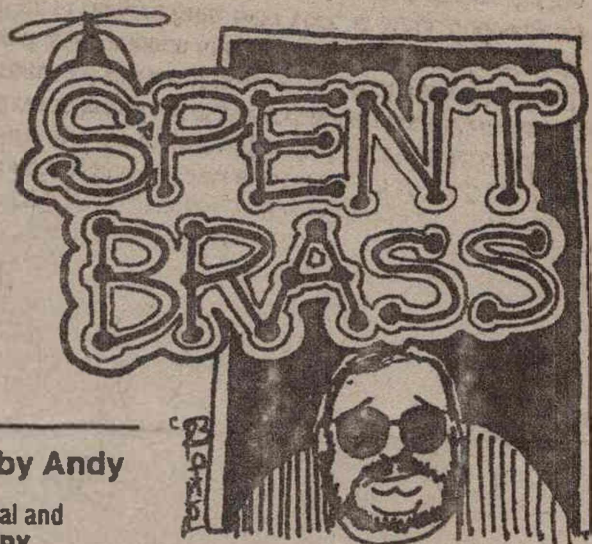


This is the 23rd and 24th issue of the frequent fanzine that tastes better than fruitcake. Edited and published by Andrew Hooper and Carrie Root, of 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA, 98103, members fwa. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 169, 12/23/93. Available for the usual, i.e., letters of comment, submissions of art or prose, or your own fznine in trade. Material in this issue comes from Andy, Carrie, Luke McGuff, Bill Rotsler, Tracy Shannon and Ted White. Art by Chloe (page 2), Alexis Gilliland (pages 7, 8, 9, and 11), Bill Kunkel (title and pages 5 and 6), Bill Rotsler (pages 7, 8, and 9), and Craig Smith (page 4).



## IT'S A WONDERFUL RAINY TOWN TATTLER

by Andy

**WELCOME TO OUR YEAR-END DOUBLE ISSUE**, wishing our handsome, loyal and discerning readership a delightful solstice season and a happy 1994.... **HARRY WARNER WANTED US** to mention the legion of readers who have never sent our LoCs to the wrong address, such as I whined about in issue # 22. Well, Harry, we thank you and all of our loyal correspondents for making this the best year yet for *Spent Brass*. We'll present another selection of those exemplary letters in issue #25, the first of 1994.... **IF ALL GOES WELL**, this issue will have been stenciled and printed right inside our own apartment, on an AB Dick 588 electrostenciller loaned to us by Mark Manning, and a hand-cranked Gestetner 400. Given that equipment, you'll understand if this issue ends up Xeroxed on white paper.... **SCANDAL AND STRIFE** seem to have followed my characterization of Joe Maraglino as a "furtive, gnarled man, reminiscent of Peter Lorre in the last reel of 'M', a prominent feature of issue # 21. Most likely this would have passed without comment -- we libel someone most every issue -- had this description not appeared in the same sentence that noted that Joe is the chair of the committee bidding to hold the WorldCon in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1998. Suddenly my comments appeared to comprise an assault on the integrity of the bid and its chair, and phone wires burned out all over the tri-state area. Well, look, people, I support the Niagara Falls bid. I think it sounds like fun. Carrie and I enjoyed our visit to Niagara Falls on our way back from the New York Conflu in 1990. The committee seems to have a laudable attitude toward a lot of things, and I admire the way they are trying to keep from spending so much money on the bid process... that might translate into membership savings for the fan in the street. And my comments about Joe were really meant to be a joke, folks, well in keeping with his presentation of a picture of "Andy Hooper in a Gorilla suit" on the back of a recent issue of *Astromancer Quarterly* and his insistence on referring to me as "Marmot Boy" in personal correspondence. If I really don't like a person, their name will not appear in my column. And if I suspect your WorldCon bid sucks bong water, I'll say so. Like that Boston in '98 bid, for example.... **JUST ABOUT ONE YEAR AGO**, we lost Roger Weddall, DUFF winner and traveling fan, to pneumonia attributed to lymphoma. While the circumstances of his death can never do anything to diminish the man Roger was, there has been a lot of speculation on this side of the ocean about the possibility that Roger had AIDS. Some fans have in fact chosen to emphasize that Roger did not have AIDS in their tributes to and memories of him. Now word has come to us from Geri Sullivan, as part of a letter Karen Pender-Gunn submitted for publication in the next issue of Geri's fanzine *Idea*, that Roger did in fact have HIV, and that Karen and other Australian fans are preparing a panel to honor Roger for the Australian AIDS quilt. I offer this information for several reasons. First, I hope that the image of the vivacious Roger who charmed members of Magicon can do something to change some people's image of what HIV+ people are like. Second, for years we have been saying that fandom would begin to lose friends to AIDS; leaving aside the late Jerry Jacks, who was so certain that he had AIDS that he allowed his liver disease to go untreated with fatal results, I think Roger is the first well-known fan to die as a result of contracting AIDS. That first shoe, so to speak, has dropped. I hope that everyone can appreciate the courage he exhibited in making his grueling trip to America, and the decision to try and fulfill some fannish dreams in the face of the challenge to his health. More than ever, I wish we had had a chance to say good-bye. And you know, somewhere, someone you admire, and maybe even care for personally, is suffering from AIDS, or is living with the knowledge that they have HIV. What are we going to do about it? The clock is running.... **CONGRATULATIONS** to Alexis Gilliland and the former Lee Uba, who were married on the 31st of October. No word of any cemeteries being involved.... **DAVE RIKE PLAINTIVELY INQUIRES**: "My copy of the reprint of *The Incomplete Burbee* (vol. I) credits Terry Carr, Dave Rike, Ron Ellik and Peter Graham as having originally published it in 1958, which indeed we did. Does your omission of my name in your review (in *SB* # 22 - aph) mean that Big Brother in Seattle has decided to make me a nonfan/unperson/ invisible in his rewriting of history?" No, Dave it does not. It means that your name got swallowed when we



