



The frequent fanzine that goes for three from the top of the key. Published by Andy Hooper and Carrie Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103 Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. It's available for the usual. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #156, 3/24/93. Material this time comes from Andy, Carrie, Bill Humphries, Peter Larsen, and Luke McGuff. Art by Dan Steffan (pp 2, 5) and Mike Katzenberger (p 4), title by Ross Chamberlain. This issue produced in conjunction with Mark Manning's Mighty Mimeograph *Mastery*. **PLEASE** send letters and trades to the address above, not to Mark. *Spent Brass* is always looking for good gossip and vile innuendo to run on our front page, and we're always happy to receive manuscripts on fannish and sf/fnal topics as well. We're also always very happy to receive art, especially the sort which fits will in a 2" by 2" box. Hitch your fannish fate to *Spent Brass*, and perhaps you too can finish behind "No Award".

SONG OF THE RAINY TOWN TATTLER by Andy

I AM HAPPY TO REPORT that there does seem to be a brave group stepping forward to present Corflu Eleven in 1994. Dick Lynch, co-editor of the Hugo-winning fanzine *Mimosa*, has informed me that he and a few other DC-area fen are putting together a bid, and are currently waiting only to complete their negotiations with the hotel which they would like to use before officially announcing their intentions. I'm not sure who else is going to help out with the con, although Dick did drop Alexis Gilliland's name, but in any event, Dick has been at every Corflu I have attended, and would seem eminently qualified to chair the convention in consequence. In any event, we should do our best to pin it on him before he can back out.... The February mailing of FAPA featured a one-sheet flyer from the "Southern Nevada Fantasy & Fiction Union," proclaiming "Las Vegas in '73: It's time for a change." I guess all those years of running unopposed are over for Minneapolis in '73. Las Vegas is a searing hotbed of fannish enthusiasm these days, but they do seem to be chewing up and swallowing fannish traditions like they were jelly beans. The betting is heavy as to whether they will prove to be the New Insurgents or the Seventh Fandom of the 90's...mad dogs are already lined up around the block.... A number of good people have written since last issue to tell us that as far as they know, Dave Langford's American agent for *Ansible* lives in Australia. This is a novel solution to the problem of rising American postal rates, but perhaps a trifle slow....I hate to have to point this out again, but the address on the back mailing label is not the one you should use for sending letters of comment. Our address appears in the colophon above, and letters sent to Mark Manning are not received by us until Mark has occasion to come by with a bundle of returns.... *Westwind*, the organ of the Northwest Science Fiction Society, has recently darkened our door with an especially insipid issue designed to remind us how little we want to attend Norwescon 16. For some reason, the convention begins its multiple tracks of programming at 1 p.m. this coming Thursday, which brings to mind a recent conversation with Suzle Tompkins: She and Jerry Kaufman were kind enough to agree to participate in fanzine-oriented panels which no one would attend, provided that they could be scheduled on Saturday and Sunday, since neither could take time off from work. And sure enough, their notification came in due order from the program department, telling them that their panels would occur bright and early on Thursday and Friday. Ah, but the good news is the same people are supposedly going to host the Westercon this summer as well....Rather than drop \$40.00 on a Norwescon membership, why not buy something worthwhile, like heroin?

