

---

The Third Annual Spent Brass Poll  
Official Ballot

---

(Yes, it's that time again - time to rack your brains and try to remember last year's fanzines and their contributors. This year, we've decided to refine our focus again and concentrate solely on written fanac. Awards will be given in the categories of: Favorite Fan Writer for Humor, Favorite Fan Writer for Essay, Favorite Fan Artist for Cartooning, Favorite Fan Artist for Illustration, and Favorite Fanzine. We hope that everyone will find it easier to remember their favorites in each of these divisions. to be eligible, a person's work or a fanzine title must have appeared at least once during 1994, and this year, anyone is eligible. We've provided places for up to five votes in each category; a first place vote is worth five points, a fifth-place finish worth one. Simple, right? The only catch is this: Ballots must be returned to 4228 Francis Ave. N # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, by March 31st, 1995.

---

**Favorite fan writer for humor**

- 1.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

**Favorite fan artist for cartooning**

- 1.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

**Favorite fan writer for essay**

- 1.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

**Favorite fan artist for illustration**

- 1.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

**Favorite Fanzine**

- 1.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4.) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5.) \_\_\_\_\_

# The Third Annual Essay Contest

Yes, the time has come again to look for brains and try to remember last year's winners and their essays. This year we've decided to have our focus again on the essay. Awards will be given in the following categories: Favorite Essay, Favorite Artist for Illustration, and Favorite Poem. We hope everyone will find it easy to remember their favorites in each of these categories. To be eligible a person's work or a favorite title must have appeared at least once during 1994 and 1995. Any work is eligible. We've made it easy for you to vote in each category. A first place vote is worth five points, a fifth place vote is worth one point. The only catch is this: Before mailing your ballot to 400 Seattle WA 98103 by March 1st, 1996.

## Favorite Essay

- 1) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) \_\_\_\_\_

## Favorite Artist for Illustration

- 1) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) \_\_\_\_\_

## Favorite Poem

- 1) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) \_\_\_\_\_

## Favorite Poem

- 1) \_\_\_\_\_
- 2) \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) \_\_\_\_\_

# SPENT BRASS

This is the 27th Issue of a quarterly fanzine without a "hide game" key. Edited and published by Andrew Hooper and Carrie Root, of 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa, supporters afal. This is Drag Bunt Press Production # 211, 2/8/94 Available for the usual, i.e., letters of comment, submissions of art or prose, or your own fanzine in trade. Material in this issue comes from Andy, Scott Custis & Jeanne Gomoll, Victor Gonzalez, Mark Manning and our correspondents. Art by Chloe (title), Teddy Harvia (page 6), Bill Kunkel (page 4), Bill Rotsler (page 3), Susan L. Sherman (page 9), Dan Steffan (page 1) and Pat Virzi ("Blowback" logo).

---

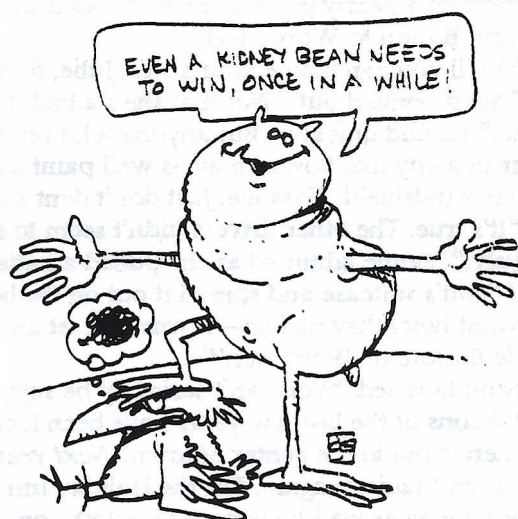
So I'm looking for a girl with a gun and a job...and a house...with cable....

---

## DESIRE UNDER THE RAINY-TOWN TATTLER

by Andy

IT'S ABOUT TIME we faced reality and dropped the word "frequent" from the colophon. The many tribulations which have kept us from publishing this issue for almost nine months are tedious to relate and doubly-so to read, but suffice to say that just as we finally possess the financial wherewithal to publish a really frequent fanzine, we no longer have the time to do it. Going quarterly seems a short step down from "frequent, if you ask me, especially in that it will require us to put out twice as many issues in 1995 as we did in 1994. Still, best foot forward; we have every intention to bring another issue with us to Corflu in two short months, including a transcription of John Bartelt's Corflu NoVa GoH speech, a piece by Candi Strecker, Carrie promises something and perhaps a special re-print article that has not been seen in this country before. Plus, the results of the SB Poll, assuming people are willing to return their ballots. Don't forget to send questions to ASK DR. FANDOM, C/O Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046, and fanzines for review to our "new" fanzine reviewer, Mark Manning (1709 S. Holgate, Seattle, WA 98144). THE HAPPIEST EVENT we heard about in the past nine months was the birth of Nicholas Benjamin Winz, October 30th, 1994, to Kim and Pete Winz of Durham, NC. Our former house mates and fellow apa-hackers continue to send dispatches on the utter wonderfulness of young Nicholas, who by all reports should have won an Olympic decathlon and discovered a cure for the common cold by the time you read this. Congratulations to all concerned! ALL READERS WHO LONG TO give me a piece of their mind in person should note that my public appearance for this year will occur courtesy of ReinCONation - uh, Five? - who have asked me to be their fan GoH. I don't know much about it beyond the fact that it's taking place the weekend of October 15th, and I'm to bring my fez. More details will appear as they float to the top of the paper pond. DIRE PRONOUNCEMENTS I made last time about the decline of CUBE appear to have been grossly premature. Lots of happy buzzing about how Hope Kiefer has now published four issues of CUBE since May, reached at Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701-1624 (or by e-mail at CubeNews@aol.com) for subscription information. Cool. MYe-mail address is now A.Hooper5@GEnie.geis.com, if you feel the need to contact me through that medium.



