



The 21st issue of the Frequent Fanzine only three games back in the loss column. Published by Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. Available for the usual. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 165, 9/16/93. Material this time comes from Andy, Carrie, Lee Hoffman, and Kate Schaefer. Title by Dan Steffan. Art by Bill Kunkel, p. 1 & 5, Phil Tortorici, p. 2, David Verschagin, p. 3, and Steven Fox, p. 4. By the way, last issue's title was attributed to Jeanne Gomoll; this was in error. The nifty sunglasses logo was in fact designed by Pat Virzi, who has been too nice to say anything until now. We're sorry, Pat. I know someone who really deserved to win a fan Hugo award wouldn't make that kind of mistake...

THE MAGNIFICANT RAINY TOWN TATTLER

by Andy



INCIDENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO: The 51st World Science Fiction Convention has come and gone and we had a fine time, thank you. Both of us spent much of our time working for Spike Parson's 'Local Color' Division, and it really was the most positive convention-labor experience we have had in a long time. My main area of concern, the daytime fanzine lounge, went incredibly well. A lot of fans helped me host the room, and I thank them all sincerely, but I want to single out JEFF SCHALLES and DON FITCH, who did a lot of leg work and supported my efforts when I needed it most. Hundreds of fans passed through the room, and the fanzine sales area eventually came to completely cover five tables. Over \$500 was raised for the fan funds through those sales, and something like 16,000 cups of espresso were purchased at the coffee bar.... Rich McAllister and another whole galaxy of hosts put on superb parties for fanzine fans at the Parc 55 hotel in the evenings, and they deserve a pat on the back as well. I even had fun at most of the panels I was on, and only had to skip out on one due to being double-booked.... **PERSONAL GAFFE OF THE WEEKEND:** Introduced to Dick Lupoff, I immediately mention that I recently acquired some copies of his fanzine *Xero* and that I enjoyed them very much. "18 novels to my credit," he responds, "and he wants to talk about a

fanzine I published in 1960.'... **MARMOT MANIA:** The most interesting bid parties of the weekend were hosted by the folks from the Niagara Falls in '98 bid. Joe Maraglino, a furtive, gnarled little man who puts one in mind of Peter Lorre during the last reel of "M," spent the entire weekend simpering and apologizing for the poor physical quality of their clubzine, *Astromancer Quarterly*. Linda Michaels, his long-suffering partner, was a great source of gossip about the other fan-art Hugo nominees. Send a SASE to this address, and we'll tell you who was considered most likely to burst into tears if they didn't win.... As for the Marmots, watch for future issues of *AQ* for an explanation of ConFrancisco's most popular catch phrase, 'Mindless Australian NESFA Marmots.'... **TOP HUGO SURPRISES:** When *Science Fiction Chronicle* was announced as the winner of the Semi-Prozine Hugo, the crowd leapt to its feet as one and howled as if Andy Porter had just scored the winning touchdown in the Super Bowl. When we later heard that *SFC* had won by a single vote, followed by the rumor that Charlie Brown, 16-time winner for *Locus*, had failed to vote, mass spontaneous religious conversions were reported. Those not moved to rapture by these events probably began to babble in tongues when Harry Warner's *A Wealth of Fable* won the award for best non-fiction book. And the best acceptance speech of the weekend was delivered by Dick Lynch, when he and Nicki (together, this time) accepted their second Hugo for *Mimosa*. Dick's voice was quiet and persuasive as he invited the huge crowd to take a look into the world of fanzines, "the other half of the world of science fiction." As for my eventual fate, well, 37 people of taste and discretion is probably all that fandom can support at any one time.... **NEW RELEASES:** There were what seemed like dozens of men and women walking around the convention pushing strollers and baby carriages. Our observation was that all the couples in fandom seem to be either having babies or getting divorced. We prefer to report the former: Among those attending their first convention at ConFrancisco was Nicola Sage Householder, daughter of Matt Householder and Candi Strecker, born at 7:35 p.m., June 16th, 1993. Reports that her first request was for a Fire King Jadeite Jane Ray juice cup remain, as yet, unconfirmed.... **FOR FURTHER WORLDCON REPORTAGE** consult the next issue of *Science Fiction Chronicle*, which will feature far more in depth coverage of the con by yours truly, including such spectacular events as the Klingon fashion show.... **TAFF DOPE:** As for Abi Frost's visit here, I will say only that she was an entertaining guest, and those rumors about her being ejected from some Las Vegas casino for counting cards are grossly exaggerated.... **THE SECOND SPENT BRASS POLL:** As you have probably noticed, we've stuck a ballot for the annual poll on the front of the zine. Pull it off, if you would, then fill it out and send it back to us by the 23rd of October. People keep writing and saying they won't participate because they can't remember who does what and they can't remember when a certain fanzine came out, ad nauseum. Lighten up a little; this is just for fun, after all. Jot down a few favorites and send the thing in incomplete if you have to, but please take the time to vote. We don't ask for so much, do we? -- aph. ♡

