



THE DRINK TANK ISSUE 121

TRUE STORY  
HAND TO GOD!



Early SpyGlass Promo Still

The Troubles of SpyGlass  
By Chris Garcia

You know, rap has been breached. It was once a place for hard men of the street to express their rage at the situation they've been livin' in. *It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' Under* and the like. You would have hardly expected a kid from the Upper West Side to be the next big thing. Well, maybe you would if you knew anything about The Beastie Boys, but you certainly would expect a

guy in an 1890s three-piece suit with a pocket watch to be the next big thing. Of course, I'm talking about SpyGlass: The SteamPunk Rapper.

In the mid-1990s, Eric Robert Block was a high school kid who loved nothing more than Public Enemy's seminal album *Fear of a Black Planet* and the early works of The Fat Boys and Sir Mix-A-Lot's swass. According to his official website, Eric's 100 favourite albums were all rap albums released between 1977 (Africa Bambaata's *Planet Rock*) and 1993 (a couple of albums from Digible Planets and US3), with the exception of one Prince album (*Around The World in a Day*) and one David Bowie record (*Ziggy Stardust & The Spiders from Mars*). The kid knew more about rap than anyone else around him at his high school. So much more that when he performed his act at the *En Soirre* in May of his Junior year, his rap *Strong Coffee and Fly Addidas* was greeted with near laboratory-strength silence. They just didn't get it.

At the same time that Eric was learning everything he could about rap music, he'd fallen in with a group of SF convention-going kids. Like a lot of young rappers, he was interested in the Occult (see *The Drink Tank Issue 93 on Scholar*) and science fiction in general. Much like Snoop-Dogg's love of SF, Eric's came from listening to old Parliament/Funkadelic records and

the adventures of Sir Nose DeVoid-of-Funk, but unlike many others, he was a white kid who also enjoyed the works of Isaac Asimov, William Gibson and especially the novels of Tim Powers.

Eric became a regular on various message boards and newsgroups. He wrote a review of Gibson and Sterling's *The Difference Engine* that was published in the Wilcox High School literary magazine *Tales of The Cracked Mirror*. Eric edited the June 1993 issue of TotCM and included a long story about a trip to Mars being made by a group of Cowboys in the 1880s. He also included the lyrics to an extended rap he had written about *The Simpsons*.

After graduating in June of 1994, Eric went to college at the University of California at Riverside. While at UCR, he met a number of other kids interested in hip-hop and he started to attend throw-downs and rap circles around the city. This did nothing for his grades and he dropped out after





his sophomore year. He had been living off-campus with Mark Zales Baker, a young man who also was an SF fan and had released a record with his group The Riverside Mafia. They only released one album due to the street gang The Riverside Mafia shooting two of the other MCs in the group. Mark went underground, though he produced many demos for up-and-coming rappers. Eric often assisted Mark with his productions, which Mark used as an excuse to not charge Eric rent.

It was while assisting Mark with producing a demo that SpyGlass was born. The act that had asked Mark to produce their first demo was called HighRent. They were four young black men who had grown up in the wealthiest parts of Beverly Hills and had all gone to Riverside to study business. They walked in to the studio in three piece suits and proceeded to drop heavy rhymes about living in The Hills and spending thousands on cars and investing in stocks. It was the same thing that Puff Daddy would do just a couple of years later. Seeing the guys in the suits and they way they dropped their rhymes, Eric thought that he could become a rapper with a different gimmick as well.

He moved out of Riverside in July of 1997 and headed back to the Bay Area. He moved in with his long-time friend Tom Neenan and got a job

at a digital transfer facility as a copy jockey. He also started taking classes at Foothill College and producing an overnight radio show for KFJC. The show specialized in long soundscapes, so that gave him plenty of time to record his own raps. The first recorded rap he did as SpyGlass was called Engine.

*Water, gasoline and fire  
Engines pump and never tire  
No man can work at that level  
Taking coal from Newcastle  
over the trestle.*

While these first recordings were a tad rough, the beat he chose were so specific and enchanting that they could not be denied. He rapped over the music of Victorian England and America, and quickly discovered groups that were doing similar music at the time. One person he met was Constance, a woman piano player who specialized in saloon music. She quickly took a like to SpyGlass' music and to Eric himself. The two started performing together with Constance providing the piano-based beats while SpyGlass rapped over top. The two also had a torrid affair at the same time.