were moving blocks of text around and I was careless enough in my proofreading that I didn't notice. But if it makes you feel better, I don't think this does anything to disprove your overall conspiracy theory.... **A WARM WELCOME** to young Samuel Kaplan, born to Seattle fan Dr. Judy Kaplan, on the 30th of November. Time to start calling in all those vouchers for baby-sitting.... **A BLESSED EVENT** is also anticipated by Cindy and Craig Smith of metropolitan Bothell. It is to be devoutly wished that their child will look nothing at all like one of Craig's drawings.... **DON FITCH WRITES**, "thanks for the get-well wishes and positive thoughts you suggested in *SB* # 22 -- they're appreciated and still needed, even though the surgeon got overruled by the Tumor Board and I'm getting a series of 33 Radiation Treatments (from a large, computerized machine somewhat disquietingly named "HAL") in the hope of saving my nose (or perhaps, because this is an HMO, because it's cheaper). (Dr. Babajianian is still waiting in the wings, however, honing his scalpel and humming a cheerful little tune.) Already, only a third of the way through the series, I can do a credible imitation of Rudolph, and by Christmas may be able to glow in the dark."... **CATHERINE MINTZ COMMENTS** that the Danish astronomer and duelist Tycho Brahe's prosthetic nose was in fact silver-plated, instead of composed of the gold I suggested in the last issue. However, she is unable to offer a theory as to how his nose was kept attached to his face. Hopefully, Don will not have an opportunity to find these things out, but if he does, perhaps he'll cover the event for *SB*.... **HARLAN ELLISON** has again inexplicably failed to threaten any legal action against this fanzine or its editors. Why we have been singled out for this measure of disdain remains a mystery.... **THOSE WAITING BREATHLESSLY** to hear the result of the gorilla copulations reported on by Kate Schaefer in issue # 21 will probably be disappointed to hear that no little gorillas are currently anticipated. But on a visit to the zoo last weekend, Carrie noticed that the barriers were back in place and the observers on hand to document every gorilla sigh and eyelash flutter. Hope springs eternal.... **THE RESULTS OF THE 1993 SPENT BRASS POLL** are to be found within. Thanks to everyone who voted, and congratulations to all the winners. Many people complained about being unable to vote for *Spent Brass* or its editors. Should this concern survive the bottles of cough syrup our readers had evidently guzzled before writing such letters, we hasten to point out that Hugo nomination time is just around the corner, and in theory, some one from Corflu NoVa ought to be putting a FAAN award ballot in your hands soon.... **THE RUMOR** reaches us that the committee for Intersection, the 1995 worldcon to be held a mere 20 months from now, is still searching for someone to chair their programming department. Plenty of time to get those resumes in.... **TED WHITE** has stepped up to the plate to review fanzines for this issue, but we are still looking for a regular reviewer, who would like to write three to four columns per year. Any takers? -- aph

## RESULTS OF THE 1993 SPENT BRASS POLL by Andy

This year's poll was quite a success! We were pleased to receive a total of 33 ballots contributing to the following results. We still would like to see more participation, and quite a few people had trouble completing the ballot, but we received enough votes to provide a lively competition. We've listed the top ten (or more, in the event of ties) finishers in each of the seven categories in this year's poll. A few comments: we were

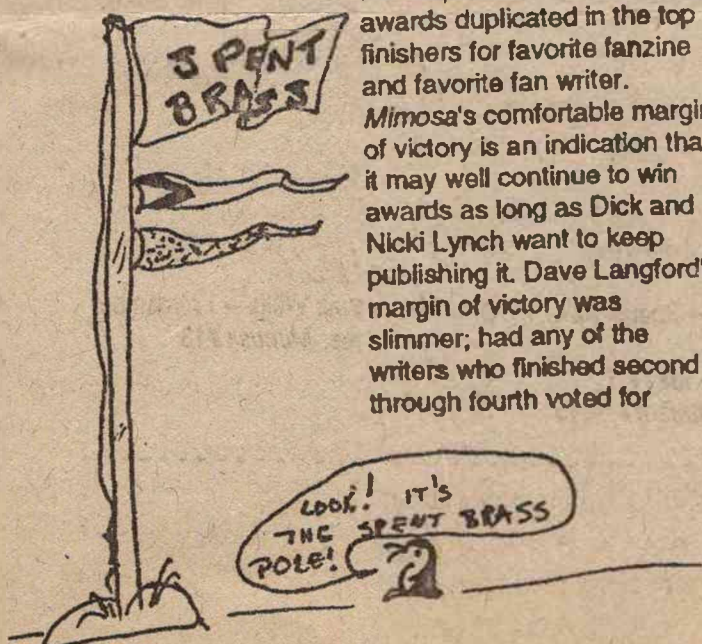
not surprised to see the Hugo awards duplicated in the top finishers for favorite fanzine and favorite fan writer.

*Mimosa's* comfortable margin of victory is an indication that it may well continue to win awards as long as Dick and Nicki Lynch want to keep publishing it. Dave Langford's margin of victory was slimmer; had any of the writers who finished second through fourth voted for

themselves, they would probably have won the award. Simon Ounsley's strong showing among the overwhelmingly American electorate suggests that his recent Nova award might not be the result of the "Leeds Group Mind" as Mr. Langford suggests in the December *Ansible*. Redd Boggs' placement at # 6 is remarkable, considering that his work is virtually unknown outside of FAPA today.

Bill Rotsler was a true people's choice for favorite fan writer; half of all ballots placed him somewhere in that category. The rest of the awards seem to have been harder for many to vote for, and a lot of fans begged off of making any choices on the grounds that their memories weren't up to the task. We're happy to see *Fanthology '89* squeak by as favorite single issue (without help from our own votes, I hasten to add) on behalf of the many contributing artists and authors. Dan Steffan will probably be surprised to see the *Fanthology's* cover chosen as a favorite, but he ought to be proud of the fact that his covers appeared in first, third, fifth and eighth place. Having received a total of 76 votes (if you credit him with the 19 for *Blat!*) Dan might honestly claim to be our readership's Fan Face Number One.

Corflu seems to have made quite the impression on our readers; we'll be happy to pass on award certificates to everyone on the committee. And finally, David Emerson probably benefited greatly from the passionate and inspired reading of his article for the live





*Mainstream* at Minicon several years ago. But his piece was a memorable one under any circumstance, and well deserving of approbation.