TAFF VOTING DEADLINE IS April 29th. Vote **Dan Steffan** ! Vote now! Vote Cheerfully! BY NOW you probably know that one of the main reasons I haven't devoted a lot of time to publishing *Spent Brass* in the past year is that I started writing a small-run perzine, *Apparatchik*, just before Silvercon III last spring. APAK, as I abbreviate it, has been fun because of the pace of publication and response; I wrote one every week for ten weeks, and since then have maintained a bi-weekly schedule. I've gotten a lot of LoCs on APAK, and have been happy to publish many of them; it's been nice to have a 'zine that you can send a LoC, see it published, and read response in the next issue, in the time that an issue of *Spent Brass* is blundering your way in the tender mercies of the Bulk Mail system. Part of why it has worked so well is the number I make; 55 copies for the U.S., and 35 for the U.K. and a few Canadians. It's a manageable project, and I want to keep it that way. So far I have been able to focus on an audience that enjoys chewing over quasi-smoffish minutiae and fan-historical anecdote. But I am aware that there are people on the SB mailing list who might want to see APAK as well. If you want to join the list, or feel that I should have been trading with you all along, send me a note and I'll figure something out. A complete run of all 26 issues published to date will cost you \$7.00 and postage, but I'm happy to have them printed anytime. THIS SB is a pre-production edition going to fans in FAPA and Potlatch; fans who come across it for the first time in this manner are invited to let us know if they would like to be added to the mailing list. -aph☐



---

Just because you're sick is no reason you can't be stylish

---

## THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' LIKE A CON

by Scott Custis and Jeanne Gomoll

"Readercon 7 reminded me a lot of WisCon," said Scott, as he zipped open his suitcase and began unpacking.

"Not me," said Jeanne. "Right away I could tell we weren't in Madison anymore. Boston drivers are insane. They care more about passing the next guy than their own lives. We nearly got killed four times during the trip from Boston to Worcester!"

"Well you can blame your sister, Julie, for most of that," Scott pointed out. "Not that she's a bad driver, of course," he said quickly. "But anyone who rents a white Jaguar in a city like Boston may as well paint a big sign on their windshield: 'Pass me. Just don't dent my car!'"

"It's true. The other drivers didn't seem to take her seriously," Jeanne admitted as she pulled a battered map out of Scott's suitcase and spread it out on the bed. "But look what hotel they picked—it was at least an hour outside Boston, in *Worcester!*"

Scott laughed. "You can't seriously be saying that the WisCons of the last few years have been located anywhere close to the center of town! *Next year* we'll be downtown Madison again. But the Holiday Inn Southeast may as well have been in Beloit - or Worcester. And the Readercon hotel held about the same number of rooms as Madison's Holiday Inn. In fact, both hotels tended to hold us hostage with their over-priced restaurants, which we patronized because there weren't any good restaurants nearby. And," Scott summed up, convinced he'd won the argument, "Readercon's and WisCon's attendance totals match up."

"About 600 people attended Readercon," Jeanne admitted. "Not too far from our 500+ average. But that's where Readercon and WisCon start looking really different. You could hardly wedge yourself up to the Tiptree Bakesale table without tripping over some SF professional. George Flynn put together a really nice fanzine display, but you've got to admit that this convention was definitely oriented toward pros."

"True. There was Ursula Le Guin—who was the Guest of Honor. Terri Windling was the other GoH, but we didn't see any of her programs did we?" Scott asked.

"Not that I remember. But we saw a lot of the Tiptree folks, Pat Murphy, Steve Brown, Susan Casper, Suzy Charnas, and the Tiptree winner, of course, Nicola Griffith. I thought both she and her partner, Kelly were great. I hope we can get them to come to WisCon for our 20th anniversary." Jeanne said. "Who else?"

Scott pulled out his program book and read off some names: "Nancy Kress, Ellen Kushner, Gardner Dozois, Paul Park, Pat Cadigan, Chip Delany, Melissa

Scott, James Morrow, Susanna Sturgis, David Hartwell, S. N. Lewitt, Theresa Nielsen Hayden, Moshe Feder, Barry Malzberg—"

"Barry Malzberg? He was there?" Jeanne asked.

"Yup, and Patricia McKillip, too, and Judith Merrill, Kit Reed, Delia Sherman, and dozens of other names that I don't even recognize."

"Just like *WisCon*?" Jeanne sneered.

"Well—" Scott groaned.

"And did you notice? No masquerade, no games room, no art show, no one dressed in costume. *Not one single costume!* And where did we spend most of our evenings? In room parties? No, no, no. We hung out with people in the bar, drinking beer—well, *you* drank beer—and talking. It reminded me of a British con, actually. Just like WisCon? I think not." Jeanne grinned, licked her finger, and drew a number "1" in the air.

Scott chuckled, but then, as he thumbed his way through the rest of the program book countered, "On the other hand, you've got to admit that both WisCon and Readercon must have a similar sercon reputation. Remember, Readercon ran six tracks of programming. Most of it was serious and a lot of it was feminist. Doesn't that remind you of WisCon just a little bit?"

"You've got a point there," Jeanne agreed. "In fact, Steve Swartz told me he talked to some Readercon veterans who told him that this year's con felt really different to them from previous years. There were a lot more political panels, for example, and one guy apparently noticed that women panelists seemed to be 'in charge.'" Jeanne laughed. "Maybe that's why I liked Readercon so much."

"We went to most of the politically-oriented panels, but there were lots of other good programs too. We were complaining as much as people always complain at WisCon about tough choices caused by cross-programming." Scott reminded Jeanne as he licked his finger and drew a number "1" in the air.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Jeanne. "In a *general* way the programming reminded me of WisCon's. But the literary panels focused much more on the Pro side of literature—the process of writing and selling—whereas WisCon audiences, I think, usually tend to want to talk more about meaning and interpretations of works. Which is ironic—don't you think?—since it's called *Readercon*."

"And now I think we should discuss the book shop," Jeanne said, as she unzipped another compartment of Scott's suitcase and pulled out a few hard cover books.

"Where did those come from? Are those books *yours*? No wonder my suitcase was so heavy!" Scott cried. "And where is my brew pub poster?"

"We didn't have room for that," said Jeanne. "Now about the book shop. They didn't even call it a hucksters room or a dealers room. I kind of liked the fact that only books were sold there—no badges, no weapons, no jewelry—but it would have been nice if the dealers had offered more books by authors actually attending the con."