The SpyGlass/Constance team worked very well for the first year. The two of them recorded seven songs that they released as the album *Cogs*. Eric copied it at work when there were no orders and managed to sell nearly a



**Constance being Made Up Prior to the Cow Palace Performance**

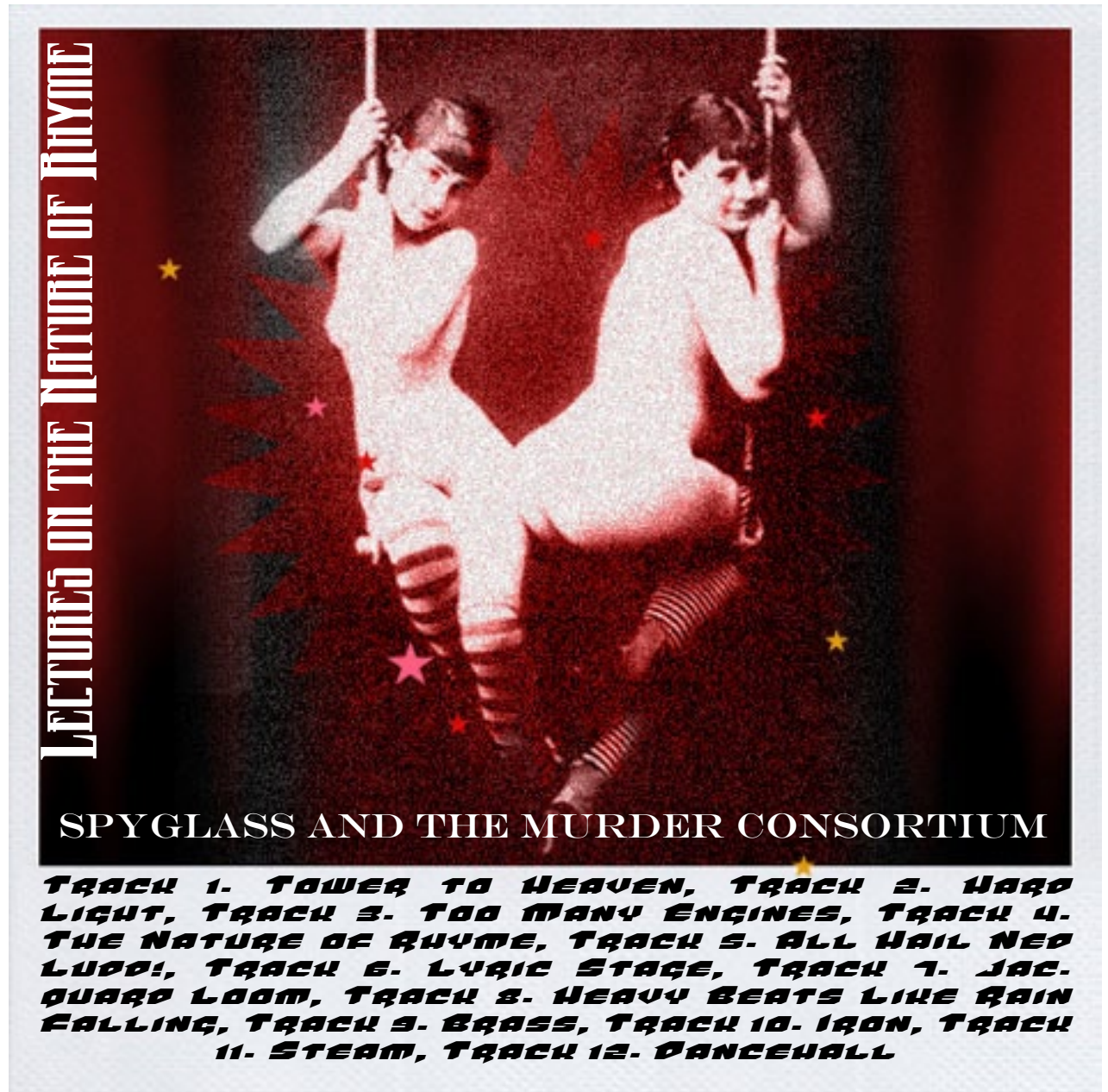
thousand copies of the CD at various shows. He began performing a regular Friday night gig at the Britannia Arms in Cupertino with Constance at his side.

By mid-1999, SpyGlass had a small following in the Bay Area (based on the Brit shows and the airplay his records sometimes got on KFJC) and soon he gathered three others who were of similar minds. DJ Considerable Wealth had been an extremely underground favourite for several years. He was known for mixing classical music snippets with The Doobie Brothers, Kraftwerk and James Brown. The result was far too esoteric for the average listener, but SpyGlass was an admirer and brought

him on to work the turntables for him. A multi-instrumentalist named Paul Jeffrey Fillmore also approached SpyGlass about joining his entourage. He impressed Eric at an audition by playing Welcome to the Jungle on a banjo. The group also added a drummer name Sir Dennis Ripper.

With a full musical accompaniment and a little money, SpyGlass took off on a tour of the US. While playing a show in Seattle (in front of less than 25 paying customers), SpyGlass met Bayonet. Bayonet was an odd man with an English accent. He claimed that he had been pulled forward in time from 1917, when the Germans had Mustard Gassed the trench he was in. He taught himself to rap and was now bustin' rhymes on the Gerries, making sure that The Hun knew what he was about. No one knew Bayonet's real name or where he came from (though it was recently discovered that he's actually 34 year old James Redding Ryan Tasman from Tacoma, WA) SpyGlass very much enjoyed watching Bayonet's opening set and asked if he'd tour with the group. Bayonet agreed and that completed the most famous of SpyGlass' line-ups.

