

The 26th issue of the Frequent Fanzine that shouts "SELL! SELL! SELL!" Edited and Published by Andy Hooper and Carol Root, 4228 Francis Ave. N. # 103, Seattle, WA 98103, members fwa. This is Drag Bunt Press Production #180 4/15/94. 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, Cyril Binder, Andi Shechter, Ted White, and our readers. Art by Brad Foster (p. 1), Tom Foster (p. 5), Bill Kunkel (p. 3) and Bill Rotsler (pp. 7 and 8). Title cartoon by Ben Bost, and "Blowback" heading by Pat Virzi. This fanzine supports the afai. Please address all correspondence and trades to the address above.



## MON RAINY TOWN TATTLER D'AMERIQUE

by Andy

**ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT**, we'll go to a multiple column format with the Tattler. What's wrong with you people out there, don't you know how to use a ruler?...**TWO UNUSUALLY HUGE HOWLING MISTAKES** leaped out at me when I

sat down to read the last issue. The first is, Bill Donaho's fanzine is spelled "*Habakkuk*". This is the sort of thing no spell-checker is likely to catch on its own, and I loaded the wrong spelling into it, congratulating myself on my industry and foresight.... And *then* I spent all that time praising Jeff Schalles' fine mimeography on *Idea*, which Geri Sullivan actually does almost entirely by herself. It's just that whenever Jeff and I get together, we always end up talking about mimeography at some point or another.... Geri, I am a rogue and pheasant slave.... I **RECEIVED A LETTER** last week which said...well, *implied*, at least -- that Sharyn McCrumb, author of *Zombies of the Gene Pool* and self-professed "Salman Rushdie of Science Fiction," has been named as *fan* guest of honor -- for Wiscon 1995. I welcome any effort to clarify this situation...**OTHER WISCON** rumors reaching us indicate that Jeanne Gomoll is coming out of con-running retirement in order to chair the convention committee for next year, perhaps in an effort to keep the con focused on women in speculative literature. Given the difficulty which has faced the committee in maintaining this focus on recent years, might it be possible to coax Pat Murphy and the other Tiptree award organizers to present the award at Wiscon again in 1995, since there may not be too many more chances to do so? Just a thought.... **BOTH DICK LYNCH AND ALEXIS GILLILAND** responded

graciously to my rude digs at their failure to send the Corflu progress reports to me in particular, and to those who haven't bought memberships to Corflu NOVA yet in general. Dick says they are planning to do a wider mailing linked to the next issue of *Mimosa*, (which should well be in your hands by now), so if you're on the Lynch mailing list, you'll get some further information shortly. And if you aren't on the *Mimosa* mailing list, why not? **...IF YOU DON'T HAVE IT WRITTEN DOWN ELSEWHERE**, here are the particulars on Corflu NOVA one more time: May 20 -- 22, 1994, at the Crystal Gateway Marriot, 1700 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, VA 22202, (703) 920-3230, mention Corflu to get the convention rate of \$79.00 for a single/double (tax not included) and don't forget the parking charge of \$5.00 per day. Sources close to the committee tell me that the convention rate will not extend to Sunday evening, so be prepared to spend about \$40.00 more to stay over until Monday. Convention memberships are \$37.00 attending, \$10.00 supporting, with pre-teenage children admitted free to everything except the Sunday brunch. Checks payable to Alexis Gilliland, 4308 8th St. S., Arlington, VA 22204. **...ONE OTHER PROGRAM NOTE IN RE Corflu**, it appears that the response to the committee's request for nominations for the revived faan awards met with the same apathy that must have led to their cessation the first time. Recent informal discussion of this topic reveals that the ennui in regard to more silly awards may well extend across fandom, but the unusually small sample tested (those who had fully-paid Corflu memberships at the time of the first report, no doubt supplemented with a small number of local D.C. fans.) would keep me from making any definite conclusions. Personally, I was sorry to hear about this; the idea of bringing the awards back sounded like fun. Anyone want to try and pick up the pieces? Maybe next year in Las Vegas? **...CONVERSATION WITH ANDY PORTER REVEALS** that he is going to eliminate Avedon Carol's "Twiltone Forest" column from SFC in the near future. The feature always finishes way down in reader surveys, and Andy feels that he can't go on