(My article on our search for the graves of the victims of the Everett massacre has elicited a great deal of comment, including some of our readers' favorite stories of cemetery exploration. We'll run some of them over the next few issues, starting with one of my favorite fan writers, Lee Hoffman. -- aph)

Lee Hoffman Writes:

Many of the happiest days of my childhood were spent in cemeteries. The old Catholic Cemetery in Savannah, GA, dated back to the 1700's. Next to it was Hillcrest, an L-shaped cemetery which only dated back to the early 20th century. A woods a few yards wide separated them and a wall of growing bamboo separated Hillcrest from my neighborhood, which was in the angle of the L. Naturally us kids looked on the cemeteries as if they were public playgrounds, and nobody interfered with our doing so. We always entered a back way, either up the wheelruts through a back gate past a maintenance storage building, or by wending our way among the clumps of bamboo.

Both cemeteries were lush with the fine individualistic monuments that flourished before tractor-powered mowers made flat ground-level markers stylish. The Catholic Cemetery was the more ornate of the two. Some plots were graced with life-sized marble angels, one with a full-sized rendition of a flag-draped catafalque, all marble. There was one entirely-paved plot with two simple headstones dated in the 1910's, and a full-size full-round sculpture of a dog named "Prince". Was that just a memorial, I wonder, or was Prince buried there with his people, to await Judgement Day?

There were family vaults like little classic bank buildings, one of which had glass windows in its bronze doors. A kid could look in and see the marble-faced file cabinets in which the deceased were stored.

Then there was Mattie's tomb. This was a simple slate-roofed brick vault the size of a toolshed. It had an iron door with huge hinges like a piece of dungeon equipment. A marble slab over the door read "My beloved wife, Mattie, 1881." The door was rusting. Along one edge a space about the size of a finger had rusted out completely. With a good strong flashlight, like my father's five-cell flood-spot model, and enough nerve, a kid could put an eye up to the hole and actually see inside, where a skull, some loose bones and pieces of rotting coffin lay on a catafalque. Sneaking into the cemetery for a look at Mattie was a kinky thing for kids to do on a Halloween night.



Those were not the only cemeteries of my youth. When I was in Junior High, I'd frequently walk over to the shopping district after school. This took me through the historical Old Colony Cemetery, next to the police station and jailhouse. A brick wall separated the cemetery from the buildings, and a lot of headstones were leaned against the wall. The stories I heard about them were (a) Sherman's Bummers had broken them from their bases while the city was occupied during the Civil War, and (b) they'd been taken up when the police station was built on what had been part of the cemetery. I don't know if either

of these is true.