After the tour wrapped up, SpyGlass brought everyone into the studio. They'd made enough money to do a real studio record. They'd also managed to hook-up with Deathbird



records, a label that usually put out folk but SpyGlass had convinced them to take a chance. The album was recorded over three weeks and

ended up with twelve tracks. The instrumental tracks were laid first under guidelines and tonal sketches Eric conceived of, and that was





Bayonet Promo Still

followed by the SpyGlass rapping over top of that. After that, Bayonet was given the chance to put his hype over top and add flavor lyrics. The entire result was something like Fosse's Cabaret and Public Enemy's Fear of a Black Planet.

Some 7,000 copies of the album, eventually titled *Lectures on the Nature of Rhyme*, sold in the first year. They had come to call themselves SpyGlass and the Murder Consortium. By March 2001, they'd sold an additional 3,000 that Eric had managed to make copies of at his day job. A few of the singles got play on college radio, especially *Tower To Heaven* and *Lyric Stage*. While everyone wrote of SpyGlass' lyrical talent, it was Bayonet who got much of the attention. This was most apparent when they made a video for *Lyric Stage*. While SpyGlass and The Murder Consortium performed in front, Bayonet reenacted moments from 'his time' in French trenches. The Village

Voice reviewed the video as 'a total snoozer every second that Bayonet wasn't on the screen.'

The group played their Friday night gig at the Brit for two years and then started regularly touring nationally. They had recorded most of another album by February 2004 when they returned to the Bay Area for an Alternative Hip-Hop Super Show at the Cow Palace. MC 900-Foot Jesus with DJ Zero were headlining,, with popular alt-rap acts like MC Front-a-Lot, Gold Chains, WikiMCs, MC++, Ecto-Sketch and BrainBuster. SpyGlass was asked to open, but a week out WikiMCs (an act whose lyrics were written via user generated content) had to drop out do to technological issues. SpyGlass mentioned that Bayonet was a good solo act, and Gold Chains backed him up. The promoter asked to see some footage, but since Bayonet didn't have any, arranged to perform for him live a day before. The promoter was quite impressed, so much so that he gave Bayonet the slot before the headliner.

The story here is disputed. SpyGlass says that he was told that he'd be moving to the 2<sup>nd</sup> from the top position by several people with the show. The promoters say they never did, though admit that they also said that Bayonet would be opening. Bayonet claims he told SpyGlass to let him go on first, but SpyGlass said no because they wanted to make the first

impression before the audience got tired. Either way, SpyGlass opened and put on a grumpy, though solid show, with Bayonet on stage doing his comic hyping. The crowd was late arriving partly do to excessive checking of people and bags on the way in. That meant that only a few thousand were in the crowd when SpyGlass played. Bayonet then came on second to last and the place had finally reached capacity. Unbeknownst to SpyGlass, DJ Considerable Wealth had been working with Bayonet on his material. The two of them appeared and blew the roof off the Palace for forty-five minutes. On the last song, and a complete shock to SpyGlass, Constance came on stage and performed a song that they'd been working on for the next album. The place went crazy for it and it was noted by the Bay Guardian as "The only thing on the show that felt both genuinely quirky and actually genuine. It didn't feel like a gimmick performer



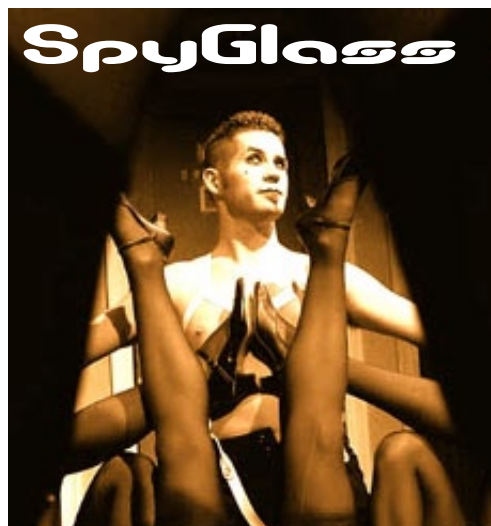
playing with the audience, but a rapper giving his level best.” The song was called *Darkness* and dealt with viewing World War I as the darkness before a movie began.

Immediately SpyGlass flew into a rage. It’s unclear if the SpyGlass/Constance relationship had fallen apart before the incident or not, but it was certainly over after it. DJ Considerable Wealth and Constance were fired, and Paul Fillmore quit to join them. They won the right to call themselves The Murder Consortium when they agreed to forfeit some of the royalties owed them. They didn’t suffer as they were booked for gigs around the country following the Cow Palace performance.

