

SPENT BRASS

The frequent fanzine that never had a Nanny from Trinidad. Published by Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103 Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. It's available for the usual. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #152, 2/14/93. Material this time comes from Andy, Mark Manning, Barnaby Rapoport, and our readers. Art by Jeanne Gornoll (logo), Dan Steffan (p 1), Phil Tortorici (pp 2, 3), Pat Virzi (p 4), Steven Fox (p 7), Sheryl Birkhead (p 8), Ima. Cary (p 10). This issue produced in conjunction with the Pacific Fantod Press and its master, Jerry Kaufman. Go Speed Racer!



RETURN OF THE RAINY TOWN TATTLER

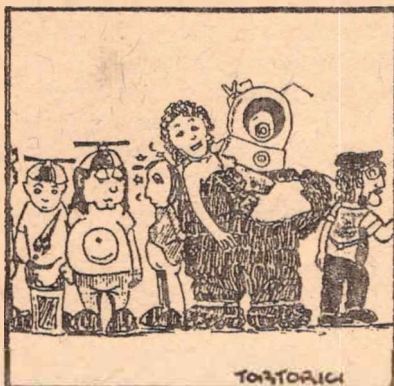
by Andy

OKAY, LISTEN UP! NOW is the time for you to send in your membership to Corflu Ten! The Corflu Ten committee is working fast and furiously to make sure the convention is one to remember, but much of their planning and budgeting has been hampered by the fact that they have no idea how many people to expect. Even if you don't want to send the full \$35.00 registration fee right away, you could send in \$10.00 for a supporting membership and note that you intend to convert to an attending membership later. Your effort would be sincerely appreciated. You might also want to book your room if you plan to stay in the convention hotel; some fans have already encountered problems in trying to get the room or rooms they want....Another question in regard to Corflu is where and when will Corflu Eleven be held? Is there a nascent bid committee out there, conspiring in some root cellar to hold the primary convention by and for fanzine fans in 1994? If you have any such aspirations, drop us a line, and we'll be happy to announce your

intentions....**Down Under Fan Fund Alert!** Word from Gualala is just in, and the order of finish in the 1993 Duff race is as follows: First, Dick Smith and Leah Zeldes; second, Richard Brandt; and third, Charlotte Proctor. The voting turnout was encouragingly large. Exact figures are not yet available from U.S. administrator Art Widner, but the margin between first and second place was not small. Congratulations Dick and Leah!....**Art** is feeling pretty low at the moment, since he went through a rotten board in his porch and tore muscles and ligaments in his leg a few weeks ago. A nice way to help him out might be to donate items to the DUFF auctions upcoming at Corflu and ConFrancisco, or heck, just send a couple more dollars to the fund outright. Save the man a little scrambling after funds, he's been doing this for years now....**Speaking of good causes,** I want to be sure to mention something that we were asked to publicize, and which I just plain forgot in the last couple of issues. Robert Lichtman is conducting a benefit auction of the late Dick Ellington's fanzine collection, which has just passed it's penultimate bid deadline. There's some really good stuff in the catalogue, and the final round will be completed some time in May. Write to Robert for a copy at P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442....**We** might have expected this, but perhaps as a logical consequence of the "plague of weddings" we reported on a few years ago, an awful lot of fans seem to be having babies right now. In addition to the Brown's new daughter, whom we mentioned last ish, we can announce the birth of Gavriella Chava Levy Haskell, daughter of Fred and Susan Levy Haskell, born December 20th, 1992. And best wishes also go to Karl Hailman and Hope Kiefer, whose son Forrest "Forry" Kiefer-Hailman was born the 17th of January. Informed sources also tell us that very small neofen are expected by both Linda Blanchard and Candi Strecker some time within the year. Convention child care would seem to be a growth industry....**Rumors** are currently circulating to the effect that since the late Roger Weddall didn't have a chance to write his own DUFF report, those of us who got to spend time with him on his trip might do the job for him. If you have a thought or two in regard to Roger's visit, you might want to take a half-hour to jot down a few notes, and we'll make the details known when we have them....**We've** had no issue of Langford's lovely Ansible since last October, leading me to ask: Who is Dave's American agent, and what does he or she have against us?...Using the terribly controversial Hooper Fanzine rating system, the top twenty fanzines of 1992, and their numerical ratings, were: 1.) ANSIBLE, 66; 2.) PONG, 66; WHIMSEY, 66; 4.) IDEA, 65; 5.) MIMOSA, 65; 6.) MAINSTREAM, 64; 7.) ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY, 64; 8.) I-94, 63; 9.) TRAP DOOR, 63; 10.) SGLODION 62; 11.) TENDABERRY, 62; 12.) STET, 62; 13.) THINGUMYBOB, 62; 14.) MEMOIRS OF A SUPERFLUOUS FAN, 62; 15.) FOLKAL POINT, 61; 16.) HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TRACY AND BILL, 61; 17.) CUBE, 60; 18.) SPENT BRASS, 60; 19.) JOE WESSON MAGAZINE, 59; 20.) FOLLY, 59. The ranking of fanzines within the same numerical total are based on the distribution of the highest component rankings; the ones with the most perfect tens rate highest. Personally, I'd pay money to subscribe to any of these fanzines, but it's nice that I don't have to. By the way, I hope everyone knows that just because I apply a set of numbers to define my impressions doesn't mean that my fanzine ratings are any less subjective than anyone else's. — aph.

