



Issue #20 of the Frequent Fanzine that broke down and ate the Tourists. 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 #161, 8/4/93. Material this time comes from Andy, Jae Leslie Adams, Wallace Stegner, and Carrie. Logo by Jeanne Gomoll (we think). Art: Alexis Gilleland p.1, Bill Kunkel p. 3, Catherine Mintz p. 5, Chloe p. 6.

This issue printed on the Pacific Fantod Press, with the aid of its master, Jerry Kaufman. If a red X appears in this box: ☐ you must let us know that you want to stay on the *Spent Brass* mailing list.

## SHADOW OF THE RAINY TOWN TATTLER

by Andy

**WHAT IS SO RARE AS A ZINE IN JUNE?** (Naught, Perhaps, But A Zine in July) It's been about six more weeks between issues than we planned. While we wish that we could be as monomaniacal in our pursuit of this fanzine as the Roscoean ideal, other concerns do intrude. I have been commissioned at the last minute to help put together a fan lounge for ConFrancisco, and last year's lounge in Orlando was quite an act to follow...The increasing pressure of her work has meant that Carrie hasn't had one free moment to write or lay out this issue since May. And between, we squeezed in a few trips to see family; I went to Madison in June for my sister Margaret's wedding, and Carrie attended a family reunion in Albuquerque. But as always, we fight the process of creeping lizzardization. After all, once every ninety days is frequent for a fanzine these days, and we still don't get enough material to turn SB into a fat genzine....

**TIME AGAIN TO PICK YOUR FAVORITES:** A year has already passed since the first *Spent Brass* Poll, and we're asking for your opinions once again. As before, the fannish year under consideration stretches from Labor day to Labor day (and this year, votes for the 1967 Midwescon will not be accepted). But after fielding letter after letter that begged to be freed from the onus of choosing only one candidate in each category, I decided we should change the voting procedures to something resembling the old *Checkpoint/Ansible* polls. In three fields, favorite fanzine, fan writer and fan artist, we want you to pick your top five, and rank them accordingly. The dismal craft of fan editing really seems unworthy of such recognition, so we'll drop that award. We want your top three choices in four other categories: Favorite single fanzine issue, single column or article, fanzine cover, and convention of 92/93. The favorite convention category was not popular last year; perhaps it won't be in next year's poll. I imagine that we'll get the same results we would if we still allowed only single votes, but hey, this is the fanzine that aims to please, as long as it doesn't call for any effort on our part. Next issue, we'll print an official ballot for you to forget to send in (right after Worldcon, you betcha), and voting will close on September 30th. No fugghead or worst thing award here; let 'em wonder.... **SOME CORFLU LEFTOVERS:** Corflu Ten was, by most accounts, a ringing success. Thank you, sincerely and gratefully, to all the people who helped to make it so. And to Bill, Ellen, Jeanne, Jim, Steve, and Tracy: you were all the best. I consider myself in debt to all of you. And also to Hugo Gernsback, inventor of the Zeppelin Tube.... **THE HAND OF ROSCOE HAS TOUCHED HER:** Inside this zine you'll find the Corflu GoH speech of Jae Leslie Adams, whose work you have seen here before. When Toastmaster David Hartwell drew her name from the cow-shaped cookie jar, I was delighted; I think she is a talented and thoughtful writer, and I would love it if the rest of fandom could find out too.... **CORFLU SCORES:** In full contact softball, Dicks (A.B.) 14, Rex Rotaries 2. The trivia game was decided on the last answer, with the team of brown, Feder, A. Katz, and White falling just short of Hansen, J. Katz, D. Lynch, and W.B. Tucker, 48 to 49. A protest was not upheld, but authorities agree that the questions should be screened to prevent panel members from grinning hugely and answering, "ME!" in response to them. In Public Snoggery, the team of Hansen and Bowen captured the gold with a daring and difficult routine that caught the hearts of the crowd....

**MARTIN SMITH** wishes it to be known that pending approval of the past fwa/fwuk steering committee, he is now a wholly-owned subsidiary of this writer. Smith seeks to sever all contractual ties with one ROB

THIS AIR-CONDITIONED  
SHIRT REALLY NEEDS  
A LOW SETTING.





