

***** The 10th issue of a weekly fanzine by Andrew
APPARATCHIK Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, still
***** receiving mail at The Starliner, 4228 Francis Ave.
#10 May 19th, 1994 N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt
***** Press Production # 185, done on Dan Steffan's mac.



India out of Khalistan!

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, 4:30 PM: So I've been in The Chair for about 48 of the last 72 hours, and I idly count the pages I have done and the pages I have left to go, and I figure I might give my editor a call and see if there has been any sudden and magical release of the deadline pressure, which would allow me some vague hope of finishing all the things I am supposed to finish before leaving for Conflu. He explains to me that the most immediate concern is to turn in the -- what, fifth? -- section of the book, the part that I haven't even started thinking about yet. The Player Ranking files, the Team Summaries, the stuff on which Afghan restaurants the players like the best -- none of that stuff is due for weeks. What he needs to have in his hand as I step onto the tarmac Thursday afternoon is the section on statistical measures I only half-understand and have no idea how to coherently organize. I fight back the impulse to say the first word that comes into my head ("Gaaahhh!"), and reply "No problem. I can get to work on that right now, and bring it right to you in Virginia."

So that's why there's no time to print any of your wonderful letters this issue. The first bi-weekly number in June will feature some extra pages so that your laboriously-framed theses and deathless bon-mots will finally see the light of day. But for right now, it's just more acid burn-out stories.

"I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL," said Frank Lunney. "I went to sleep having these dreams about Giant Bees, eating everything." "Giant Bees?" I asked. "Yeah, Giant Bees, like in the movie THEM! I was on Howard Stern's yacht, and I was trying to get away from this giant bee. I saw it eat an airliner right out of the sky, and spit pieces out."

"There weren't giant bees in THEM!," I said. "That was in FOOD OF THE GODS."

"I never saw that," said Frank.

AFTER WE HAD STRUGGLED into our seats on the flight from Seattle, we noted a young man in front of us, who was wearing a t-shirt with a stylized illustration of a French Foreign Legionnaire, with the legend "Those men who have hunted other men and grown to like it seldom wish for anything else," or something very like that. Carrie noticed this, and we began a conversation about the difference between mercenaries and foreign troops in national service. "What about the Gurkhas?" I asked. "You wouldn't call them mercenaries, would you? They've served the interests of the same nation for the past, what, 150 years."

"I'm not even sure where Gurkhas come from," said Carrie, "let alone how mercenary they are."

"They're from the highlands of Nepal," I said. "Well, not the really high highlands, but the parts around Katmandu. It's not like they make up battalions of Yetis or something." We fell silent for a while during the safety demonstrations ("Close the seatbelt by inserting the tongue into the metal buckle and pull the belt tight across your waist") and then found that we had both fallen instantly asleep, and the crew were now serving breakfast. "That was amazing," I said. "I had no sensation that I had been asleep. It was like we were cryogenically frozen or something."

"I had this dream about the Tiptree Quilt," said Carrie, "and this compiler that I had to fix for it. I was the only one who could fix it."

"I don't think we'll ever be able to do that," I murmured. "Freeze people and revive them. How do you keep the cell walls from exploding when you freeze them like that? I just don't see how you can do it."

"Like jacking a wire right into someone's brains and --"

"Transferring their personality into the body of a gorilla?"

"No, downloading stuff into them from a computer. I don't think I'd want that anyway, who knows what kind of stuff they'd try to load into you?"

"I find it easier to believe in FTL and those Greg Bear fantasies about the universe being a giant information matrix. It's like the big lie technique. If you just lose track of all the violations of the laws of physics that you're being asked to swallow, it's easier to just suspend your critical faculties."

"What a stfnal conversation," said Carrie.

When we got to the airport in D.C., it was like we had entered a third world country. Crowds of people pressed into sweltering waiting rooms while squads of redcaps took luggage from one side of the room to the other. "Glebe Road," I said to Badkhar Shah, our cabbie, "then take the first left after Columbia Pike."

Along the way, a u-haul truck with a picture of Cuban anole on the side drove by and the men inside, bearded and saffron-turbaned as was Badkhar Shah, honked the horn and waved happily to him.

"It really is a small town," said Carrie, "you see friends everywhere you go."

Gorkāni Ayu!

[APPARATCHIK IS THE SAEED JAFFREY OF FANDOM, heels snapped together like steel ball bearings snapped together, Haldivar Billy Fish reporting for duty, Ghura-Sahib. You can get three months worth for \$3.00, or a year's worth for \$12.00 or a lifetime subscription for \$19.73 (thanks Don and Geri!). Fanzines received this week: BLAT! #3, Dan Steffan and Ted White; ATTITUDE #1, Pam Wells, et al., HABAKKUK Chap. 3, Verse 3, Bill Donaho; NINE LINES EACH #2, Forman, Hardin & Springer, CAZBAH #1, Tracy Shannon; EYEBALLS IN THE SKY #2, Tony Berry; BOBYTES #3, Bob Altizer; EGOBOO #17, John D. Berry and the forces of the Academy of Fannish Arts & Literature. Gates in for Amaral, at gm. Delgado to bench. Finley platoon w/Carter. Ventura to platoon DH w/Fielder. E. Martinez to 3B. Eckersley as closer. J. Gonzalez is now alone. Asking waivers on Rene Arocha. Back again on June 16th, 1994.



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