

#5, published for the 151st FAPA mailing by Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, La. 70113. Demented Turkish Dwarf Press publication #265. AM145. Printed in Occupied CSA. First stencil cut 4/30/75, tho Lord knows if it'll be finished in time for the mailing--I have a lot of demands on my time these days.

BE IT KNOWN...

Let your humble scribe, Don Markstein, hereby tosses his hat into the ring for the post of FAPA vice-president. Be it further known that I am forthrightly, one hundred per cent on the side of apathy, so all apathetic FAPAns, rally to my banner!

I'm looking forward to a landslide.

If elected, I promise the most popular Egoboo Poll ballot of all time. Dave Hulan was all wet when he made out his year before last--imagine expecting people to do all that adding just for a FAPA Egoboo Poll! Redd Boggs had the right idea with this year's ballot, but his still required that voters know how to count. With the ballot I envision, you'll have to be able to tell one number from another, but don't *have* to know their proper order.

And if I could figure out how to eliminate even that much brainwork, I'd do it. I'm open to suggestions. But such as it is, I think you'll like my ballot.

The Fantasy Amateur I made out my ballot and all, got all set to send it on to Redd, when I noticed that the voting deadline, even the amended one, had come and gone. What is this? *Seven weeks*, the mailing was late. In any other apa, I would have been *worried*...

The Rambling Fap (Calkins) Aw, I was only funnin' when I complained about Coors being only 3.2% alcohol. Actually, no matter what its alcoholic content, it's not bad beer...when it's warmed to the point where you can taste it. (It's *awfully* light.) Anywho, it's only brewed in one place in all the world, Golden, Co., so there's no use suspecting what it might be like brewed in other areas.

Help I'm Lost (Westblom) This is the first zine of yours I've seen, and I must say, I like it. You write very well in English. By the way, Faruk von Turk and I are planning a oneshot genzine-type thing in the indefinite future, and are hitting the apas for low-circulation stuff that deserves wider currency. Would it be all right with you if we reprinted "Beware of the Mighty Bureaucracy!" in it? (There's no real hurry about replying, since we'll probably spend a year or more in production on it--I'm setting all the type myself, and can only work on it once or twice a week at most, but if you'd drop me a postcard sometime in the next few months, I'd appreciate it.)

If you think Seth McEvoy is cocksure about how much he knows about the writing profession *here*, you should see him in SAPS. He's been lecturing me on how wrongheaded I am about the whole thing for about a year now, since before he made either of his two sales. Me, I've only been supporting myself with my writing for six years. (Not in luxury, perhaps, but enough to where I've long since stopped boasting about each individual sale I make.)

Now that Sten Dahlskog has actually laid eyes on New Orleans, I'd be interested to know if he was disappointed. From the way he describes his vision of it, it would seem he'd have to be. It isn't any Queen of Cities--it's pretty much like any other city, in fact, with its own little quirks that endear it to those of us who live in it (actually, I can't even imagine myself living anywhere else), but I can't figure what attracts outsiders to it. Maybe I'm too close to see it well. Or something. (By the way, about a year and something ago, I happened to strike up a conversation with a 30-ish man with an accent I would judge to be Swedish, in the New Orleans Jazz Museum. Faruk von Turk and I had a very pleasant talk with him, but never did learn his name. It would be an odd coincidence if that happened to be him...)

What a tragedy for all of your kräfta (correctly pronounced "crawfish") to have been wiped out. I hope you sampled the Louisiana breed while you were here.

Synapse (Speer) I have no idea how the back-formation "misle" (from "mised") is pronounced since I've never heard it. I've also never seen it seriously used in writing, so by rights I shouldn't even know how it's spelled. Why do you ask? (If you want a guess, tho, and are willing to accept my guess over your own, try "mizzle".)

home, the scurrying in the walls isn't mice or rats, but cigar roaches. The usual objection to teaching "Basic English" instead of the real language is that verbs like "set up," "set out" and "set to" are more than just the verb "set" with prepositions added--the meaning of the verb is changed in a way that has little or nothing to do with the meaning of the preposition (more properly called "detachable suffix"). Compare "give up" with both "give" and "up." There is no definition of either that would predict that they would mean "surrender" when used together. It seems to be only marginally easier to learn these combinations than to learn their one-word equivalents, tho not having to learn both is of course an advantage--not enough of one to make a big deal over, however.

Hey, that's a groovy idea! I wonder why nobody ever thought of using the same word for jelly, jam, preserves and marmalade before. While we're at it, we could eliminate a couple more unnecessary words by using the same one for butter, margarine and mayonnaise. And I never saw much point in having a verbal distinction between green and blue, either. Why, think of it! Once we really get going, we won't need separate words for ties and belts, bread and cake, or refrigerators, air conditioners and fans. We could throw out most of the language!