ignoring that fact. But it's a shame; Avedon's reviews were very well-done, and we got a few new correspondents through her listing of *Spent Brass*. And I believe that leaves *Factsheet Five* as the only magazine available on American newsstands that mentions SF fanzines.... **CONGRATULATIONS** to that fine third baseman Moshe Feder on snagging one of the book review slots at *Asimov's*, and on celebrating his birthday with a new pair of Guy's Shoes...heck, Moshe, you can't be mad at us, Lise's birthday wish to you on *A Prairie Home Companion* must have gone out to a few million listeners! **ACCORDING TO THE NEW ISSUE** of *Group Mind*, Dan Steffan has thrown his hat into the ring and declared his intention to stand for TAFF in the race that will elect a delegate to attend Intersection, the 1995 Worldcon in Glasgow, Scotland. When this race will open and close has not yet been announced.... **IN THE SAME FANZINE** Ted White calls for the use of some portion of the large sums of money which Ted believes are currently banked by successful Worldcon

committees of the past, to provide funding for TAFF and DUFF, and so remove the onus of raising money from the shoulders of future fund administrators. I don't see any immediate link between these two ambitions, but I imagine the number of people interested in standing for TAFF would increase exponentially if this "Ultimate Daugherty Project" should find success. If all you had to do was make the trip, write the report, and run the next race, without staggering all over the countryside begging quarters from gophers at *Blake's 7* conventions.... **ANOTHER LITTLE FAN** is on the way - Our good buddies and ex-housemates Kim and Pete Winz are expecting. And to think we were there when it all started.... **NEWS FLASH:** Hope Kiefer-Hailman to helm revived Cube. Details to follow.... **ANOTHER ISSUE COME AND GONE:** I guess we're still looking for a regular fanzine reviewer. Also, the litigation with regard to Martin Smith's ownership goes on; we'll have more on that in the next issue. Until then, how about them Cleveland Indians? -- aph

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"I found it hard, it was hard to find, oh well, whatever, never mind."

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## ASK DR. FANDOM

by Ted White

Q: So who died and made *you* "Dr. Fandom"?

A: Good question. I'm glad you asked that. Actually, I'm an old hand at this "Doctoring" bit. Back in the seventies I was "dr. Progresso" in a variety of media, all of them relating to music, specifically progressive rock. But don't get me started on that subject.

As for who decided I was "Dr. Fandom," it was Austrian fan Franz Miklis, in his fanzine *THE GALACTO-CELTIC NEWSFLASH* #10. He referred to me as "doctor fandom" while remarking on my fanzine review column in *HABBAKUK*. He accused me of using my "scalpel" on "Guy H. Lillian's fanheart," and begged me not to "cut into his small little fanheart should I ever review his fanzine there.

Q: I see. So this is a question-and-answer column. Are you expecting real questions for future columns? And where are the questions going to come from for this initial column?

A: Yes, I'd like real questions -- about the nature, philosophy, or history of fandom -- for this column's future installments. One good meaty question could kick off an entire column. In the meantime, and just to get things going, I'm making the questions up myself.

Q: You're "priming the pump?"

A: Yup. Sometimes it's necessary. Like when I revived the lettercols in *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC* back in 1969: I had to write some of the letters myself -- but just in the first lettercols.

Q: That segues nicely into a Real Question: What *about* prozine lettercols, and prozine fanzine-review columns? Not since your *AMAZINGs* and *FANTASTICs* have there been mentions of fandom and fanzines in the prozines. Isn't *this* one of the key factors in the so-called "graying" of fandom?

A: You're right (of course). It's been fifteen years since I edited those magazines -- and fifteen years since fandom has had any presence in the remaining prozines. I suggested last year to Leah Zeldes Smith that she send copies of her *AQ* fanzine-review columns to *AMAZING* and see if they'd let her revive The Clubhouse. She has the ability to do a good fanzine review column for a prozine.

But since then *AMAZING* has all but folded. That leaves a small field indeed: *F&SF*, *ANALOG*, *ASIMOV'S* and *SF AGE*. The last time *F&SF* mentioned fandom was while Avram Davidson was editor, in the 1960s. *ANALOG* is edited almost anonymously, in the gray-cloaked shadow of John Campbell, and would probably reject a fanzine-review column as a matter of pride and

policy. *ASIMOV'S* is edited by a semi-fan (and hail-fellow, well-met at most conventions), and might -- if it was pitched properly -- be at least open to the idea. *SF AGE* is run by people who look down their noses at fandom, seeing it (at best) as a captive audience at Worldcons. In my brief dealings with them I found them less than honest or upfront.

