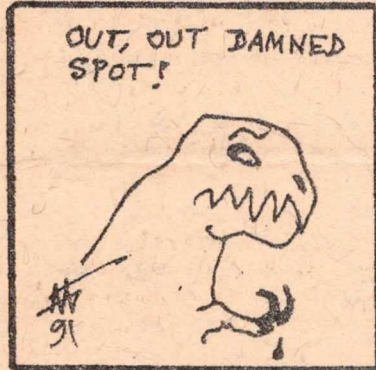




The frequent fanzine that fights Crime in Mega-City One: Published by Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N #103, Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. Available for the usual. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #134, 3/21/92. Material this time comes from Andy and Carrie, with notes from Jeanne Bowman and Mark Manning. Art by: Sheryl Birkhead, title; Alexis Gilliland, page 1; Carrie Root, page 2.

I AM THE BEAR... I'M SEARCHING... I'M SEARCHING... GIVE ME A MINUTE....

A FAN WITH THE SOUL...



It was the end of the weekend, and I think everyone was concerned about money. I know I was; having been quite forward about buying things at the Taff/Corflu auctions, I was beginning to worry about having enough to get the bus back from O'Hare field to Madison. But despite this, the party which staggered past the empty Karaoke bar to dinner was just too tired to leave the Tudor Nightmare Village Mk. IV and find a cheaper alternative to the hotel restaurant. Listless, murky pop muzak mixed with the sound of Bobby Vinton drifting from the kitchen. We sat in the heavy-

lidded gaze of waiters with tasteful black pompadours and silk socks, who could smell weak tippers like us before we got in the door. Finally, we were seated, and they played Snarko, with gravity knives, to see who would have to serve us

We were a motley group. Nigel Rowe and I had planned to go for fried chicken, but then I invited Richard Brandt to come along, and Richard had promised to call Michelle Lyons if he went out, and then when we started to walk to the bar Gil Gaier and Bill Rotsler were both heading in the same direction. That odd fannish social pressure that tends to create and then enlarge dinner expeditions (The province of an obscure faanish deity known as LOB, the demon lobster, king of all prawns and things prawnish and ghod of faanish dinner parties) drove us together, and no one had the energy to say they had been planning on eating with maybe one other person.

Bill was telling us about a karate killer he knew who used to scare away people by grinning wildly and shaking, while whispering "I -- I don't want to fight you," when this slight man in a dark suit came over to our table. He had an armful of magenta one-sheet fliers, which he began to pass around to us all, advertising Big Band music and \$6.99 Prime Rib, for the Sunday a week hence. Now, we had been having fanzine pressed on us for almost 72 hours, so one more freebie should have simply been met with glazed eyes. But when we made no immediate reaction, he began to point out salient features and recite them, in case we perhaps could not read English.

It turned out that this was Carl Nevoso, owner of the whole Cockatoo Inn hotel, restaurant and airport shuttle empire. Hundreds of Peruvian employees under his command, and the man was out peddling his own freebie one-sheets at nine on a Sunday evening. We were apologetic as we explained that none of us would still be in Hawthorn the following week; Nigel allowed as he had quite a few friends in New Zealand, some of whom might be interested in flying up from Auckland for Prime Rib and Big Band hits. "Perhaps we could send it over in the diplomatic bag," I suggested, and Michelle made an immodest noise into her drink.

Meanwhile, Rotsler had been, as always, drawing. With disarming

Don't worry kids, the COAs are inside!

speed he had drawn a complicated cartoon with horns issuing patterns of alternate shadow and light. Carl took the drawing from Rotsler, impressed. He looked at the clip art he had used in the flier, then back at the Rotsler drawing. "Do you mind if I use this?" he asked.

Back in the hospitality suite, all that remained of the con, I told the story of the hotelier who wanted to pub his ish, to overall approval. I don't know if Don Fitch ever heard of it, or Geri Sullivan. The former was still running around cleaning, opening packages of food, making coffee, putting stuff out on tables, and being the Best Host in Fandom, as he had been all weekend. The latter was trying to get him to stop, and was quite willing to use force to convince him. They chased one another from room to room like sixteen-year-old neofen, and when Geri would subside, panting, Don would be back breaking some new delicacy from his massive stash of provisions and serving it with considerably more enthusiasm than the low-rent thugs on the wait staff had ever shown at dinner.

I had to shake my head. "Wish Willis was here," I said to Geri.

"So do I -- so does everybody," said Geri, "but what makes you say so right now?"

"I was thinking of The Harp Stateside." I replied, "and about Walt's comments on Jim Webbert, and that bellhop who joined the Chicon. He wrote "It is curious that in one hotel there should be a bellhop with the soul of a fan and a fan with the soul of a bellhop."

"Yeah, so?"

"So, history repeats itself, if a trifle sideways. Tonight I've seen a restaurateur with the soul of a fan, and a fan with the soul of -- well, of a pretty fine short-order cook, anyway."

"The fan better close the grill for the night if he knows what's good for him!" groused Geri, as Don scuttled by with an armful of coffee cups. He looked over his shoulder at her once, perhaps pretending that he had not quite heard, then darted out the door as she chased after him. -- aph

I'm gonna wash that fan right outta my hair...

YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'LL WANT SOME CAFFEINE writes Mark Manning:



"Now that you're here in the Seattle, it's about time that you realize that, for us Real Northwesterners, the Big Thing is espresso bars. On Phinney ridge...there's even an espresso dentist! No, really there is. His wife (the receptionist) is a trained espresso barista and licensed massage therapist, so she serves latte and performs shiatsu while you wait to have your choppers drilled to stubs.