When I was in my teens I spent a lot of time wandering around on my bicycle, and one day I was struggling through the sandy roads of an outlying Black neighborhood, searching for remnants of the earthworks that had surrounded the city during the Civil War, when I blundered across this small bit of land shaded by moss-draped oaks and covered with odds and ends, including a number of gravestones. The odds and ends included broken china, kitchenware, bedsprings, pieces of furniture, and even the carved Corinthian capital of a marble column. I realized it was a cemetery and the odds and ends were grave goods, but I wasn't old and wise enough to respect it. I took a piece of broken china home with me. When I told my mother about it, she called it a 'voodoo cemetery' and warned me (not quite seriously) that I'd bring a curse down on myself stealing from a 'voodoo grave'. I took it even less seriously, and kept the piece of china until I left home for the Big City. (Perhaps if I'd paid more heed to my mother's advice I'd be rich and famous today....)

I don't know where this cemetery was, other than that it was east of town, and I've never found any reference to it in any of my researches. Perhaps it was originally a plantation burying ground. I wouldn't be surprised if it was wiped out by expansion before the Civil rights movement made white folks pay a little attention to such things.

Savannah has other neat cemeteries that make it a great place for a real cemetery buff.

Bonaventure Cemetery was founded in the mid-1800's on the site of the colonial Mylryne-Tattenall plantation overlooking the Wilmington River, and eventually expanded to include the site of Greenwich Plantation. The oak-lined plantation roads have been integrated into the cemetery layouts. There are all kinds of monuments from the common upright slab models available from the Sears catalog to the

traditional life-size Civil War soldier (...if a suitable photograph can be supplied for a small extra fee the head will be modeled after the deceased...) to a life-sized full-round figure of a little girl who has become a local legend. Bonaventure is always beautiful, but it's at its best during azalea-blossom time. It's where the rich folks go when they've died.

Savannah's first Jewish settlers arrived within a few months after its first goy settlers (that's a story in itself). The original Jewish Cemetery in Savannah was next to the site of my old Junior High School, now in the Historic District. It was long ago decommissioned, and only a bronze plaque in the street median indicates approximately where it was.

Not long before the American Revolution, Mordecai Sheffall donated a piece of land on the edge of town for a new Jewish Cemetery. This was on the far side of town when I lived in Savannah, and had been enveloped by slums adjoining the back side of the railroad stations, an area I did not explore. I had hoped to see it on my last trip to Savannah, but didn't get a chance. It is now surrounded by a high wall, with solid gates that are kept locked against vandalism, and one has to make arrangements through

Temple Mickve Israel to visit it. The last known burial in Sheffall Cemetery was in 1881.

In the Revolution, French and American forces under Comte d'Estang tried to recapture Savannah from the British. The battle took place practically on top of the Sheffall Cemetery.

When I was a child, my mother promised to take me to Laurel Grove Cemetery, which was also on the far side of town, beyond the range I later covered on my bicycle. I especially wanted to visit it because it was where the bulk of Civil War military graves were. But somehow the years got past, and she never fulfilled that promise. So I never have been there, but it's old enough to be another good one.

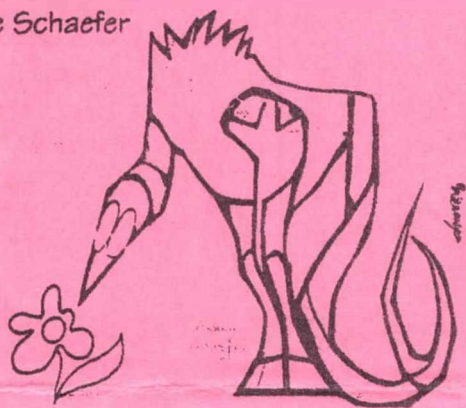
Then there are local cemeteries in outlying communities that the city has spread to encompass since I left, and I suspect there may be old churchyards and private lots tucked away here and there which I never came across, and haven't found documented in my researches. -- Lee Hoffman

(And thank you, Lee, for making it such fun to publish! -- aph)

When Ross Pavlac smofs at our parties, Linda makes him go in the bathroom..