...silent upon a hot dog stand in Darien...

THE BRASS MENAGERIE by Barnaby Rappoport



It's hard enough writing about American fandom when I know so little; my British (and Irish, and Australian) fandom is a fantasy simulacra based on a tiny sample of zines. The titles reviews in this column are not a

small percentage of the total I've seen. So I can't measure them against history, or even assign them an exact place in today's scene.

This is probably your experience as well. I see few letters from the U.S. or Canada in them, and few such zines mentioned. It's as if there was an osmotic barrier – or at least a postal price barrier. Think of these reviews as images from an optical fiber probe that's been poked through it – too close up to give the whole picture, perhaps, but hopefully clear and helpful.

Most of these zines are full of contact addresses. Thingumybob 6 even prints its entire mailing list. Try some of these and then start exploring on your own.

DAISNAID 7 has no art, no outside contributors, not even a letter column. It's just twelve pages of D. West commenting on various fannish subjects. He starts with the general scene, teasing his readers about the dreaded Leeds group mind and mocking the BSFA. Fugghheaded letters are quoted. Then he attends Mexicon, encountering Geoff Ryman, who wrote a play for the con ("I thought it was fucking awful."), Paul Williams ("prime California crap"), and Dave Langford (uncharacteristically, the squelch is a quote from Abi Frost). Finally, he debunks an idea from Joseph Nicholas on the future of fanzines.

This isn't just an entertaining show of bad temper: his observations are almost always reasonable, and often acute. I've got a whole list of passages to quote, but I'll settle for this: "All right, fanzine fans are devoted to 'inbred concerns.' So what? (Heavy sigh.) Being devoted to inbred concerns is the whole fucking point."

Slubberdegullion 5 is another personalzine. Nigel E. Richardson writes a caustic, humorous account of two dismaying months he spent writing software for a chemical company in a hellhole town: "...the bus doesn't turn up...I'm all on my own, stranded in the middle of a ghastly chemical site, pipes squirting steam and God knows what else around me...over there is a place called Polyester Intermediates and Esters. Your trousers were probably brewed in there...worst of all

are the thousands of ragged, bloated crows that inhabit the wasteground between buildings...maybe they're hooked on industrial waste...cars drive by but no-one stops...few of the drivers have passengers; I suppose when you work for the country's top polluter, you feel obliged to do your individual bit...the air smells of iodine and almonds, reminding me of organic chemistry classes...just think, if I hadn't been kicked off that course I might have ended up here years sooner, a northern industrial chemist in a stained lab coat and hard hat, working the night shift, eating my corned beef and pickle sandwiches next to a vat of bubbling green toxic refuse." There's also a letter column and some short pieces, including a list of revealing quotes from Folly.

Lagoon 3 is more serious. In "Vibrations from Beyond," Simon Ounsley describes how, after a year of chronic illness, he began to investigate spiritual healing. A visiting healer doesn't accomplish much, but they discover Ounsley's father has similar powers. His frozen shoulder is cured. His disease gets worse, then better as he learns to use his own healing powers. He sees colors and subsequently finds them described in a book. Soon he sees moving shapes. Tiny wheels of light battle and ugly swarming mass. A sympathetic medical consultant suggests that it's his body trying to eliminate accumulated waste material. Ounsley finds he can draw it out with his fingers. All this is relayed with a croggled realization of how crazy this must sound to his readers – Ounsley is embarrassed to be having such an unscientific experience.

Ounsley is an absorbing writer, and the 11-page "Vibrations From Beyond" ends all too soon. Even reading the letter column, which he dominates ("Ounsley 3844, Contributors 1955 – I win again"), I'd be drawn into his long, thoughtful replies and have read a couple of pages before I knew it.

At 12 half-sized pages, An Occasional Axolotl 2 is compact for a genzine, and it seems to be overflow from a larger genzine, Inception. Both the editors write brief editorials. There are two articles on the paranormal. Kim Cowie argues for scientific skepticism. Yessica Mitchell argues for a Crowleyian view of magick and guardian angels ("...it shows the two sided coin that greets all who tread the paths of wisdom and self-exploration." Pause for an imaginary Teddy Harvia cartoon). Jeffery expresses reservations. Shane Kelwick comments on censorship. Axolotl is pleasant but very slight; if it was American, it would be on pink paper and have a Las Vegas postmark.

Lip 6 is substantial. It's not just the 62-page length, but the writing, which is always personal and sometimes achieves autobiography. Hazel Ashworth's editorial is a long, amusingly self-deprecating account of a trip through Australia, Fiji, and California. "Just Ducky" is another section of Nigel E. Richardson's life. It was

written during a period of employment before the job described in Slubberdegullion 4, and contrasts the grim present with his brief trip through the yuppie '80s. It begins with some Chuck Connor-ish humor, a bogus report on the Mexican he couldn't attend, turns introspective as he describes his former life, and deepens into confession as the money runs out and his sex life turns sour.

I'd heard of Michael Ashley, but had never seen anything by him before "Two Tales of Decent Friendly Bradford Folk." In tone, these vignettes were what I imagined, and enough to give you a vicarious hangover (the first line is, "1988 saw me waking up most mornings in a pool of vomit and urine.") The surprise was how good they were, how concise and well-turned; "Social Drinking" in particular was like punk Charles Burbee

The issue is dominated by part 2 of "Work in Progress" by Harry Turner. It describes his life in the army after the end of World War II, shuttling around India for months as he waits to be demobilized. It's too long and too different from the rest of LIP -- even the type is different -- to fit in; it's like a zine within a zine, but it's very interesting material.