HANSEN, citing professional differences, to wit, "he is a complete bastard." SPENT BRASS will give coverage to Smith's attempt to make the New York Mets' 1994 roster in future issues....

**EXPECTATIONS ARE HIGH** in regard to next Year's Corflu, duly awarded to the sturdy Arlington, Virginia Bid, which as of this writing, is said to administered by Alexis Gilliland and Dick Lynch, and programmed by venerable stalwarts of Fabulous Falls Church Fandom. \$10.00 supporting, \$37.00 attending pre-reg, \$42 at the door, to Box 1350, Germantown, MD 20875. And speculation is already beginning about two possible western sites for the 1995 convention, Las Vegas, NV and somewhere near Glen Ellen, CA. Not much comment from residents of those regions, however.... **THE BIG TAFF**

**QUESTION** is whether or not two Britain to America races should be held in succession, in order to allow an American to attend the Glasgow Worldcon in 1995, as well as free any European from the onus of attending Nasfic in preference to it. Points against the plan include...well, I haven't thought of any yet, but they may well be forthcoming. What does the fan in street think of it all? And what, if any, mechanism exists to respond to his or her wishes?... **MANY MANY THANKS** to Mark Manning, whose high-speed, high-quality work on the mimeograph literally made the 1989 Fanthology happen. That volume is still available from us for \$8.00 postpaid, and all proceeds will benefit TAFF, DUFF and Corflu 11 in equal proportion. We'll have them for sale at Worldcon as well.... **LESS POLITE EXPRESSIONS** to Sudden Printing of Seattle, who delivered the Fanthology cover late, after sitting on it for three days, and did an altogether inadequate job of reproducing Dan Steffan's wonderful cover. The happy gathering of fan-caricatures that Dan strove to portray now looks like a vaguely threatening mob in a coal mine, a sorry aesthetic gaffe, but also a disquieting metaphor for fan interaction as a whole.... **NEW TAFF FLASH:** Abi Frost will be visiting Seattle on or around the 19th of August, and Vancouver, sometime thereafter. Unless she goes to Minneapolis first; in phone conversation, held at an unfortunately early hour, Abi expressed some lingering uncertainty about her itinerary. We'll keep locals posted so they can be there when she receives the key to the city of Enumclaw.... **AS ALWAYS**, I'll close by begging for more material. Part of the reason why we sometimes slip in our non-schedule is a lack of written material with that *Spent Brass* feel. As regular readers know, we're always happy to entertain subjects and treatments that make other fan editors take the phone off the hook.... aph\*

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The Idea is not to beat the river. The river always wins.

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## THE ETERNAL BOOK-LOVER

by Jae Leslie Adams

(ORIGINALLY PRESENTED AS A GUEST-OF-HONOR  
SPEECH AT CORFLU TEN)

Thinking about what to talk about, I can't tell you much about fandom, because that's what I came here to find out about. So I'll try to keep this short, since most of the people I have to tell you about don't have much to do with fandom.

I figured out the reason for this silly hat is so that in case I start to lecture you seriously, which is not entirely outside the realm of possibility, you will still have something to laugh at. You couldn't have known this, but I have a big head. The hat slips. Another reason for the hat is to remind me not to take myself too seriously. This is also a distinct possibility, not only for me, but I suspect for anyone whose name was in the drawing.

Thinking about why I am here, I want to tell you about some of the people I owe it all to. First of all is my father -- even though we're really not speaking anymore. My father George

is not to the best of my knowledge a fan. He is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

The first SF I read was in the summer of 1964 in a hotel suite in midtown Manhattan, the Atlantic Hotel. My dad turned me on to Edgar Rice Burroughs during the revival of interest at that time, and I remember sitting in an armchair for hours, for days, reading one book after another, while he was in some seminar. We'd go out and look at the Guggenheim or the Met and go to bookstores and come back and I'd read. They were these little Ace paperbacks, 40 cents, with racy Frazetta covers and the titles lettered in spiky roman letters. When I see that style of lettering on a book I still stop to look it over.