GORILLA MY HEART

By Kate Schaefer



A few Sundays ago Glenn and I went to the zoo with Carrie and Andy to watch the elephants take their bath. Although we have an annual family pass to the zoo, just as Carrie and Andy do, we rarely go. C & A live closer to the zoo than we do, and Carrie has a crush on the head elephant keeper, so they go frequently, Carrie to stare at the E.K. as I would at Cary Grant were he still alive and fifty years younger, Andy to work on his already quite good parody of the E.K.

"People think of elephants as docile," Andy said in a voice like a BBC announcer with a chest cold. "Actually, this elephant would like nothing better than to rip my head off."

"People think of elephants as docile," said the E.K. in a voice like a BBC announcer with a chest cold. "Actually, elephants are extremely dangerous. Elephant keepers are more likely to be killed in the line of duty than policemen."

It takes a long time for three people to bathe four elephants, especially since the junior keepers did most of the bathing while the E.K. gave the crowd a play-by-play analysis of the bathing process. My feet fell asleep before I told Carrie I'd like to look at some other animals.

Andy wanted to go straight to the gorillas, but I held out for the lemurs, which had been very active and entertaining the last time I saw them. This time, they weren't. They sat disconsolately in their trees, long tails drooping, not even picking fleas off their friends.

"Gorillas," said Andy. "Gorillas now, okay?"

We went to the gorilla enclosure, a large, natural setting with trees, bushes, rocks, grass, enough space for the gorillas to get away from the public or from each other if they need to.

The original gorilla family was napping, mother and baby curled up together, father sprawled to one side, adolescent off on the other. We went to the next enclosure, where the young female gorilla from this family had been put with an older male from another zoo, Carrie said, to form a new family. Some blind date, I said. More like an arranged marriage, she said.

When we got there, the two gorillas were awake, but they didn't look very interested in each other, at least not to me. The male, Congo, enormous, silver-furred all over and not just on his back, was sitting around, hanging out, and the female, Jumoke, all black, little bitty, more like a chimpanzee than my idea of a gorilla, was circling him with a wary expression (I thought) on her face. Okay, she looked interested in him. It didn't look sexual to me, but I'm not a trained gorilla observer.

We noticed the volunteers sitting and standing by the enclosure, one taking notes, the other running a video camera. There was a little sign telling the public not to ask the volunteers questions because it would distract them from their observations (in the reptile house, there were signs telling the public not to rap on the glass). Carrie told me the history of the gorillas: 'Jumoke is eight, born and raised here, never been away from her family before. When they built this enclosure and moved her over here, she stayed by the wall on this side and howled. Her family stayed by the wall on that side. Congo's thirty-four, spent his whole life in concrete cages, never lived with other gorillas until he came here. At first he and Jumoke stayed on opposite sides the enclosure all the time, but recently they've been spending more time together.'

I guess I turned to look at her as she talked, because when I next looked noticed Jumoke and Congo, they were engaged in intimate mating behavior.

'What are they doing, Mom?' asked a small child.

'Isn't that interesting,' said Mom. 'Let's go look at the elephants.'

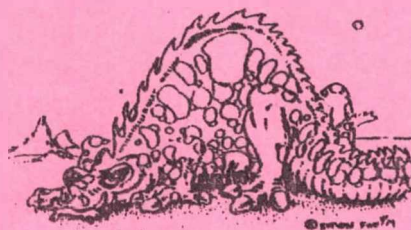
Gorilla sex doesn't last very long, maybe half a minute. When Congo was finished, he couldn't wait to get away. Jumoke stayed crouched where she was for a bit, wondering perhaps if that was all there was, and Congo turned back to her, at which point they engaged in some gorilla discussion which ended in Congo leaping away, pounding the glass of the enclosure as he went. The zoo-goers all shrank away from the glass, but it held.

Zoo keepers arrived in droves, alerted by the volunteers, and I realized what Carrie and Andy had known all along because they go to the zoo frequently: we had not just witnessed some random mating act between an old married couple. What we had seen was Congo and Jumoke's first time ever. Anthropomorphizing madly, I felt embarrassed to have stared at them.