...Congratulations to Maureen McHugh, winner of the 1993 James Tiptree Jr. Memorial Award for her novel *China Mountain Zhang*, which also appears on the Nebula list. The award was presented at Wiscon 17, by all accounts a lively and entertaining convention. The award will be moving to Readercon next year, for reasons which have not been made fathomable to this reporter....**Stop procrastinating**, and find inner peace: Send in that TAFF ballot you've been worrying over....**We** are now sufficiently sure of production that we are willing to entertain orders for FANTHOLOGY '89, which will be released at Corflu Ten. Featured writers will include Walt Willis, Dave Langford, Ted White, Jeanne Gomoll, Owen Whiteoak, Candi Strecker, Joseph Nicholas and Algernon D'Amassa, and as many more. The volume will sell for \$7.00, plus \$1.00 for third-class postage, and all profits will benefit Corflu....Some sad news: The Reverend Ted Wagner, a fixture at Wisconsin conventions, succumbed to cancer on the tenth of January. Ted was a remarkable man, described by one friend as "a samaritan...a con man, a leech, and he told awful puns." He ran a one-man relief operation, the "Church of the Helping Hand", and many conventions were also happy beneficiaries of his second-hand baked goods and defective cheese balls. Ted was a contemporary of Bloch, Grennell, and the Economus, with a fan career that stretched back to the Milwaukee fandom of the fifties. He married his late wife Clara Loper at a Milwaukee con in 1985. He was perhaps the one person of my salad days who could have provided real time-binding about Wisconsin fan history, but we never spoke of such things. I remember him best for his efforts to analyze me — and everyone else — through our astrological signs. Still, I will miss his greeting of "How's that nasty old Scorpio?", which could never be deflected by the fact that I am a Leo....I want to thank the generous fans who have been sending in copies of the fanzines which I made note of in issue # 16. My collection is much the greater for your kind gifts, as is my knowledge of early eighties fannish culture and events.... — aph.

I'd like Personal Ad Abbreviations for \$400, Alex

TINY TALES OF TERROR: TRICKS OF THE TRADE

by Bill Humphries

I learned one of the trade secrets of bus drivers during a recent heavy snow. By 7 P.M. about four inches covered the roads and I was walking down State St. Bus schedules become random variables when it snows hard in Madison, so when I saw one coming, I staggered back through the drifts to a stop.

The bus marquee was set to "Out of Service" and was empty, but the driver was headed to the Capitol Square to pick up any transfer passengers stuck waiting for busses still slogging across the west side, so he let me aboard. Nobody was waiting at the Square, so the driver told me I could ride all the way to the garage. No problem, that's just a couple of blocks from my apartment.

The driver headed the rest of the way around the Square, to East Washington Ave. From the Square, to the first set of traffic lights at Blair, East Wash is a steep grade. As the driver and I commiserated about the weather, we weren't checking our speed down the hill. That's why there's that sign in the front of the bus asking you not to talk to the driver.

I wasn't aware of our speed until the driver noticed the light at Blair turning red. He said, "I'm going to bump the curb -- if I can find it."

The snow was deep enough to make finding the curb a challenge; however, the driver found it. We bounced off of it two or three times, finally shedding enough speed to hit the light just as it turned green.

The driver told me, facetiously, that that wasn't recommended practice. But precautions, watching where you are going and making regular backups, aren't always taken.

Last November, I was smoking a cigarette and talking with the manager of the copy center in the courtyard of the social science building. It was late in the afternoon and I saw Art Goldberger, one of the economics department's heavy hitters, leaving for the day. As if in recognition, the lights in the lobby went out.

This wasn't supposed to happen. The copy center manager and I ducked back inside and discovered that the whole building was without power. So, I ran back to my office, dug my bike light out of my knapsack, and started turning off the computers in my office. I decided that the power outage was a Sign, and decided to go home. As soon as I got my jacket on, the power came on, so I had to go back to work.

The fire alarm went off. I copied all the data files I had been working with on my PC to disk (the stuff on our VAXen is backed up nightly), tossed the disks into my pack, and started for the door.

Everyone with a computer on their desk, student and faculty, was copying everything they could or walking briskly toward the front exit. I passed a junior faculty member, Karl Scholtz, whose arms were struggling to

keep a haphazard stack of diskette cases clutched to his chest.

In the courtyard, department chair Don Hester counted heads. After he was sure everyone was out of the building, he struck up a conversation with my office-mate, Hamid Davoodi, and I. He joked, half seriously (a hook and ladder company had arrived), about losing someone in there because they decided to make a tape image of their hard drive.

When Hester was in grad school at Michigan, he told us, the economics building burnt down. This was in the sixties, before a Xerox was on every corner. Twenty students lost all their work in the fire.