At this point, the careers of SpyGlass and Bayonet go in completely opposite directions. In late 2004, SpyGlass released a stripped-down album called *Character Class* that was poorly received, mostly due to the lack of his regular backing band. Several shows done with The Dresden Dolls and Rasputina were more highly praised, including getting a brief mention in Rolling Stone. Bayonet and company went to Scotland to play in the Fringe Festival. They were heard by two French club promoters, Sol and Sy Rubens, and were brought in to play at the huge 1918 Party at the Paris club Marco in October of 2004. They were seen by most of the best known

DJs and Club promoters in Europe. They performed two songs in English, and then shocked everyone by doing two more in French. They were booked for dozens of shows. They began the process of applying for Residency and The Murder Consortium took up living in Paris. They recorded a CD in February of 2005 which featured Bayonet comparing the sight of many French slums to the trenches he came from. Some have compared the Funeral of Judy Garland and how it led to the Stonewall Riots to the effect of three straight nights of shows by The Murder Consortium in a gymnasium in Clichy-sous-Bois And the Paris Suburbs Revolt.

SpyGlass continues to play and record. His latest CD was inspired by the writing of Powers, Blaylock and KW Jeter. It has sold nearly 3000 copies at various shows and Science Fiction Conventions around the US.



## ***The Tale of Walter Abliam Fernswright***

Back in the Strange Year of 1979, I received a solicitation in the mail to have myself immortalized in one of those vanity reference Who’s Who books. I think it was Who’s Who in California. I took a look at myself, a senior in high school with nothing distinctive about me and said, “Hey, this book is a joke!”

Well, we can test that theory, I thought. I made up a person who I called Walter Abliam Fernswright. He was born on, oh, say September 6, 1959. He served some time in the military...I made up an entire history, parents, place of birth, etc. and submitted it to the Who’s Who.

To my amazement, they sent me a letter: “Congratulations, you have been accepted into the next edition of Who’s Who. And for a mere \$100 we’ll send you a copy.” Wow, Walter is famous! One hundred dollars was way out of my price range for the gratification of seeing a fake entry in Who’s Who, so I came up with another way to immortalize dear Walter.

My friend Dave worked on the high school yearbook. I had already graduated by this time, but with a little poking around we determined that I just might be able to come visit and slip in line on picture day to get my picture taken. Then Dave would take



care of making sure Walter showed up in the yearbook. When the teacher in charge found out he cried “no more fake people!” but Dave still got Walter in, and I bought the yearbook for the year after my graduation, for way less than a copy of Who’s Who.

Sincerely,

Charles Atwood

I mean Frederick Watterson

er, Walter Fernswright

um...(Anonymous^2)^3

or is it Barry Langdon-Lassagne?

definitely not Bob Hole



### ***Hot Off The Wire From Howeird!***

EASTON, PA: President George W. Bush, in an unprecedented move, has announced he will build his Presidential Library in Easton, PA. This is the first time a sitting President has committed to the site for a Presidential library. Most Presidents have waited until years after their term was over, and some (including Herbert Hoover) waited until they were dead.

Asked why he didn’t wait, Bush said “I am The Decider, and I have decisioned. Decidered. That’s my job. That’s what the American People pay me to do.”

And apparently the Binney & Smith company as well, since their donation of land adjoining their Easton main plant was a key factor in choosing the site, according to a spokesperson for the company, who asked to remain anonymous.

“And I expect Mr. Bush was also swayed by the promise of unlimited writing implements and art work which our company will provide,” Miss Smith added.

Binney & Smith are the makers of Crayola® brand crayons.

Plans for the design of the library are well under way, she said, and a contest will be announced shortly for grade school students to submit their architectural drawings and color schemes for the proposed building. The company hopes to create a truly

unique design, Smith said, a design “which takes advantage of our two keystone products: Crayola® Crayons and Silly Putty®”.

Smith said the city council voted 6-1 in favor of the library project, the one dissenting vote came from Kevin C. Coyle, the owner of the Easton Museum of Pez Dispensers.

The project is expected to be completed in less than a year, and the entire first and second grade classes of Easton Elementary are already started on a huge “Mission Accomplished!” banner.

Gotta Love LA



## Sitting Still for Art

By

M Lloyd (and Chris Garcia)

Judith is a good friend. She a wonderful woman who has managed to stay friends with me even through her long, bitter, and bloody feud with her sister SaBean and one of the few people I know I can turn to for anything I need. I've often asked her for various favors and she very rarely turns me down. That's why I'm fairly certain ½ of Los Angeles has seen my tits.

There's an artist name of Jeff Koons. You may have heard of him. He did that giant topiary Puppy that lives in front of the Guggenheim in Bilbao, Spain. He also did a full series of ceramics of him fucking Cicciolina, the woman he was married to at the time. They were actually very disgusting. I'd heard of the guy, I went and saw *Michael Jackson and Bubbles*, a huge ceramic piece, when it toured.

I knew that Judith was working at a gallery which specialized in selling mainstream art names. I think it was called Kafe Lapec. Judith had even worked on a display of Warhols called *To The Walls*. The gimmick was they'd put up all the Warhols they'd managed to get for the show and they'd sell them one by one until the last one went. It tooks four and a half weeks longer than they expected, but everyone of



them sold. They'd done a big show with René Ricard drawings that got all sorts of notices. The buzz was they were working on a Koons show that was doing one of their famous opening parties. They would do a giant party and the art would be only half-installed and they'd throw a blow-out. They were hot tickets and the High and Mighty enjoyed the parties. When Judith called, I thought she might be offering an invite.