The personal writing even extends into the letter column, where Dave Langford provides a mini-article on a queasy teenage attempt at transcendence.

This is all interpolated with lighter visual material. Mal Ashworth collects four pages of strange newspaper clippings. Ernie Barber depicts Rupert the Bear as he might have been written by Lawrence, Hemingway, and others. The illustrations by D. West are perfect. West also makes fun of local fans in a series of cartoons. There's a Michael Ashley who turns up a few times, and Hazel Ashworth who also appears on West's covers, but I've never heard of most of these people. The spirit is familiar, though, that of a scene vital enough to produce archetypes and in-jokes.

Fatuous Turgid Toads is FTT 14, with a wonderful color cartoon by Ian Gunn of a jolly toad in a tuxedo brandishing champagne and a cigar. Judith Hanna critiques macroeconomic abstractions and describes a remedy, Local Exchange and Trading Systems. She makes even that interesting, but is only inspired in the brief intro that evokes markets she's been to around the world. In Leigh Edmund's "Structuralism and the Unarmed Ornithopter," his imaginary aviation company accidentally hires a structuralist instead of a structural engineer. Joseph Nicholas continues to needle Fosfax. "Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics" is a tight and effective refutation of a particular charge made by Joseph T. Major, while "Loonywatch" collects a variety

of "crazed nonsense" from Fosfax's pages. There's also a substantial letter column.

Be sure to address both editors. A highly visible Hall of Shame is reserved for those who only mention the man of the house (*something which may be in the works here as well -- aph*).

Thingumybob 7 seems like a catch-up issue for this frequent zine. There's no cover, and no art except a satirical two-page comic and a newspaper clipping on penis implants; just the editor, Chuck Connor, in a surreal 16-page hard boiled detective pastiche where he's trapped in the sub-universe of his own zine, and letters commenting on the previous issue appear as a variety of Ubik-like messages.

More typical was issue 6, 52 pages of noisy, friendly messiness. It's probably best described by the material in the margins -- literally: the roman numeral page numbers, the dripping EC-like running heads, the "bonus comicule" about a urine test that goes out of control. There are two short articles, Dorothy Davies on having her car stolen, and Connor's own Kafkaesque tale of electronic banking and bureaucracy, but the main content is the 14 pages of fanzine reviews, and 16 pages of letters printed in a berserk variety of type and afloat in Connor's garrulous, flippant, commentary.

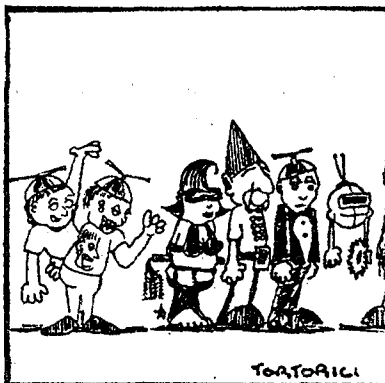
Aside from eight pages of Ian Gunn's satiric comic, set in a Blade Runner-like Australia where Sydney and Melbourne are at war, Thingumybob is the only zine reviewed here that's full of art like an American zine, by unfamiliar U.K. fanartists like Cathy Hill, Bryce

Nakagawa, and David Windett. If there were any more, he'd have to run art credits, instead of listing the illos individually in the table of contents....

DAISNAID 7, D. West, 17 Carlisle St., Keighly, West Yorks, BD 21 4PX, U.K.

Slubberdegullion 5, Nigel E. Richardson, "address uncertain, but c/o 9 Windsor Green, East Garforth, Leeds LS 25 2 LG will get to me. Available in exchange for your own zine (unless it's really dismal), sophisticated correspondence, spiritually lifting artwork, life-affirming weirdness; Kim West catalogues, signs of affection, amusing sums of money or any other signs of life."

Lagoon 3, Simon Ounsley, 28 Beckwith Crescent, Harrogate, North Yorks, HG 2 0BQ; "available (subject to availability) for all the usual stuff: letters of comment; fanzines in trade; written evidence of people getting toxins out of their bodies by squinting at their hands and wriggling their fingers (don't be silly -- people other than me, I mean); large print books that aren't either whodunnits, romances, or stories of the hilarious



escapades of fresh-faced young curates in quaint English villages in the years between the wars; the severed head of Cecil Parkinson..."

An Occasional Axolotl 2, Steve Jeffery and Vikki Lee France, 44 White Way, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, U.K.

Lip 6, Hazel Ashworth, 16 Rockville Drive, Embsay, Skipton, North Yorks, BD23 6NX, U.K.

FTT 14, Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas, 5A Frinton Rd., Stamford Hill, London, N15 6NH, U.K.; "available

for any of the the following: (a) your own publication in exchange (we trade all-for-all); (b) a letter of comment on this or previous issues; (c) an appropriate contribution for future issues; or (d) one pound in coins or stamps."

Thingumybob 6 and 7, Chuck Connor, Sildan House, Chediston Road, Near Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 0NF, U.K.; "Thingumybob" transmissions are subject to the regular TRADE/USUAL and/or LOC configuration and polarisation – ideally adjusted to auto-send DULEX."