"The Readercon book shop definitely catered to collectors," said Scott. "The dealers seemed genuinely surprised by and unprepared for the huge demand for books by women writers. Your point, I think. But now we get to the Tiptree ceremony." Scott pulled a black t-shirt, decorated with a gorgeous Freddie Baer silk-screen design, from his suitcase and handed it to Jeanne. "I think this is yours, too."

"Wow. Wasn't the Tiptree Ceremony great?" said Jeanne. "I couldn't believe it when Susan Casper came over to the head table and convinced Ursula, Pat, Ellen Klages and me to sing *There Ain't Nothing Like a Dame* after dinner in front of that huge audience!"

"Doesn't that remind you of how *you* convinced a bunch of women at last year's Tiptree ceremony to sing the suffragette song from *Mary Poppins*? I kept thinking *deja vu*. Even Pat Murphy's speech about the Tiptree phenomenon sounded familiar. Don't take this as a criticism, dear, but a lot of people at WisCon would have recognized the speech you delivered after Pat's, about how you think the Tiptree Award is a feminist award," Scott pointed out.

"It was Ursula's turn next," said Jeanne. "She promoted the Tiptree short list fiction and then announced the Tiptree winner, Nicola Griffith."

"And just like WisCon, everyone at the convention already knew who had won the award. In fact, Readercon published the whole list, including winner's name, in their memory book. Which is a bit unorthodox for a generic award ceremony, but traditional for the Tiptree - as well as for WisCon!" Scott said.

"All right, I agree. After all, Pat and I did organize the ceremony. There were bound to be a few similarities with previous years," Jeanne admitted. "But it turned out that Nicola's personal circumstances lent a special significance to her winning the Tiptree."

"That's right. She's been fighting US Immigration Services for a couple years. She said in her speech that she's 'made a bit of legal history, and become the first openly lesbian writer to get approved for permanent residence on the basis of the lesbian science fiction [she writes].' She is now, officially, an 'alien of exceptional ability.'" said Scott. "Hope Kiefer is publishing Nicola's speech in *Cube*."

"Yes," said Jeanne, "And then Ursula gave her GoH speech. Although I will admit that there was a very WisConish sort of ambiance about the ceremony so far,

no one expected Ursula to start out her speech with the sentence 'I am a man.' What a great, funny speech!"

"I'll say. They published it in the Readercon memory book, didn't they?" Scott asked

"Right here," Jeanne said as she paged through the Readercon Memory Book. "She said that women hadn't been invented when she was growing up. 'People were men. They all had one pronoun.' I liked how she said she was going to invent old women now."

"No one would have left before Ursula delivered that wonderful speech, but I was amazed that people continued to sit still for the next two program items. I mean, after all, it had been at least two or three hours since the banquet had begun. Pat Murphy's interview of Ursula and the Tiptree auction took up another hour and a half at least," Scott recalled.

"But Ellen Klages' hilarious auction kept *me* glued to my seat, even though I began to think longingly of the rest room. How much did she raise?" Jeanne asked. "There wasn't much to auction: four special Freddie Bear shirts with last year's and this year's design silk-screened front and back. A first edition cookbook, and a few books donated by Tiptree judges."

"Don't you remember? They sold just \$45 less than \$1000 when you donated the photograph of the Tiptree-Quilt-In-Progress." Scott said.

"Oh, that's right. Some poor guy offered \$20 and Ellen said 'No, no, no. We need \$45.' And so he said 'OK. \$45.' Amazing. Did you hear that the Tiptree sales table sold another \$1700-worth of bakery, T-shirts and cookbooks? What a tremendous success it all was, and it turns out a floating Tiptree Award really works. Now a whole new group of fans have been turned into rabid supporters of gender-bending fiction!" said Jeanne.

Scott unzipped the last compartment of his suitcase into which all his clothes had been stuffed. With some effort, he pulled a badly wrinkled shirt from the mass. "You really do need a bigger suitcase," Jeanne observed, and then she sighed. "You know, I think you're right. Readercon was a lot like WisCon."

"I don't know. Maybe *you* need a bigger suitcase. But, I was thinking about B. Diane Martin's announcement that the convention would go on hiatus next year. They're taking a year off to—what did she say?—to 'pursue other projects.' I don't think the WisCon committee would ever make a decision like that," said Scott. "So I have to disagree. Readercon wasn't anything like WisCon."

Scott and Jeanne argue like this all the time.

-- © 1994, Scott Custis & Jeanne Gomoll



---

...Shetland made her jumpers, and the Devil made her features...

---



## JUST LIKE IT WAS

by Victor Gonzalez

Ted White, whom I hadn't seen in six years, relieved me of the cost of a motel for two nights I recently spent in Washington, D.C. My national affairs reporting class, a part of my year at the Columbia graduate school of journalism, field-tripped the capital to interview bigwigs both journalistic and political.

Ted and I sat across a small table littered with maps and schedules in his living room, ostensibly discussing my itinerary. I had, however, pulled out a micro cassette recorder, made by Olympus, that I use to tape interviews. It's the size of a pack of cigarettes and records at half speed, allowing two hours of time for a one hour tape. Ted was doubtful that the fidelity could be sufficient. "You know, I don't have to tell you I'm using this," I said, showing off the practical education \$18,000 buys.

"Really?" Ted replied, handing me a smoking dinosaur.

"As long as one person knows, it's legal," I responded, raspily.

"You know," he said, pointing with the dinosaur toward the machine, "I'm glad I didn't have one of those in the old days. Because if I did, I would have relied on it incessantly."

"I do rely on it too much," I coughed out. "One of the things I've learned about being a reporter is that you don't have to be that complete. You can take notes and do a perfectly adequate job. And it's so much easier to not have to transcribe...."

Ted's head tilted back into the light from the standing lamp by the table. "Let me tell you a little story, if I may," he said, his voice signaling revelation. "And this is, of course, a true story, from my own background as journalist."

"I was commissioned by *Rogue* magazine in 1961 to do a write-up on what was being called by the press the Washington Square riot, or the folksinger riots."