"Hello?"

"M, I'm in trouble. I need your help." She sounded as if she'd been running up and down steps for hours.

"What's wrong?"

"One of the pieces for the Lapec show won't be arriving until tomorrow."

"Well, that's not that bad."

"It's the highlight piece. It's the one that everyone is coming to see."

I'd heard that tone in her voice before. I knew she had a favor to ask. Everyone knows I've got the money to

make big things happen fast, and I was more than willing to help her out on that front.

"I need you to come down here."

I figured she needed me to negotiate a sped up deal or sign something in front of a witness.

"OK, I'll be there in an hour."

I drove out there and got to the gallery around 3. I made good time considering the amount of traffic. I walked in and Judith was there with a bunch of photos on a table in front of her. There were decorators and caterers running around and two guys were standing behind Judith staring at the same photos.

"Hey, Judith."

The three of them looked at me, then looked back down at the paper and then back at me.

"She's just about perfect, Judy" the guy on the left said.

"Yeah. I think she must have been the model for it" the guy on the right said.

I was confused and Judith looked up at the guy on the right.

"Can you get Tone Ral out here to do it?" Judith asked.

"I can get him anywhere anytime for the right money, girl" he said as he pulled out his cell phone.

The guy on the left walked over to me.

"I'm Guy Lapec, the owned of Kafe Lapec. Judy's told us all about



you.” If it wasn’t for the slight accent that he was obviously faking, I’d have slugged him for calling Judith by the disgusting moniker of Judy. He shook my hand and took me by the elbow and walked me over to the backroom. Judith followed behind.

“Judy told you the problem, no?” he said.

“Yeah, she did.”

“Good. We can’t get it here no matter what we do, so we’re going to cheat.”

“Cheat?” I asked, really wanting to take the guy’s hand off my elbow.

“Yes. We can’t do even the party opening without the main attraction. We need something to show the people after they’re drunk. We always do a huge unveiling of the main piece at Midnight to symbolically open the show.” He was dripping self-importance, but I have to say a little accent will go a long way.

“So, what do you want me to do?”

Judith came up from behind and handed me a printer page. I looked at it and it was a porcelain piece that looked like someone had taken an old masters statue, whitewashed it and put a coat of gold sheeting over the hair.

“This is Jeff Koon’s version of Henri Matisse’s Blue Nude Reclining.” Guy said.

It looked like an Impressionist’s

version of a toilet.

“We need to have this on display and when we mentioned that we might be able to mock it up, we couldn’t think of anyone that could make a reasonable model in the amount of time.”

“Plus that would technically be fraud.” Judith added.

“True, but if we were to do a live model version, that would be fully acceptable.”

“Live model?” I think I had put it together, but I had to play dumb.

“We’ll do you up to look like the statue. We’ll keep you behind the curtain until the unveil and then you’ll be out in the open for about ten minutes.” Judith said.

“When everyone will realize that I’m a fake and start rioting.” I added, hoping to be funnier than I was



caustic. I failed.

“That’s not likely. Trust me,” Guy said, looking like a snake oil salesman, “it’ll all be perfect.”

I looked at Judith and I could tell that I’d be doing it. I never could resist her Puppy Dog eyes.

At that moment, the guy on the right who had gone off to make his cell call came through to where we were standing.

“I’ve got him on his way over” he said.

I looked at the picture and I had to admit, I did look a bit like her.

Three hours later I was in the back, lounging on a divan exactly like the one in the picture. It had been spray painted white and still smelled. They’d come up with a system of props and stands that would keep me in the right position without having to hold up my own weight. They did some intriguing things to my boobs. First, they taped them to make them pop like the ones on the statue. Then they applied more tape to get them to stay in the right position. They had to hid the tape properly, which also wasn’t easy. They had airbrushed me white and then applied gold hair spray and actually gold leaf to my eyebrows and eye lashes. It was very uncomfortable, especially the part where I was sitting on a davenport that had just been freshly coated with sticky, huffable

spraypaint.

“We’ve got five minutes!” Judith said.

They’d come up with every possible distraction method. I was as far back from the glass as possible and there were lights at all sorts of crazy angles. They were also pouring extra booze with every glass. No one would be able to get a good photo in the chosen configuration. The arrangers and stylists came up and reset me.

“We’re only going to be open for ten minutes. Then we’ll pull the curtain closed and you’ll be free to go.” Guy said.

“After you clean me up, right?” I harped.

“Right” Judith said, giving Guy the same undeniable look she used on me.

At that moment, the loud speaker came on and there was some cheesy pre-recorded message from Koons. It said all the bullshit that artists say about their art, only he sounded so much more smug than most of those cocksuckers. After a minute of talk, the curtain was pulled.