Naturally, over a hundred other people and works received votes in the poll, but space does not allow for their presentation here. Anyone who would like to see a

listing of the complete balloting should simply ask, and we will be happy to send along a copy. Thanks again to all those who sent in their ballots and made this poll such a pleasure to conduct. And don't forget: work eligible for next year's poll is in your hands right now.... - aph ☉

#### FAVORITE FANZINE

Rank	Title	# Votes
1.	<i>Mimosa</i>	49
2.	<i>Trapdoor</i>	38
3.	<i>Idea</i>	27
4.	<i>Stet</i>	23
5.	<i>Ansible</i>	19
5.	<i>Blat!</i>	19
7.	<i>Astromancer Quarterly</i>	18
8.	<i>Let's Fanac</i>	16
9.	<i>Reluctant Famulus</i>	16
10.	<i>Derogatory Reference</i>	12
10.	<i>Lagoon</i>	12
10.	<i>Outworlds</i>	12

#### FAVORITE FAN ARTIST

Rank	Name	# Votes
1.	Bill Rotsler	34
2.	Teddy Harvia	28
3.	Stu Shiffman	26
4.	Peggy Ranson	25
4.	Dan Steffan	25
4.	Steve Stiles	25
7.	Don West	23
8.	Linda Michaels	21
9.	Brad Foster	20
10.	Sheryl Birkhead	14

#### FAVORITE FAN WRITER

Rank	Name	# Votes
1.	Dave Langford	21
2.	Ted White	19
3.	Simon Ounsley	18
4.	Arthur Hlavaty	17
5.	Judith Hanna	15
6.	Redd Boggs	13
7.	Sharon Farber	12
8.	Arnie Katz	11
8.	Barnaby Rapoport	11
10.	Velma Bowen	10
10.	Jeanne Bowman	10
10.	Paul Skelton	10
10.	Walt Willis	10

#### FAVORITE CONVENTION

Rank	Name	# Votes
1.	Corflu 10	28
2.	ConFrancisco	13
3.	Silvercon 11	10
3.	Reinconation Too	10
5.	Minicon 28	7
6.	Potlatch II	6
7.	Magicon	5
8.	Duckcon II	3
8.	Inconjunction	3
8.	Readercon '93	3
8.	Westercon 46	3

#### FAVORITE SINGLE FANZINE ISSUE

Rank	Title	# Votes
1.	<i>Fanthology 1989</i>	9
2.	<i>It's a Wonderful Lifestyle, Vol. II</i>	8
2.	<i>Khatur #3/4, 2nd. Printing</i>	8
4.	<i>Astromancer's Quarterly, Vol. II, No. 3/4</i>	7
4.	<i>Blat! #1</i>	7
4.	<i>Idea #7</i>	7
7.	<i>Mainstream #14/15</i>	6
7.	<i>Reluctant Famulus 4th Annish</i>	6
7.	<i>Through Bleary Eyes, Vol. II</i>	6
10.	<i>Wild Heirs #2</i>	5

#### FAVORITE FANZINE COVER

Rank	Title	# Votes
1.	Dan Steffan -- <i>Fanthology 1989</i>	13
2.	Brad Foster -- <i>Mimosa #13</i>	11
3.	Dan Steffan -- <i>Trap Door #12</i>	9
4.	Judith Weiss -- <i>Khatur #3/4, 2nd. Ed.</i>	9
5.	Dan Steffan -- <i>Idea #7</i>	6
6.	Tara -- <i>Mainstream #14/15</i>	5

7.	Linda Michaels -- <i>A.Q. Vol. I, No. 4</i>	4
8.	ATom and Dan Steffan -- <i>Blat! #1</i>	4
9.	Steve Stiles -- Back cover, <i>Idea #7</i>	4
10.	Alan Hunter -- <i>YHOS 52</i>	4

#### FAVORITE SINGLE COLUMN OR ARTICLE

Rank	Title	# Votes
1.	David Emerson -- Passing On, <i>Mainstream # 14/15</i>	13
2.	Walt Willis -- The Perfect Convention & other Adventures, <i>Idea #7</i>	7
3.	Sharon Farber -- Tales of Adventure & Medical Life IX, <i>Mimosa #14</i>	6
3.	Dave Langford -- You do it with Mirrors, <i>Mimosa #14</i>	6
5.	Chuch Harris -- Chuchy Makes Magic, <i>Glitz #10</i>	5
5.	Joy Moreau -- Charivari, <i>Astromancer Quarterly Vol. II, #4</i>	5
5.	Candi Strecker -- <i>It's a Wonderful Lifestyle, vol. II</i>	5
8.	Jae Leslie Adams -- The Eternal Book-Lover, <i>Spent Brass #20</i>	4
8.	Dave Locke -- Frank, <i>Outworlds #65</i>	4
8.	Simon Ounsley -- A Time of Adventure, <i>Lagoon #4</i>	4
8.	Barnaby Rapoport -- The Door into Summer, <i>Let's Fanac #4</i>	4
8.	Walt Willis -- I remember me, <i>Mimosa #13</i>	4

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 Psychedelic dungeons popping up on every street.  
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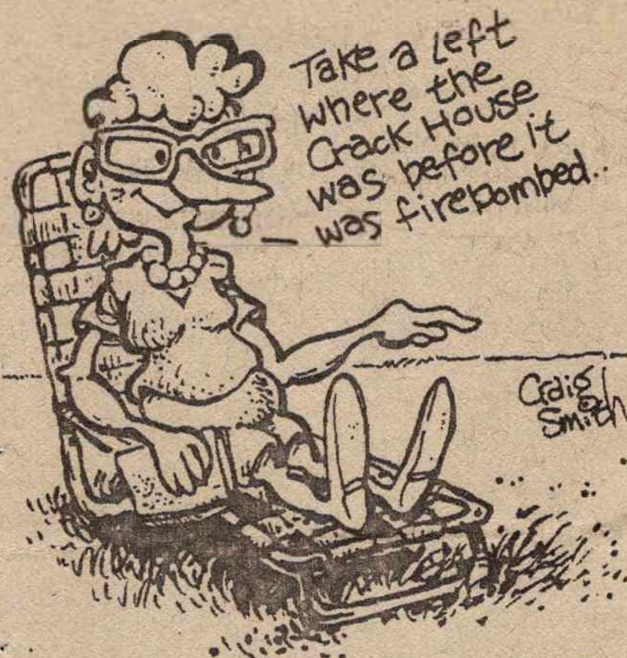
Faithful correspondant Tracy Shannon is a reason to be optimistic about the future of fanzine fandom. (She also draws penguins under the fan name Chloe!) She swears every word of the following is true:

"...the one that burned down"  
by Tracy Shannon

I heard recently that the city of Madison is considering spending \$700,000 on "wayfinder" signs. Apparently a study has determined that the people who live here are too intimidated to go downtown because they get lost. Even long term residents are dismayed by the maze of one-way, dead-end, no-entry, under-construction thoroughfares. I've lived here all my life, and I'd have to say I agree. I'm also a victim of capitol squareaphobia -- the fear that once on the four streets that surround the state capitol, I'll circle them forever, unable to decide which of the seven turnoffs will produce a lady or a tiger.