♦♦♦

"Now, I was *Rogue's* riot specialist because I had done the riot at Newport, which was about the jazz festival in 1960, in which there really was a riot, and the police used tear gas."

"Anyway, I was down here that weekend. In fact, I read about it in the newspapers down here, and saw a lot about it on the TV news. I got back to New York and there was a telegram for me saying they wanted me to report on it, and that they were sending me material. The material arrived a day later, by fax, or whatever it was then."

"It was this big photograph they were going to run. It showed this cop, with his tongue out like that, and he's got this grin on his face, and he's bringing this Billy club down, hard, on somebody's head, who was kind of sprawled across the hood of a car."

"It's an astonishing photo, and a good reason to do a piece so they could run the photo."

"So what to do? I wasn't there."

"Well, the obvious answer was, I went to Izzy Young. I had been introduced to him a year or two earlier by Lee Hoffman, he ran the folklore center, down in the old village. Izzy was kind of a folksinger maven. And Dutch Uncle."

"Now in those days, in order to do anything in a New York City park, you were required to get a permit from the parks department. Sometimes these were easy to get, if you knew the right people and pulled the right strings; sometimes they weren't. This was the year of Robert Wagner as mayor, and Robert Moses was parks commissioner, along with 20 other things."

"Moses, of course," I said remembering required reading and the Cross Bronx Expressway.

"However, for some reason, they decided to deny this permit on a particular Sunday. And so the folksingers marched in protest around the sidewalk periphery of the square, carrying placards and singing 'We Shall Overcome' or whatever."

"The New York City police were dealing with it okay, when they sent in, I forget what they call it, the Tactical Squad. These were the guys on horseback; they were sent in to 'break it up,' and they sure did. They waded in, they turned it into a riot, which it had not previously been. And that's the bare bones of what happened."

"I got all this stuff as a narrative from Izzy, and I wrote down numbers. I didn't write down anything else. I wrote down the numbers he supplied about how many people were there, how many cops, times that things occurred, etcetera."

"And then I went back to Towner Hall and sat down and wrote the piece. And --"

"Did you use any quotes?" I asked.

"Oh, I used lots of quotes. I wrote it as though I were writing fiction, or fan anecdotes, more accurately. I got into Izzy's voice, and I had him supplying the narration much as he had. Okay? I made it all up."

"Right."

"All I did was make sure the numbers were right. By which you can translate to facts -- the facts were correct. When I had the thing completely finished in manuscript form, I took it over to Izzy. Because I was A, young, B, naive, and C, felt I owed it to him. I said 'Here. Check it out and tell me if you think this is okay.'

"He read it, and he finished reading it -- it was short -- and he looked up at me with this look of incredulity and awe on his face, and he said 'Where did you hide the tape recorder?' Because in those days tape recorders were big, like a Pentron, carried around by handles, and they were heavy.

"And he said, 'Where did you hide the tape recorder? That's incredible. You quoted me completely accurately. I've never had that experience with a journalist before.'

"And he said, 'Yeah, you've got it cold,' and I said 'Thank you.'

"And I sent it to *Rogue* and they printed it along with that picture of the cop, and they called it 'Balladeers and Billy clubs' -- "

"Oooh," I said, "that's sweet."

"Yeah, yeah, and you know, to me, that sums up my approach to journalism: make sure you get the facts right, and make up the dialogue, but make it truthful. I mean, make it in the sense that any good fiction writer's dialogue is truthful. Make it true to the character, make it something that he himself, upon reading it, will say, 'Yes, that's what I said.' Or, 'That's what I could have said,' or 'That sounds like me.'

"If you catch their way of speaking, and you don't misquote them, they'll swear by you. That's what counts."

With that he sat back in his chair and fondled his dinosaur. Thinking of the truth in the story, laughing, I hit "stop" on my Olympus.

--© 1994, Victor Gonzalez✉

---

Does anyone else know and can you trust 'em?

---

## LITTLE PAPER FACES

Fanzine Reviews by Mark Manning

Hi, Mark Manning here on the trail of good fanzines again. I say 'again', as this column had a lapse of four years or so. Andy and Carrie needed a fanzine review column, see, so I figured it was time to crank out the old typer and oblige. Hell, I'm really doing this to be nice to Saint Mike Glycer (one of the good things about LASFS) who used to like "Little Paper Pages" when it ran in the NWSFS clubzine, *Westwind*. A toast to Saint Mike!

A toast is also in order if you'd like to come to a world-wide fanparty organized by Ben Giraud in Quebec and Franz Miklis in Austria. On June 21, 1994, Summer Solstice, raise a glass at precisely 9:00 your time (considering the publishing schedule of *Spent Brass*, that probably means fans on the west coast) [Don't think of this as being late; think of it as being pre-timebound. -- aph] and toast: "We are fandom, we are a family, wherever you are, whatever you be." Trufannish, isn't it? If you participate, drop a line to Franz (Address below) or Ben (1016 Guillaume-Boisset, Cap-Rouge, Quebec G1Y 1Y9). Well, now that I've sweetened you up, I'm free to write KTF reviews, right? Maybe so, but for now, let's lead off on a somewhat nostalgic note instead.

The first zine on the stack today is *Habakkuk* Chapter 3, Verse 3. This ish, at 68 pp, is nearly as big as is editor Bill Donaho himself! Crammed with goodies, too: The ed's own memories of the Nunnery and Art Saha's of The Dive, Debbie Notkin's praise for three new genre novels (what, you actually *read* the stuff?!?), and superb art from Ray Nelson and Bill Rotsler, among

others. (Say, is *that* illo by David R. Haugh? Damn, I guess he's degafiated!)

Next zine up is Bill Danner's *Stefantasy*, Vol. 50, # 1. As *Stef* goes, it's a duller ish than most, but Bill should pop back next time, I predict. Oh, what's a *Stefantasy*? Typeset, oh yes, I *do* mean by hand with lead type, by the octogenarian fanned, *Stefs* contain an Atomillo on the cover, some nostalgic memories by Bill (in this case, some stuff about his job as a quality tester for Jones & Laughlin Steel), a humor page or two, and LoCs, mostly by fans, ajayers, and, of all things, train spotters. Kvetching about the US. Postal Service (sic) abounds. The mix usually works, but this time, things just don't accumulate critical mass somehow.

