



The frequent fanzine that with its showres soote the droughte of Gafia hath perced to the roote. 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 #159, 5/10/93. Material this time comes from Andy, Mike Giyer, Lee Hoffman and Luke McGuff. Art by Alexis Gilliland (page 4), Catherine Mintz (page 6 and title), and Tracy Shannon (pages 1 & 2). This issue produced on the road, using the SF3 Miracle Gestetner, and with the aid of Steve Swartz. The address for correspondence is always the one above, despite what it says on the back.

## THE RAINY TOWN TATTLER GOES HOME

by Andy

**THE HUGO BLUES:** By now, most readers will know about this year's Hugo award nominations. The field of nominees for best fan writer is exactly the same as last year, which means that I appear again in that category. Thank you kindly to the 14 or 15 people who chose me! Perhaps this year I will manage to edge out "No Award." In aid of that object, I might point out that even if you vote for me as your first choice, your second choice will almost surely be the eventual recipient of that vote. And you can hold your head up, knowing you have gone against the grain as only the truly discerning can.... Note that among the field of (remarkably) interesting nominees are two pieces of fannish saturnalia chosen in the category of best non-fiction book; Dave (It's That Man Again) Langford's *Let's Hear it for the Deaf Man* (NESFA Press), and Harry Warner Jr.'s *A Wealth of Fable* (Sci Fi Press). It is encouraging that we have the chance to split our vote between these two, and ensure victory for a treatise on costuming or a scholarly survey of K/S fanzines....

**STOP PRESS! TAFF TERROR!** Jeanne Bowman left a semi-coherent message on our machine, stating that the winner of this year's TAFF race is ABI FROST, beating Tony Berry, Michael Ashley, and Ashley Watkins, in that order, and by a razor-thin margin. Abi thus earns the right to represent the sceptered isle at ConFrancisco, and thereafter accept the baton as U.K. administrator from Pam Wells. According to Jeanne, all four candidates won in some fashion; after the first ballot — if we have this right — Abi did not have the most votes from the U.K., Europe, or North America. But she won on the third ballot, presumably by being the second choice of choice. Congratulations, Abi, and we hope you will keep Seattle in mind while preparing her itinerary....

**ALEXIS GILLILAND** writes: "Thankew for Spent Brass #18, which mentions that Dick Lynch has been dropping my name in connection with the semi-mythical '94 Corflu bid. This is, in fact, correct...vote for Corflu Nova (NORthern Virginia to the uninitiated,) you people, and do yourselves a favor. The specific details? Lacking any compelling reason to change the date, we went for the weekend before Memorial Day, May 20 - 22, 1994.

The hotel is the Crystal Gateway Marriot...on Route 1, aka Jefferson Davis Highway, just across the river from Washington, DC, and right on top of one end of the Crystal City Metro Station. The CGM runs a shuttle to National Airport every 15 minutes.... The hotel restaurant is rather pricey, but you can walk underground to Crystal City, which is a sort of mall doing a passable city- of-the-future imitation, with lots of restaurants in all price ranges. Con room rates for singles and doubles will be \$79.00 a night plus a 9.75 percent tax per night, and an extra \$5.00 per night for parking. When, as, and if the bid progresses, we will be furnishing the usual maps and so forth...." **THIS ISSUE** is to be distributed at Corflu Ten, and if you're reading it there, you have an excellent opportunity to purchase a copy of FANTHOLOGY '89. The volume runs to sixty pages, tastefully designed by Carrie Root, deftly illustrated by Stu Shiffman and Craig Smith (among others), ably mimeographed by Mark Manning, and featuring a really cool cover by Dan Steffan. Sixteen fan-writers are collected within, none of whom you would throw out of your zine for eating crackers in the colophon, plus a long and incoherent editorial by yours truly. The whole package sells for \$7.00, plus \$1.00 for 3rd-class postage if needed, and all profits will benefit Corflu...you asked for it folks, so there it is. — aph. ✻





## A Letter From Lee Hoffman:

I really appreciate your sending me *Spent Brass*. It's a good zine. One of the things I like about it is that I can read it all at a sitting. The other is that it's worth reading it all at a sitting.

Peter Larsen's 'The Fighting Fanzine Review Column' [In *SB 18* - ed.] was fun. I was quite taken with the idea that SF fanzines should all reflect *his* world and experience in a meaningful way. One is impressed that he and Luke McGuff continue to struggle to improve fandom. Many people would simply abandon us to our "irritating and insular" little clannish pastime and look for more worthy souls to save.