And the flashes exploded. I felt like King Kong, terrified of every flash. It took all my effort to not move, to not climb out of the couch and not run all the way home. I stayed there, perfectly still, while the bastards got their photos and ogled me.

I guess this is what peep show



girls feel like.

After ten minutes, Guy shooed everyone away and closed the curtain,

turned off the lights and I exhaled. It was hard breathing so shallowly for so long. I tried to get up, but I was semi-permanently stuck to the drying spraypaint. It took two guys to hold the divan and one to pull me up (while conveniently copping a feel, I noticed) to get me free. I stood up and they walked me over to a small shower that must have been left over from whatever the previous owner had been. I didn’t actually remember that I was completely naked, save for a thin layer of white paint. I got cleaned up and dressed and Judith came over to me.

“Thank you so much! I can’t say that enough!” she said while she hugged me.

“I’ll always come to help” I said. “Is the party still on?”

“Probably last all night” she said, as she took my arm and led me to the party area, where there were still hundreds of people.

Hundreds of people who all seemed to have digital cameras.

Hundreds of people who all seemed to have digital cameras that they were passing around, comparing their photos of the main event unveiling.

Hundreds of people who all seemed to have digital cameras that they were passing around, comparing their photos of the main event unveiling which featured a crystal clear of my tape-tortured tits.



***Howeird was good enough to forward this to me off the AP Feed...***

“NASA Made me do it”, screamed Britney Spears, as paparazzi and reporters chased her down the steps of the Massachusetts State Home for the Bewildered, as she escaped her twelfth attempt at rehab.

Coming to the bank of microphones permanently set up at the foot of the steps, the partially shorn alleged singer elaborated.

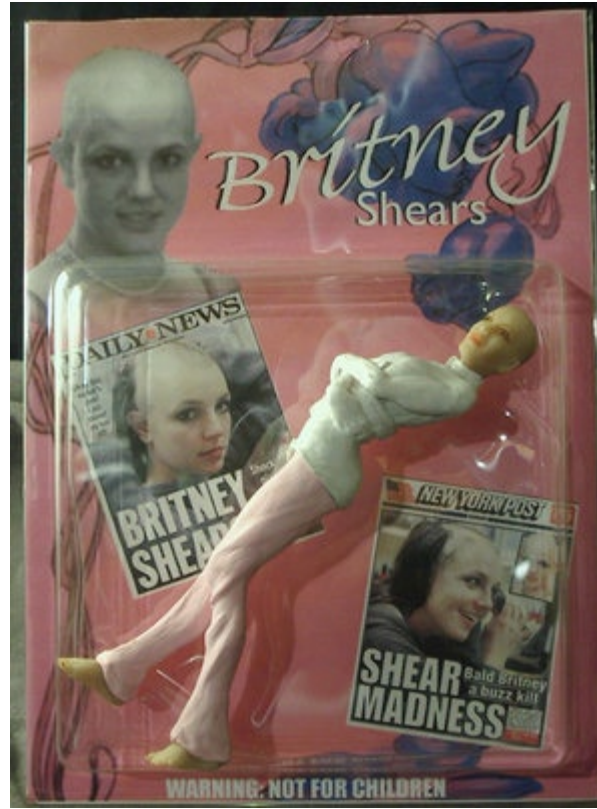
“When that fruitcake astro-nut woman attacked some beeyatch over some astro-stud, the PR people at NASA went ballistic,” she said. “It was all over the front page all over, like, the world, you know?”

Spears said NASA needed something to distract the public from the scandal. When asked if that was the reason she cut her hair, the former blonde said “No, silly. Anna Nicole died, and that totally wiped the NASA thing away. Everyone forgot all about it.”

So what did this have to do with Spears?

“You press people can be so dumb! NASA killed Anna Nicole. It was supposed to look like an accident, but those Wooden and Bursting guys from the New York Post were poking around. And they were real close to finding out about it.”

Taking a sip from her water bottle and giving some to her tiny dog whose head was sticking out of her



purse, the winner of People Magazine’s “Best wax job” award continued:

“So like when I got home that night, there was a message from the NASA Astronaut department, asking me to call them, it was urgent. I thought they were finally going to invite me to be an astronaut, because I applied when I was, like, 12 years old, you know? but I never heard back from them. And like, I knew how they like that buff military look, because of all the fighter pilots like John Glenn who doesn’t have any hair, and Buzz Aldrin who was named for the buzz cut, so I started giving myself one of those when

the phone rang, and it was NASA.”

Britney paused to breathe and went on:

“He told me there was something buzzing so loud he could not hear me, so I, like, you know, handed the hair trimmer thing to my maid, and she turned it off, and the NASA man said they were not making me an astronaut yet, but would maybe make me one if I did them a favor and did something to distract the media so those W&B guys would forget about finding out who killed Anna Nicole. I thought about going to the club with no panties, but “been there, done that”, you know? so I looked in the mirror and almost screamed at my bad hair, so I went outside and got all the camera guys to shoot me like that, pretending to be, you know, stupid-crazy.”