Fandom *needs* a voice in the prozines. We need to let the people who still read magazine sf know we exist: some of them are our kind of people. If not the prozines -- all-but-extinct dinosaurs that they are -- how about the semi-prozines? *ABORIGINAL SF* still strikes me as the worst-titled magazine in the history of our field (beating out *TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE STORIES* and *OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES*, among others, for this singular honor), but might it find room for a column on fandom? And how about A.J. Budrys' *TOMORROW*? Ajay used to be a fan himself, and in the glory days of the early fifties, when a *number* of prozines mentioned fandom in one way or another. Might he be receptive, perhaps to someone like Leah? And then there's the revived *GALAXY*, edited by H. L. Gold's son, E.J. Gold. E.J. is a notable flake, and there's a California-impermanence to this incarnation of *GALAXY* (I haven't seen on yet, myself), but someone ought to check him out about the idea of a fan column.

Q: You said yourself that the prozines are dying out. Who reads them now? If you want to reach teenagers, potential youngfans, you gotta go where they are. Comics. Gaming, especially video-gaming. Bulletin-boards.

A: And offer them what? A comics fanzine? A gaming fanzine? E-mail? (And, say: who's asking the questions here?) This is a comment I hear a lot, and I think it makes about as much sense as proselytizing among baseball or football fans at games. The whole point of fandom -- *our* fandom -- is our shared background as *sf readers*, our love of print and written communication.

I've been in and around comics fandom since its inception (I was one of its founders, *sigh...*), and not since *EC* ceased to be its focus has comics fandom even pretended to literacy. (Today the one literate publication in comics fandom, *COMICS JOURNAL*, is disliked by the average



comics fan, who distantly senses when he tries to read it that it is somehow subtly sneering at him.) Comics fans -- despite the occasional overlap between the two fandoms -- are not much like us. They aren't "Fannish" in any real sense.

There's a large and separate gaming fandom, too. Arnie Katz and Bill Kunkel are its founder and BNFs, but they report that despite their efforts, it's no more fannish than comics fandom. The point is that the *basic attraction* is different in each case. Trolling comics or game fandoms -- where there are teenagers -- would accomplish little. It would make more sense to troll among Worldcon attendees.

Because we're looking for young people with *our* way of looking at the world, our take on life and the Whole Thing. The ones who read science fiction and dream great dreams. The ones who get excited when they see their first real fanzines and begin to realize the possibilities. The ones who grasp instinctively the concept of timebinding.

They're still out there, looking for something to satisfy their unvoiced urges: for fandom, if we can only show it to them.

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This column's continuation depends on the feedback it gets. It will thrive only if presented genuine questions, ones I didn't have to make up. Questions must relate to the basic subject of fandom, but can range in any direction. Silly questions may get silly answers, especially if I think that's all they deserve, but silly questions are better than no questions at all. Please address your questions to "Dr. Fandom, P.O. Box 409, Falls Church, VA 22040. Enclose SASE for direct reply. Write soon.

-- Ted White

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 "They haven't been in business that long because they have a large nuclear arsenal"  
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## THE GRAVE LITTLE TOASTER

### A Tiny Tale of Terror

by Andi Shechter

[This might be a more appropriate story for Dave Barry's column, what with his interest in exploding cows and the like, but it's just not my crowd.]

In late 1988, Stu Shiffman and I moved in together into a house in Arlington, Massachusetts (thus joining, at least temporarily, the Arlington Mafia, composed of fans living in places named Arlington -- Texas, Virginia, Massachusetts). Before that Stu had been in New York, and I had been sharing a nice house with Alexis Layton in Cambridge. Stu and I moved in with P, who was going to be moving out soon (and was still there when all of us had to move the following July).