So, think I'll roll on to consider *Doodlebug* # 3. The editorship of this item is shared between the original editor, Laurie Yates, and her sweetie, long-time NYC fan (now transplanted to Las Vegas, in case you've been on Mars for the past three years or so) Bill Kunkel. *Doodlebug* sure has the look and feel of an old-time fmz, right down to the way in which the zine's name gets abbreviated (to *D-Bug*, yet) right on the cover. On the other hand, as long as we're being nostalgic here, why not go on and mimeo the sucker? It's stuff like this that put Fibretone paper on the endangered species list, Laurie and Bill!

Ahem. There's a nostalgic Ross Chamberlain cover, showing lechery at a BEM reunion. And opening the zine, there's a John Berry piece that tells of "24 Hours in the Life of a Trufan". That'd be 24 hours from the early 60's, to judge from the references to *Laramie* and *Bronco Layne*. Can you say 'timebinding', Meyer?

*Doodlebug* #3 has other, contemporary articles and illos, reflecting an intelligent interest in such topics



"What's the matter with these National League magnates?"

as anti-Semitism and the sexual politics of the porno industry, but I won't discuss them here, even though they were quite well done, I thought, as I'm on a roll talking about nostalgia today, and don't want to quit too early.

Here's a nostalgic line for you: Come with me to the *Cazbah*. Haw-haw-haw! I've always wanted to use that line in a meaningful context, in this case, to introduce Tracy Benton's *Cazbah* #1. Sadly, the nostalgic rush of using the line was just about all the enjoyment I got from the zine. The articles purported to deal with the things people -- fans -- do for fun. But the experience of the articles was a lot like wanting to buy some clothes and only being able to window shop.

Two reasons help to explain this phenom. First, some, maybe more than some, of the pieces were too formal, reserved, unforgiving. One was actually entitled "Two Subjects in Search of an Evening". Zzzzz. Second, they tended to cover subjects I don't give a crotled greep about (table-top wargaming, as discussed by A\*\*y H\*\*\*\*r and Ohio State ferghodssake football).

Tracy writes in her editorial that she's going through a painful divorce, so it's to be hoped that the next ish will be livelier. Having been in the Turbo-Charged Party-Animal Apa when she was co-OE, I think that's a hope that might well be fulfilled.

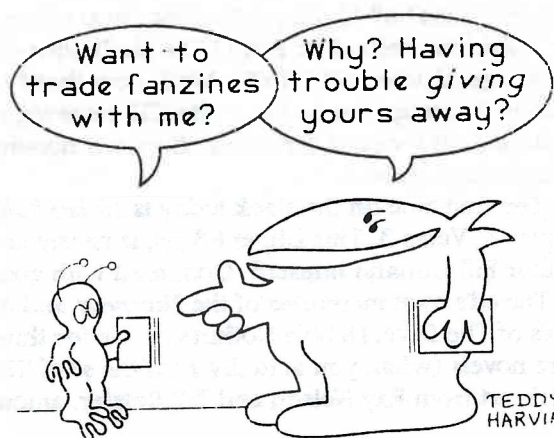
I'm not sure if *Erg* # 125 is a genzine or Terry Jeeves' perzine, and don't much care which, most of the time, as it's usually pretty good stuff. For his 35th Annish, he breaks out a New Computer. The typeface looks about the same, some British equivalent of the Courier that all U.S. computer printers use by default. Most of Terry's illos, however, suffer from being computer-generated. The nicest thing I can say about the best of them is that they don't look like they've been computer-generated. He redeems himself with a cute article on pseudo-scientific gizmos touted in fandom through the years, but, taken as a whole, the zine isn't quite up to the solid level of most issues of *Erg*.

*Thingummybob* #11 left me with the odd impression of an ish with high ambitions and some good material that got edited very quickly indeed. There aren't any LoCs or much of editor Chuck Connor's amusing gnatter. I miss 'em both in #11. What's there is pleasing enough, on warm spring evenings, if you care for such things. Steve Green and Chuck hisownself discuss - are you ready for this? - body piercings. All knowledge is contained in fanzines. Where else will you learn, without the risk of a Vice Squad raid, what a labret, fouchette, apadrayva, guiche or ampallang might be? Then there's Caroline Mullan's review of *Quim* ("a magazine of erotica for, by and about women-identified women") and Bernard Earp's discovery of an important moral limit to his interest in S&M. And then the zine is over, and you wonder where the rest of it got to.

I received two issues of Martin Tudor's *Empties* in the same envelope. I guess that shows us yet again that, in the current economic climate of recession recovery, everyone's got to economize. At any rate, it's a good zine, to judge from issues #12 & 13. Strange layout stuff, though: the text is in Courier or its British cousin, while the headlines are in a much more elegant and readable Time New Roman or some such. I've laid out zines that way, back in the days when I used to beg Edd Vick to run off my headlines on his laser printer. But I wasn't able to keep such tight margin control as Martin has here. It just doesn't look he's dropped the heads in and aligned them by eyeballing - which is, of course, the Only Fannish Way to do it. And it's quite unnecessary for Martin to give both the first and last pages for each article listed in the table of contents. One assumes, that if a piece begins on page 10, the previous article ended on either 9 or 10, right?

Whatever. First thing I noticed about the zines was the cover art by Shep Kirkbride. Do you wish as much as I that Kirkbride would send illos to U.S. faneds, too? Then there are the editorials, in which Martin chews over the gristle-cuts of his job and his relationship with Pam Wells. Nicely written and rather depressing stuff (ever think of moving to Leeds, Martin?). The articles by his contributors are excellent, though there's more of them in #12 than #13. We're talking ex-Seattleites Linda Blanchard and Lucy Huntzinger, Ted White (a little nostalgia article, "The Box from 1959", which reminds me of the head of this column somehow), Dave Bridges (on life in Texas, and damned odd it is, too), Irwin Hirsh and Perry Middlemiss from Oz, John Berry, Rhodri James, Dave Langford, and the list goes on. I don't think that any single item lets the others down, either. Go get on the mailing list of *Empties* is my advice.