I suppose I owe something to Burroughs (and there wasn't even any fandom when he started writing). I was big on John Carter, which was a lengthy series but reasonably limited; also on Tarzan, and I don't think I ever managed to acquire every one of those twenty-odd books. I liked the Inner World stuff and a number of the miscellaneous books, like *The Cave Girl*, and *Out of Time's Abyss*. At that time I was too



young to have any clear idea of where my dad had come upon these books. I thought of course it must have been new when he was young. "What was it like in dinosaur days, Dad?" He only laughed and said it had been around a long time when he was a kid too. Just recently I worked out that he must have read all that stuff in the late thirties or early forties (he would have been ten in '38), when Burroughs' career was just coming to a close. He was never any part of fandom to the best of my knowledge.

His mother was an interesting woman, a rodeo rider in the old wild west shows and the circuses, touring around in the twenties and thirties: fancy tricks, riding elephants, and wearing funny hats. Everyone who was involved in that, the stockmen and clowns and rodeo people, they all knew her, my Grandma Alice. She was a bronc rider, which was unusual for a woman. Women were usually trick riders, or barrel riders, but Alice was in the business of falling off of horses. Broke a lot of bones for a living. They lived in Tulsa. She told my mother once that she broke her bones to keep her boy in Buck Rogers. He liked that science fiction stuff, read an awful lot. So in a way I owe her for that.

Anyhow, George got me started so that I knew where to browse in bookstores. We spent a lot of time in bookstores. Then he started recommending Michael Moorcock and Robert Silverberg. It occurs to me now to wonder about how he picked up on this stuff, since we spent an awful lot of time at that, or just read the blurbs. I suppose it wouldn't have looked good for an English professor (Old English and Transformational Grammar) to be reading that kind of thing. How parents keep up with such things was a mystery to me at the time.

My mother is also a professor of English, so you really are in dire danger of being lectured to. Later in the sixties when she was teaching popular literature in her Freshman lit classes we had a bitter disagreement about the literary merits of *Stranger in a Strange Land*. She said it was dreadful, and since I was fifteen I thought she just didn't understand. She went to teaching *Slaughterhouse Five* instead. Now I can see what she meant. So it goes.

She has really been quite supportive of my fan activity. I actually sent her a copy of my apazine, *Alphabet Obsession*. Which she persists in referring to as a ZIGHN – of course that's the way it's spelled, and if your contact is only through the written word, I seem to remember, it's a reasonable error.

I have a better idea of how parents keep up on this stuff because I have a five-year-old boy. Parents have to have lots of experience, to extrapolate from fragments of input. When Matthew was three he was intently interested in reality, but then when he was four his imagination kicked in and his interest in Norm the carpenter faded away with Mr. Rogers. He got into Star Trek and Star Wars and Batman, Matthew strongly resembles Calvin in the comic strip *Calvin and Hobbes*. When we want to get him into the bath, we tell him it's the Boy-o-matic. "Computer, more soap today. Matthew arriving in Turbo Chute 4."

Of course Calvin occupies the place in the funny pages that *Peanuts* had when I was a kid. The thing nowadays, living here in the future, is that the content of SF has become the mainstream culture. I have learned all about Batman in all his versions, the names of each of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and his distinguishing characteristics, the X-Men, Captain Planet – and talking about that now I never touch on anything exclusive to fandom.

The more the merrier as far as I'm concerned, the world is full of such a number of things. Fandom obviously is one of them. But even among Madison fans, not everyone has met my son, or my husband. In my apa I refer to him as The Invisible Husband because I was writing about him long before most of the other members of *Turboapa* met him – and some still haven't.

I owe a lot to Pat Hario. I'm here because I just do what Pat tells me. And anyone who knows her can tell you that's a perfectly prudent course. I've lived in Madison since 1972 but apparently in some reality parallel to Madison fandom. Then Pat and I worked together in 1987 and she eventually told me to go to the Brat'n'Brau on Wednesdays where SF3 met, so I went to the Brat'n'Brau, and hung out, and started hearing people use words like "neofan".