That sounds like a very dirty phrase in Erdu...



THE SPENT BRASS LETTER COLUMN:

It's been a long, long time since we ran any letters, so the backlog is big, and some of the subjects considered may have slipped your mind. I'll do my best to refresh your memory. Even with the large number of letters I've chosen to excerpt, we're only going to consider a fraction of those we received. I guess that's one of the vagaries of publishing a small fanzine. We really appreciate all the mail we get, however, even the really mean postcards....First off, we'll consider some response to Jae Adams article in issue # 14, which really got people thinking. – (all comments by aph)

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605

I rather doubt that it is possible to explain why things that are far away look small without considering the somewhat more mathematically precise question why things that are the same size appear smaller the further off they are, and in inverse proportion – that is, an object twice as far off looks half as large, an object ten times as far off looks a tenth as large, and so on. Once the question is stated this way, the answer is quite obvious: let the eye (and we need consider only a single eye – remember the Biblical injunction if they eye be single, they whole body shall be full of light (Matt.6/22) – this is complicated enough without dragging in binocular vision) be at the center of a polar coordinate system. The circumference of any of the concentric circles is proportional to the radius, that is, its distance from the eye, so that a circle twice as far away has twice the circumference, and so on. Thus, it will take N times as many unit objects to fill the circumference of a circle that is N times far off. Therefore, it will also take N times as many unit objects to fill any given segment of a circle that is N times as far off. But this segment corresponds to a fixed number of degrees of arc of all the circles, and to a line of fixed length in the retina of the idealized eye. Thus, to the eye, the length along the segment of the

image of an object will exactly equal the length of N contiguous objects that are N times as far off. As we learn to perceive, the brain (if it takes objects to be of equal size) interprets this effect to mean that the objects that are apparently smaller are really just further off.

On the other hand, ~~five fingers~~ if you are a solipsist, you might well believe that things really do just get smaller as they recede from you. Problems do arise, however, with relativistic conservation of mass, as odd effects would be expected with objects that got very far off and so would have very high densities....

Jae is quite right that the division of the visible spectrum into six colors (she lists red orange yellow green blue indigo) is totally arbitrary. In fact, my recollection from learning the names of the colors some 50 years ago is that there were seven of them back then! Have we lost a color with the advent of the TV generation? Aha-- my 1949 Webster's Collegiate dictionary indicates that Isaac Newton defined seven prismatic colors. These were no doubt the origin of what I remember being taught as a child, that the colors were red orange yellow green blue indigo and violet.

Ned, your response is well-framed and even entertaining. But I'd like to see you explain it to a four-year-old; Jae's original problem remains as difficult to solve. As to why there are only six colors in her spectrum, perhaps it's like new math...or maybe budget cuts in her school district left them with only six colors when she was in school.

Another topic of concern was our recent publishing hiatus, which even led a Well-Known Gafiate to take Binney and Smith in hand....

Gary Farber, 495 W. 186th St. # 5E, New York, NY 10033

Being aware through my spies of Andy's entrance into the fabled Halls of Clarion West (well, the community college dorm, anyway) upon receipt of this fabulously fannish zine today, I said to my roommate, Sam Helm, with my mouth, I said, "Gee, I thought, with Andy

doing the Clarion Thing, there wouldn't be a SPANGLED BRASSIERE for some time [And there wasn't -- aph] Gollykins, but I admire his industry!" Or something like that. How crushed I was to find, when I actually read the zine, that this was cleverly designed to produce an illusion (I've watched STAR TREK, I know about those sorts of things) of simultaneity (Wow! I bet we could use the principle for a faster-than-light drive, huh?), but had actually been produced before Andy's descent into John Shirley-worship and taking lessons in decorum from Gardner Dozois. I'm even more disappointed at the missed opportunity for the two of you to prepare an extra issue or two in advance, or at least engage a talented member of fwa to forge Andy's contribution, to be released while Andy was entombed, and really knock us all over with awe at the man's prolificity. (Well, I knew he was pro-choice, anyway.)

I mean, if you want that Hugo, y'all gonna have to earn it boy!

Personally, I prefer the McClellan method of yard cleaning: practice drill, and concentrate on waiting until I'm really ready to start work, someday, real soon now, like next spring. I believe we might be overwhelmed by the enemy otherwise.

I'd love to do a column for you if I thought you wanted me. (Of course, I only do columns for people under strict arrangements whereby I viciously smear and denounce people for 15,000 words, and then say, "Oh. Never mind." No column of mine can be edited or crayoned upon. It must also be printed upside down, in blue ink, except for every fifth column which is printed on white ink on black paper. I retain typeface and paper approval. Also, no criticism, or disagreement with me, may ever be printed, and I must at all time be referred to as "His Holy Awesomeness." No one I dislike's name may be mentioned in the same issue. No one who reads my column may have a fish or a parakeet in the room when they read it. Lastly, when I enter a room, everyone who has read my column must burst into applause, and I must immediately be offered the best sex and drugs. Nothing unreasonable.)

Mr. Farber touches -- in an endearingly snotty fashion -- on one of the subjects we got a lot of mail about, Ted White's "Uffish Thots" of issue # 13, concerning the wrangle between Harlan Ellison and Andy Porter in the pages of Short Form, and the philosophy and responsibility of that magazine's editor, Mark Van Name. Almost everyone agreed that Mr. Van Name's view of editorial responsibility is an unrealistic one....