One of the peculiarities of many Massachusetts apartments (besides the fact that many of them lack minor necessities like cabinets and closets) is that the tenant is often expected to provide some kitchen appliances. P and her previous roommate had gone out and purchased a refrigerator without, apparently, measuring the space allotted for it. This resulted in a nice large refrigerator in a nice medium-sized niche in the hallway leading to the back door. This meant, as you can guess, that we could not use the back door. Yes, this is relevant. Stick with me. (Of course, that meant the poster that was delivered to the back door sat there for several days before anyone knew it was there...but that's not our story.

Now, anyone who has eaten breakfast with me knows that I'm not particularly into healthy breakfasts. Omelets tend to make me gag and yogurt is a joke. My breakfast weapons of choice are lots of coffee and things like pastries, coffee cake or muffins. And Pop Tarts (Anyone knowing a source for non-frosted brown sugar/cinnamon Pop Tarts could possibly earn themselves a berth in fannish heaven if they'd let me know.)

I had stored my toaster oven in the basement while I was sharing the house with Alex, since he had one I could use. As far as I knew, mine was fine. What can go wrong with a toaster oven that hasn't done anything but sit there for a couple of years?

One Sunday, late morning or early afternoon, I headed into the kitchen to toast up some Pop Tarts. After a bit, something started to go wrong. P walked through the apartment saying something like "There seems to be a fire in the kitchen. Good-bye, I'm going to a NESFA meeting." And she left. Stu was sitting in the dining room, on the phone to

Gary Farber. I raced into the kitchen where sure enough, there was a substantial amount of smoke and icky plastic fumes. Now, I'm fairly good in an emergency. I tend to function well at the time and shake later. So, I ran to open a couple of windows, concerned about the fumes and resolving to get this fire out. Fast. I called to Stu something like "Stu, I need you!" He said something like "okay" and then nothing happened. I darted into the dining room to hear him say something like "No, Gary, really, I have to go. There's some sort of emergency in the kitchen and Andi needs me. Gary, Gary...." Gary, meanwhile, was apparently baffled, and not done talking, and not getting that we really meant *an emergency*, and was saying "But, but, but...." I was getting a bit more nervous. Stu said "Gary, I have to go. I'll call you back" and hung up. "What can I do?" says Stu. Well, clearly, we had to clear this disaster out of the house, since neither of us are fond of the smell of burning plastic. However, the easy route, directly out the back door, was not really the easy route (You remember the back door? You remember the refrigerator?) So I said, "Go open the front door. I'll grab this thing and bring it out."

It was January in Massachusetts. There was snow everywhere. Stu cleared a patch, I grabbed the now-smoldering toaster oven and carefully took it out onto the front porch and set it down. I grabbed handfuls of snow and threw them over the toaster oven to put out the remains of the fire. We peered cautiously at it, wondering if toaster ovens exploded (I guess we really do need to check with Dave Barry.) We opened the oven door and tossed in some snow.

Stu and I then left the porch and went back in the house, opening windows (brrr...) and debating what had happened to our toaster oven. From time to time, we went out to check on our defunct kitchen appliance and, alas, my breakfast. It was really scary. Hours later, after Stu had called Gary back, the fire was out, but there was still *something* alive in our toaster oven. Stu looked at me and said "You know the last scene on the movie *Time Bandits*?" (I didn't at the time, but saw it later.) You know the scene? It's where the evil thing just melts and lies there. Glowing. For a long time. That's what my alleged Pop Tarts were doing in this now very cold toaster oven.

Now, four years later, there are two frightening notes to this story. One is that I still eat

Pop Tarts. The second is that I've been meaning to write this story up for four years, but only had to when I recently learned from Alan Rosenthal that (cue up the spooky *Twilight Zone* music) the very same thing happened to his toaster oven and

his Pop Tarts. Of course, Alan is possibly more of a direct action kind of person than I am. He threw his toaster directly out the window. He does note, however, that the window was closed at the time.  
-- Andi Shechter

"I am still not a fried egg fan."

# BLOWBACK

## THE SPENT BRASS LETTER COLUMN

[It's been months since we published any of the torrent of cards, letters and trades we have received in response to SB. We could let this issue balloon out to thirty pages, and we wouldn't be able to even excerpt all the mail we've gotten. So, for the foreseeable future, SB will feature a small letter column every time out. We'll catch up with the WAHF's next time, too. No, no, don't thank me; it's really the least I can do. -- aph]

**Mike McInerney**

83 Shakespeare St. Daly City, CA 94014

"Your poll was interesting in showing a range and vitality of fannish activity. 33 voters found a dozen favorite fanzines good enough to make the top ten. *TRAPDOOR* is the only one of them I've seen yet. I assume the poll was taken before *Habakkuk* reemerged from its hiatus. Next year I expect to see it on the chart. Also, I don't see Andy Hooper or *Spent Brass*. I guess you disqualified yourself from the voting. Next time don't do that. Graciously accept any egoboo that you have earned.