WHICH CAME FIRST?



Then Pat told me she would put me on the waiting list for *Turboapa*, so I got in the pipeline, and a year and a half later I started doing my apazine.

That's how I edged into some actual contact with fandom. The people in *Turboapa* for the last year have been very important to me because they've been reading what I've written, and before that I wrote mostly for my journal. It was particularly annoying that Andy and Carrie moved away almost as soon as I got to know them. But I sent Andy a piece for *Spent Brass*. Then I wrote some stuff for *Cuba*, under the able editorship of Steve Swartz.

Fifty years ago, literary people spent an awful lot of time on their correspondence, but now it seems awfully hard to get normal, mundane people to write letters to you. So I'm very happy to have found people who are as interested as I am in communicating this way. For many of us who are not particularly at ease socially, writing is a very effective way of getting acquainted.

Pat told me about Wiscon, so I started going to that. This is my first non-Wiscon convention. Now Pat has told me to go to ReinCONation, and I sent in my registration for this August.

Actually I have been to conventions before but not to fannish ones. A couple of months before I went to my first Wiscon, my mother was going to Chicago over the winter holidays for the MLA, which some of you know is the Modern Language Association, where English professors go to look for jobs. I thought it would be fun to spend a weekend in Chicago in a big hotel, so I met her there and it was fun in an odd sort of way, seeing crowds of these very tweedy types and absent-minded professors that have been familiar to me all my life.

When I went to Wiscon the points of comparison were obvious, but at Wiscon we seemed to be having more fun. For one thing, our participation had no effect on our grade. My idea of fun, though, involves lots of talking about rather serious stuff, panel discussions with active audiences, which is what universities are supposed to be in some ideal unreality. Another thing I liked is that the high seriousness of a fannish convention is not too deadly — English departments think they are really in charge of literature, holding the last bastions of literary excellence. They are also trying to make a living at it, which anyone can see has a suffocating

influence on the ideal of a community of writers. But no bones are broken.

But back to something fun. Matthew's latest thing is playing aliens. I'm sitting on the sofa with my laptop and he comes up with "Let's pretend I'm an alien and you're my mom." Which is not really much of a reach for me.

I've been involved for some years in maintaining the mailing list and doing publications for a volunteer arts organization, the Wisconsin Calligrapher's Guild. Of course my friends there are aware of some of the other things I am involved in, like SF. Last week when I finally escaped from the board of this organization they presented me with a little figurine of Mr. Spock from Star Trek, to place as an icon near my computer. And they told me, "Live long and prosper" -- but there was also another kind of message, along the lines of, "You're a very strange person, an alien among us."

All the various parts of my life are so separate and different, I try to write about all of them. When I go from grocery shopping to a writing group to a committee meeting to a poetry reading, I frequently liken it to traveling among different planets or asteroids. I really like describing the details of all these things and trying to make some sense of it.

Nevenah and Barnaby and I went to a poetry reading last week, the Cheap At Any Price Poetry Collective, another local group for which I have been doing a mailing list and producing a monthly flyer. One of the things that charmed me from the beginning about my poet friends is that in the dark barroom where we meet, I frequently see people writing on napkins in the dim light, and we borrow bits of paper from one another, or pens to scribble away with. I was reminded of this at the Corflu dance on Friday night when I saw Diane Martin reading the program book, and it was way too dark to be reading, at a table by the dance floor.

Reading and writing, that's where I live now. And Corflu seems to be one of the planets in that empire.

My boy Matthew frequently plays spaceship, and is very happy to take me along when he's the captain. He sets up a keyboard to pilot the sofa, puts a virtual space suit on me, patting it onto me while I'm reading, and then he radios in his reports on the destruction of threatening asteroids or encounters with aliens, which both always seem to result in blaster or laser fire. Then we always land on earth. We look out the big window in our living room and



exclaim to each other, "What a nice planet we've landed on." It's beautiful here, and we can breathe the air.

Like some old literary guy said, if I'd had more time I would have made this shorter. But

that as near as I can tell is how (in this best of all possible worlds) I came to be standing here with a large piece of pretend cheese on my head. -- Jae Leslie Adams \*

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You will rue the day you crossed Johnny-One-Nut!