Luke's 'A Sense of Time Binding' [also in *SB 18* - ed.] surprised me. For the past few decades I've been in somewhat limited contact with fandom -- which I suspect is the only possible state of fannishness since fandom have become so large and diverse. (I doubt anyone is capable of being in touch with it all.) I was aware that there were a few Old Pharts trying to recapture the past by condemning those who weren't trying to emulate it, but I had no idea there was a "secret history" that very few people were welcome into.

When and where this secretive clannishness developed, I don't know, but I never felt anything like that in the early '50's, when I first discovered fandom. Clannish perhaps -- but secretive, no.

Maybe I wasn't in touch with all of fandom even then, so maybe I don't know what I'm talking about. I do know there were Conservatives even then who disapproved of us neos who deviated from their tradition. But they were a minority.

Most fanac in those days was on paper. Most fans were isolated and most contact among fans was by letter and fanzine. By and large, we really were a bunch of proud and lonely misfits. The majority of us were in our teens, an age when it is easy to be a lonely misfit. If we had fit in, we'd have been spending our time hanging out with other teenagers instead of alone with our books and typewriters.

One of our problems was that we were enthusiastic about things that most of the people around us didn't care about and often didn't even know about. We read for pleasure, and what we read most was not popular fiction but "trashy" pulp and obscure non-fiction. Like nerds in general, many of us were scorned by our contemporaries. Outside of large cities, most fans were lucky to have one or two nearby friends with whom they could discuss their peculiar interests. Most of us lived in one-fan towns. And most of us eager to convert outsiders to our literature and ideas.

We wanted to convince an unbelieving population that it was possible to someday send a man to the moon and explore space. We wanted to interest others in reading about that possibility. And maybe we also wanted them to realize we weren't really nerds, but worthwhile intelligent people of vision and what we had to say might be worth listening to.

At the time, SF had generally long been considered kid stuff, not worthy of public attention. Any recognition of SF and/or fandom by the outside world thrilled us by its very

existence, and usually disappointed us by the fact that it was usually mocking, condescending and/or inaccurate.

Along about the time I came into fandom, SF was starting to get some public attention. The movies *Destination Moon* and *The Day The Earth Stood Still* came out. A giant step for SF, we thought. But these were soon followed by such epics as *The Man From Planet X* and *Red Planet Mars*. This was not exactly what we'd had in mind. Even so, the cry of the 50's was that "science fiction had come of age" and World Con committees were enthusiastically promoting their conventions to the outside world.

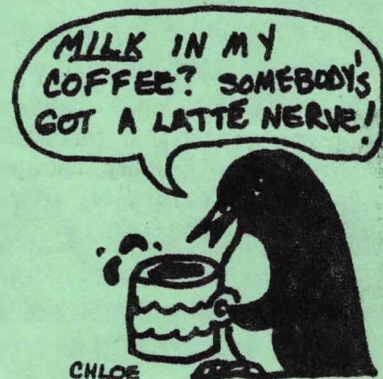
It was with the advent of such media ventures as *Star Trek* that SF and fandom took a really giant step into the outside world. But instead of Us converting Them, They converted Us. The sheer mass that fandom proliferated. Paper became a small part of the whole. A fan could no longer assume that just because another person was also active in fandom, you would both have read a lot of the same books and zines, and would have a lot of interests in common.

From what I see of it where I'm at now, fandom is no longer essentially a single culture but a conglomerate -- a multi-cultural body with a lot of overlap but no single unifying element. And no single pervasive attitude.

I don't doubt there are fans or groups of fans, who are as clannish and secretive as McGuff says. But it's hard to believe that all fandom is "secretive" and that "the history of fandom, the references and allusions that fill our zines, is hidden" when there are so many books and zines devoted to fanhistory. Perhaps some of fandom's individual cultural groups aren't well-documented, but its paper days are certainly well-covered in print.

By the way, mimeo was never "the only" available method of producing a zine. There've been set-type printed zines from the earliest days of fandom. The original FAPA membership was set at 50 because that was the maximum number of legible copies one could expect to pull from a hectograph. A lot of '50's zines were produced by Ditto and some by photo-offset. And a number of neos started with simple carbon paper.