Unfortunately, there's no way these no signs are going to help. What gets people lost in Madison is not the design of the city itself, it's the friendly people giving directions. And they're trying so hard to be helpful! Take the landmark buffs; every destination is dotted by Sentry stores, big yellow buildings with white shutters, abandoned Fotomat stations, and Lutheran churches. I suppose if you can find their landmarks, you can follow their directions...but they give you landmarks to find the landmarks, and when you're down to looking for the mailbox shaped like a fire truck, you're really in trouble. Some of them specialize drastically, like a co-worker of mine who gave routes specifically through their proximity to bars: "Well, go a block past Murphy's, turn right, hang a louie, go down to the Avenue Bar, take a right...." Presumably if you stopped often enough on your way, you wouldn't care if you ever got there.

A more dangerous species of the landmark buff is the aging landmark buff, who naturally directs you to go down where the Wolff-Kubly's used to be, and then drive past where they used to have the Rennebohm's. Try to let them down easily; they really don't mean you any harm. My mom is a perfect example ("Oh, it's right next to where that pancake house was, the one that burned down."), except that her Milwaukee upbringing pops up every so often; it's a little hard to keep a straight face when she instructs you to "turn the corner around." But you're better off with her landmarks than her street



names. Trust me on this one. She once told visiting relatives to drive down Schluter to find our street. She meant Winnequah (don't even ask). They ended up at the beach.

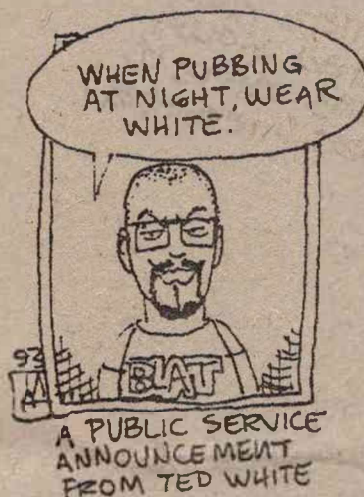
My father is of a different breed entirely, the former big-city dweller who persists in telling you to go four blocks west on Jenifer, eight blocks north on Spaight, and two blocks west on East Washington. It's of no matter to him that you have no compass in your car and no Boy Scout to hold hostage, let alone the fact that the streets in question have some of the most oddly shaped blocks you've ever seen.

While Madison, as far as navigation goes, can't hold a candle to the confusing mazes in other cities (Washington D.C.? If it's a big white building, it's probably close enough. San Francisco? If it's the street you want it's one way going in the other direction. Boston? Just stay home), they've threatened several times to make the entire downtown area a pedestrian concourse, and perhaps they should. You get lost much more slowly moving at four miles an hour than at thirty, right? But really, they don't need to spend all that money on fancy signs. They could just pay my mom a nice salary, and she could sit in a lawn chair on the corner of Webster and East Wash, saying, "The museum? Go on over to the old Manchester building. Sure, you can't miss it."

-- Tracy Shannon \*

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Anonymity runs in their blood  
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## UFFISH THOTS

by Ted White

### WHERE WERE WE?

I've never been entirely certain how often this column was supposed to be in *Spent Brass*, and I've never been entirely certain what it is supposed to be about. I had expected to begin a series of columns in which I would explore the parts left out of *A Wealth of Fable*, or amplify those parts which I felt

Harry dealt with inadequately. But the feedback on the first of those columns -- my last here -- was remarkably negative. I'm told Harry Warner regarded that first column as a personal attack, which stuns and amazes me, but leaves me uncertain about whether to continue. I mean, if Harry regards the fanhistory of the fifties as his personal property, and attempts to amend or add to *A Wealth of Fable* as an attack on him, the hell with it. It can wait.

### LOOSE ENDS:

A year or two ago (in SB # 13) I devoted one of these columns to Harlan Ellison's attack on Andy Porter in the pages of *Short Form*, and the paralyzing effect this had upon that publication. When last heard from, Mark Van Name had all of the next -- and final -- issue "on disk" except for the one item for which he was still waiting: an agreed-upon apology by Ellison to Porter.

You'll recall that Harlan's attack on Andy was set off by a snide question he'd received, he thought, from Porter for his Q&A column in *Short Form*. It ultimately developed, however, that the query from Porter was a hoax, and not from Porter after all. One would have thought that would have resolved matters: "Oops! Sorry! Nevermind." Harlan's friends were embarrassed for the man.

Subsequent developments make it seem less and less likely that Ellison will issue any apology to Porter after all -- perhaps dooming the final issue of *Short Form* to remain unpublished.

I have no idea why Harlan has taken Andy in such dislike, and I'm not at all sure, based on Harlan's past performances, that he has any rational reason at all. But clearly if that bogus query hadn't set Harlan off, something else would have, sooner or later, as was proven by his appearance on the Tom Snyder CNBC cable show last spring.

Dan Steffan has written this up in *Blat!* #2, and I don't intend to rehash it. The point is that after Snyder (who loves to stir stuff like this up; wotta flatulent phony he is!) quoted the line, "Harlan Ellison burns his bridges before he crosses him," and attributed it to Andy Porter, Harlan went, to use one of his own colorful terms, bugfuck. He ranted and raved about Andy for minutes on national cable, compounding his earlier libels with gross slander and the expressed desire to murder Andy.

It's obvious Harlan has no intention of apologizing to Andy Porter.

There will not be a final issue of *Short Form*.

Another bridge burned. Does Harlan ever consider the owners of these bridges?

I'm told that, post-ConFrancisco, Harlan has a new target for his venom: NESFA. Seems they went and published a collection of Cordwainer Smith short fiction -- a complete collection. So complete that it included the story Harlan had purchased for his mythical *Last Dangerous Visions*, that graveyard for stories which Harlan has kept buried for nearly twenty-five years. (At this point it would probably be completely embarrassing to actually publish the volume: it could never live up to its legend, and it contains the early work -- some earliest work -- of authors who have had time to mature and improve immeasurably in the interim.) How dare they exhume the Cordwainer Smith story? How dare they trespass on Harlan's right to keep it hidden away in his own home, for him alone to savor and enjoy?