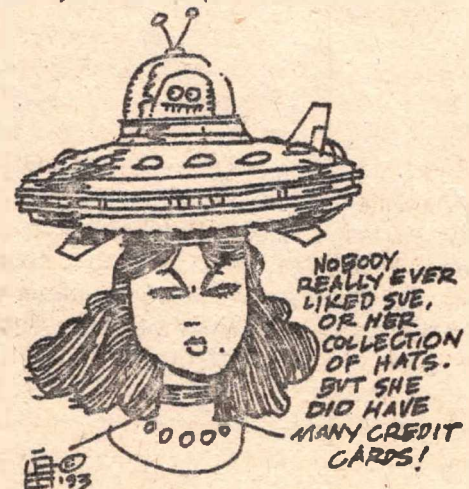
In our case, an electrical short caused the power outage, then the fire alarm. The Social Science building is thirty years old, and the load on the circuits from PCs, workstations and minicomputers throughout the building causes a flake out at least once a semester.

We weren't given an "all-clear," instead people started drifting away from the crowd and back inside. I figured it was safe, and no one waved me away from the door when I reentered the building. The commander of the engine company was talking with somebody from the UW's physical plant instead. Another one of my office-mates, Chris Bollinger had already started running Fastback on his hard drive. He had a stack of floppies next to the keyboard and one in each hand, waiting for the program to prompt him for the next one in the sequence.

I sat down at my 386 and formatted a couple of diskettes so I could make copies of my drafts and data, then I mirrored them up to the VAX and put the floppies in my backpack.

It took a half-hour to secure the files I wanted to be safe, so I gave up for the day when I was done. I passed a couple of open office doors, and saw Martin David and Mico Lauritan were backing up their machines.

Not so Peter Nabokov, who teaches anthropology. He and I often stop to chat in the hall. Peter's interested in modern-day subcultures, such as fandom and millennialism, so he'll usually ask my reaction to a book, movie or the odd episode of TNG. He didn't need to run a backup. He figures as long as his Underwood doesn't melt, he'll be okay. - Bill Humphries



THE FIGHTING FANZINE REVIEW COLUMN by Peter Larsen

Yeah, it's a wonderful life. Me, I'm on vacation, taking a grand tour around the Northwest and kicking back. At this moment, I'm hiding out in Chez Hooper-Root enjoying the Seattle experience, and my payment is another review column. While I'm out on the road, all of you eds wanting a shot at my attitudes could send stuff to Peter Larsen, PO Box 13253, Dinkytown Station, Minneapolis MN 55414-0253. Hate mail also accepted.

One of the things that I'm finding increasingly annoying about SF fanzines is the way that they fail to reflect my world or experience in any meaningful way. There is an aura of shabby gentility, bad socialization, willful retro-thinking (50s and 60s, mostly), and general isolationism that leaks out of all but the most attentive zines, and it's starting to really bug me. Obviously, there's an audience for these zines and attitudes, but is it any wonder that fanzines keep complaining about feeling more and more marginal? Not that con fandom is less irritating and insular, mind you. What we need for a real zine renaissance is to pursue the world that exists outside of fandom. Do zines really need the larger "SF scene" to flourish? Do you enjoy many cons beside Corflu? There are audiences that are willing to interact with our zines, but they have to be hunted down. My recommendation? Live a little.

If you want some idea of the full potential of zines, read outside the SF ghetto. Check out *Cometbus*, a streetpunk zine from San Francisco. Issue #29 is entirely handwritten and talks mostly about author Aaron's life and travels around the US. He lives a very strange life, existing on the edges of the "normal" world, supporting himself through scavenging, occasional work, and a vast network of friends and acquaintances. It's a view into a way of life that most fans will find alien, but his descriptions and philosophy are compelling. I learned wonderful things about my own city reading through this zine. On top of the stories of street life, Aaron discusses philosophies of living, the lives of various characters from the San Francisco of a century ago, and zines in general. Plus he has a really cool letter column that he doesn't seem to edit too much but still seems just about right (fuck you, *Fosfax*, and get a clue). A lot of what Aaron has to say is going to baffle or piss off many SF fans, but that's what life is about. So read the fucker, OK?