I'd question the universal applicability of McGuff's claim that "today one does fanzines on mimeo because that is the way fanzines are done." Some fans admit using mimeo because it's traditional but some just like the warm, friendly informal quality that mimeo gives. And some probably even enjoy the process of mimeography. I'm not sure how running off and collating a zine "was an important part of the social glue of fandom" for the lone fan in a town...but I've never heard of anyone in a multi-fan town saying "You can't hang around a mimeo and gab and chat." Lee Hoffman ☼



# **THE 1993 FAKEFAN APTITUDE TEST**

**by Mike Glycer**

## **1. New Age Fandom**

Fandom, as we think of it, sets us apart from tv viewers, comics collectors, or even *Analog* readers. Unfortunately, the passing years make it increasingly hard to find cultural reference points that affirm our faith in this special identity. At the 1993 Norwescon, Andy Hooper and I were equally shocked to find ourselves surrounded by 20 fans who had never even heard of twiltone, let alone any particular trufannish zine, rabidly claiming to be fanzine fans with a fervor ordinarily reserved for D. West.

These publishers of slick \$15-per-copy mediazines, Kirk/Spock slashzines and electronic amateur fiction zines-on-disk barked resentfully at any hint they might be outside the rich tradition of faanish fanzine fandom. What could be more impressive than fans democratically refusing to be excluded from a group to which they have no desire to belong?

Indeed, our common language neutralized any attempt to define the difference between "fanzine fandom" and other fans who make fanzines. It made me wonder about our vanishing monopoly on fanspeak. If you can't define "fanzine fan" the next thing you know you won't be able to define any kind of fan.

## **2. The Need for a Fakefan Test**

Two decades ago, fandom dispatched waves of mature fans to successively found comics fandom, gaming fandom, mystery fandom, Regency Dance fandom, and Japanimation fandom. Having a history in common with trufandom, these early splinter groups still lived in a fannish environment that allowed for easy passage between the groups. Then, inevitably, the subfandoms filled with participants who pursued only that special interest. If they thought there was such a thing as trufandom, they believed they were in it. The answer to "Who are fans?" passed beyond ecumenical tolerance to a kind of New Age subjectivity.

It might almost be easier to start by

defining who fans are *not*.

When Gene Wolfe, in his Aussiecon 2 guest of honor speech, pointed out that, "A fakefan always brings the conversation around to the book he's read that year", we tingled with a sense of his truthfulness even as we strained to remember another book we'd read lately besides *Startide Rising*.

Simply showing up for a convention does not push one across faandom's threshold, it may only add one more fakefan to the crowd we are sifting in a latter-day "Where's Waldo?" We need a way of measuring faanishness that is as effective as a driver's license test, whose results will show anybody there's an objective difference between a fanzine fan and any other fan with access to the school xerox.

The following eight questions are a sample of what I have in mind:

## **3. The Fakefan Aptitude Test**

### **1. Correct elevator etiquette includes:**

- (a) Loudly dissing those working crowd control as "elevator Nazis."
- (b) In a full elevator car, punching the button for every floor and hanging halfway out the doors to see if there's a party going on. And when there is, thinking for a long time before leaving to join it.
- (c) Crowding aboard with your inflatable brontosaurus.
- (d) In a glass elevator, seeing there is an inflatable brontosaurus in the next car, and during a 40-floor descent making a machine-gunning gestures punctuated with cries of "Die, monster, die!"
- (e) Jumping aboard in your peanut-butter masquerade outfit.

### **2. Which of these potables is the correct one to use in "smoothing"?**

- (a) Jolt Cola and vodka
- (b) Peppermint schnapps
- (c) Curacao and sauerkraut juice
- (d) All of the above
- (e) None of the above

### **3. Dining out with fans usually proves an embarrassing situation for the aloof fakefan. Which of these gaffes might be the cause?**



(a) The fan who renders his hash into separate piles of meat, potato and vegetables before eating it.

(b) Six diners who between them leave a 5% tip.

(c) The animation writer who spends the whole dinner retelling gross sight gags he's contributed to *Ren and Stimpy*.

(d) A group of seven fans who want to go out together to dinner, but one won't eat Chinese food, one hates Italian food, one won't eat meat, one won't eat fast food, one is on a starvation diet, and two are a married couple who consider \$25 per person an inexpensive meal.

(e) Mass theft of plates and saucers some fanartist has covered with cartoons.

*Answer: You are a fakefan if you don't think that all five are likely to happen during a typical convention dinner expedition.*

4. Which editor is most likely to produce another issue of his genzine?

(a) Mike Glyer

(b) Francis Towner Laney

5. Accustomed to getting eight hours of sleep, you party a little late at the con and only get six hours. You mention being tired to another fan in the morning. Which of the following responses will elicit a quick rap in the chops from you?