One has to wonder if Harlan has any comprehension of how these actions of his are viewed by the rest of us.

### YET ANOTHER (hohum)

### RENAISSANCE IN FANZINES (oh sure...):

No, really. In the space of only a few weeks I have received the following fanzines in my mail: *Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk* #s 1 & 2; *Habbakuk* chap. 3, verse 1; *YHOS* # 53, *Trap Door* #13, *Astromancer Quarterly* vol. II, #4, *FTT* # 5, *Bob* #6, *Then* #4, *Challenger* #1, and several apazines (from apas of which I am not a member, sent in trade). Not all those fanzines were all that exciting (neither *Challenger* nor *AQ*, for instance), but even the least of them helps add to the sense that fanzines are arriving every day, rather than once or twice a month -- and several I found genuinely exciting.

For example, Greg Pickersgill's *RJC* arrived within one day of Bill Donaho's *Habbakuk*, and led to near-terminal excitement on my part. Donaho hadn't done



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A human life is worth less than a rivet. Rivets cost money.  
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an issue of *Habbakuk* since around 1970; Pickersgill's last (non-TAFF) fanzine appeared in 1981. The idea of both fans reviving themselves as faneds almost simultaneously blew me away! mean, what are the odds? I think this qualifies as a Cosmic Coincidence.

It's no coincidence at all that *Rastus Johnson's Cakewalk* is prime Pickersgill -- proof positive that all those years spent laboring in the conrunning vineyards have not dulled Greg's abilities as either one of the best fanwriters around, or as a superior editor. This is great stuff -- and it's bimonthly schedule makes it frequent great stuff.

*Habbakuk's* first "new" issue was brief and tentative, but its second promises to be more substantial, with Debbie Notkin doing a regular column of book reviews and myself as the regular fanzine reviewer. Bill says he wants to try a quarterly schedule, and his second issue should be out before you read this (as will Greg's third). With Donaho's track record (both previous incarnations of *Habbakuk* started as brief letter-substitutes and quickly burgeoned into fat fanzines with hefty letter columns), I think I'm being realistic in expecting Great Things from *Habbakuk's* third incarnation.

Art Widner is coping with a scary range of health problems, but he has, if anything, improved *YHOS* with its latest issue. Gone are the Xeroxed letters in the lettercol -- a good concept, but scrappy in execution -- replaced by computer-typeset contents throughout. What's odd is that Art's choice of typefaces gives this issue the aura of a typeset (by hand) fanzine of the thirties, which is not entirely inappropriate, given Art's ability to Timebind. Rich brown turns in a minor column (he says fanzines should talk to and about each other, but mentions no other current zines himself), and Arnie Katz offers a "Prelude to an Outline of a History of Fandom in the Sixties," which is pretty generalized, but, I suppose, as good a place as any to start on a project which Art seems to be sponsoring. I disagree with the "trends" approach to fanhistory, however. After you've remarked upon the expansion of fandom in the sixties and the effects this had (more so on subsequent eras of fandom), where are you? The actual history of events in fandom of the sixties (as in every era of fandom) is the history of individual fans and the way they interacted.

Robert Lichtman announces in the new *Trap Door* that he is abandoning that fanzine's policy of annual

publication in favor of twice-yearly publication. That's good news. "From my point of view *Trap Door* was increasingly in danger of becoming an anthology affair, anticipated with enthusiasm by its readers but isolated and marginalized due to lack of adequate momentum. that's not the sort of fanzine I want to publish." And that's good, because Robert was exactly right about the dangers of annual publication -- and *Trap Door* is too good a fanzine to be allowed to fall into such a trap. But, as the first "downsized" *TD*, #13 is a bit slight: all of the contributions would have been good "secondary" pieces, but none stands out as the piece to build an issue around. (Most startling was Calvin Demmon's "Letter," which is not only a welcome return of a voice heard far too infrequently in modern fandom, but painful to read as he describes his medical problems.)

Robert mailed out this issue of *Trap Door* by first class mail, because he wanted issues to get out and begin generating comment more quickly. I completely understand that; for the same reason we sent out all the domestic issues of *Blat's* 1 and 2 by first class mail -- for more than \$2.00 a copy on #2. We could have bulk-mailed, and if we published more frequently we might have to, simple because of the expense. But I am so eager, once our *Ish* is pubbed, for response, feedback, acknowledgment -- letters, I can't wait a month for issues to reach their recipients.

Guy Lillian, the editor of *Challenger* (an ambitious, but badly flawed fanzine) sent his issues out by third class, still spending more than one dollar a copy. Someone should tell him that the difference in cost between first and third class mail is only pennies (if that), but the difference in delivery time will run from days to weeks. He wasted his money on third class.

I tell ya, I look forward to the time when every fan (including me!) has a fax machine. (But, plain-paper, please! Can you imagine a collection of fanzines printed on that curly thermal paper?) Zip out yer fanzine and get LoC's back within hours. Yeah!

In the meantime, I'll settle for a steady trickle of high-quality fanzines like the one you're reading right now.

-- Ted White. ®





We conclude our coverage of ConFrancisco with this extended postcard from world-renowned fan artist, raconteur, and pugilist Bill Rotsler:

CONFRANCISCO  
WorldCon 1993  
By Bill Rotsler

"What are friends for? Friends are to tell you to increase your medication, to take your 'Be Normal' pills."  
-- Rick Cook, in conversation at ConFrancisco

Neola Caveny and I flew up very early Friday morning, checked into the Villa Florence, a nice, older hotel, and went Moscone Center hunting. From then, it is mostly a series of "it happened, but I'm not certain just when." I did do a day-by-day post-card cartoon report to Dan Steffan.)

Long talk with Ian Ballantine, who sends off ideas like fountain spray. Suggested I do something to repackage Louis L'Amour. My talks with Bob Silverberg mostly had sex and friends as the subject.

Talked to Tim Powers about getting so people don't bother you when you are working and earning the daily bread. Trouble is, Tim is an excessively nice guy. I maintain that is why Artistic Temperament was invented -- to be left alone. Tim needs SOB shots.