Well, that's the Britzines, but not all of the good European fanzines come from England, you know. Here's Franz Miklis' entry, *The Galacto-Celtic Newsflash*. Not all of the articles Franz prints in this early number are quite top-notch, I think, but the sheer energy of his zine will surely attract talent to upcoming





issues. So, what kinds of things has lederhosen fandom got for us? Weird jokes, some quite good fan art from Franz and others, two typically and wonderfully psycho accounts by Swedish fan Holger Eliasson about live wargaming re-enactments of ancient Viking times, Michael Brunnbauer on movies, better-than-average fanfic by Jürgen Thomann and Anson Alman, plenty o' LoCs, and zine reviews that give you lots of info about Eurofandom. Good stuff (especially the Eliasson pieces, Franz's own gnatter, and the LoCs), with better to come. (If more of the kind of fanzine fans who read SB would trade with him, and send him copy....)

*Hildisvin* comes from the typer of Sweden's all-but-indescribable Holger Eliasson. We're talking 40 closely-spaced pages of marvelous madness here. Holger devotes much of his zinespace to a chatty and digression-packed conreport on Fantastica 1993, "A summer run, a Midsummer Con, and a few good ballads and things". Naturally the report contains the usual things you find in a conrep, like the analysis of the subliminal appeal to the Swedish value of fatherhood in Army recruitment ads, the problems involved in shooting moose, grisly medieval vampire and werewolf ballads, the core nature of Estonia, and what it feels like to have a bonesetting mystic heal you down in the basement while a party whirls blithely upstairs. But it's also a portrait of the oil-and water meeting of Holger Eliasson and Nancy Kress, the Fantastica Guest of Honor. Somehow, I expected that Holger and Nancy weren't exactly going to meet eye-to-eye when he related the story of buying a book, in preparation for the con, by her traveling companion for Fantastica, Mary Stanton, at the Stockholm SF Bookstore. Proprietor Anders Holmstrom did a double take. "This book," he told Holger, "if you pardon the expression, kind Sir, isn't quite your usual style, I like to think. Are you sure you want to buy it? Just look at the cover! It's got horses on it, and...."

The last few pages of *Hildisvin* #2 deals with an even more disastrous encounter with prodrom. The story is that Holger's report about meeting Harlan Ellison at a Scandinavian con resulted in John Henri Holmberg, main fiction editor at Bra Bocker, Sweden's largest publishing house, getting the report's publication quashed, at Harlan's insistence. \*Sigh\* It was bound to happen, I think, when those two met.

Let's move from strife-torn Sweden to a more peaceful corner of the globe: The Middle East, whence those wacky Egyptian fans, Tim Richards and Narelle Harris, send *Inconsequential Pyramids* #3. Actually, Tim and Narelle are Perth fans, studying abroad. This time, they report on their trip to Jordan and Syria, and reprint an article comparing Cairo taxis to Jurassic dinosaurs. It's a cute, if decidedly minor, zine.

*Blizz* #32 will be the last number of this German-language newszine/reviewzine until at least after Freicon in the fall - - the press of work conrunners face, you know. Although the reviewzine isn't my favorite type of fmz, I'll miss *Blizz* during its hibernation. Not the

least reason for this is my admiration for the illos by one Sherry "Sherlock" Watson, apparently a friend of co-editors Jürgen Thomann and Matthias Hoffmann, a fanartist with a great cartoony style. Anyone would want an exclusive on Sherlock's art, so I guess I don't blame Jürgen and MaHo for guarding her address closely. Damn them.

At the heart of the ish is page after page of longish reviews of the latest SF available in Germany, including translations from English, German-language originals, and some English-language import items. There's a shorter than usual conrep on Saarcon '94 by Jürgen, a few news briefs about books, cons, and fanclubs, and th- th- that's alles, Volk! I'm sorry, this time, not to see the wealth of con reportage that *Blizz* usually contains. And I miss Dieter Schmidt's extensive fmz review column that runs in alternate issues. In general, I get the feeling that #32 was a somewhat hasty little close-out sale of an ish; for sure it wasn't the best exemplar of the species.

Another zine that's shutting down - - this one for good - - is *Horizont* #12. Editor Martin Andreasson, quite a force in Sverifandom over the past decade, give or take, had one of the best newszines going that I've ever seen. *Horizont* has been consistently informative, cleanly laid-out, quite faithfully published according to the announced schedule, and open to all of Swedish, (and much of Norwegian and Danish) fandom. Oddly enough, this editor doesn't spell out just why he's decided to throw in the towel, other than to mention feeling tired. I guess I don't really have any right to demand an accounting; it's just that I hope Martin figures things out tout suite and gets back into fanpubbing. The delights of his zines (such as his genzine, *Floreced*, and until recently, the OO of the Swedish Fanzine Association - - Sveriges Fanzineforening or SFF, a sort of apa) were many. No one, for example, can use a mini-interlino as a headline like Martin can.

I just mentioned the SFF's Official Organ, *SFF-Bulletin*, a.k.a. *SFF-Bullentin* and *SFF-Bulle*. This zine, and the apa it serves, haven't died. Not at all. In fact, I recently received a mailing with *SFF-Bulle* #85 on top. This issue's editor, Chris Loneberg, has a high-tech layout style and an ability to draw in first-rate articles that provide their own brand of delight. If you can read Swedish at all, you'd enjoy SFF, an apa with no waitlist and no minac. On the other hand, if you can't read Swedish at all, just forget I mentioned this, OK?

Closing out the pile of zines to review, I want to bring to your attention *Warp* #94. This is the clubzine of the National Association for Science Fiction, the New Zealand national fanclub, edited this year by Vivien Brown. She's done away with one of my favorite *Warp* features: The little reports from local clubs, some of which were hilarious. But it's still a good zine, based as it is on quite a sizable pool of very talented fans. Many *Spent Brass* readers will have heard of Tim Jones, editor of *Timbre*. In #94, Tim reports, not on ConFrancisco



itself, but on what his San Francisco visit showed him of the essential weirdness of Americans. It's a very nice piece of writing, one which I'd like to see some fan editor with a wide circulation outside of NZ reprint. Other good NASF writers include James Dignan and Rex Thompson. And their homegrown artist, Ann Gutschlag, is another one of those artists whose work deserves an audience overseas, like in America and England and stuff.