On the less successful side of things, we have Gary Deindorfer's *Spud* #1, which is trying to be a zippy little fanzine, but which has very little of interest to say. He talks a little about working for a fanzine renaissance, which is (I suppose) a fairly worthy cause, but I don't see *Spud* as part of it. At eight pages, it's short, but the last six are rambling, confused, and not to any point that I could pick out. There's a couple of striking images, but

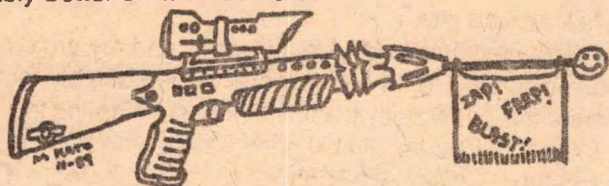
they have no context. Deindorfer is going to have to seriously tighten up his writing if he wants to help build a bigger, better fanzine world.

Michael Ashley, hotshot Nova winner and chief spokesperson of the "I'm a Miserable Bastard" school of British fanwriting, has been doing his part for the fanzine renaissance. *Saliromania* has been coming out at a fairly rapid clip, perhaps because Ashley wants to win TAFF. Issues #7 and 8 mix acerbic observations on the state of fandom with articles of general interest (Hazel Ashworth on how to avoid being attacked, for example). The whole thing is spiced with one of the most brisk and brutal letter columns that I've seen. All in all, *Saliromania* is a uneven ride, but one worth taking. And yes, *Saliromania* has the same creepy attitude toward women that many British zines have, but Ashley occasionally upsets this impression by printing articles like Hazel Ashworth's. A brief zine, but more complicated than it appears on the surface.

Whimsey is back after a long absence with #7. Jeanne Gomoll abandons her usual format to tell a long story about driving to San Francisco to get a cabinet her brother made some years before he died. What Jeanne hasn't abandoned is her multilevel approach to zine structure, since this is also a story about her brother, her gaffiation, and her recent return to fandom. As usual, these thoughtlines blend into a seamless whole that reminded me how much I missed *Whimsey*. Jeanne is one of the great SF zine writers because, while she never completely abandons fandom and its concerns, she always weaves her life into what she's doing. It's a complex balancing act, and one that's well worth watching. Let's hope that Jeanne sticks around for a while this time.

I pestered Dick and Nicki Lynch through several parties at the Orlando Worldcon, hoping to get a copy of *Mimosa* #12 to review. In many ways, it's the perfect fannish fanzine. Lovingly reproduced by mimeo, this zine has clear repro, a pleasant layout, and illustrations provided by a good cross section of America's better fan artists. The letter column is not as tightly-edited as I'd like, but it's not sloppy. The contents of *Mimosa* are, for the most part, clearly written and humorous, and they certainly have a heavy dose of fannish sensibility. This is a zine that deserves its Hugo. Unfortunately, none of this endears it to me. I'm left with the suspicion that none of the contributors live in my world or have much to say to me (with the exceptions of Sharon Farber's medical stories and Ted White's tale of Harlan Ellison, a record collection, and a pistol). At first, I felt vaguely guilty, as if it was my fault that it and I hadn't connected. Then I remembered *YHOS*, every bit as much an old fart zine, but one that always has a foot in the real world, and which is full of energy. Nothing in *Mimosa* gets up off the page and demands that I read it. So, if you want a polite,

genteel fanzine full of 50's style bonhomie, get *Mimosa*; but if you want some connection with a sensibility outside of the narrow confines of conventions and fandom, you're probably better off with *Cometbus*.



