavers. He picked up the first watercourse that went due east, Kelly's creek, near the modern site of Charleston, West Virginia. He followed this to Bell's creek, then to Twentymile creek, and then the Gauley River. Near the mouth of Rich Creek he found a broad, well-worn path over Gauley Mountain, and continued east, but was probably horrified to find himself in the vicinity of numerous Shawnee hunting parties. This forced him off the trail, subsisting on such roots and berries as he could forage, slowly getting weaker and weaker. Near the headwaters of the Elk river, Selim couldn't go any farther, and climbed into the branches of a fallen tree and waited to die. He was only twenty miles away from English settlements in modern-day Virginia.

A settler named Samuel Givens happened by, returning to his farm after an unsuccessful hunting trip. At first, all he saw in the branches was a pair of bright eyes, and he was about to shoot, thinking Selim was a bear. But Selim managed to roll out of the tree at Given's feet, and the astonished Virginian took him back to his farm, where he was slowly nursed back to health.

Selim learned to speak a little English while he was with Givens, and the following spring he was able to answer some of the questions posed to him on a trip to the town of Staunton. He was standing surrounded by a crowd of the curious, when he saw a well-dressed parson crossing the street nearby. Immediately identifying the man as a patron of greater means than the humble Givens, he approached the parson, Reverend Craig, and bluntly asked if he might be allowed to come home with him. The reverend was apparently willing to bring this seemingly addled soul into his house, but shortly discovered there was more to him than was apparent. Selim stepped into the Reverend library, took a Greek Testament from the shelf and began to read fluently from the text therein. To Selim's good fortune, Reverend Craig was able to speak Greek, and Selim's story was finally told.

The two men became friends, and with a common language to translate from Selim quickly learned English. Selim was persuaded to convert to Christianity, and joined the Reverend's Presbyterian congregation. His conversion was apparently sincere enough to move Selim to express an interest in returning to Algiers as a missionary. The people of Staunton raised money to help pay for the trip, and sometime in the 1760's, he sailed back to Algeria.

It would be easy to assume that Selim had affected his conversion in order to get a free trip back home, and probably no one would have held this against him, but what no one expected was that Selim was found to have returned to Virginia a few years later. He claimed that when he appeared at his old home and attempted to convert members of his family, they refused to recognize him, called him a lunatic, and tossed him into the street. He lived for years as a beggar, outcast as a heretic, until he finally managed to return to the only place in the world where he knew he had friends -- Virginia.

The rest of his life, Selim spent as a vagabond, his unique status as a curiosity allowing him to pass through all levels of society. After the revolution, he was befriended by John Page Rosewell, an associate of Thomas Jefferson, who used to occasionally bring Selim with him to Philadelphia when Congress was in session. He also used to occasionally travel to Williamsburg and read Greek with scholars at William and Mary College.

As years passed, Selim suffered more and more from the old head injury he had suffered as a slave. He often complained of the pain it gave him, and expressed embarrassment over his behavior and appearance. "It is the blow -- that disgrace which this gentleman received at the hands of a French planter. Thank God, but for the Saviour I could not bear it." It isn't clear what his symptoms were, but over time he seems to have lost command of his faculties, slipped away from his friends, and is supposed to have died in an institution in South Carolina or Virginia.

The thing I find most remarkable about this story is the fact that it seems to have slipped entirely out of the mainstream historical record. I read it in a graphic compendium of stories about Trans-Allegheny pioneers, adventurers and chiefs by Timothy Truman, Straight up to see the sky. You would think the story of a man who travelled from Algeria to Istanbul to Louisiana and on foot over the Appalachians, who lived in the cities of the Ottoman sultan and Colesquo of the Shawnee, would be something worth mentioning among the stories about cherry trees and kites flown in thunderstorms. But then, as someone once said, the only thing new under the sun is the history you don't know. At least you have to admit that it doesn't have anything to do with fandom....

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What about the Hiroshima club?  
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ON FIRST CONSIDERATION, it's hard to imagine that any science fiction fan worth the title does not know the anniversary which this coming Wednesday represents. But I think again; in the 25 years since the first humans walked on the moon, that event, which once loomed so large, seems to have been foreshortened in the collective memory. Many perfectly intelligent and mature people have no memory of that time whatsoever, owing to the fact that they were under the age of five, or not even born at the time. So those among you in that condition, mark my wrinkled gesture well; the world changed that night, in ways we thought enormous and irreversible.