With that, I'm just about talked out. Remember that if you want to receive *Spent Brass*, you'll have to send your trade zines to Andy and Carrie at their Francis Ave. address. If you want me to review them, you'll have to send copies to me, at

1709 South Holgate, Seattle, WA 98144.  
Thank you, and good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are.

#### ADDRESSES FOR THE ZINES MENTIONED ABOVE:

*Habakkuk*, Bill Donaho, 628 58th St., Oakland, CA 94609.

*Stefantasy*, William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374.

*Doodlebug*, Laurie Yates and Bill Kunkel, 805 Spyglass Lane, Las Vegas, NV 89107.

*Cazbah*, Tracy Benton, 3819 Monona Drive #19, Monona, WI 53714.

*Erg*, Terry Jeeves, 56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough, North Yorkshire YO12 5RQ, GREAT BRITAIN.

*Thingummybob*, Chuck Connor, Sildan House, Chediston Road, Wissett near Halesworth, Suffolk IP19 0NF, GREAT BRITAIN.

*Empties*, Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham B8 2AG, GREAT BRITAIN

*The Galacto-Celtic Newsflash*, Franz H. Miklis, A-5151 Nussdorf 64, AUSTRIA

*Hildisvin*, Holger Eliasson, P.O. Box 171, S-114 79 Stockholm, SWEDEN

*Inconsequential Pyramids*, Tim Richards and Narelle Harris, International Language Institute, Mohamed Bayoumi St., Off Mergahni St., Heliopolis, Cairo, EGYPT  
*Blizz*, Mathias Hoffman, Karlstraße 10, D-79104 Freiburg im Breslau, GERMANY & Jürgen Thomann, Breslauerstraße 18, D-79576 Weil am Rhein, GERMANY (Subscription accounts were DM 20)

*Horizont*, Martin Andreasson, Industrigatan 1, S-112 46 Stockholm, SWEDEN

*SFF-Bulletin* (published as a benefit of the 75 kronor yearly SFF membership), Lennart Uhlin, SFF Chair, Högsåtravägen 4, S-181 58 Lidingö, SWEDEN

*Warp*, Vivien Brown, 4 Margate Ave., Broad Bay, Dunedin, NEW ZEALAND

-- © 1994, Mark Manning

---

Brescia and Reggiana seem sure candidates for relegation now

---



#### THE SPENT BRASS LETTER COLUMN

[I've received a vast wave of correspondence in the last 10 months, much of it related/in response to *Apparatchik*; people receiving that title in addition to SB tended to comment on it instead in their letters. But we did get a solid batch of comments on SB 26 as well, it's just a manner of finding it all! The file of letters from November 1993 to the present is over six inches thick. I hope I've chosen a few of the brighter lights here. First up, not too much response to ASK DR. FANDOM, Ted White's column in #26, but there's still some rounds left from the exchange over his column in # 23/24: - aph]

Robert Lichtman, Box 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442

"...your fears that...comments about Ted have a 'troubling tone of being a party line' are well-founded. there's clearly just as much a Ted White Anti-group Mind as there is a TWGM. As you say, 'when in doubt, attack Ted White.' But when you get beyond the catch phrases and 'safe' attacks, Ted in his critical writing is

no more caustic than, say, Leah Smith (to name another fanzine reviewer with a current regular column). He just happens to make (in my mind quite appropriate) comments on fans and fanzines certain others consider sacrosanct. (Or choose to make sacrosanct for the express purpose of being able to attack Ted.) But I don't worry about Ted's well being or whether he'll stick around; he's adequately thick-skinned to deal with his detractors.

"Your survey of favorite and preferred fanzines largely parallels my own feelings, except that I don't quite have it up for AQ the way you do. It has some interesting moments, but I find it rather cold and off-putting most of the time. As to BENTO, I found its editors more engaging in person (met them at ConFrancisco) than in their fanzine. But other than that, we're in basic agreement. One small correction: FOLLY and YHOS are not 'primarily' distributed through FAPA. Only the most recent issue of FOLLY went that route, meaning the previous 18 issues didn't. YHOS has an extensive circulation outside FAPA, probably considerably more than FOLLY. Personally speaking, I would add zines like Bill Danner's STEFANTASY and Dale Speirs' OPUNTIA, both of which come out regularly (albeit on very different schedules)."

Dr. Henry R. Welch  
1565 16th Ave., Grafton, WI 53024-2017



"Thanks for Spent Brass 23/24. I find it kind of ironic that Ted White writes 'One has to wonder if Harlan has any comprehension of how these actions of his are viewed by the rest of us' when he, himself, is guilty of exactly the same sorts of actions. Certainly not in the same league as Harlan, but he often seems to me to be well on his way."

[And more on the *Indispensable Fanzines of 1993* article from #25: -aph]

Harry Warner Jr.

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740

"My own list of the best fanzines of 1993 would vary considerably from yours since I would need to make room for personal favorites: Guy Lillian's *Spiritus Mundi*, Wally Weber's *Keyhole*, Bill Danner's *Stefantasy*, the occasional perzine from Eric Mayer, for instance, plus one I can't describe because it's an unlisted fanzine with a circulation of only about 15 copies from a fannish giant who doesn't want it publicized. I think the decline of fanzine fandom involves mostly the lack of new blood in youthful veins rather than the total output of fanzines. Most of the prominent new fanzine publishers of the past few years are individuals in their 30s or 40s or even older. Only in Germany and other European nations are there promising new fanzine publishers who are in their teens or twenties.

"I do think you're unfair to Rob Hansen when you question the accuracy of his fan history publications without specifying what is wrong. It's as if you wrote about the treasurer of a large convention that he's a fine fellow even though he may pocket some of the membership money from time to time. Some of Rob's statements will undoubtedly be questioned but this will probably result from the bad memory of questioners, not his mistakes. I know, I know.