“But it didn’t work,” she said, “and now you know all about how NASA killed Anna Nicole, which is no surprise because it’s not the first time they killed someone.”

Asked what plans she had for the immediate future, Spears said she was going to India to join “the maharaja’s ashcan” where she would adopt a Somali orphan and study the Bible.

When reached for comment, NASA officials would only say they are asking Congress for \$1.2 billion to fund their new “rehab in space” program.



**MR SHAKESPEARE'S GUNPOWDER  
PLOT: His Last Purported Play**

**By Mark Valentine**

The Royal Shakespeare Company's bold decision to perform all of Shakespeare's plays in a year-long season starting from April 2006 has revived again the question of how many there are. The RSC has opted for 37, including Pericles and Henry VIII, but ignoring the claims put forward for Edward III and Edmund Ironside, whose Shakespearean authorship has been much championed by critic Eric Sams in the august pages of the Times Literary Supplement.

For some people, 37 has never been enough, and there has grown up

a whole side-study of "Shakespeare Apocrypha". As well as some plays where there are genuine causes for debate, because of the conventions (or lack of them) of authorship in the 16<sup>th</sup> and early 17<sup>th</sup> century stage, there have also been numerous hoaxes, forgeries and examples of wishful thinking. The earliest major survey of all the unaccepted candidates for the canon then known was by C.F. Tucker Brooke in 1908 (*The Shakespeare Apocrypha*). One internet checklist identifies over 40 examples now (James Doyle, "The Shakespeare Apocrypha", [www.republicofheaven.org.uk/sh\\_apocrypha](http://www.republicofheaven.org.uk/sh_apocrypha)).

It is important to stress that these controversies are not at all the same as those where enthusiasts try to prove that Shakespeare's plays were written by someone else, such as Francis Bacon or the Earl of Oxford. Quite the reverse: in the apocrypha, people are trying to show that Shakespeare wrote rather more than is currently acknowledged.

Some of the candidates have on the face of it reasonable credentials, such as early attribution (The London Prodigal, attributed 1605; Henry I, and Henry II, attributed in 1653 as collaborations with Robert Davenport), references in contemporary booksellers' catalogues (Edward III), or the initials W.S. in the introductory matter (Lochrine; and The Puritan). But in

each case there is other evidence that does not support Shakespearean authorship. Nevertheless, the complete extent of the canon has never been universally agreed at any time since the playwright of Avon's death, and fresh admissions even now cannot be ruled out.

One question which exercises enthusiasts in this field is that of Shakespeare's supposed silent last years. Following the most generally accepted dating, he appears to have written no new play of his own between Pericles (1609) and his death in 1616. There are, it is true, two reputed collaborations with John Fletcher, believed to belong to this period – Henry VIII and The Two Noble Kinsmen – and one play, perhaps also a collaboration, believed lost: Cardenio. Nevertheless there is still just enough mystery about his activity in his last years to prompt the thought that something is missing.

One attempt to fill that gap appeared as late as 1830 and may fairly well claim to be the last piece of Shakespeare apocrypha. Tucker Brooke was highly dismissive of it, describing it as a "transparent and confessed forgery", while a previous owner of my copy has scribbled in indignant red ink across the title-page, next to the ascription to Shakespeare, the terse observation: "Nonsense!".

The Fifth of November, or,



The Gunpowder Plot, by 'William Shakspeare' (sic) is a five act play, 100pp in text, portraying two interlocking groups – King James I and his courtiers, and Robert Catesby and the conspirators. They stride across the stage in fine set-pieces, sharpening their wits and their swords. It opens on Westminster Bridge, with Catesby and Percy regarding Parliament and envisioning its fate - "This night, my Percy, we will light a blaze/To shame the torch of Phoebus".- and continues in the cellars of the Palace with some dark repartee with Guy Fawkes, who is readying the fuses. The second Act introduces the King, and shows the betrayal and discovery of the Plot. In the third act, the conspirators are shown in escape and flight, and in the fourth Act they do battle with their pursuers. The final Act shows their capture, imprisonment, and the verdicts of the King. In this most masculine of plots, love interest is contrived through the fears and bravery of wives or lovers.

An introductory note signed by George Ambrose Rhodes tells us the play was "supposed to have been written by Shakspeare during the short period between his retirement into the country and his death, in 1616, and about ten years after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot".

The theme, if nothing else, gives the game away. For, although Rhodes

also implies the play was kept secret ("The reasons of it not being published in his lifetime are sufficiently obvious"), his readers would know Shakespeare never wrote anything so directly topical. The reign of Henry VIII was as near as he would venture; although it is true that many of the historical plays could well have been intended to have contemporary resonances. The James I of The Fifth of November is depicted as vain, over-familiar with his favourites, foolish in adversity, unintelligent in strategy and without magnanimity in victory. No such play could have been performed during the King's reign, nor was it likely to have been written.

What do we know about Rhodes and what led him to try to perpetuate the hoax ?