Cometbus (\$1) Blacklist Mailorder, 475 Valencia St., San Francisco CA 94701

Spud (The Usual) Gary Deindorfer, 447 Bellevue Ave. #9-B, Trenton NJ 08618

Saliromania (The Usual) Michael Ashley, 9 Blakeley House, Kelmere Grove, Woodside, Bradford, BD6 2RF, England

Whimsey (The Usual) Jeanne Gomoll 2825 Union St., Madison WI 53704

Mimosa (\$2 or LoC) Dick and Nicki Lynch, PO Box 1350, Germantown MD 20875

Too much cranching.

NEVER THE SAME WAY by Carrie

I've always thought of myself as an explorer. When I was a kid in New Mexico, I imagined that I was the reincarnation of a pioneer woman, one who braved the Indians and the deserts to make a home in the West. The idea of leaving everything I knew, traveling roads I'd never seen, held a strong attraction for me. I came to realize that I had been born too late (and too female) for any *real* exploration, but I've never outgrown the habit I developed then of always taking a different route — to vary the path I took between familiar places, at least in some small way.

The greatest challenges have been the regular routes — to school, the corner market, to work. In the small towns I grew up in, there were just so many ways to get from home to school... down this block or that, cross at the blue house or the white one with the yippy dog, go in the front gate or around by the playground. When I moved to the "big city" of Madison, the possibilities blossomed. Gosh, there I even had the option of taking the city bus! (Yeah, it always went the same route, but that wasn't *my* doing.) So followed many happy years of exploring new streets, finding the odd little cottages on the secondary roads, sometimes going blocks out of the way, but always a different way. And when I ran out of new ways to go — I'd just move to a new neighborhood. I once figured that I'd moved twelve times in ten years! Moving to Seattle seemed like such a good idea. In a city that size, well, it would take *decades* to run out of new routes. But reality quickly asserted itself. My new job was in Bellevue, on the east side of 35-mile-long Lake Washington; my old friends, the neighborhoods I had grown to love, were on the west side of the lake, and the only way between them was the **dreaded Evergreen Point Floating Bridge**, whose 5 miles of floating spans were legendary in the annals of northwest commuters. How could I, who was used to walking the mile from our central city home to work, tolerate a daily 20 minute commute, always constrained for half of it to *go the same way*?

I soon learned a few ways to compensate. I would take long walks at noon, up the hill to the odd little park of the infinite number of paths. I would walk around the hills and bluffs of Fremont, explore the Woodland Park Zoo, even join the yuppie hordes in walking around Green Lake. But I was still faced every morning with getting into

my Wisconsin-rusted Tercel, swinging down the hill to Lake Union and the University, then onto the freeway and the bridge. (And then coming back each evening, of course, but the pressures of the "project from hell", the project in such bad shape that no one in the company would work on it for fear of being tainted, and so eventually staffed for the long haul by a group of new-hires, the project two years into a one-year contract, the project which has in recent months consumed my weekends, my evenings, and eventually, my sleep, leaves me so benumbed that I seldom notice *where* I'm driving in the evening. Like an old horse, I just find myself pulling into my home stall, with no recollection of getting there.)

So day after day, then month after month, I made the trip, bracing myself for the day when the novelty would wear off, and I would find myself swearing at the traffic, boasting on my bumper a "Honk if you hate the Evergreen Point Bridge" sticker.

But it didn't happen. And I don't think it's going to. Because I have discovered an amazing thing: *It's never the same*. Sometimes when I come down Stone Way, I see the towers of Downtown shining in the early morning light across Lake Union. Sometimes they're wrapped with fog and mist. For much of the winter, they were towers of light in what seemed to be perpetual night. The swing along the top of Lake Union, along the ship canal, through the boatworks and rigging shops of the working port, has been a succession of fishing trawlers, Alaskan tour boats, houseboats tied up next to sailboats. Buildings are torn down, the new Astronomy building on campus grows by inches and floors.