...Not too long ago, Getz and I visited a bit with Wrai and Carol Ballard, then decided to go to Procopio's. Gelato and double mocha, then back home for a bit of the typical

caffeine-altered TV we here come to appreciate for its subtle delights. First the classic musical South Pacific. It really brought the both of us back to the days when technicolor was new, lemme tell ya. Seems the cinematographer bought special filters from Panasonic (that's what it said in the credits). And what did the filters do, you ask? One seemed to sense moments of high romantic interest, whereupon it would turn everything ORANGE!

When the Lutelan first saw Bali-Hai, his skin and Bloody Mary's skin and Bali-Hai and the palm trees all went stark raving ORANGE! When Ezio Pinza and Mitzi Gaynor drank brandy and suddenly began to notice

Something Happening Between Them, that's by Ghod when Ezio and Mitzi and Mitzi's dress and the bay and the stone wall and the brandy and the lawn all flared up into incandescent fluorescent indecent translucent ORANGE!

What did the other filter do? Well, when Ezio Pinza's garden party was over and he and Mitzi Gaynor were ready, ready to pledge their lives and fortunes and sacred honors to each other, only they didn't because Mitzi saw that Ezio had two kids by his deceased but -- oh Andy! oh Carrie! OH MOTHER! FORGIVE ME FOR SPEAKING OF SUCH HORROR! -- colored wife, the filter sensed that, even though the scene was shot in mid-day, it was supposed to be midnight, so it turned everything BLUE!

Of course, that was kind of a romantic scene. so the little lights hidden in the bushes bordering the lawn were definitely ORANGE!

After a while, we got sensitive to this color-coding. Some scene would be cranking along, say the one where My Favorite Martian was walking the Lutelan through the dancing natives and the natives were going to yank the tusks out of wild boar and then zips were expected to purr so everyone could shift into Orgy Mode but the Lutelan didn't want to stay so he made My Favorite Martian walk a little farther into the jungle, that's when the grape vines and stuff started to change color (because, after all, Bloody Mary's daughter was parked a few doors down, just waiting to pantomime the hit song "Happy Talk" for him).

But the color, as I was explaining, mutated, causing me to yell out, "Getz! It's all going ORANGE! Look!"

Well, having passed up the double mocha due to an evial coffee allergy, she could only take so much of this. so we changed channels, finding instead a Nature special on Patagonian penguins.

Seems that any given male penguin in Patagonia hits the beach (with zillions of other guys) after six months a-sea, stakes out a likely spot for a burrow, and then starts honking his distinctive honk.

A week later (poor guy -- his throat must get sore, wouldn't you think?), the ladies show up. Each female will choose last year's mate by his honk (rather like the fwa -- aph). then, they settle down to a little slap and tickle in the burrow.

Soon enough, the eggs hatch, whereupon the doting parents feed the brood an environmentally significant amount of regurgitated squid. For several months. Can't you just imagine what cookbooks for sentient penguins would be like?

"First, select clean, firm squid at your fishmonger. The squid should have no discernibly fishy smell, and the eyes of the squid should be clear and moist.

Then gobble the Squid down all at once.

Vomit the squid out onto individual serving dishes and serve.

Your guests will all say that this recipe tastes just like Mom used to make."

Anyway, we were quite interested in watching the penguins courting and clearing out burrows and so on. Why, it even made us start to sing:

You've been imprinted
who can tell you why?
You'll find your mate by
his distinctive cry!

Some enchanted evening
you will hear your penguin
you will hear him honking
across a crowded beach,
and somehow you know,
you know even then,
he'll be in your burrow again and again

Oh, yes, penguin mating rituals: how ORANGE!

Well...they seemed pretty orange to us at the time.

(1709 S. Holgate, Seattle, WA 98144...note that the address we used with Mark's letter lastish is out of date, since -- sigh -- last March.)

"My ultimate vocation in life is to be an irritant." -- Elvis Costello.

THE USES OF HISTORY Jeanne Bowman writes: "Don found a way for Civil War history to make sense to me today. We are clearing low branches and brush from around outbuildings, pruning in the "orchard" (half dozen prune plums and a couple barely-hanging-on apples). All goes into the burn pile in the front forty which needs to be torched so the spring horse-boarding season can start. All the small piles needed to go to the big one.

I was directing work from the front porch when Don suggested I abandon this U. S. Grant style of command, and adopt that of Nathan Bedford Forrest. Huh? Go down, and get sweaty with the troops! Lead the charge (pull the wagon), don't just hoot into a bullhorn...so I grabbed my gloves and pruners and we swarmed over plant defences (and around de gullies) and consolidated the trash. Now, which side burned Georgia? Next lesson tomorrow..." (1260 Hill Rd., Box 282, Glen Ellen, CA 95442)

Since last issue, WAHF: Sheryl Birkhead, Buck Coulson, Lucy Huntzinger, Ben Indick, Michael Waite and David R. Haugh, who says he is gafiating for a while, and may not respond to fanac as regularly. No doubt many letters are being forwarded to us, and we will acknowledge them soon. OTHER ERRATA: Last issue, we published a tandem of fanzine review columns by Peter Larsen, and moving psychosis led us to leave his byline off them. Please forgive us, O mighty one. ALSO, there will no doubt be much confusion as to our new address, since Andy was walking around giving out the wrong one for about ten days. The real address is the one in the colophon: 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 98103. The address below on the mailer is there because it has to be for me to use Mark Manning's bulk mail permit legally, just as we had to use SF3's address when we lived in Madison. Don't send our mail to Mark. OK? THANKS are in order to Jerry Kaufman and the other custodians of the Pacific Fantod Press, for their help in production. Hey, mimeo...pretty spiff, huh? Also, we should thank Hank Luttrell for giving us the paper, meant, no doubt, for an unborn issue of Starling, so many years ago....

OTHER COAs:

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