

# BITCHES ABROAD

NOW with added PAM! for extra  
cleaning power!

## Big Apple Tart

PW: Sitting here in Gary Farber's apartment, surrounded by Gary's Famous Boxes, it occurred to me that I've been in the good ol' U S of A for weeks now and haven't said a word to anyone about what a great time I'm having here. Well, except for the five days of illness in Washington, D.C., where the only touristng I did was inside Dan and Lynn Steffan's house. But I had great times in Nashville (for Corflu) and Las Vegas, and I'm back in good health now, having fun in Noo Yawk. (Gary's keyboard is really shite, by the way....)

GF: I've suffered this keyboard without complaint for years, so *you* have to suffer. OK, with a little complaint.

All right, so it's been with a moderate amount of complaining, but that's between me and the dark lords I serve, so never you mind. Existentially speaking, since these are brand *new* boxes, loaded with the Same Old Gary Crap, are all Boxes with SOGC "Famous Boxes"? Does being a container for SOGC make my boxes "Famous"? Somehow this does not seem right to me. But I'm sure I don't know as I am now quite Vacuous. A temporary effect, I am sure, but there we are. Incidentally, I signed a lease on a new Box, I mean "apartment", yesterday. It is on the second floor of a small apartment building on East 15th Street in Brooklyn, near the Avenue J stop on the D train, quite near where I grew up. I'll be able to entertain parties of at least two or three people at once!

(Er, it's Very Small. I've never lived anywhere so Small, so I'm going to work on shrinkage. I'm not sure my ego and myself will be able to fit at the same time, so perhaps we'll time-share there.)

Pamela has been a charming guest, of course, and Moshe Feder hosted a delightful party last Saturday which proved that a bunch of NYC fans can actually all be in the same house with no explosion or even significant ill words, no matter what they Rilly Think of each other. Much fun was had with the %650 electric guitar autographed by Bonnie Raitt that Moshe had just won. Patrick Nielsen Hayden

was seen giving Moshe detailed lessons on playing guitar: "Push with that finger, Moshe" he'd say. "No, the other one. That's it." "What, I have to use two fingers at once?!" said Moshe. Oh, it was such fun and so very musical. Well, there was a lot of posing with the guitar, at least. Everyone will be there again on Saturday next month. I wonder if anyone told Moshe?

PW: Yeah, and Gary had convinced me before I got here that there was no such thing as New York fandom—were they really all putting on their best faces for little old moi? Anyway, not *everyone* will be there again next month—some of us will be back in our own homes, in our own countries, again. *Sniff.*

Further party fun was the Teresa Nielsen Hayden Strange Microwave Experience: first, marshmallow bunnies, then the expanding bar of Ivory soap trick. Can't wait to bring this new world wonder to British parties—trust me, it's impressive. Anyway, another 12 hours or so and I'll be at the airport on the way to Eastercon, so I guess it's time for bed now. But it sure has been fun talkin' to y'all....

GF: Yes, and I have a bedtime story to tell you, Pamela. :-) But I also would like to thank M. Napoleon for His Brandy and its aid in the Making of This Post. I'm quite sure it was worth the rape and pillage of Europe and Russia. After all, quite a few other Europeans have done that without producing a decent liquor. Just so. But will I respect this post in the morning?

PW: Who gives a fuck?

GF: You have *so* much luggage, Pam. Surely you can fit me in a piece? I'm terribly useful: I speak English! Take me to Eastercon! Introduce me to the members of my Valentine's club, eh?

PW: I'd love to put you in my suitcase, Gary. But where would all my shopping go?

GF: I'd suggest that there are *priorities*, but I unfortunately know where that would leave *me*. So I could mumble about shipping your shoes after you.... And now we reach the point in our posting where Gary wants to rewrite and edit and rewrite, whilst Our Heroine, Pam, says: post this sucker now! I am but a slave, so I hear and

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series of 13—

## The Lost Fanzines of Gary Farber

Produced by Alison  
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