'I think I'm going to cry,' said one of the zoo keepers. 'Did you get it all on film?'

We waited a little while to see if they were going to do it again, but they weren't. Andy went home to work on *Spent Brass*. Glenn, Carrie, and I wandered through the tropical rain forest exhibit; then Carrie went home to work on *Spent Brass*

also. We looked at skinks, geckos, iguanas, snakes, turtles and poisonous frogs. We looked at bats, sloths, Brazilian cockroaches, and hedgehogs.



We went back to the gorilla enclosure.

Congo lay on his stomach, pulling leaves off a twig and dropping them on the ground. Jumoke circled him slowly. Whenever she got out of his peripheral vision, he heaved himself up on one arm and turned to keep her in sight.

'One of the keepers says they've done it two more times since this morning,' said Glenn.

Circle, circle, circle. I didn't catch the signal that said foreplay is over. Suddenly Jumoke crouched down, Congo leaped up, and it was gorilla sex time again. Again it was brief, again Congo backed off quickly when it was over, and again there was some tussling and scuffling when Jumoke continued presenting, maybe more violent than it had been the first time. 'Congo! Stop that!' yelled one of the zoo-keepers.

Congo looked to see who was calling him, and Jumoke ran to the far end of the enclosure, behind some shrubs.

'Congo's an old guy. He's never been with other gorillas before, and Jumoke's a little intense for him,' the zoo-keeper.

We went home and considered mating practices. -- Kate Schaefer ☆

That's the most sinister damn glass of milk in cinematic history-

BLOWBACK: THE SPENT BRASS LETTER COLUMN



(When I went to prepare the lettercol we ran in SB # 20, it struck me that the pile of correspondence was rather small. "Alas," I sniffed, "our appeal must be on the wane." About two days after we took the issue to the bulk mail center, I discovered a small heap of additional cards and letters that I had misplaced, and so by extension, a small knot of loyal readers whom we had failed to even WAHF. Thus, two issues in a row with a lettercol. Sorry for the implied snub....aph)

F.M. BUSBY, 2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle, WA 98119

Don Fitch and I have the same attitude toward beer. I used to ask, 'what's on draft? And skip the lites.' Now it's 'What do you have that isn't advertised on TV?'

And why not two consecutive TAFF runs east-bound (followed by two the other way to even things up)? I'm not up on TAFF skeds; maybe it's too late to take any real vote on the matter with the ballots for '94. But perhaps some kind of a straw vote, plus a TAFF meeting at the worldcon with the administrators presiding, could give a fair picture of how the electorate feels on the matter. TAFF isn't so rule-bound, is it, that the Admin. people can't make such a decision without Plunging All Fandom Into War?

(I'm not going to touch that last one, Buz, really, I'm not. It's true that this, among many other issues facing the various fan

funds in the 90's, would benefit from some public discussion. Unfortunately, the most recent administrators have done very little - for whatever reasons -- to address the issues confronting TAFF and DUFF. Perhaps that will change in the near future. Aside from the issue of the rotation of elections and trips, there is also the general paucity of trip reports, the question of who constitutes the fan fund "electorate," and the great difficulty of finding candidates who genuinely want to visit fans and fandom in another country. At ConFrancisco it was pointed out that having to attend the worldcon means that no school-teacher can ever stand for the Europe-U.S. leg of TAFF; they are always going to have to be back at work by that time of the year. And that is the least of the many arguments raised against the current convention of compelling the delegates to attend Eastercon/Worldcon/Nasfic. There are a lot of reasons for maintaining the status quo, as well, but whoever chooses to moderate the debate on these issues is not going to be able to hide behind tradition alone in refuting arguments to the contrary. We need some real leadership in these areas now, and I sincerely hope that someone will emerge to provide it -- aph)