David Gerrold was planning an AIDS Project Los Angeles auction, so I gave him a fistful of unreproduceable drawings (folded paper, holes, etc.), plus a copy of *Rotsler's Rules for Writing*, plus about 18 - 20 copies of *Psst - ! Feelfthy Cartoons?* which I had published in an "edition" of 25 just for him, with a back cover that would gouge more if they found me. (Ian Ballantine and Gilliland gave me bux.)

Talked to John Berry a little, to Steve and Elaine Stiles, Don Kingsbury, Barbara Wagner, Ben Bova, Michael Whelan, plus several new writers, two of which

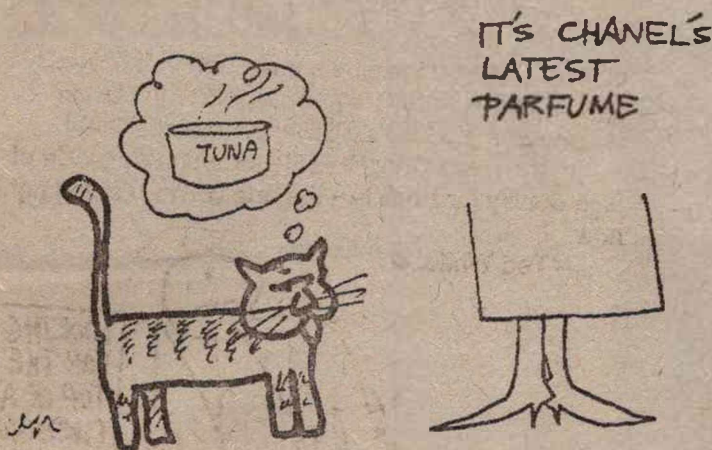


turned out to be doctors, both women. I talked more to Elizabeth Hull than Fred Pohl. Then out of the blue appeared Tim Kirk! (Just in time, too, as I'd like him to illustrate *The Wizard and Us*, if I sell it.) And I violated my "No LA" for I did talk to Barbara Hambly. Walked her back to her hotel late one night. As she shrugged into black leather jacket, she said she was glad she'd brought it as it was cold. And it made her look like a bull dyke no one wanted to bother.

Brad Foster was always too busy, never saw Richard Hescox, and others, like Steve Leialoha, I just howdied, basically. Luise Parenne was sick so I saw her for two minutes. (Ah, the swirl and bustle of a con. "Have you seen So-and-So?" is good for five minutes tops. At least two hours after a woman told me to tell her husband that she was looking for him, I saw him, but figured what use was any possible message -- actually I just forgot ten minutes after she told me, because by then it was invalid, as she hadn't said she would be any place in particular -- so that evening, at the Hugos, she didn't just cuss me out -- which alone would have been dumb -- but *lectured* me. Then continued to lecture me. Husband owes me one for not causing him any more trouble by telling her where she could put it.)

Talked to Jim Benford -- boy are the Benfordli lovers of gossip! I told Greg Bear how much I liked his work and he brought me to lunch. (I'm going to have to develop this around midday at every con.) Dave Hartwell suggested a new agent (when I asked) and Lizzie Lynn was her usual smiley self. I reminded her of our first meeting, back in the Jurassic period. Mutual friends had been telling us we should meet each other.

At a Carr New Year's Eve party she bounced up, introduced herself. I do not know what prompted me.







She was then in an, shall we say, alternative lifestyle. Seconds after we met I swept her into my arms and gave her one of those bent-back 45-degree kisses. she went with it 100%. She got the promise of a replacement LL badge.

Some people I just said hello to. Didn't get much of a chance to talk more than a few words with Harry Harrison, George RR Martin, Frank Catalano, Greg or Joan Benford, Quinn Yarbrow, Bill Donaho, Art Widner, Vernor Vinge, Wombat, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Jack Haldeman, Connie Willis, Alicia Austin, Jack Williamson, and some others. (And of course, there were those I didn't care to talk to.)

I know, as a pro, I should be talking to authors and such, but unless there is just a conversation, basically unrelated to The Biz, I'm not really interested. The agent I'm going to fire at year's end was there, but we never saw each other.

Karen Haber was at the autograph table next to a writer (one I don't read) whose line went out of sight, so I gave her a mercy visit, explaining this had happened to me, in 1984, with Frank Herbert's line going to



We're used to the martinis at five o'clock every afternoon.

Albuquerque. I got "mercy visits" from friends, so I gave her one and did what I did in '84 -- I drew an alien plate of food, a bottle of *Chateau Mimeo*, etc. (I also drew an orange slice, but it got back to me how sexist I was -- some woman thought it was a breast!!)

Several conversations with Jay Kay Klein, and almost none of it about photography. Saw Christine's huge photo collection of sf luminaries. The art show had several pieces I'd like -- most Arlin Robbins' sculpture and some models, plus a few of the pro pix. Not much of value below the top pro work.

Speaking of top pros, I was on a panel with Kelly Freas, Michael Whelan and Whelan came late. I turned innocently to hand him the mike, saying, "Tell them who you are." He said, "I'm Michael Whelan" and everyone, including me, started to walk out. (I was just passing on what Steve Barnes had done to me in 1984...but the 500 people who walked out on me is much more impressive than a hundred or so.)

ConFrancisco was not only Roger Dean's first con, but ours was his first panel. Seems like a very nice guy and I suspect he might be talented.

Mostly I avoided LA fans, telling them "I can talk to you anytime," but I did talk/hug Sherry Gottlieb, because even when we lived a couple of miles apart we only saw each other at cons in distant cities.

I got boobs in the chest all the Con (Amy Thomson gave me regular maintenance doses). Since I acknowledge it ("Oh, I'm getting a boob in the belly!") they seem to either be put-off or amused. I did have a conversation with some woman, don't remember whom, about how guys "accidentally" elbow boobs, but I said I'm sure there even *more* women who "innocently" shove a boob against a guy, like that area doesn't send Sense of Feeling messages to the brain. Right.

Alexis introduced me to the Nada-Chair (the backless chair) which needs some improvements but is really good -- I'm wearing it now.

The masquerade was Sturgeon's Law -- some brilliant, but mostly people you'd like better if they took their full stage time or had a presentation at all. Few had read *Rotsler's* rules.

Of course, the highlight of the con for me was drawing with Alexis A. Gilliland, which we did a lot.

The highlight of the con would have been or should have been something else. I found there were three women there who I mildly lust after. Understand this is Very Unusual. I rarely find any. But these ladies are intelligent, amusing, very nice people, interesting and attractive. One I lost interest in, however; another was



just too, too straight, and one is still Question Mark City.