"Ted, please do that series of columns. No need to categorize them as anything other than personal reminiscence. I'd love to read them. By the way, has anyone done a book about 60's fandom? That's what I'd really love to have." [You and a lot of other people, Mike; the task is widely regarded as being beyond the ability of one author. I think Carrie and I will go ahead and make ourselves eligible for the next poll. People vote for us any way, leaving holes in their ballots, and I don't think we need to

worry about the poll turning into a captive popularity contest. Our readers have shown a lot more imagination than that.

Now here's note from someone who isn't eager to see any more of Ted White's columns.... --aph]

**Guy H. Lillian III**

P.O. Box 53092 New Orleans, LA 70153-3092

"Ted White excoriated me in much more vicious and personal terms in the most recent *Habakkuk* than he did in *Spent Brass*...but he does issue one unique criticism in your pages which I should address. This is where he wonders aloud why I sent the premiere of my genzine, *Challenger*, by 3rd Class mail instead of 1st class. "Someone" he prisses, should tell [Lillian] that the difference in cost...is only pennies (if that), but the difference in delivery time will run from days to weeks. He wasted his money on third class."

"Well, not to disagree with the mighty White, but someone did tell me the difference between first and third class -- the post office. Indeed, the difference was "only pennies"...23 of them. Shipping out *CHALL* third class cost me \$1.21 a shot. First class would have run \$1.44, given my print run of 200, that would have been

an additional expenditure of forty-six bucks, which is a bit much to pay to give his Whiteness one less thing to bitch about."

[aph: It's refreshing to see some one respond to Ted's criticism on factual, rather than personal grounds. Your point is well-made, Guy, and I encourage you to go on sending *Challenger* third class. I'm willing to wait.

We still have a little mail creeping in regarding the cemetery pieces we ran last fall:]

**Dennis Lien** 3149 Park Ave.  
S. Minneapolis, MN 55407-1524

"Just a note regarding Andy's musings on variant spellings of the name of one of the IWW victims: The





official IWW report, *The Everett Massacre* by Walter C. Smith (1918), spells it "Gerlot" throughout, so Wallace Stegner agrees with the IWW records -- most likely the tombstone has the error.

"Did get me to speculating about relative frequency of typos in things that are produced quickly (typing, word processing, this handwritten note with two strikeovers already) vs. slowly (tombstone carving, Norse runes, neon signs, cave wall paintings -- the old J. Wesley Smith cartoon of one Cro-Magnon asking another "Do you spell hunt with one dog or two?"). Possibly there's a market out there for proofreaders working with tombstone carvers and neon artists,, though traditional blue pencils probably won't be practical...."

#### **Buck Coulson**

2677W-500N Hartford City, IN 47348

"Nothing as exotic as voodoo cemeteries in my part of Indiana. When we moved to Silver Lake in 1933, though, our place backed up against the town cemetery. Dad built a wooden stile over the fence, and we used the cemetery as a shortcut to town. Mostly in the daylight, but when I was a little older, Boy Scout meetings were held after dark in the winter, and I used the shortcut to get to and from. When I was 13, I was appointed cemetery caretaker. No salary, but 35 cents an hour for mowing the grass and \$10.00 for each grave dug. Actually, Dad did most of the grave-digging, but I was expected to pitch in and help. No backhoes in those days; it was a pick and shovel job. I did have a power mower for the lawn mowing; it was an old reel-type mower with a gas engine set on top; I assume it was cobbled together by some handyman, but it worked. Even earlier, though, when I was 8 or so, I began shooting ground squirrels in the cemetery. I did it for sport, but the cemetery association approved; the squirrels like to put their holes under the headstones, and after a few years of undermining, the stones would fall over. Mostly I used a .22 single-shot pistol which a great-uncle had given me, and .22 shot cartridges. This let me practice stalking, because if I wasn't within 10 or 15 feet when I fired, not enough shot would hit the animal to kill it. No really exciting or ancient graves at Silver Lake, but an old man once told me that he'd got sick in the 1918 flu epidemic, and there were so many people sick (and, presumably, in the army), that as soon as he was ambulatory he was pressed into service digging graves, even though he couldn't work very hard and it took a long time to dig one. He said it was about dusk one day, when an old friend came into the cemetery where he was digging. The friend had been out of town since my story-teller took sick, and

when he popped out of a partly-dug grave to say hello, the friend fainted."