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

The latest Spent Brass arrived on the same day I read the statistics on Hugo nominations. Of course, I feel honored to have received one of the nominations, but that emotion is tempered with a certain amount of disappointment. My nomination came about because I received 12 or 23 or some figure in between votes on the nominating ballots. So only the x but small number of fans, out of 397 who sent in nominating ballots and out of several thousand who were eligible to nominate, thought enough of my fanzine writings to put my name on the ballot. It sort of makes a fellow feel humble, and my reaction is only eased a bit by knowing that no other individual who received a fan writer nomination was put on a ballot by many more... In my case, I keep thinking about how I have been in fandom actively for 55 years and have written more locs than anyone else in the history of fandom, have published more historical stuff about fandom than anyone else, have never gone more than six months between publishing fanzines in more than a half century, and only somewhere between 12 and 23 fans think it's worthy of consideration for a fan writer Hugo. If the fan Hugos were eliminated and replaced by some sort of awards program divorced from the worldcon, it would be difficult to have a lower participation in the awards than now exists.

(Well, I sincerely hope that your depression has been tempered by winning the Hugo for best non-fiction book. The rocket is just as solid, no matter how many people voted to award it to you. As for the paucity of recognition, it's important to remember that a relatively small percentage of our mutual readership expresses their fanac by attending the Worldcon. Most of them spend what money they have on pubbing their own ish, right? Anyway, the idea of having a series of awards apart from the worldcon is a good one, and will be at least partially addressed by Corflu Eleven's resurrection of the FAAN awards. But think about it this way, Harry; Dave Langford, presumably the recipient of the 23

nominating votes, has been published in a myriad professional and semi-pro zines, has had several novels published, and has had most of his output over the past ten years reprinted at least once. And he only got 23 votes! I'd be worrying about diminishing returns if I were he. Of more concern to me is the tiny number of nominating ballots cast in proportion to the people eligible to vote. Between the 8,000+ members of ConFrancisco and the members of Magicon who did not join worldcon this year, but were still eligible to vote, the total electorate must have exceeded 10,000 people. And only



397 of us took the time to decide who the other 9,500+ were to be allowed to vote for. It would bother me more if my economic future were affected, as is true in the case of the professional nominees. - aph)

CANDI STRECKER, 590 Lisbon St., San Francisco, CA 94112

...and hello from the new world of motherhood (see front page -- aph) -- I've survived the first two months and am back at my mailing desk, albeit in scrounged moments of her naptimes (I actually raced -- and beat -- the stork in getting this 'zine published before she was born, but putting it into the mail has been strictly a dribs and drabs thing. (The 'zine to which Candi refers is *IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFESTYLE*, Vol. II, her survey of 70's culture. It's available for \$4.00 from Candi at the address above, and I swear every word of it is true -- cr)). Nicola is nearly perfect and -- well, I'll just shut up, but in short she's definitely a "keeper." Meanwhile, rereading Luke's article "on getting pierced" in *Spent Brass* just now, I interpret it in a whole different light. "The continual sensation there was starting to wear me out" is a remarkably accurate description for the painful sensations of breastfeeding (except that it takes place not once, but eight times a day, every day!) Quite a well-turned phrase.

(I'll confirm that Nicola is a wonderful baby. She was utterly angelic (and mostly asleep) during our brunch with Candi last Tuesday, and seemed to prick up her ears slightly as we gossiped about fanac and publishing.

We're still getting some response to Ted White's assessment of *A Wealth of Fable*, nine months after we published it; here's a reaction from Australia. -- aph)

IRWIN HIRSH, 26 Jessamine Ave., East Prahran, Victoria 3181 Australia

Apart from agreeing on the lack of a thesis point I'm bothered by Ted's reaction to *AWoF* because, more than just being dissatisfied with Harry's approach, Ted seems to have gone looking for further things to complain about. For

Would you like to try the Walleye cheeks, sir?

instance, Ted suggests that there is a lack of organization in the way Ted wrote the history and uses Harry's chapter titles to prove the charge. When I looked down the book's table of contents I saw a list of puns; Ted took a literal meaning to that page. The third chapter isn't "the Willis chapter," it is a chapter about a couple of prominent British fans of the 50's, in the same way that the next two chapters are about prominent North American fans of the decade. John Berry's famous fanzine is dealt with in chapter eight not because of bad organization on Harry's part but because that chapter -- as is the previous chapter -- is about some of the important fanzines of the decade. The next chapter is about hoaxes, and that is followed by one on the origin of pocsarcds, quotecards, and various fannish words and catch-phrases. And so on throughout the rest of the book....