And then it's across the Montlake Bridge (occasionally waiting for boat or barge traffic through the Ship Canal to clear the raised spans), and down the ramps to the freeway. Through the University's Arboretum (so different, with its swamps and islands, formal Japanese gardens and magnolia walks from our beloved Arboretum in Madison, but familiar nonetheless), searching for the crane that frequents the north side of the highway, watching the swamp iris and lily pads bloom, then fade, the mallards and loons and swans nesting in the grasses and cat-tails at the edge of the lake. And up the highrise where the yachts cross beneath the road, many in the summer, but persisting late into the winter, heading from home marinas along the lake and Mercer Island, into the ship canal, the locks and eventually Puget

Sound. At the top of the high rise, traffic always slows, as Mount Rainier looms into sight. Even when the clouds are low, or humidity has obscured the horizon, the mountain is **there**, now shrouded in snow, but soon (hopefully) to darken into the green of summer.

When I've gotten up in time, the trip across the floating part of the bridge is quick and uneventful, but sometimes punctuated by glimpses of the University rowing crews working their way up and down the lee side. In heavier traffic, I amuse myself by inspecting the Porsches, Mercedes, and Jaguars trapped around me, and speculating which belong to one of the "Microsoft

Millionaires" rumored to still be coding away in Redmond. On occasions when the wind is up, the floating part of the bridge is exciting indeed, with waves washing over the sides, and the surface rising and falling by perceptible inches around me.

The days are getting longer now, and my project is actually coming to an end (probably not profitably, but despite the office pool prediction, not culminating in liquidated damages, either) and I have some hope that I'll be able to devote more attention to my trip home. To discover the angles, the views, the differences that I know must make it, too, never the same. — cr

The next Bay City Rollers, eh?

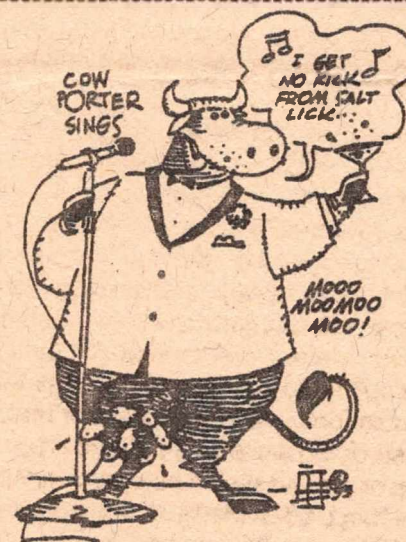
A SENSE OF TIME BINDING By Luke McGuff

When I started hinting about a men's apa, I knew pretty well about AWA (*A Woman's Apa*) and BWA (*B Woman's Apa*). Randy Byers and Jane Hawkins both mentioned that there had been men's apas before, but it was Denys Howard who handed over the complete set of *Boy's Own Apa*, something he and Jeff Frane had started in 1978. I knew that *Boy's Own Apa* (BOA) had existed, but not that one of the men I had invited to join my project had been one of the founders.

I used to feel attacked for not knowing the history of fandom, but I had never before been welcomed into that history. The invitational flyer for BOA and the #0 mailing talked about many of the same things I suggested in the prospectus. Reading the fifteen year old echoes of what I wanted to discuss finally brought home to me what "time binding" was about in sf fandom. It was stepping into a context, a continuum, to know that my words might affect somebody as these old words were affecting me today. No other social correspondence network I've been involved with has had this kind of history.

The plus of history is knowing what's come before, and being able to re-evaluate the mistakes and successes of the past. The minus of history is that it's an arbitrary sorting out, depending on the tastes of the sorters and the circumstances of the sorting. And the history of fandom, the references and allusions that fill our zines, is hidden. One earns knowledge of the history of fandom, which is one of the reasons we are preserved as a monoculture in a network of cross-pollinating zines.

Since the early 80's, tons of different zines have been popping up like wild mushrooms. But not much in fandom, because we have a secret history that very few people are welcomed into. It was considered par for the course for older fans to trash neos just for being neos, an attitude that always got my hackles up, and lead to a defensiveness that hindered communication between myself and fandom. I've heard from other zinesters who tried to enter fandom, too, that it just wasn't worth putting up with the clannishness and secrecy of this small town when the big city beckoned.