(a) "I've been up for 235 straight hours and I feel fine."

(b) "What's wrong with this con? The last party closed so early -- 5:30 a.m."

(c) "I don't go to bed at cons to go to sleep."

6. A trufan dreams of being trapped in an elevator with:

(a) Gene Wolfe

(b) Jean Lorrain

(c) Jeanne Gomoll

(d) Jean Dixon

7. You are accidentally invited to sniff the bong at a famous fan's party. You are told to bring something along. You bring:

(a) Twiltone

(b) Fondue forks

(c) Coffee grounds

(d) Harry Andruschak

8. As a fakefan you are earnestly striving to achieve:

(a) GAFIA

(b) MAFIA

*Scoring:* If you scored 0 correct answers, you are fully qualified to be a hotel night manager. If you scored 1-2 correct answers, stick your Spock ears in the microwave and turn it on high. If you scored 3-4 correct answers it's time to renew your N3F membership. If you scored 5-7 correct answers contact the editor of this zine for a souvenir copy of *Lan's Lantern*. If you scored all 8 correct answers you realize why we didn't need to supply an answer key for readers of *Spent Brass*!

WHICH GENERATION  
STAR TREK IS THIS  
FROM?



## TINY TALES OF TERROR

[At least Carrie thinks it's a tiny tale of terror!]

On Getting Pierced

By Luke McGuff

There were several surprises to it.

The first was the clamp. My tits are pretty small, so it took some effort for Mark, the man who pierced me, to get enough skin up into the clamp. ("They're so small, you should bite them more," he said to my partner. "Yes dear," she said back, which gave him a good laugh.)

From my viewpoint, it was like one of those shots with the doctors bent over the patient, silhouetted by the operating light. It was like he was rooting around, trying to lift up the sod and look at the dirt below, an odd sensation to experience in something I always thought of as flat.

Tightening the clamp was the second surprise. It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would. I gasped, but remembered to keep breathing. On the way to the studio, I had practiced breathing and distributing sensation, waking up every part of my body so that no feeling and no fear was concentrated in any one place. So when the clamp was tightened I regained my breathing and exhaled slowly, imagining the pain run through my body, to my legs, feet, stomach, chest, arms.

Mark reached behind himself for the cork and needle, then asked how it felt as he leaned back over me. He said he would do it on the count of three. His left hand held the needle, the right a cork to press my tit against. His gloved hands lay flat on my chest, bracing themselves against my ribs. Mark was smiling, nice to see someone enjoy his work. I was looking at the ceiling. Jane, my partner, watched the actual piercing. Two of our friends were also there. I think it was more traumatic to watch than to have done, but I wish we had brought a camera so I could see it.

On one I inhaled; on two, held my breath; on three, I exhaled and he shoved a 14 gauge needle through my tit.

There was a rending feeling, it definitely felt like a veil had been torn. And there was an almost inaudible sound to it, of something roaring through a tunnel. Maybe this was synesthesia brought on to avoid screaming in pain, but Jane says she heard it, too. Once it was in I blinked, relaxed, and looked at the ceiling. "I'm still me," was the first thing I thought. Lately I'm surprised how by how much I can change with the core still remaining essentially the same; both how malleable and how inflexible I am. In the words of the Chinese proverb, "I am moving all day and not moving at all. I am like the moon under the waves that ever go rolling."

When he removed the clamp, it brushed against the needle briefly. another odd sensation: like stroking a wire to set up a vibration.

Then Mark said he was going to put the ring on the needle, which brought on the next surprise: a large steel needle wiggling in my tit. I looked down to see the needle sticking through both ends of my nipple, and stuck on the right end the ring that would be left behind, twisted into a semi-spiral to get through the nipple hole. There was Vaseline or some lubricant gooped all around, but no blood that I could see.

The continued sensation there was starting to wear me out. Probably the last couple things were, overall, less traumatic than the actual piercing, but because it kept on happening the pain was starting to seep in a little more. As Mark made his final adjustments, I had to clench and release my breathing, grasp my partner's hand.

The needle was withdrawn and the ring pulled through; then the ring was straightened out and the bead (a tiger's eye) affixed. Seven major shocks, all together. That's not that many.

I did this for a lot of reasons. For the transformation, thinking that I would feel empowered for being able to prove to myself that I could withstand this shock. To recognize a developing change in my sexuality. To be a boot through another doorway in my life. But for whatever the reason, it's still up to me to act on the transformation, empowerment, recognition; still up to me to step through the doorway.