Of this last one I conducted a (ha-ha) seduction by cartoon. I was good. You know what I mean? I was good. But as she was a virgin (Alexis says, "A body tends to stay at rest") I do not hold out great hopes.

I am also aware that I suppose I bring a feeling of the sexual freedom of the 60's and 70's into the AIDS-tainted 90's. Going to bed for the sheer fun and adventure of it isn't there anymore. I also suppose I still have some sort of reputation as a sexual buccaneer -- deserved or not, then or not, then or now -- and I know while this attracts some women, it repels others. But, damn, I was good on the cartoon level! How often do I say that about myself, I ask you?

The third night, talking to an old dear friend, Maude Kirk, who I once put into some Star Trek thing or another as Kirk's great-grandmother. She and her friend offered to drive me back to my hotel. So we walked almost the same distance in the other direction, to find

I AM COSTUMED  
AS THE DARK  
GOD OF EVIL  
LORE



YOU'VE WON A  
PRIZE AS MISTER  
POTATO HEAD.



his car dead. So we sat and waited and talked and I hit the sheets at 4:35 am. I did find out that the tiny tattoo on her right mastoid -- a lightning bolt thru a heart -- she got somewhere and thought it looked like my drawing -- and in fact I have done drawings like that! She just hadn't gotten it directly from anything of mine. I hate tattoos and didn't want to be responsible, even by mistake.

I thought the programming was strange. With the exception of the Cartoon Jam panel, I kept hearing "Why am I on this panel?" Pedestrian panel ideas, a weird cut on panelists, as if whoever assigned them knew nothing about them or the subject.

The worst was the Cartoon Jam. Weeks before I had sent a letter saying I needed a mike (no mike, but the room was small, so okay); I specified an overhead projector of the kind that will take ordinary paper (we got a projector all right, but it was the kind that needed clear

I AM COSTUMED  
AS THE GODDESS  
OF PLENTY



DO I PUT HER  
IN A SPECIAL  
CATEGORY... OR  
TWO SPECIAL  
CATEGORIES?



acetate sheets and there were none. With paper you can give them to people or auction them off for the con, getting them money -- all explained early on.) But the worst was the paper. I had requested typer paper or small pads. The pens were the chunky kind (Bad, but not impossible.) We got huge pads of inferior newsprint -- and one was graph paper so when you drew on the back there was a low-relief waffle design -- and they were mounted on easels that we so low you had to squat like an animal. Even moving them on the stage didn't help, and to do that we had to move the table and chairs. As a result I thought we were pretty bad (Gilliland, Foglio, Harvia, and myself).

The last day of the con Bob Lichtman took Neola and I to Oakland, to see one of the dearest people who ever populated my life with her small, elegant parade -- Carol Carr, who I had not seen in some years.

We met another friend we have not seen in years -- Barbara Silverberg -- at Skates, right on the Bay with our own personal sunset behind the Golden gate. Old Friend talk -- you know the kind. Barbara's house was

I AM COSTUMED  
AS YAHWEH, THE  
HEBREW GOD OF  
VENGEANCE!



FUNNY, YOU  
DON'T LOOK  
LIKE L. RON  
HUBBARD.





one of the first to go in the Oakland Firestorm of a couple of years ago. Her insurance company had her bunking in a super aptment in Emeryville, 29 floors, I think, up. (The rent is more than three times the rent on my house.) Great art, fine kaleido-scopes, good person, old times restored and digitized.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all was almost the very last thing of the con, after we returned from across the bay (thanks again, Bob "Robert" Lichtman). Several years back a certain individual (we'll call him Beam) lost his job, asked a prominent member of our sf community to get him one, which he did. Beam royally screwed it up, was fired. Understand he is Very Intelligent, has some charm, isn't a Pigger. He asked Paul Turner to help him, which he did, getting him a job at North American. There he screwed up again, claimed credit for things he had no right to, and got fired. Now he is hysterically eulging the above-named Big Name and the person who hired him and Paul and North American and anyone else that stood near by. (Draw your own conclusions about his sanity.)

That afternoon he went out of his way to literally get in Neola's face and go on and on about how she was going to lose her house, get her just desserts, etc. -- and she's only married to Paul! When she told me this I started looking for him. Don't fuck with my friends, baby.

I didn't find him but that night, on a final round we walked into the SFFWA suite. I said, "There's [Beam]" and started toward him. Neola immediately grabbed me and headed out, actively avoiding confrontation. We were in the room for 5 seconds, tops.

I made the mistake of checking out a room off the foyer, while Neola went on out. Unknown to me, Beam followed her out. I emerged but seconds later to find them struggling just outside the double doors. His drink and ice cubas were flying. He instantly teleported into the foyer yelling about assault and battery, law suits, "Did you see that?" etc. He asked me, "Did you see that?"

Without ever touching him I backed him against the wall and in the quietest, perhaps the most deadly voice of my life told him, "you leave her alone. You stay away from her. She doesn't exist for you." He started to go on and on and I forced him by will (I think) to look at me, "She doesn't exist for you. She is my friend. You leave her alone or you will *sorry*."

Have I ever mentioned putting "steel" in a voice? There was cross-braced structural steel in that speech balloon. I did not threaten him by saying what might happen, I *advised* him.

The weird thing is that I don't think he really heard me. He is a "world of his own" type and that world is crumbling. Doors are closing. I honestly would not be surprised if he ended up a suicide. But if he ignores what I said -- and the way I said it -- he is an even bigger fool than I think he is.

We left. At the elevator were SFFWA members that I didn't know. One asked, "Who was that guy -- so we can avoid him in the future."

Beam is burning bridges with a firestorm of stupidity.

Wound up in a hotel bar talking to Tim Powers, Len Wein, plus transient others until the wee hours and flew



back the next day. Vaya Con Dios con. Never saw much of San Francisco. Never saw the Trans-America tower for example, but did see the new "Wurlitzer Building," which looks like a building from a movie or a comic book. Saw "A Firestorm Project" signs in Oakland. Saw a sign on a bus, converted to private use: "I am not hungry. I am not homeless, but I will work for sex. God Bless You." --Bill Rotsler (All drawings accompanying this article are copyrighted by the artists, William Rotsler and Alexis A. Gilliland, and/or Rotsler & Gilliland.)