#### **Ned Brooks**

713 Paul St. Newport News, VA 23605

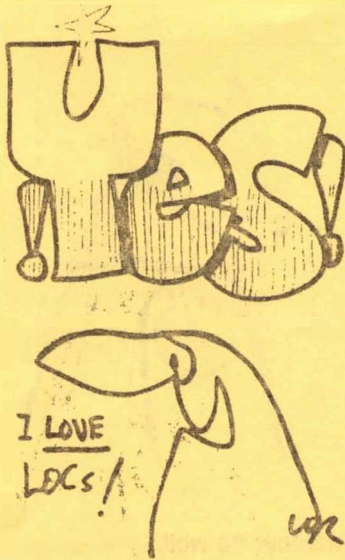
"I enjoyed the account of your visit to the cemetery. With your interest in the names on tombstones you might be interested to know something I read recently in *Sianapa* -- in Gary Grady's zine, quoting Marty Helgesen in another apa, *FLAP*, in turn quoting the Op-Ed page of the February 23rd, 1979 *New York Times*. A Guy Davenport had published there an article entitled *Hobbits in Kentucky* in which he claimed that all the wonderful Hobbit surnames (such as Barefoot, Boffin, Took, Brandybuck, Grubb, Barrows, Goodbody and Proudfoot) came to Tolkien from a man who had been his classmate at Oxford, a lawyer named Allen Barnett. All of these names can be found in the phone directories (and presumably the graveyards of Lexington and Shelbyville, Kentucky. These were apparently 'hillbilly' families who cured 'pipe-weed' and Tolkien could not get enough of Barnett's tales about them. Oddly enough, at the time Davenport learned this from Barnett, Barnett had never read *The Lord of the Rings* or even knew his classmate was a famous author."

*[These stories, as with all the personal and second-hand anecdotes our cemetery crawling inspired, were a great pleasure to read and receive. It seems like almost everyone out there has some sort of cemetery experience or story to share. Eric Mayer even sent us the newsletter of the association supporting his local graveyard! I guess the impulse to hang around in graveyards is more universal than I ever realized, assuming I'd given it much thought....aph]*

#### **Redd Boggs**

P.O. Box 441 El Verano, CA 95443

"Perhaps Irwin Hirsh (SB # 21) is right that "handing masters over a counter and receiving a stack of printed pages in return" isn't quite as much "clean, fannish fun" as publishing by mimeo in the company of a bunch of other fans. I don't know. In the past couple of years I have converted from publishing by Gestetner to using the formidable Konica copier at Mail boxes Etc., and this is quite a transition (although hardly anybody seems to have noticed, or at least made mention of the fact, that my fanzines look different than before). For more than 40 years I published by the strength of my mighty right arm cranking in turn a Sear duper, Speedoprint, A. B. Dick, and finally a faithful little Gestetner 120. But these days I lounge



nonchalantly by the copier, watching as, with no exertion on my part, it clunks out page after page faster than I ever did by hand. Occasionally I grab a page from the rapidly increasing stock of printed pages to look at it with approval. How pretty it is, with such little effort! Modern Technology -- it almost seems like magic. The copier is nominally a self-service machine, but kindly Ms. Hilliard, the proprietor, does most of the work setting things up.