It continues to shock me. Not the pain, but seeing it there. When I got my tattoo, I owned and enjoyed it as soon as the outline stencil was on my arm. But the nipple ring is different. I've thought I didn't deserve it, for some reason. (Kind of scary, because the things I usually think I "deserve" are things I envy.) A couple times I've wanted to pull it out. On the other hand, I like the way it shapes my breast.

In fact, far from feeling macho for having my tit poked, I feel effeminized in some ways. for having paid attention to *that* part of my body in *that* way. For spreading my sensations from hands and feet, penis and lips to a place where men aren't "supposed" to feel. The aftercare (cleaning to keep it from getting infected and to have it heal properly) requires basically that I fondle my left breast a couple times a day, something men don't normally do (well, het-identified men, at least). But I *like* that feeling, and the first time I cleaned it in the shower, when I touched it in some way that felt like it reached out and gripped my spine, I said "Oh, that's why they do this." -- Luke McGuff ♡



## Spring, Again....

by Carrie

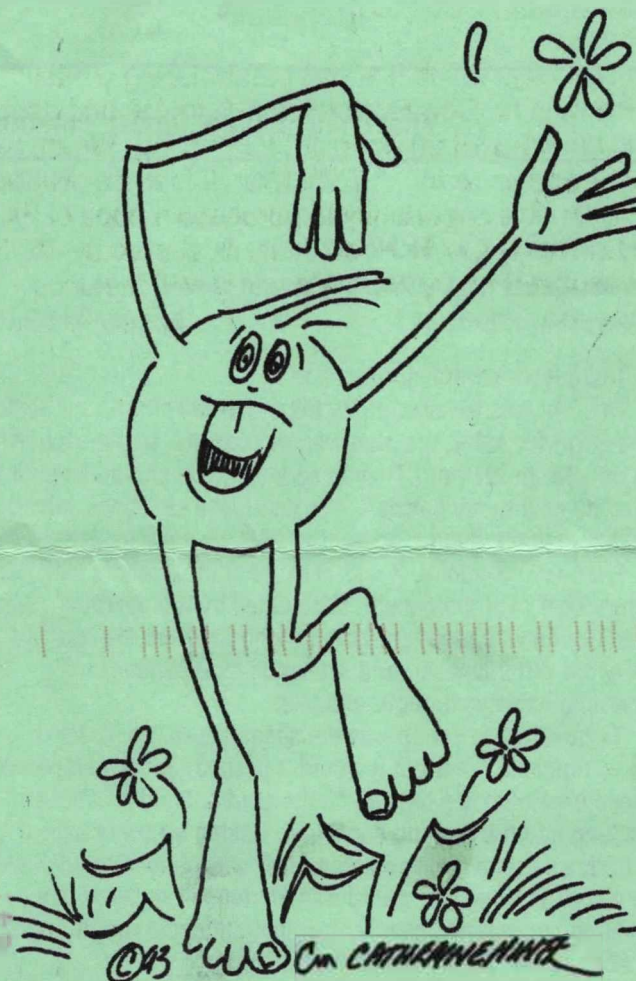
A big reason I wanted to move to Seattle was spring.

Spring has always been my favorite season. When I was a kid, spring meant sandstorms, but also Easter and my birthday. And it was always spring by Easter in New Mexico, unlike Wisconsin, where to my amazement spring sometimes never came - it went straight from cold and sleet to humidity and thunderstorms. But I discovered that delayed pleasure is often intense, and grew to love that northern spring, too.

But Seattle has the gradual spring of a country that is celebrating the return of light after the sunless months of winter, but is in no rush to get to summer. Seattle's spring is the walker's season. I walk year around, but my special joy this year is returning to the woods that I first explored last year and finding the wildflowers that I had so painstakingly identified from my *Peterson's*, a few of which I can still recall the names - crow's beak, bedstraw, heal-well.

Saturday Kate and Glenn took me to their property in the Duckabush valley where we spent the afternoon tromping around in the rain, rescuing their baby forest from the bracken and finding the best wild strawberry patch for quick access later this summer. Kate named me a new flower - the valerian, a pretty pink cluster of blossoms which we first spied with field glasses clinging to the cliff over the rapids.

And I hear some of us get a second spring this year. After a miserable winter, it's finally spring in Madison. The Corflu committee, having advertised that May was the perfect time to come to Wisconsin, has breathed a sigh of relief and packed away the parkas they were collecting to lend to their tropical visitors. Let's go walking in the cherry blossoms! - cr



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