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## TINY TALES OF TERROR: ERECTED BY THE RUSSIAN COLONY

By Andy

As regular readers of this fmz already know, Carrie and I have a fascination for wandering around in cemeteries. Hard to explain why; perhaps it confers a sense of historicity on the places in which we live. We find the names of familiar streets on the graves of those they were named for, all the glory and infamy of human endeavor distilled into the same inescapable fate. An antidote for ambition and disappointment alike.

So last Sunday we were cruising on home after getting a good scare at "Jurassic Park" -- the logical shortcomings of the film were immaterial to its entertainment value, but I was complaining about my problems with cloning dinosaurs from frogs and ostriches anyway -- when I remembered a graveyard on Queen Anne Hill that we hadn't seen yet. Since it was on the way, I suggested we go for a walk, and after only two or three wrong turns, we were walking into Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. My impression was that it was more recent and less affluent than Lakeview Cemetery, where most of the city fathers are buried. This was encouraging; the residents I was looking for would never have been welcome in polite society.

I'd been reading Wallace Stegner's novel *Joe Hill* when I came across the mention of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. It's right at the beginning of the book -- I wish I could quote the whole chapter, it's marvelous writing -- describing a May Day service for the three known victims of the Everett Massacre: "*In the Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Seattle there were three new graves in a row. They had been there since November but now on May first they were still new, still mounded with flowers, and there was a crowd of hundreds gathered under the spindling trees. From a knoll of lawn above the graves speakers talked one after another, and their talk was all of the martyrs.*" The martyrs were John Looney, Felix Baran, and Hugo Gerlot, and they had been killed when Sheriff McRae and his



cronies on the commercial club had opened fire from concealment on the steamer *Verona* as it neared the Everett dock.

These three young men were killed because they were members of the IWW, the International Workers of the World. You might know them as the "Wobblies." They were born in the turmoil of the first decade of the century, their cadre formed by the followers of Big Bill Haywood and the Western Federation of Miners, but at their zenith they counted members from every state of the union and every kind of work. Their effort to unite all workers into one big union was eventually co-opted by the communist party and shattered by the thuggish tactics of the government, but in May of 1916, the murder of three young migrant workers only made the Union stronger.

So there we were, casually strolling among the markers. Many of the graves we saw were from the right period, but there was, of course, no way of knowing if we were in the right part of the cemetery. And since Stegner's book is a novel, a fictionalization, I wondered to myself if there really were three IWW martyrs in Mt. Pleasant. There were cars parked outside the caretakers house, but I was reluctant to go and ask if they could direct me to the victims of the Everett massacre, for fear of blank looks or laughter: "Fella, they's just characters in a book." (Why I assumed the caretakers would look and sound like the young Sterling Holloway is not clear to me.) Besides, men don't ask directions. I was content to just wander around in a graveyard with probably more than two, three thousand markers, trusting that we would



stumble upon it.

At one point I was encouraged by finding a large gray slab that was engraved "Typographer's Union 254," in front of a small host of flat markers bearing no names, just dates of death. They were spread over twenty years, though, so it seemed more likely that they were paupers than martyrs. And shortly after passing the Typographer's Union marker, we walked into a section of slabs with names like Wu and Chin, so my hopes fell.

Well, it didn't matter. It had been a marvelous day, and if I really wanted to find the grave of the Everett martyrs, I could call the cemetery some time and ask about them. From where we stood we could see the arches of both the I-5 and Aurora bridges, stacked on one another by perspective and distance like architectural models. A yacht passed in the ship canal, and the blue and orange span of the Fremont bridge rose to let it pass. As we walked over the northern slope of the yard, an orange-



A SLIGHTLY  
MORE  
AUTHENTIC  
VANILLA ICE.

CHLOE.

striped cat sat in a gap in the hedge, standing guard as we walked by.