On second thought, you do it. I'm tired.

le Moindre (Raeburn) What a coincidence! I was typing stencils through the Superbowl too. Or at least, part of the time I was. Mostly, I was cursing all the football jocks who come in once a year and think they own the neighborhood. The stadium is right across the street from me. (When the Sugar Bowl had its halftime fireworks display, three weeks earlier, it sounded--and felt--like somebody was pounding the wall down.)

Notes from Arinam (Tackett) Seems to me a little silly to claim that Gregg didn't include ballots with the mailing. He said to do a ballot on a blank sheet of paper, didn't he? Weren't there any blank sheets of paper in the mailing? I can't think why "Aryan" would be preferable to "Indo-European" to describe the language group. It may trip along softly on the tongue in a better way, but it has at least three separate and distinct meanings and has acquired a host of connotations since World War II. But when somebody says "Indo-European" (or "Indo-Germanic" years ago), there's only one thing in all the world he could be talking about.

Whiter's Market has been listing non-paying markets for years--poetry journals, little magazines and the like. It's only a small step from there to fanzines, tho I'll certainly agree that it seems a damn stupid thing for them to do. Even in the 1971 edition, which is the one I've got, a few zines are listed.

I can certainly understand preferring real tea or coffee to instant...but perked?

Patella (Luttrells) The two missing pages in that recent Barks reprint don't ruin the book except for purists, just as you say. The thing is very well edited, and practically nobody can spot where they are unless told. Unfortunately, I'm a purist. (Fortunately, I have the original--very fortunately, since it's going for \$400 now, I noticed at a recent con, so if I didn't already have it I'd never be able to hope to get it. I paid \$1.25 for my copy. Which, come to think of it, is a pretty outrageous price for a funnybook, even a \$400 one.)

Well, you've got me there. "How can you be so down on pulp magazines and still collect comics?" you ask me. With those few words you have uncovered one of the basic inconsistencies of my personality. I loathe and despise the paper old comics are printed on, but unfortunately, I do love the stuff printed on it, and there's no other way to have it. On the rare occasions when one becomes available in a worthwhile edition, I lose no time dumping the original--my copy of "The Ghost of the Grotto" is for sale now that it's been reprinted on good paper, as are my reprints of the other Barks stories now available in the same edition. (I'm hanging onto "Frozen Gold" for the sake of the two non-reprinted pages.) Most of the good stuff in pulps is available on paper that, while its quality is usually not particularly better than that of the pulps themselves, is

at least newer, so presumably it won't turn to crumbs for awhile yet. Therefore, there seems little purpose in allowing the grimy things into my home.

I don't suppose it bothers you to know that you're responsible for people thinking I'm even weirder than they thought I was before. When I read about Lesleigh mixing beer with 7-Up, I cried out in horror, and all the other people on the bus stared at me.

I guess I was too hasty when I said something nasty about the fact that the Browns had given Wertham permission to reprint stuff from *Locus* without consulting the artist. My own usual reply when somebody asks permission to reprint artwork from a zine of mine is "If it's okay with the artist, it's okay with me," but it's easy to see how somebody could get the impression that the artist's permission had already been gotten. Certainly, it's hard to imagine anyone familiar enough with fanzines to be asking reprint permission not knowing enough to ask the artist rather than the editor for that permission. But Wertham is kind of a special case...

Allerlei (Breen) How could I possibly know that a feminist's solecism like "personatory" was not due to ignorance? Well, the very fact that it exists indicates that the person who invented it knows how to speak--and *might*, just possibly, be able to read and write. Armed with such knowledge, the coiner of "personatory" could not conceivably have made it out of ignorance. Anyway, I've never seen it used in such a way that it looked like the user thought it was etymologically or semantically justifiable--only outrageous enough to draw attention to the Cause and maybe a smile from the listener. I love words and like to see them properly used, but I'm not such a fanatic that I can't get a laugh out of something as silly as that.

Damballa (Hansen) Of all the silly claims about the recent election, the claim that there weren't enough votes for a plurality to exist is the silliest. There is no such thing as there not being enough votes for a plurality. All "plurality" means is that nobody else got *more*. One vote can be a plurality if it's the only one cast. If the Constitution said "majority," a specious case could be made that a majority of the members would have to vote to make it a legal election (a *very* specious case), but it doesn't. If it required a quorum for a legal election, that would also make it different. But all it says is that one candidate has to get more votes than any other candidate, and it very seldom happens otherwise.

Goliard (Anderson) At the time I wrote that no dictionary I had handy contained "flopsyop-sycottontailpeter," or whatever Mike Glicksohn used as his zine title, I didn't have a copy of the OED. I've since obtained a used copy of the Compact Edition at quite a nice price. I got my money's worth within 24 hours of the purchase--stayed up all night browsing through it. Wonderful book. I've wanted one for years and years.