If you were assimilated, on the other hand, showed that you were worthy of the secret history, then you were welcomed. But cultures that demand assimilation lose because they drive away potentially valuable immigrants and their ideas. Cultures willing to meld with other cultures grow and strengthen from the hybridization.

Maybe the clannishness is a holdover from the days when fans were social misfits, before WWII. In those good old days, there were neighborhood pubs, church groups, bowling leagues, other hobby groups, and fans were, supposedly, proud and lonely. After WWII, whites moved to the suburbs (destroying old neighborhoods and communities without replacing them) and television grew to dominate our lives. Not since 1960 (at the latest) have fans been proud and lonely misfits. In fact, sfans are the most socially advanced of any social correspondence network I've been in contact with.

Furthermore, one could argue against fans ever having been proud and lonely misfits. Sure, maybe fandom's roots do reach back to the days of church groups and bowling leagues, when fans for some reason didn't feel comfortable in such company. But how many bowling leagues organize nationwide networks of conventions and fanzines?

I know enough these days not to think that I have invented the wheel when I get an idea for a project. I've

learned that I think I've invented goes back further than I thought and turns up in surprising ways. If I were a fashion designer, I'd go around raving "Look at these really cool pants I made that flare at the bottom, like a bell. I'll call them — *bell bottoms*."

A couple years ago I was doing a thing I called "minifictions," minicomic-sized publications of very short stories. Humbly, I thought I had the text mini. However, there had been text minis in mail art in the late 70's, and of course in fandom there were the Christmas cards of IF.

Finding out about the Christmas cards of IF (in the original format) made me feel like "Yes! That's it! That's exactly what I'm talking about!" A spontaneous form of communication, done for the pleasure of that communication, and using the best available method of dissemination. Of course that's the ideal in fandom, and would be the ideal in any social correspondence network. But so much of faanish fandom has lost its spontaneous air and become a form to inhabit.

For instance, today one does fanzines on mimeo because that is the way fanzines are done. I always thought it was kind of silly, really; the extra time involved far outweighs the monetary savings. Mimeo, when it entered fandom, was revolutionary; it was not only the best available method, it was the **only** method. Mimeos were rare and treasured commodities, and their ownership usually fell to someone with a bent for tinkering. Running off and collating the zine was an important part of the social glue of fandom. In all of the discussions of Xerox vs. mimeo, I don't think I've ever heard anyone say, "You can hang out around a mimeo, gab and chat, and you can't do that in a copy shop."

Another aspect of timebinding is watching the exuberance of youth as it re-invents the wheel. Even I've seen it happen a few times. There's a new generation editing litzines, for instance, none of whom know me. The contributions I considered world-shaking in 1985 have been forgotten by the network, never more to be seen. But I don't feel bitter and neglected when I see that, I feel a little bemused and go for it, kid. Maybe I'd feel bitter if they were jumping around and shrieking about this great wheel thing they'd come up with.

Starting to read *BOA* I felt a little like the boy in the old woodcut who's poking his head through the sphere of the universe. Well, not *that* much of a sense of discovery. But there was a definite tinge of sensawunda there, feeling these words reach down to me and hoping my words might reach down to someone later.

As I said above, knowing some of the participants helped, too; guessing where they were and knowing a little about where they are today. That helped me realize that there was more going on than just a good idea that had been thought of before. Actually, it helped me to realize that progress has been made, that new contexts have developed.

BOA started in a time of great ferment, to say the least. Wiscon was (and is still) the hot feminist convention. Everything then had a sense of newness and discovery, a shellac of naïveté (sorry, it's 4 a.m.), and I bet the contributors were more of a generation than we are here. But then, maybe I ought to finish reading the thing before getting into any more raptures about it. — Luke McGuff

You can buy anything in Olympia.

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