George Flynn, P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142

Ted's column is troubling. One can make a weak case for Van Name's position, in that we do tend to discount the more fiery peaks of Harlan's rhetoric. But of course, not all readers are sufficiently familiar with his

style to make such allowances. Be that as it may, as of last World Fantasy Con (which I gather was well after the facts about the hoax letter became known), Harlan was still engaging in public attacks on Andy Porter. So his enmity must be based on more than the bogus letter, but this shouldn't stop him from setting the record straight on that issue.

Cathy Doyle, 26D Copeland Lane, Newport News, VA 23601

I used to edit a small newsletter for a professional organization, and quickly found out that everything wrong was my fault, not that of the writers. After the first issue I took a much more active interest in my writer's copy, both their grammar and their factual information. I'd like to think that Harlan wouldn't have written such a nasty article...if he had known the letter was a hoax...Van Name is welcome to make foolish decisions not to edit his writers, but he owes both them and his readers a certain amount of care in the presentation of his facts.

Which points out the place where Van Name really failed both his readers and his contributors, in that he did not undertake to ascertain the real origin of the hoax letter before printing it. Had he done so, his ill-advised bargain with Harlan, to refrain from editing his copy, would never have been an issue. After all, he had no such agreement with Andy Porter.

A few people thought Ted was over-harsh in his evaluation of Van Name:

Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

Ted's criticism of Harlan's attack on Andy Porter is most persuasive, but...somewhere between tilting at windmills and shooting impala with an elephant-gun, in my opinion. Harlan has had a hair-trigger temper, indulged in overblown rhetoric, and (although less often) tried to avoid admitting he was wrong. So nu? Ted's excoriations of Van Name aren't unjust, but the publication sounds very much to me like a form of APA, in which the OE can reasonably be considered a factotum whose primary responsibility is to freedom of speech. Come to think on't, I wouldn't be surprised if Ted had been accused -- less justly, perhaps, and in the distant past -- of many of the same things he's going on so strongly about here.

Which, while probably an assertion which could be challenged on factual grounds, does nothing to excuse Mark Van Name. If Ted ever published anything inaccurate or spiteful -- and being human, and of long experience, he surely must have -- I can't believe he ever said that he has free from responsibility for what he or his contributors wrote. Short Form is not an APA; it's more like a "little magazine," and as such has much greater critical stature than any fanzine or APA would have.

David A. Drake, P.O. Box 904, Chapel Hill, N.C.
27514

Dear People,

Mark Van Name is a friend of mine. Being human, he's capable of screwing up. As for his moral capacity, however, I would trust and have trusted him with my wife, my wallet, and my son.

This endorsement is a noble gesture from one man toward a friend, but I have to say I don't think it addresses the observations which Ted made about Mr. Van Name. I think Harlan Ellison's motivations or moral capacity are equally unimportant; the fact remains that, through error or omission or even intention, he made unwarranted attacks on Andy Porter through a magazine edited by Mr. Van Name. The great period of time that has passed since those attacks would indicate that Harlan really doesn't intend to retract them; in the absence of such statement from him, it would seem that Mark Van Name ought to do his best to redeem the situation by publishing his last issue, making his own apology, and doing his best to lay the issue to rest. And I hope we can do the same now; we all seem to agree that an editor needs to take a greater degree of responsibility for what goes into a zine than was shown in the pages of Short Form...

Jeanne Bowman, P.O. Box 982, Glen Ellen, CA
95442-0982

I want to ask you about all those bizarre interlineations you salt Spent Brass with — I have the same sort of lurking suspicion as with "saliromania" that there is great subtle meaning to them which hasn't made it into my full consciousness, yet. Do you really read these books? Where on earth do you find them? Are you just making them up and/or are we getting previews of soon to be great works ala William Ashbless? Inquiring minds wants to know.

Oh, Jeanne...always meddling in things that mortal TAFF administrators were not meant to know. Most of our linos are cribbed from books or movies or other fanzines or song lyrics or...well, I always like to think that one person out there reads Spent Brass, passes over a lino, and laughs like a complete loon. He or she knows. And we have touched that person's life somehow, and made the world a slightly better place for an instant. Roscoe confirms great responsibility as well as power. Anyway, if you send us a letter and ask us to explain a specific lino, I'd always be willing to...if I can remember what I was thinking of at the time.

Now, rich brown offered a thought on our ongoing debate on the place of marital status in fannish life:

rich brown, 2520 N. 10th St., "basement", Arlington,
VA 22201

Give me the fannish way every time. (You can quote me on that, if you like.) Berni Phillips says she's never seen "shacked up" as one of the possible boxes to check on forms — presumably mundane forms — which is a case in point about how we fen are the race destined to rule the sevagram, or at least are ahead of

our time. (Why, I've been a head of my time for years.)
[Now, now... — aph] Not to get all fanhistorical about it or anything, but back in nineteen & ought fifty-six or - seven or so, Charles Edward Burbee, who was OE of FAPA, ruled from said position of authority that fans in FAPA who were "shacked up" should have the very same privileges as married couples in FAPA. All they - the fan couples who were shacked up, that is — had to do to receive those benefits was to prove that they did the same things together that married couples did together. The concept was dubbed "Shackitivity Requirements." Mundanes haven't even gotten that far yet. And probably never will.