Horizons (Warner) A.B. Dick makes stencils to fit practically every type of mimeo made, in both film and non-film varieties. I'm using an A.B. Dick stencil right now--a seven-hole one for a Rex-Rotary machine. And there are a dozen little outfits that make a variety of them, like Sovereign, Per-Fec, Sten-Rite and a lot of others nobody ever heard of. Sure, anybody can get Gestetner-style stencils in quire packs. It just takes a little looking.

I suppose you're right that listings in *Writer's Market* could bode ill for fan publishers, but if the reports are right and they really are planning to list them, I don't see how anybody can stop it. If the IRS learned about zines and started investigating, I think they'd wind up sorry they'd brought the subject up, as more and more fans started claiming "business" losses in them. And any anti-obscenity people that latch onto them would probably be a nuisance but essentially powerless. So there's no use getting all upset over it.

The difference between suffering at the hands of criminals and suffering at the hands of the "law"--*one* of the differences, at least--is that yes, there exists such a thing as "organized crime," but any violence generated by it is usually directed inwardly; whereas the "law" is most certainly organized, and will immediately come down hard on anybody it deems unworthy, whether that person deliberately refused to tip his hat to a policeman or was unjustly accused of a crime through no fault of his own. I'd much rather have a criminal choose me at random as his victim than run afoul of the people who are supposed to be protecting me from him. I mean, if we may indulge in a fantasy for a moment and imagine that I were capable of killing something evolutionarily higher than a cigar roach, if I were

to kill an unorganized criminal attempting to prey on me, I would perhaps have to go through a few formalities to disentangle myself from any odium accruing thereto, but I would be generally regarded as a hero. But if I were to kill a member of an organization attempting to do the same thing, I would be a "cop-killer," doomed to immediate extinction. Which is why I'm an anarchist, I suppose. I'm aware of all the terrible things that would happen if there were no government to protect me from them, but none of them seem worse than the government itself.

The Thing To Do this season seems to be to offer an Opinion on the recent election. So why should I be different?

I've already refuted previously-offered opinions that the election was invalid because no ballot was included in the mailing or there wasn't a plurality (in comments to Roy Tackett and Chuck Hansen, respectively). Harry Warner's observation that it wasn't a legal election because nobody voted by the deadline is a bit more difficult to dispose of, but surely, there must be ample precedent for late voting. It seems to me that there's no way around the fact that Redd was elected to all four offices at once.

So where do we go from there? Well, the Constitution says that nobody can be elected President or Vice-President twice in five years, so obviously, his election as President is not valid. Since nobody else got any votes at all, apparently nobody at all was elected. Which, since FAPA officers serve until their successors are notified, means that last year's President remained in office. Which *still* means that Redd holds all four offices.

He did, however, resign them. Now, in my opinion, a lot depends on the order in which he resigned. As I recall, it was in the usual order, meaning that the first one he resigned was the Presidency. Immediately upon resignation, then, the Vice-President succeeded to that office (the Constitution says nobody can be *elected* twice in five years--not that nobody can succeed to the Presidency), so when he resigned the Vice-Presidency, that office was, in fact, vacant, and his resignation had no effect.

Now, I don't see that the Constitution spells out exactly how one goes about resigning from a FAPA office, so I would assume that the President or Vice-President would receive such things. Resignation is, however, mentioned in the Constitution, so it would be up to the VP to rule--therefore, one would expect him to be the one to whom resignations are tendered. With the office vacant, however, resignations must be invalid. So when Redd "resigned" as OE and Sec-Treas, there was nobody to resign to and the resignations are therefore invalid. So he continued to hold both of those offices.

Therefore, when he started appointing people to the "vacant" offices, in reality, only one of those appointments was valid--the one to the truly vacant office of Vice-President. Since that was the one he appointed himself to, he once again held all four at once.

In other words, Redd, you don't get off that easy. You won 'em--you serve 'em.

A very odd thing happened to me not long ago. Before I rented it, Box 53112 belonged to something called Colonial Sugars, apparently. Every so often I get something addressed to them, which I bring to the package window for forwarding. Imagine my surprise several weeks ago when I opened it and found a large envelope addressed to me *from* Colonial Sugars.

The mystery was soon cleared up. It was merely a fanzine that the Post Office had mistakenly forwarded to them, tho my name was clearly on it. Typical ineptitude on their part; nothing to get excited about. But somebody there had opened it and apparently read at least part before realizing it wasn't theirs.

It was *Herbapa* #2. I wonder what they made of it.

Four pages. That seems to be about my speed these days--I've been doing one four-page zine after another, except in K-a, where I usually do about four pages but have lately been down to only two. Well, like I said, I have a lot of demands on my time these days. No use putting a cover on this and pushing it up to 3 sheets. See you next quarter.