Ted's mention of that bit about fandom in Italy points out one of my criticisms of the book: that parts of it aren't as carefully written as they could have been. Ted thinks that those 200 words on pages 261 - 2 are a longwinded way of saying there was no fandom in Italy in the 50s. That wasn't what Harry wanted to say. Harry's point was that given a thriving fandom a few years before and a fertile professional sf scene it is "curious" that there was no fandom there. However his point was lost in the way that the section was written, and one can understand how Ted read it the way he

did. Harry almost seems to know his writing here isn't up to scratch, for the concluding line of the section, which Ted quotes, is very much an attempt to bring the narrative around to the point he was trying to make.

Luke McGuff (*SB* #18) reckons that he's never heard anyone say, "You can hang out around a mimeo, gab and chat, and you can't do that in a copy shop." I've never heard that either, but I've felt it. For instance, once when Peter Burns and Roger Weddall's regular mimeo connection wasn't available they asked for my assistance in helping them pub their ish. Together with Wendy we had an enjoyable evening hovering around my mimeo, watching the birth of a rather large issue of *Thyme*. We gossiped, we joked, we character assassinated. All clean, fannish fun. I like the idea of being able to watch a blank page become filled with your words. Handing masters over a counter and receiving a stack of printed pages in return doesn't have the same feel.

(Well said. We Also Heard From: Martha Beck, Woody Bernardi, Redd Boggs, Dave Clark, George Flynn, Arthur Hlavaty, Lee Hoffman, Ben Indick, Jean Lamb, Hope Leibowitz, Catherine Mintz, Lynne Ann Morse, Tracy Shannon, and Steve Stiles. Thank you each and every one, and keep them coming. -- aph)

A word from Carrie: I was going to write something substantial for this ish, but The Powers That Be suddenly decided that, rather than waiting until the first of October for my long awaited trip to Maine (to install and test a bit of software), I should leave next Sunday. Somehow, laundry for a three-week business trip now seems more urgent than prose. I suspect long evenings in a hotel room will prove to be an inspiration, as will the New England autumn. If anyone's up that way, I'll be at the Augusta Day's Inn....CR *

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THE 1993 SPENT BRASS POLL

For the second year, Spent Brass, the fanzine which passes for frequent, is conducting a poll of fanzine readers. We're asking you to choose your favorites in the following seven categories. You can make up to five choices in those areas which have five spaces for your vote, and three in those which have three spaces. Votes will be weighted by the order in which they are cast, i.e. a first place vote is worth five votes, and a fifth place vote is worth one. Fannish works and events must have occurred between between Labor Day of 1992 and Labor Day of 1993 to be eligible for the poll (but the 1992 worldcon, and associated events and publications, are eligible). Neither Spent Brass nor its editors, are eligible for these awards. Please mail this ballot to: 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, by October 30th, 1993 (not Oct. 23rd, as it says inside this issue). Results will be published in a subsequent issue of Spent Brass. Feel free to copy this form, but one ballot per voter, please.

FAVORITE FANZINE

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____
- 4.) _____
- 5.) _____

FAVORITE FAN ARTIST

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____
- 4.) _____
- 5.) _____

FAVORITE FANZINE COVER

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____

FAVORITE FAN WRITER

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____
- 4.) _____
- 5.) _____

FAVORITE SINGLE FANZINE ISSUE

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____

FAVORITE SINGLE COLUMN/ARTICLE

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____

FAVORITE CONVENTION OF 92/93

- 1.) _____
- 2.) _____
- 3.) _____