"Just like Carrie, I've been reading some science-fiction books in recent weeks. I went straight through three Pohl novels without breaking down and now I'm in the middle of the Pohl-Williamson collaborations. God was good to me this winter when my car was mostly immobilized by snow and ice: he granted a brief thaw during the week that the public library in a nearby Pennsylvania town had its book sale and I was able to get to it and lug home a lot of science fiction at the going rate of 50 cents a pound. But I also purchased a good many mystery novels and today I have a half-dozen Mystery Book Club collections at Goodwill and I have a terrible suspicion that my commendable behavior as a science fiction reader will soon degrade to that of a mystery fiction reader.

Harry Andruschak

P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309

"I note that you lament the lack of what you call a 'focal point' fanzine. Has there ever really been such a



thing, or is it in the category of the Unicorn and the Loch Ness Monster? Do we really need such a creature anyhow?

"As for myself, I lack time, money and interest in producing such a zine, which seems to be more work and bother than it is really worth.

"PS: Always Use 9 digit ZIP codes, please."

[And we got some sundry notes on #26, such as this one from: -aph]

George Flynn

P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge, MA 02142

"Habakkuk'...is the sort of thing no spell-checker is likely to catch on its own.' What, these godless devices don't contain the names of the books of the bible? Better not let the Fundamentalists find out about this! (Your correction would be more impressive if 'HABBAKUK' didn't appear on page 2.)"

[Your vigilance is, as always, accepted. -aph]

"I'm not sure how hopeless the idea of a fanzine-review in the major prozines is. After all, *Analog* and *Asimov's* do both carry convention listings, which is recognition of fandom of a sort. On the other hand, if even Andy Porter isn't interested in carrying fanzine reviews . . .

"Interesting question of Denny Lien's about the likelihood of 'typos' in inscriptions produced slowly. In point of fact, the misspellings in the graffiti in Pompeii are among the major sources of evidence for what Latin was *really* pronounced like.

"Actually, Algernon D'Amassa's address is [was -aph] on George M Cohan Blvd. (Named for the Yankee Doodle Dandy himself, who was born in the neighborhood while his parents were passing through town with some show or other. It wasn't really on the Fourth of July either, but a day or two away. But what is historical accuracy in the face of a good story? - a theme that has much relevance to fandom."

Don Fitch

3908 Frijo, Covina CA 91722

"It seems to me that Ted White is absolutely right (as he always is, except when he's absolutely wrong about something) concerning the probably futility of recruitment from 'other fandoms.' Oh, I'm sure there are people out there who would make superb fans - many thousands of young people today have been reading science-fiction since they were little kids - but even if they're located...they've (probably) already found a place where they're comfortable, and are likely to have little

inclination to start at the bottom of our ladder. The chance of contacting a proto-fanzine-fan is surely (as Ted indicates) much higher at sf Conventions.

"I might note, however, that the Famous Focal Point of *Zines, Factsheet Five*, in #51 (March '94), reviews 1,320 *Zines*/issues and selects twelve of special merit to present as 'Editor's Choice' - one of which is *Blat!* #2, edited by Dan Steffan and Ted White.

"Yes, friends, an Indubitable Fanzine is now right up there with *Holy Titclamps*, *Everything I Touch Turns to Shit & Garbage*, *Infected Faggot Perspectives*, *Yellow Submarine*, *Destroy All Comic Books*, and *Return of the Liposuctioned Corpse*. Well...ok, so I had to search through several earlier issues to find such lurid titles, and the 5 or 6 'choice' *Zines* that I've seen in the past year or so all contained at least some material that could well have appeared in (and would have graced) almost any good-to-excellent fanzine. Maybe, as Ted indicates, there are some stringent qualifications & specifications for 'fannishness', but it may be that either this quality is more common than we think, or people who don't fully fit the description can sometimes write pieces that are thoroughly fannish (even though with only one 'a').

"In a little southern Michigan country cemetery (out along what used to be Rome and Adrian township Road, but now has a shorter name), where five or six generations of my father's family are buried, there's what appeared to be a typo (or graffito) in the first name of LeRoy Barrus (my great-grandmother's brother) on his gravestone - at least, it's not the way he

spelled it, though there are at least four variants in different documents. (Fortunately, the last name was not mis-spelled in the embareassing way one census taker wrote it down.)

"I noticed, poking around that cemetery when cousin Alma took me out there for a picnic a week or so before the NY Corflu, that the earliest stones, now much weathered, were quarried from the native sandy limestone, and we both recalled hearing stories from old-timers that the inscriptions were usually carved hastily, so that the stone could be placed when the grave was filled.

"On both the simpler old stones and the newer (imported granite) ones there would often be inscribed on the top edge first names (sometimes with a date) or just the word 'Baby', giving some idea of the infant mortality rate in those days. (This is even more striking - different areas apparently had different customs - in the old area near my mother's family plot in Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville. There, infants & children were more often given their own little plot & marker; it's common to find the grave of a man, his two or three consecutive wives, and a dozen or more little carved limestone (or cast concrete) lambs - often with the date on one of the latter coinciding with the final one on one of the woman's headstones.)"

[And with that installment of the Proceedings of the Fannish Cemetery Fascination Society, we close for another issue. Don't forget those ballots, both for TAFF and for the SB Poll! See you all at Corflu in Vegas!-aph]

---

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Algernon D'Ammassa  
323 Dodge St..  
East Providence, RI 02914

Woody Bernardi  
2750 S. Durango Dr. #2026/14  
Las Vegas, NV 89117-2644

Tom Becker  
10270 Foothill Blvd. Apt C-14  
Cupertino, CA 95014

Eric Lindsay  
7 Nicoll Ave.  
Ryde NSW 2112, Australia

David Emerson & Barb Jensen  
3435 Columbus Ave. S.  
Minneapolis, MN 55407

Christina Lake  
12 Hatherley Rd.  
Bishopston, Bristol BS7 8AQ U.K.

---

SPENT BRASS # 27

Hooper & Root  
4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103  
Seattle, Wa 98103 USA

Address correction requested