

* * * * * The seventh issue of a weekly fanzine by Andrew
A P P A R A T C H I K Hooper, member fwa, supporter afal, broadcast
* * * * * from The Starliter Arms, 4228 Francis Ave. N.
7 April 28th, 1994 # 103, Seattle, WA 98103. This is Drag Bunt
* * * * * Press Production # 182, accept no imprecations.

A hulking first baseman, about half the size of the Kingdome itself...

WHAT, ARE YOU TIRED ALREADY? The weekly pace of this fanzine seems to have finally caught up with my correspondents.... Either that, or you've been left underwhelmed by the last two issues; next to no letters have arrived, so we'll have an issue without reader commentary this week. Actually, that's fine with me; I'm working hard on an actual paying job at the moment, and it's amazing how hard it is to get worked up over fanac when one could be earning several dollars a page instead.

THIS MORNING JANE HAWKINS was kind enough to give me a ride to the local Bulk Mail Acceptance Unit so I could finally send out Spent Brass # 26, which is dated April 15th. Lots of delays and difficulty in getting the thing printed and ready to go, and when I get done, I find a bunch of typos anyway. Lots of fun, plus I may never get the mimeo ink out from under my fingernails.

So, after collating, folding, stapling, and labeling (and hand-writing the 75 addresses that had yet to print when the box of 5,000 mailing labels finally ran out) all 260 domestic copies, carefully sorting them in zip-code order, properly bundling them with rubber bands and applying the appropriate bulk mail stickers, I did my best to complete the form required to submit the mailing, foundering as usual on the question of whether or not my little fanzine is classified as automation capable letters or non-automation capable letters, bagged the whole mess up, and climbed into the car with Jane.

She was no fool; she had brought a book along to read while I struggle with the Machiavellian forces of the BMAU. There were two people on duty, and no one in line when I went inside; Ah, I thought, maybe this will actually work out for a change. The woman at the first work station pulled out a bundle of fanzines, and immediately said "Oh, no, no, this is not right. You have to change these." She pointed to the permit imprint, which occupies the spot on the mailing face normally reserved for the stamp on regular mail. "This says 'Bulk Rate,' and that isn't right. It's supposed to say 'Bulk Mail.'"

As you can imagine, a wave of sick loathing and fear washed over me, and I slumped to the counter in despair. I had visions of having to reprint the entire run, or failing that, spending an hour or two scratching out the word "Rate" and scrawling in "Mail," while Jane finished Dahlgren and moved on to Helliconia Summer in the parking lot outside.

But the BMAU apparatchik took pity on me, and showed me a worksheet to aid me in writing a letter to beg that the Elders of the BMAU waive the regulations -- just this once, mind you -- and accept my mailing. I had to list all the ways in which I had violated the regulations, and sign a waiver absolving them of all responsibility in the event that my offending materials led to the collapse of Western Civilization, and allowing them to scatter my fanzine all over Alaskan Way if they decided they just couldn't bring themselves to forgive my transgression. I hurriedly scribbled my request, handed it to the woman at the counter, who called in her supervisor to consider it. The supervisor glanced at my note for a fraction of a second, signed her initials to the paper, and muttered "Okay." The woman at the counter seemed a little disappointed as she tossed my mail bag onto an untidy heap in the

corner. "Next time, use the proper heading," she admonished me.
"because that letter will be going into your file."

So now I have a file at the BMAU, and the powers that be will have their eye on me. Don't be surprised if it takes a little while for that issue of Spent Brass to find its way to you....

CORFLU NOVA is coming up in less than a month now; it's close enough that I've begun measuring all tasks by whether or not I can get them done before Corflu. Does it strike any one else as frustrating that most of the conventions worth going to seem compacted into the first five or six months of the year? The only con I know of that I really care for that falls between Worldcon and the following February is Armadillocon in Austin, which is always scheduled for the weekend of the Texas-Oklahoma football game, for the safety of visiting fans. But I think this impression of mine might be due to a lack of information about interesting conventions in other parts of the country.

As a mailing hook for all you loyal correspondents, tell me, do you have a favorite convention (apart from Corflu/Ditto and other events that already have a good faanish reputation) that you would like to see more fmz fans attend? And if you don't have any local or regional conventions in mind that you think are worth your while, what would it take to make them more appealing to you? If for some reason the regional con runners of the world decided to start listening to us, it might be nice to have some idea what we wanted to tell them. Aside from choosing a cheap hotel near a good Afghan restaurant, of course.... -- aph

APPARATCHIK IS THE ALIBI IKE OF FANDOM, distracted by the cheers of the cranks and losing the occasional ground ball in the sun. 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 a few published LoCs or maybe it just shows up in your mailbox through no fault of your own, although there's no guarantee it will continue to do so. Next week's issue may be the last weekly number; a lot of people complain that once a week is just too fast for them to respond intelligently. And since it's no picnic on this end, either, we might just go to bi-weekly and see how that works. Keep watching the skies!

...of diesel power. The schooner hull built for sail was evolving...

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Address Correction Requested

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4