Ah, rich, you have to have a little faith in the new administration...but seriously, thank you for this little glimpse into the past. I begin to understand G.M. Carr a little better now.

We heard from a few people in the wake of the first Spent Brass awards, which are almost as exclusive as presidential pardons....

Avedon Carol, 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London
E6 1AB, U.K.

Yes, the Spent Brass award [for favorite fan writer — aph] was entertaining, even if I did only need three votes to win it....But it's nice when even one person says your stuff is their favourite; it means you did manage to communicate with someone, you know?

That's how I would ~~respond~~ respond, to be sure. But people who want real egoboo apparently need to forget their skills in mathematics. — aph

Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue Ave. #9B, Trenton, NJ
08618

...of course, I am pleased to find myself listed in the favorite letterhack category. I have written a lot of LoCs in my fannish career, so I guess I have gotten kind of good at them. If you do something long enough, you get good at it. That could be said to be true of masturbation also, but you don't have a category for favorite Fannish Masturbator....[No, but we really ought to this year, yes? — aph] The reason I sent you all those fanzines from Great Britain and Australia was to get you to see that there is a dire lack of communication between the three sides of the great waters. I was hoping to nudge fandom back to to where it was in the late 70s where Terry Hughes's Mota was the focal point for an active interchange between Americans, Canadians, Brits and a few stray Australians. Things are more diffuse now. But I get overseas zines simply because I LoC them.

Indeed, a simpler formula for successful fanac than merely writing Locs has yet to be devised. Reading the fanzines you sent our way, for which we thank you, as well as those we already get, it's pretty clear that fanzine fandom has far less intercontinental contact than it used to. We'd like to send more copies of Spent Brass overseas, but we really can't afford the postage expense. This is probably the worst barrier between the fandoms, as

Barnaby Rapoport suggests in his column elsewhere in this issue. We really need a U.K. mailing agent in particular, and we're finally in a position where I think we're prepared to follow through and offer reciprocal services...anyone out there willing to give it a try?

While we're talking about Britain and awards, here's a little note from some guy with a bunch of paper-weights shaped like V-2s:

Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berkshire RG1 5AU U.K.

Commiserations, boss. Already Arthur D. Hlavaty has opened the assault: Langford must now be recognized as a Boring Old Fart who should step down and give talent a chance.... Richard Brandt was swift to pass on all your less cautious remarks at Magicon, terming you The Fan who Would Rather Be Right Than Have A Hugo.

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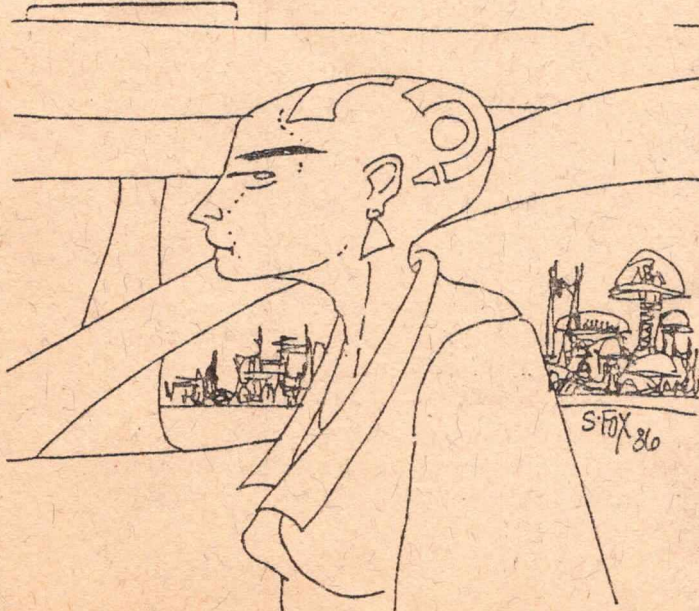
Elizabeth Garrett, 1849 Bank St., Louisville, KY 40203-1201

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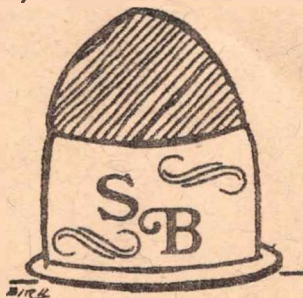
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So will I, but I'd also like to point out that regardless of the accuracy or scope of Harry's efforts, they do represent a start, and a very valuable one at that. In some ways, I felt that the lack of an over-riding thesis was one of A Wealth of Fable's strengths; the book can be entered from any chapter, and still draw the reader into the fannish milieu of the fifties. I think it has the most value as an introductory work, for fans just beginning to question the origins and history of their greater peer group. And, it inspires fellow fan historians like Ted to offer their own interpretation of events and people, which can hardly be a bad thing. And speaking of Harry....

Harry Warner Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

I enjoyed very much reading that issue of Spent Brass, even though reading the Clarion account gave me an impulse like the one I often experience when watching a modern movie, to close my eyes because something even more awful may turn up in the wake of the terrible things I have already seen. So I congratulate you for being of sterner stuff than me and not only sticking it out but feeling it's probably done you some good. I don't suppose we'll ever know if Clarion does more good than harm: it clearly has helped a lot of pros to become good writers but there's no way to be sure if individual of



Barnaby Rapoport suggests in his column elsewhere in this issue. We really need a U.K. mailing agent in particular, and we're finally in a position where I think we're prepared to follow through and offer reciprocal services...anyone out there willing to give it a try?