"And when the job is finished, I get a neat parcel of printed sheets which are warm to the touch like a living thing, like a cat or puppy, as if my fanzine had taken on a life of its own. That's even more satisfying than, as Irwin says, watching "blank page become filled with your words." They're still pleasantly warm when I get the parcel home and start stapling the issue. MY neighbor in the apartment below hollers up, objecting to the thump of the stapler, saying "...you old fool!" I resent that! I've been a fool ALL my life. And fool that I am (though I still have my Gestetner) I don't REALLY miss all the fannish fun I had with my own duper all those years. I remember all the people who helped me with the mimeoing (so many people, including Dick Elsberry, Jim Harmon, Dave Rike, Betty Vinmar, and most of all, Gretchen) with gratitude for their help and companionship, but I'm like an old cowboy feeling nostalgic about those days in the saddle and nights in the bunkhouse -- just before he climbs in his Ford pickup and, no sweat, goes out to ride fence -- and gets back just in time to catch "Seinfeld" on the tube. The old days were fun, but were they better than today? "

*[Indeed. I enjoy the lore of more colorful, less convenient times, but I have no real desire to live in them. I like having ziploc bags and atm cards and access to fast and effortless copying, and I'm known to make use of all of them. But you have to realize that I*

*and many of the current generation of fen approach mimeography in a different light than you ever did, Redd. For us the art of the mimeograph has a novelty to it, an air of Byzantine technology. The first forty or fmz I published were all done on photocopy machines. For me, they have the same prosaic limitations and associations as mimeo does for you. There is nothing more useless than a broken photocopier! At least a mimeo that doesn't work can be used to sink a dead body. But, if we do end up going quarterly with SB, which all signs continue to point towards, I suspect we'll end up biting the financial bullet and have it professionally done. Besides, if it allowed me to share the company of Ms. Hilliard, I might have her do my copying as well. --aph]*

**David Levine**

1905 SE 43rd Ave. Portland, OR 97215

*"Tiny Tales of Terror: NYC Metro Report [by Algernon D'Amassa in SB # 22 -- aph] is the thing that really knocked this LoC loose (my first LoC in three years, by the way. It took me three tries before I figured out what was going on and could get past the first two paragraphs; once I twigged to the idea I read it twice more. Although I wouldn't classify it as a tale of terror" -- certainly I did not react to it in the way I did Luke's nipple-piercing scream article -- I found this piece profoundly disturbing. It reminds me of reading the newspaper while very sick; the stories flow together into something that seems as though it ought to make sense, but doesn't. I would really like to see this found-art poem exactly as it must have been composed; by placing cut-out lines from newspaper articles together to form a coherent-appearing whole. Or is it just the result of slicing across all the columns on a single page, letting kismet and a little judicious editing form connections? Or is it entirely made up? No, nobody could be that warped... "A medical-waste incinerator with a twelve-inch handle buried in the woman's head"? Nobody could write that deliberately." [You've figured out where the terror lies, I see. Actually, it would be interesting for Algernon to let us know if any of your suppositions are true (Note the latter's CoA on the back). None of my dada experiments ever turn out that coherently. It'll be a miracle if we fit all of this in as it is, so we'll have to pick the correspondence up again next issue, along with that Allen Baum -- actually about twenty people wrote it, Allen just held the pen and paper -- piece we mentioned last time. Thank you to everyone who is doing their best to keep the torrents of mail flowing! --aph]*

"I want to see real panties, damn it!"



## To Sleep in the River of Dreams by Cyril Binder

Outside my window the sky burns with the erubescence of the winter's sunset. The rose-colored light makes the snow seem almost to have been forged of some rare frozen fire, the embodiment of reflected dreams. The shadows fall as they always have, as they always shall...but shadows are not what they seem.

It snowed this morning, the gentle wind sweeping the sidewalks bare of their covering by noon. Now, at twilight, the snow begins to fall once again. Softly. Quietly.

Soon it will be time for me to go. Already the stars begin to burn, and the pallid moon rises. Soon we will be together once more, if only for this one night.

The air will be still, as it is always. There will be a soft faint light upon the stones, and I shall see her face once again. I will touch her hand, and once more we will dance.

One night each year. Dear Gods, but I wish it could be more. I remember the night she danced alone into that golden twilight. I remember the moon, and the deep red blood all round her. Cold. She seemed to very cold. Colder even than the steel of the razor.

And now we dance together but once each year, on



this night alone. I remember so well.

Tonight, as so many times before, I have it here with me. Soon I must go. The stars will shine with their faint light, and the air will be still. I will meet her there again in that atrocereulean night, to dance once more among the stones. Perhaps tonight. Perhaps tonight it will end.

The night is cold. Colder even than the steel of the razor. Perhaps the stars will fall tonight, and we shall dance together always. Forever, on torn air.

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