Of course, I was but seven years old myself at the time, and by nature continuously in the throes of the sense of wonder. But for the first time in my life, I found the adults around me seized with the same enthusiasm and flights of imagination such as I found commonplace. Perhaps the most important thing about the success of

Apollo 11 to me, was the intimation it gave me that the world of adults was not as unutterably opaque and disinteresting as I had habitually supposed.

This was during the West Virginia period, and I was dinosaur-mad, without any help from Steven Spielberg (of course, he was doing Night Gallery episodes with Joan Crawford at the time, so he would have been of little use). We lived in a region of rich limestone beds and coal seams dating from the late Paleozoic, and I used to be able to pick fossil brachiopods out of the gravels right at the top end of our own driveway. Roy Chapman Andrews struggled with Turok and Andar for my interest. When adults saw me with my books, puzzling over the pronunciation of "ornithischian" and "saurischian," they used to respond to me as if I were a not-especially diminutive savant, possibly touched with an unnatural level of knowledge. I can remember Miss Howland, my second-grade teacher, showing me off to her friends when they came to pick her up after school. "Tell them what you want to be when you grow up," she would say, then beam with pure I-told-you-so as they fell about one another in their eagerness to comment on how precocious I was. What I longed to answer, aside from commenting on my love for vertebrate paleontology, was that I really wasn't that interested in growing up at all, thank you. In this, alas, I was not consulted.

Ah, but then everyone went equally mad for the prospect of reaching the moon. People who used to laugh enormously at the ugly little jokes printed on the cocktail napkins at the Cheat Lake country club, and violently tilt the pinball machines at Ruby and Ketchy's, started talking about lunar orbital insertion and descent profiles instead. My folks put me to bed right after the successful landing that night, and promised that they would wake me in the early morning hours, when the first excursion to the moon's surface was supposed to begin. But Armstrong and Aldrin couldn't sleep either, and at some point still before midnight, my folks got me out of bed, and we went to the house across the street to watch the moon walk on our neighbor's color television. (I can remember that his job was to fill vending machines for the Lance cracker company, but I have no memory of his face or anything else about him. He had a nice T.V. though.)

Of course, those first images were in black and white, and as I recall, they were upside down as well. I was so tired that I was barely able to keep my eyes open long enough to watch Neil Armstrong come down the ladder and recite his little nonsense poem for the ages. I have absolutely no memory of anything that happened after that. The next thing I knew, it was morning.

Tonight, as I sit typing this, a little squib comes on at the end of the evening newscast, speaking wistfully of those salad days when NASA was supposedly the best of the best, and serious disasters like exploding shuttles, blind telescopes and disappearing interplanetary observers were only the stuff of nightmares. No mention whatsoever of AST 704, of Grissom, White and Chaffee being broiled in their suits, sealed in 15 pounds psi of pure oxygen.

All this week there has been a lot of commentary on the lack of direction in the space "program," and I guess it's hard to argue with that. We talk about taking steps toward really big projects, like travel to Mars, and self-sustaining orbital colonies, but it seems like we're having a lot of trouble just arriving at a dependable system for lifting modest payloads out of the gravity well. But while this criticism seems justified, it also gives me the sense that they (whoever "they" are) may be softening us up for a big cutback in funding for space exploration. I don't know how you feel, but it's very hard for me to deal with the idea that the height of space travel in my lifetime may turn out to have happened before my seventh birthday. At the same time, the ongoing problems of economies around the world indicate we may have to accept another ten to twenty years

of relatively small goals in space. There was something to be said for the urgency which the cold war gave to the programs of the sixties and early seventies.

Some wing nut at the JSC was talking on CNN a few minutes ago, about how he could see us going back to the moon in about ten years from now. "I don't think we're talking about decades." It's hard to imagine it happening that easily. Twenty-five years later, going to the moon seems to have receded back into the fantasy which people supposed it was until it actually happened. Suddenly, it feels very much like we're living in one of those declining empires in a novel by Asimov or Blish.

They say Neil Armstrong lives in rural New York now, allegedly as reclusive and eccentric as Howard Hughes or Bobby Fischer. It must be pretty disorienting to look up at the moon at night and know you are looking at your own foot prints. It probably doesn't seem like such a small step anymore.

