

Dear Andy Hooper.

It started as a vague itch at the back of my skull. Something was tickling

JoHn re

patron Junkie Saint of a more addictive fandom, but you man, you... you could be the Golden

Fandom Is Just A Goddamn Way Of Life

the periphery of my Cosmic Mind: Something was amiss and I couldn't place it. Like a fragment of memory, like a brief flash of Summer nostalgia, some wistful remembered thing would almost pop into my mind, but before I could bring my attention to bear upon it, it was gone.

The feeling grew until I was mad with fear. "What is it!?!?" I shouted to the empty rooms of my heart, and then I knew. I was going cold turkey with my Apparatchik habit.

A compulsive reader has to have his fix. Apparatchik is a staple of my universe, visible every two weeks in the fanish sky, as orderly and loveable as Newtonian physics. I didn't just admire it, I *needed* it.

Now, years have passed since without an APAK in the mailbox (oh, I know it has been only three weeks, but the pain, the pain....).

I try to be rational. I say to myself, "before he left to that Scottish Convention, he *did* send you Spent Brass and the Latest APAK."

If 'twere only enough to satisfy me. You don't understand, Andy. I've got a *10 fanzines a day habit running here*, and you think you can toss me a couple of bones till you get back?

People try to help me. Friends, cops and judges all say to me, "but JoHn, there *are* other fanzines." Yeah, sure. What am I supposed to do, read *File 770*? Give up insurgent-trufannishness and immerwse myself in the cruel voodoo of convention running? HAH! Death First.

Andy, why do you do this to me. Everyone knows you're the only man who can connect with that pure grade fanac. In a parallel universe, Walt Willis could have been William S. Burroughs;

Triangle, Motherlode Clearing house of the Fannish Vibe, Apparatchik beaming out the word of fandom to the world, as cherubic neofen sing Hosannas. Of course, you would have to expand your mailing list.

Looking forward to your return,

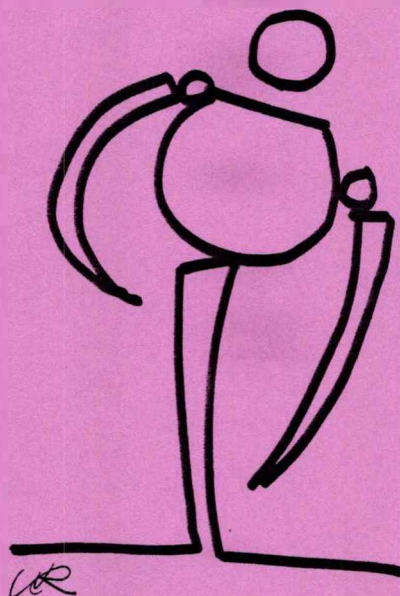
John Wesley Hardin.

Long Day's Journey Into Gafia

I was looking at my backups of John re today and verified that I really had not written anything since May; since right after Corflu. While this wasn't as bad as I had feared, it still struck me as being too long since I have written. I can't explain why this strange ennui seems to come over me whenever anyone mentions fanac lately. Why do my eyelids get so heavy whenever Ken talks about Bogart or Nine Lines Each Letter Review? I'm getting burned out ("from doing what?" I can hear Arnie asking) or at least, it seems that if I don't have something in mind to write about, the last thing I

want to do is sit down and write. It makes me sleepy just thinking about it. I hate feeling like I *have* to do anything. When I feel an obligation to do write, it is not fun.

So what am I saying here? Nothing, I'm just bitching, and you'll likely hear it again in RANT #3. So move aside and let me write, already.



JoHn re #13: the fanzine for, by, and about JoHn. This is for APA-V lucky number 19. Questions and comments to JoHn 1733 Yellow Rose, Las Vegas, NV 89108