While we're talking about Britain and awards, here's a little note from some guy with a bunch of paper-weights shaped like V-2s:

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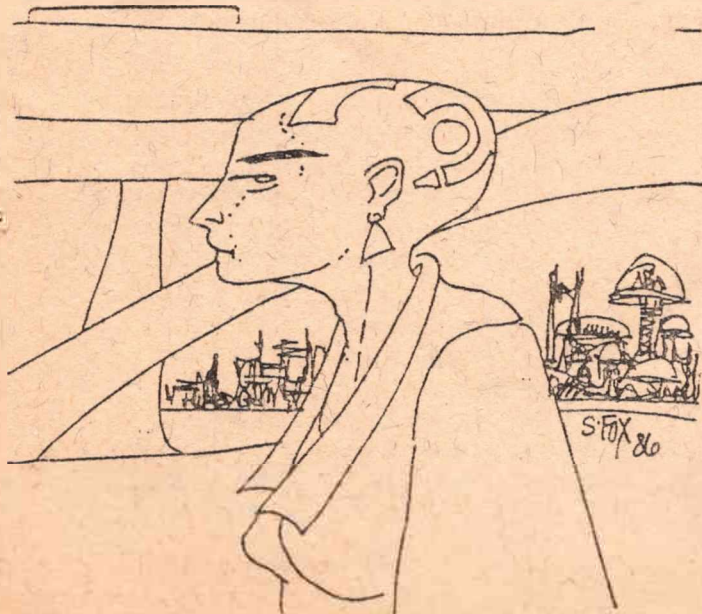
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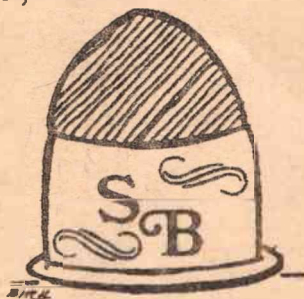
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my sort have been destroyed as potentially fine writers through their failure to react properly to the pressures and criticisms.

You aren't the first fan who has told me not to try to comment on each issue of a fanzine. Unfortunately, some of those who have been giving me that advice have reacted badly when I failed to write comments on a particular issue of their own fanzine. Everything would be all right if that cliché about my writing a LoC on every fanzine I receive didn't appear in print three or four times every year. Even the newest fans in the fanzine field then assume they're the first fans in history to be snubbed by me, if I'm late in responding....I frankly don't know if I'm going to be writing any LoCs at all after the end of this year [1992 - aph], since I'll have passed my 70th birthday and that will be a logical excuse for stopping. If I stop at some arbitrary date, there will be immediate rumors that I did it because someone's criticism hurt me or someone threatened me with a libel suit or some other lie.

You might someday come across the grave in the Seattle area of a former resident of the good old Hagerstown area. I wish I could remember the name of the gentlemen from around here who generally gets credit for a major share in founding Seattle and creating the tradition of Skid Row, a corruption of the Skid Road that led to his lumbering operations and was lined with the homes of ladies of the night. The name began with a Y, I believe, and it's sad to think that senility has taken away the rest of it from my memory and within a year or two, the Y will undoubtedly follow the remainder into oblivion.

The mysterious Y of whom you speak is Henry Yesler, whose steam lumber mill was the first heavy industry in Seattle. My references note him as having come from Massillon, Ohio, in his forties, but I would certainly take your word for his being a scion of Old Hagerstown. The notorious Skid Road was created when the two men who had possession of much of Seattle, Doc Maynard and Carson Boren, granted Yesler a narrow strip of the land that divided their respective claims, so that he would have access to the waterfront for his Capitol Hill timber operations. Logs and drunks alike tumbled down the hill along Yesler's corridor; one side was the respectable part of town, and the other was the local combat zone. Yesler stood two terms as mayor of Seattle, and contributed a great deal to the early development of the city; he also had a pronounced streak of the scoundrel in him, as did most of the city founders, and it seems fitting that his most lasting memorial is the universal home of the down and out. We have not yet discovered his resting place, however.

I think it falls to fanzine fandom to stop perpetuating debilitating myths about you, and to accept whatever level of fanaticism in which you wish to engage. I don't think anyone should complain, no

matter what level of involvement you should decide to pursue...if anyone in fandom ever earned a rest, Harry, it would have to be you.

I think that there is some possibility that the level of criticism present in the Clarion process might stunt some young writers, but I would hope that those people wouldn't be attracted to the workshop experience in the first place. In any event, I think the realities of the market-place hold far harsher experiences for the aspiring writer than any workshop could offer. If anything, the Clarion method provides an unrealistically rosy picture of the business of being an SF writer

And finally, here's someone who actually has their priorities straight:

D. Potter, 19 Broadway Terrace, Apt. B, New York, NY 10040

I have been to the shrine. The Hall of Fame. Cooperstown. Which is otherwise a small and pretty town, with humongous hotels. It must be gorgeous in October.