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No one remembers what happened to Suckertown.

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[We pick up the mail where we left off last time, with the conclusion of a missive from WALT WILLIS, 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD: "I was appalled by your account of your treatment by the bulk Mail Acceptance Unit. There is, or used to be, a similar drill prescribed by the Post Office Guide, but I never submitted myself to it: for one thing I could never wait until I had the mailing complete before posting it. I used to make as sure as I could that the fanzine complied with PO requirements, and then mail it at different mailboxes, starting with one copy addressed to myself, to check they were getting through. I never had any trouble. The copy addressed to myself was always of course the first result of the mailing, closely followed by a letter of comment by Eric Frank Russell, accompanied by his copy of the fanzine.

"Interested to see that NESFA has become sales agents for Warhoon 28. I thought Joe Siclari was in charge of the stocks. Not that I mind of course. The more the merrier, and I'm in good company.

"The remarks by Geri Sullivan about her difficulty in conversing with Rob and Avedon were interesting. It's possible though for conversation among old friends to run dry, through sheer exhaustion. I remember that towards the end of Irish Fandom's long life we would sometimes feel that we had used up all our wit, and needed the stimulus of guests to get us going again. It was a bit like a coven of vampires needing new blood."

[That's what I think really starts to afflict fans after they've been in fandom for a long time. The thing which attracted us to fandom in the first place is the shock of the new, and the unfamiliar sensations of acceptance and shared interest in amazing things. Even if those feelings are eventually replaced by the warmth of long-standing friendship, I think we still miss the essential sensation of discovery that fandom once entailed. --aph]

From faithful GEORGE FLYNN, P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Station, Cambridge, MA 02142: "APAK # 12 has arrived, just in time to go into a fanzine exhibit I'm doing for Readercon. (No, it's not a "fan room," though some people do keep calling it a "fanzine lounge." Last year we just had the zines lying abandoned on tables, and hardly anyone even came into the room. But this time we have cleverly scheduled the autographing for the same room, in order to drag people in. Now all I have to worry about is my zines being trampled by people trying to touch the hem of Ursula LeGuin's robe...) I shall compose a label: 'ONE PERENNIAL FANNISH IDEAL HAS BEEN THE SMALL, FREQUENT, SNAPPY FANZINE; APPARATCHIK IS THIS YEAR'S SPECIMEN. AFTER TWO EXHAUSTING MONTHS AS A WEEKLY, IT HAS NOW REVERTED TO A SEDATE BIWEEKLY PACE. FROM ANDY HOOPER, HUGO NOMINEE FOR BEST FAN WRITER.' Or something like

that. (Yes, I know, I didn't say who it was exhausting.)

"I can assure you that going on-line is not incompatible with written fanac. I've been on GENIE for over two years, and I'm only on it 10-15 minutes a day on the average. (All right, it takes me an hour to read that much after I download it..) But it probably helps that I have avoided such things as finding out what's in the Freddy the Pig topic...." [Thanks a heap, George, for putting me in the middle of your fanzine exhibit; now I'll have a dozen people writing to me and wondering indignantly why I've published 12 issues of a fanzine without sending them even one. -- aph]

"Hey, I can speak ~~fluent~~ Latin, e.g., "GAUDETE OMNES SUPER ADVENTUM APPARACHICI," viz., "Cheer, cheer, Apparatchik's here!"

[And people wonder where I get my linos.... -- aph]

Now, note the COA of one VICTOR MANUEL GONZALEZ, 9238 4th Ave. SW, Seattle, WA 98106: "I am happy to be on the list of those fortunate enough to receive APAK. Keep it up: it's the most dynamic thing in fandom. I have only one complaint: TAFF talk bores me. The stuff about 'elitism' is not as boring. I'd like to see more from you in the thing, but I have come to realize that my expectations are not your intentions. Well enough be.

"It's just that 'zines such as Pong or Hot Shit, as I remember, were not simply letter-discussionzines. APAK is a Fine Thing, really -- but it could be more. Really, Hooper, you are a throwback to an age I don't recall. An age, perhaps of more leisure, fewer recreational drugs, and, if you will permit the stereotype of early fandom, more angst-ridden, bored, teenage male fans.