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She was fair and pure as a lily that had bloomed in Paradise  
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Nearly everyone agreed the mule line had to go.  
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*Another glimpse into the amazing world of Luke McGuff.  
Relax, you can take your hands away from your chest...*

## The Great Wreck of '93

### A Tiny Tale of Terror

by Luke McGuff

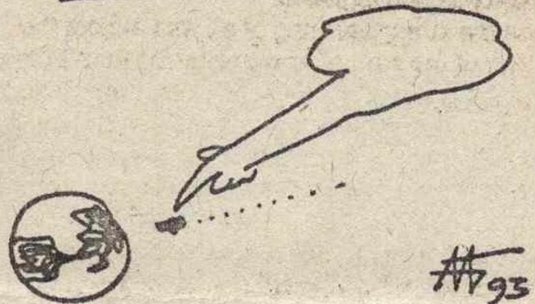
Listening to oldies adds an irreality to experience. I've heard those songs (all of which I recognize within a few bars) so many times and under so many different circumstances, and especially as so many soundtracks for movies and commercials, that I have no experiences to tie them to, no associations of my own to make with the music. Especially after *Blue Velvet*, there is a sinister feeling to the whole idea of "Good Time Oldies" (every oldies station promises to play "good time" oldies). The first time I was in a strip joint, the girl danced to The Doors, which kept me wondering what movie I was in (a bad one, as it turned out).

I started thinking about this when Jane Hawkins, Andy Hooper and I rode down to Orycon together last month, in Carrie Root's car. Part of the way we listened to a SW Washington oldies station, KISN. The feeling of irreality was heightened by the Firesign Theater-esque nature of some of KISN's advertisements and announcements: "This Minute Traffic Update is brought to you by Minute Rice. Perfect rice every time, with Minute Rice. Every package of Minute Rice includes special Minute Rice-ipples, to help make Minute Rice the perfect accompaniment to every meal." I remember noticing that they spent more time on Minute Rice than they did on the traffic report. The news was sponsored by Henry's 208 Wet Patch Roofing Cement: "Raindrops falling on your head? Then you need Henry's 208 Wet Patch Roofing Cement," which by the fifth time we heard it was pretty darn funny, lemme tell ya. But I'll spare you the full recreation of that effect.

Things really started to layer as I stared out the back window, sorting out what movie I was in and wondering who the director was. "Look at those lights on the top of the hill," Jane said, "they look like they're floating in space." And in fact, I had just assumed the lights were reflections on the window, coming from my right. I looked out the passenger side and realized that the angles meant they would have come from the seat next to me. Seeing them as they were -- a strand of streetlights on the top of a sheer hillside -- paradoxically added another layer to my experience, like looking up at the sky from a foot deeper in the lake.

Then the flashing blue lights of an emergency vehicle sped by us, leaving us stuck in a middle-of-

HOLD IT, ROCK...  
THIS I WANT TO SEE!



nowhere traffic jam, to the tune of Danny and the Juniors' "At the Hop." As the traffic jam crept forward, we began to see that the right-hand lane was taken up with parked emergency trucks and Seattle news vans. In the woods there were a couple of plastic tents, brilliantly lit from inside.

Then we saw the train wreck, cars tossed about like a giant child's abandoned toys. Hah! Really: It looked casual, not like one of the worst head-on train wrecks this region has ever seen. As we inched forward, we saw more and more wreckage, one boxcar twisted 180 degrees on its axis, so the front and back sets of wheels pointed in opposite directions. By the time we had crept past the work crews and the engines, I had forgotten about the music entirely. I saw one workman handing a large tool to another, looking like they had been filmed in slow motion. One engine itself was smashed in for a good third of its length, peeled back and twisted, like a banana, as it were. What must it have been like to see that? They said on the news four people were still missing, but it looked like those bodies had vanished in the impact.

It would make the world literally move under your feet to see something like that, a freight train engine become fluid enough to peel and collapse in on itself, boxcars leaping into the air like salmon, spinning on their axes, the rails lifted up, wheels flying away from them. Seeing the train lying there, I could barely imagine the motions it had gone through, let alone the sounds and smells, the physical concussion of the impact on an observer.

Jane was still craning her neck to look back, but we were through the gaper's block, a fast song came on, and pretty soon we were laughing to Henry's 208 Wet Patch Roofing Cement again.



At the convention, people swapped stories about how much time the traffic jam had added to their trip. One guy said he wished he had seen it because he could have sold the pictures to a railroading magazine. (If I'd been there, I'd sure have leapt for whatever recording device I had to hand.) Another guy said that black boxes revealed that about a third of the time, "Oh shit" were the last words of pilots or engineers. Many people expressed relief that the trains hadn't been carrying passengers or toxic waste.

The convention itself was kind of low key and fun. A fair amount of sitting around and joking. The height of faanishness was reached at a party in which the participants made up fake car names [My favorite: *The Honda Quaalude* -- Andy]. On the way back, we drove by the site of the wreck in daylight, but much of it had been cleared away, and people hardly slowed down to look. We listened to KISN on the way back as well, and even heard some of the same songs. But they still don't really *mean* anything, not even the great wreck of '93.

-- Luke McGuff ●

A word from Carrie: Because of the quantity of material that insinuated itself into this issue, not to speak of gruesomely extended visits to Maine, my long-promised column has been put off 'til SB #25. However, I swear on my Frequent Flyer credits that the article (a review of all the books I read while traveling this year) will be done by then. Also in our next issue we'll have an article by new contributor Jim Brooks, a beat poem from Luke McGuff, and a year-end fanzine review. Happy New Year!

Boys from the Dwarf.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

John Bangsund  
P.O. Box 1096  
Thornbury, Victoria 3071  
Australia

Velma Bowen and Mark Richards  
P.O. Box 021831  
Brooklyn, NY 11202-0039

Mike DuCharme  
7400 Plum Creek, Apt. 2703  
Houston, TX 77012-4007

Brian McNett  
1226 Gregory Way #9  
Bremerton, WA 98310-6100

Scott Spence  
1800 Market St. #76  
San Francisco, CA 94102-6227

Cindy Ward  
18225 167th Ave. NE  
Woodinville, WA 98072-5206

SPENT BRASS #23/24  
C/O Mark Manning  
1709 South Holgate  
Seattle, WA 98144 USA

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED



Lee Hoffman  
3290 Sunrise Trail  
Pt. Charlotte, FL 33952