We were going to turn back and go straight back the hill when I spotted an amazingly ugly marker. It was some kind of pink ceramic, shaped like a big roll-on deodorant (among other things), and mounted on a base of red bricks. I was just stunned. There was some ghastly little couplet inscribed on it, about seeing my dear boy again in the next life. All of the vulgar jokes that came to mind just died on my lips; they seemed redundant. Finally, we walked on again. "Art Deco has a lot to answer for," I muttered.

We had been pulled by the insistent pink horror to the eastern border of the park. Walking back toward the road, we passed a slightly overgrown area where the trees leaned down close to the tops of the headstones. "Look at this," Carrie cried, "here's some people named Root!" Indeed, there appeared to be two generations of Roots buried under those cedars,

and she asked me for a paper and pen to record the names and dates; her genealogy-mad father would be delighted to add them to his research.

As I handed her the scrap of paper and my pen, I stopped to look at the large gray stone in front of me. And there they were: the inscriptions had grown slightly shallow in 77 years, but there was no mistaking them:

J. LOONEY F. BARAN H. GERLAT  
Died in Everett, November 8th, 1915  
ERECTED BY THE RUSSIAN COLONY

That was all. I wonder if they had put the typo in Hugo Gerlot's name, or if Wallace Stegner had gotten it wrong some 34 years later. Probably no way to know, since much of young Hugo's history probably died with him as he was shot from the mast of the *Verona*. And then it occurred to me to say, "Hey! This is it!"

Again, events defied comment. Carrie thought I was kidding, but I pointed the inscription out to her. And I swear I had never been there before. It was just like finding Col. Williams the first week after we moved here from Wisconsin, or the grave of a veteran of the 4th Iowa, the day after I had commanded that regiment in a table-top re-enactment. Or maybe like Clint Eastwood and Eli Wallach finding that one grave with the bags of gold in that huge military cemetery in *The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly*. I looked at the hundreds upon hundreds of markers that we had never even glanced at, and wondered what kind of weird power had pulled us to this spot -- other than that surpassingly ugly pink megalith. The orange cat still watched from its post in the hedge.

I pointed out that when the marker had been dedicated -- or at least the graves beneath them -- a great crowd had gathered, to honor both the three martyrs and several others who had been killed for their efforts at organization. Joe Hill himself, executed in Utah the previous summer, was honored in a way that caught the imagination of everyone assembled there:

*"Not many in that crowd had known Joe Hill; all of them knew about him. All knew that on that May Day, in every civilized country in the world and in every state of the Union except one, tiny envelopes of Joe Hill's dust were being scattered. They were giving him to the air from a ridge of the Coast Range south of San Francisco, they were letting the mountain wind take him in Colorado. All except Utah, where they killed him, and where he did not want to be found dead..."*



*"...Then the speaker raised his hand, tossed the envelope into the air. A sigh like a wind went through the hundreds watching, for as the envelope fluttered and began to fall, a puff of breeze came up from nowhere and blew the thing pinch of dust outward and upward away from its container. It seemed to us that like the dust of a great volcano thrown high into the upper air, that pinch of white ash might blow all the way around the world."*

I was tempted to read that passage but dark was coming on and it was starting to rain. Anyway, it's hard to wax eloquent about solidarity these days, with the new world order in

place and labor on the retreat. Management's doing such a fine job of taking care of us all that I'm sure none of us has anything to complain about. Anyway, we went home and mumbled to ourselves about the odds of picking out that one marker among all those hundreds — and next to some possible relatives of Carrie's as well. We mumbled over our chicken kebabs, and we mumbled as we did the dishes, and we mumbled as we went to bed. And that night, I dreamed I saw — a-heh, no, best not strain this any further.

Don't mourn, organize. — aph \*

## BLOWBACK: THE SPENT BRASS LETTER COLUMN



*(We already ran some excerpts from letters in the last few issues, so we'll run just a few this time, starting with some reactions to Corflu 10.)*

**Don Fitch**, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

This didn't start off as a loc, but SB #19 happens to be at hand, & I especially want to thank you for the Neat Bit about Spring in Seattle — a significant portion of my extra-curricular (as it were) delight at Corflu 10 came from the fact that it was the first Full Spring (in the midwestern/northern sense) I've experienced since...about 1943. (Central Japan's (in '51) was a bit too alien, & — like the possibility Carrie describes — moved from winter to summer in just a few days; trips to Mpls & to S. Michigan have (at best) caught only the very beginning of the season.)