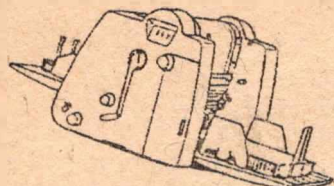
I did not find the suggestion box and so not only could not carp about Shoeless Joe and Pete Rose but could not register my shock at the absence of Gil Hodges, who was not only a Dodger of note but an amazing Amazon' manager. (All these people are mentioned, of course, as was, to my surprise, Curt Flood. they just don't have plaques making them look freeze-dried by Jabba the Hutt.) Anyhow. Pray for the Jays.

Like they needed it!

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Jae Leslie Adams, Harry Andruschak (twice), Michael Ashley, Sheryl Birkhead (5 times!), Linda Blanchard, Pamela Boal (twice), Bernandette Bosky, Jeanne Bowman, Richard Brandt (twice), Ned Brooks, Gary Brown, Ross Chamberlain, Chuck Connor, Buck Coulson (thrice), Brett Cox, Mog Decarnin, Tom Feller, Kathleen Gallagher, Terry Garey, Mike Glicksohn, David Haugh, Lucy Huntzinger, Ben Indick (6 times), Bob Kruger, Jean Lamb (twice), Dick Lynch, Gary Mattingly, Luke McGuff, Brian McNett, Jeanne Mealy, Catherine Mintz (thrice), Lynne A. Morse, Simon Ounsley, Lloyd Penney (twice), Charlotte Proctor, Barnaby Rapoport, Nigel Richardson, Vicki Rosenzweig (twice), Ron Saloman, Pam Sargent, Tracy Shannon, Andi Shechter, Craig Smith, Dan Steffan, R Laurraine Tutihasi (5 times), Michael Waite, Cindy Ward, Henry Welch, Pam Wells, Tom Whitmore and Walt Willis. Thank you, one and all: your response has been more than we could ever have hoped for, and we just wish we could print more of the letters we receive.

Joe Frap from IBM turns up high in love beads...

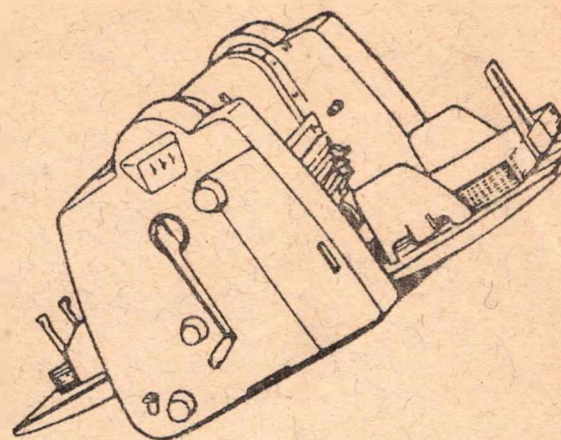
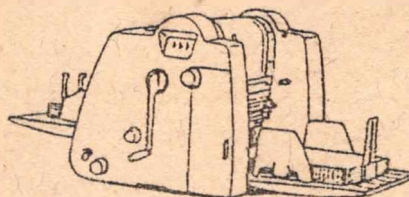
MIMEO



Cheap Duper for the World,
Party Announcement Creator, Copier of Fanzines,
Printshop in Slanshacks and the FAPA's Text Handler
Solid, heavy, churning,
Machine of the Big Inkdrum:

They tell me you are noisy and I believe them, for I have heard your
tinnitis in the wee hours rendering collation conversations impossible.
And they tell me your repair is a seller's market and I answer: Yes, it
is true I have seen the service tech gouge and go free to gouge again.
And they tell me you are messy and my reply is: On the fingers of faneds
and neos I have seen the marks of wanton overinking.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my
usual method of repro, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another print method with lifted paper-bales so proud
to be heavy and full and gearing-up-automatically-with-every-tenth-
rotation-of-the-crank and feeding-paper-far-more-often-than-not.
Flinging Fibertone lint amid the toil of printing text and art, here is a
squat bold pressman set vivid against the little soft copyshops;
Fierce as a trufan with tongue raging against gaming, cunning as a
punster hiding double entendres in LoCs,
Hand-cranked,
Stencil-ripping,
Jogging-automatically,
Offsetting,
Working, breaking down, working again (sort of),
Over the silkscreen, ink flying everywhere, chuckling in eval glee,
Over terrible art rendered on-stencil chuckling as a critic chuckles,
Chuckling even as a gangster chuckles who knows he'll always win,
Boasting and chuckling that your soon-to-sprain wrist is the motor, as
under his impression rollers appears the living face of self-expression,
Chuckling!
Chuckling the solid, heavy, churning chuckles of Fanac, half-crazy,
grasping for egoboo, proud to be Cheap Duper for the World, Party
Announcement Creator, Copier of Fanzines, Printshop in Slanshacks
and the FAPA's Text Handler.

---- Mark Manning



CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

rich brown
2520 N. 10th St.. "Basement"
Arlington, VA 22201

Algemon D'Ammassa
394 4th St. # 3
Brooklyn, NY 11215

David Levine and Kate Yule
1905 SE 43rd Ave.
Portland, OR 97215-3118

Alexander Slate
8603 Shallow Ridge Dr.
San Antonio, TX 78239-4022

Scott Lee Spence
135 Ralston
San Francisco, CA 94132

David Thayer, AKA Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Dr.
Hurst, TX 76054

SPENT BRASS # 17
C/O Mark Manning
1709 South Holgate
Seattle, WA 98144 USA

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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Boca Raton, FL 33431