"On the subject of KTF (or, as you point out, watered down and cloudy KTF, perhaps SITF, Slightly Injure The Fucker, or GDATAF, Glance Darkly At The Fucker, would better describe it) criticism: if they can't take it, fuck'em. Fanzines and fanzine fandom have depended on a commitment to good writing, not a spirit of clubbiness. that exists, surely, but I don't read a fanzine consistently if it isn't interesting, and no matter how many times my club might be mentioned. there must be something substantial. Writers improve because of fair and honest criticism, not masturbatory intergroup gratification." [Now Victor -- what brought that up? Did someone mention Clarion without my noticing it? --aph]

"Ultimately, a fanwriter can write -- explaining, expounding, opining -- about anything, even gardening. It's a rare right to have. But that is no excuse for crap. I don't know whether objective criteria for the analysis of prose exist -- but I'm sure, when I read, that some pieces are better than others. And I'm keen to find out why.

"But what do I know -- I gaffiated long ago."

[Oh, really? then what are you doing writing this letter of comment? Har! Run rings 'round you with logic!

But seriously, thanks for the letter. I am sorry that you feel that APAK isn't all it could be, but the object really wasn't to be a fanzine in the mode of Hot Shit or Pong. Perhaps the most important function it has served for me is to take the heat off Spent Brass, which we hope to finally publish again in the next two weeks, and its transition to a quarterly fanzine, less sprightly and frequent than it was in the past. (Although one must wonder if the adjective "sprightly" could ever be credibly applied to my fanac.) As to my representing a throwback to a bygone age, I have to admit to being mystified as to exactly what you mean by this, and will therefore refrain from answering in detail. All I'll say is that it seems like we are currently living in an era of fewer recreational drugs right now; I suspect I must not be revolving in the proper social circles.

You raise a much more substantial question with your reference to KTF reviews, which you then equate with "fair and honest criticism." No one would be likely to dispute the value of the latter category, but neither would very many people tend to class it with the former.

In recent years, KTF has acquired the definition of being criticism designed to utterly destroy its object -- rather than merely seeking to wise up the offending writer by referring to his artistic shortcomings in an uncompromising light, and hopefully directing him into more profitable modes of communication, it is seen as being intended to prevent the offender from ever publishing again, or at the least, sending the reviewer any subsequent issues of the offending fanzine. Saying "If they can't take it, fuck'em" would seem to reinforce this image, and further obscure any constructive intention on the part of the reviewer. What is needed, I think, are some people who can write entertaining and uncompromising reviews without descending into ad hominem attacks, someone who can put ideas and principles ahead of both the feelings of the fanned reviewed and the reviewer, who, after long service in this role, can't help but begin to wish that he really could kill certain recalcitrant fan editors. But, as you say, you gafiated long ago.

More letters next time -- those of you who haven't ever responded to this zine might want to do so -- I want to keep the list small, but people keep asking to join, so cut-down time is coming soon. Just a pchtsarcd saying you keep getting APAK will do. --aph

[APPARATCHIK IS THE BUNNY BERRIGAN OF FANDOM, beautiful tone on the trumpet, a nice guy if a bit of a tippler, even a pleasant singing voice, but oh -- "I can't get started." You can get three months worth of it for \$3.00, or a year's worth for \$12.00, or a lifetime supply for \$19.73, or in exchange for documentation of performance characteristics -- turning, roll rates, etc. -- on World War II pursuit aircraft, broken into 5,000 foot altitude increments, if you please. Lifetime Subscribers to date: Don Fitch, Janice Murray, Alan Rosenthal, Geri Sullivan and Art Widner, fine people all.

FANZINES received since last issue: All Small # 5 & The Neutral Quotes Know-it-all, David Steinlicht; Brodie # 1, Tom Springer; De Profundis # 267, Ed. by Tim Kerrigan for LASFS; The Knarley Knews # 46, Henry & Letha Welch; Mainstream # 16, Jerry Kaufman & Suzle Tompkins; Mobius Strip Vol. II, # 6, Ed. by Roy Anthony for EPSFFA; Moriarty's Revenge # 2, Dave Hicks; Never Quite Arriving # 2, Christina Lake; Odd # 11, David Haugh; Slubberdegullion # 8, Nigel Richardson; The Texas SF Inquirer # 52, Ed. by Alexander Slate for FACT; & The Wrong Leggings # 1, Lillian Edwards. ~~Damn near one a day!~~

...in rough weather.) This transition vessel, with schooner hull...

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9