Other Madison delights: State Street— Telly (Telegraph Ave.) transported directly from 1952 Berkeley, before activism & squalor; and Genna's — the bar in the late 1960's building across the street from the hotel...with the bar and stairway banister made (by the owner) from such fine black walnut, and where the bartender (with some regret in her voice) mentioned that they do have Lite Beer (for the Suits who drop in after work), but (firmly) that they do not handle Budweiser or Coors (not that I'd have thought of requesting either with 30+ microbrewery and imported beers available). And the State Historical Society — both the museum downtown (despite too much (for my taste) concentration on pre-historic Indian artifacts and hardly any indication that the people & culture still survive) and the great Collection (of which only the Library is accessible) in the enormous building on the University Campus. (People after my own heart — they Save Everything, and actively solicit Donations...even

of zines reviewed in *Factsheet Five*.) (I hope Madison Fandom is aware of this, and regularly provides copies of their fanzines.) The Art Museum is far from World Class (budget limitations) but a fine example of a teaching museum, & of curatorial expertise. The Botanical Garden is too new to say much about, but does a meritorious amount of composting, and the Conservatory is already much better than that of the L.A. County Arboretum (which I helped plant).

Gee, maybe I could write a Con/Trip report after all, though the convention part would still be (mostly) just listing names and assuming/trusting that the reader would know, from them, precisely what it was like....

**Bob Tucker**, Bloomington, IL

Dear Editors Andy & Carrie,

This is a usual.

I just took Mr. Glycer's test in SB #19.

I have discovered that I am qualified to be a hotel night manager.

Where do I apply? May I use your name as references?

*(Feel free, Bob. The general bonhomie and merriment that was swirling hypnotically around you when you handed me this note in Madison marks as you capable of more hospitality than most hoteliers would ever be able to muster. — aph)*

**Walter A. Willis**, 32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0PD

...my favorite piece in the issue (SB #18) was Carrie's article about driving to work in Seattle. I can understand this well, having driven daily to work from Donaghadee to Stormont in the outskirts of Belfast for nearly 30 years, and hardly ever taking the same route twice in succession. The choice lay between modern dual carriageways and old fashioned country roads, or any combination of them, with views of Scrabo Tower (known to visiting fans as the Tower of the Enchanted Duplicator), or of Belfast Lough and County Antrim, or of Belfast from above, and what with changing seasons



and weather conditions the scenery was always different.

Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

*Spent Brass* No. 19 to hand...I particularly enjoyed LeeH's page and especially agreed with her assessment of fandom as a conglomerate. I also liked her remarks about fanzine reproduction methods. For me, the particular means of reproducing a fanzine has always been secondary to what's in it. In the early days I used ditto because that's what I first had access to. When I did *Frap* in the early sixties, I went to mimeo because I wanted a circulation slightly larger than, my second-hand ditto machine was capable of handling. Don Fitch gamely volunteered to be *Frap's* publisher and turned out six splendidly reproduced issues. When I returned to fandom in the 80's, it was clear to me that photocopying was the best way for me to achieve my,

aims. The first issue of *Trap Door*, as it happens, was mimeo, but that was because my cheap copying source dried up at the eleventh hour. But in my opinion photocopying is a faned's dream because you can achieve quality reproduction (especially of artwork with large dark areas) much easier than with mimeography.

Luke McGuff's article made my tits ache.

(And on that note...We Also Heard From: Jae Adams, Sheryl Birkhead, Jeanne Bowman, William Breiding, Kathleen Gallagher, Teddy Harvia, Joyce Katz, Bill Kunkel, Sonia Orin Lyriss, Jeanne Mealy, Bruce Pelz, Martin Schafer, Diana Harlan Stein, Taral, R. Laurraine Tutihasi, Henry Welch, Ted White and Dick and Leah Zeldes Smith.)

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This Marco Poodle - he is Englishman?

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ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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