We only have a few facts. George Ambrose Rhodes was a physician of Exeter, Devon, in South West England. He was a Fellow of Caius College, and his home was at what appears to have been an ancestral seat at Bellair, in the parish of Hacombe, near Exeter. He was the author of *The Gentleman. A Satire. Written During the Years 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815* (London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1818). In this poem Rhodes defends aristocratic and gentlemanly values but calls upon these classes to serve the nation better. He had earlier written *Dion, a tragedy and miscellaneous poetry* (London: printed for W Miller by Savage and Easingwood, 1806). He died 21 Sept 1842.

It is evident that Rhodes was



already a man of letters and an elegant stylist before he embarked upon the Shakespeare play. No doubt he took pleasure from imitating Tudor diction and stagecraft. But the play was also clearly written as a satirical squib. In the year before it was published, that is in 1829, Catholic Emancipation was extended in Britain, restoring certain civil rights to Roman Catholics that had been denied them since the Gunpowder Plot, or even before then: these included access to public office. These measures did not pass without dispute, and provoked the old argument that Roman Catholics owed their allegiance first to the Pope and only secondly to the Crown, denying the monarch's role as Supreme Governor of the Church. This point is made directly in Rhodes' play. James I receives a deputation of Catholic lords seeking restitution of rights, and is

made to silkily say: "Give but the oath and test of your allegiance,/Ye have a fair partition of your rights/[but not if]...Ye bow obedient to a foreign power,/Who still denies us our supremacy."

Rhodes returns to the theme with a further direct and jesting allusion in the last lines of the play. Calling his hunting dogs to him, James I finds one struck dumb: it is "Catholic Claims", that has been over-fed on "hasty pudding"; but "never mind," says the King, "he won't be silent long; he will want more pudding, and will soon give tongue again."

It is evident that Rhodes was not in sympathy with the Emancipation measures and intends his Shakespeare pastiche as a counterblast. The Gunpowder Plot theme allows him to revive the association of Catholics with treason, violent overthrow and conspiracy, while the Shakespeare attribution gives the play a literary veneer, with more chance of it being noticed, and of creating controversy.

However, the play is not a crude, one-dimensional satire, and strives to achieve some of the sophistication of character that the great dramatist himself demonstrated. The conspirators, especially the figure of their leader, Robert Catesby, are invested with a wild nobility and fervour, while the torn allegiances of Catholics, such as Lord Mounteagle, who do not support the plot are well

depicted.

As well as the plays known to be from Shakespeare's time, but probably by other hands, there have been a few forgeries since, the most notorious being *Vortigern* by W.H. Ireland, who started with bogus letters and business papers allegedly in Shakespeare's hand and worked up to this full length play, which, however, was soon derided and exposed. George Ambrose Rhodes was the last to proclaim a Shakespearean attribution for a work unknown to the dramatist's time. We may doubt that it was seriously intended: even the wording in the preface that it was "supposed" to be by Shakespeare could be read by the indulgent as meaning "fancied" or "imagined". So it remains as a rare literary curiosity, lively, swift, crisply-written, and with much Shakespearean affection to the fore: not by him, to be sure, but no overtly unworthy pastiche even so.





---

If I had only one wish, it would be for wings  
that could take me to Oz where I wouldn't have  
to deal with any of you Fuckwads!

-Winston Churchill

---

**No Joke...LoCs from the Good Readers!**

**Sent to [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)**

**Let us Start with The Good Man,  
Lord Eric Mayer!**

Chris,

Interesting thing about live role playing which I had never heard of. Is it a waste of time? Are all hobbies a waste of time? How about fandom. Theoretically instead of reading Drink Tank and writing this LoC I could be working on a new novel. Well, considering what that pays, maybe that'd be a waste of time when I could be doing legal writing instead, which is how I make most of my living. But that's kind of boring, so in a sense that's a waste of time. Except I need to do it to survive. But if we only do what's necessary to survive then how are we different from mere animals who spend all their time searching for food? What am I, a mere slug crawling across the surface of planet for my brief allotted time looking for tasty...uh...slug chow? No. I read the Drink Tank.

Therefore I think. I think. Ya think?  
**I'm firmly of the belief that there**



**is no such thing as a waste of time so long as your eyes are open. Certainly, LARPing isn't a waste of time, though I'm on the fence about World of Warcraft. Yeah, eyes are open, but they're also glazed over...**

All hobbies are basically useless to those who aren't addicted to them. Consider orienteering, where we'd go out to a park and run through the

woods with maps looking for markers hung from bushes. People would look at you like you were nuts. The dirt bikers and bird watchers and the guys doing trail running to train for 50 mile endurance runs figured orienteers were wasting their time. Orienteers don't neglect their kids to go to meets though. They drag the kids along and force them to run through the woods with maps too.

**And all hobbies seem to come from some real need that has gone away over time. SF Fandom started out as a way for people who loved science fiction to communicate with other fans of such when there was a tiny universe of them. Orienteering started as a way to lead yourself around before there were defined roadways and exit signs. The inclusion of kids in both fandom and orienteering and many other hobbies is one thing that I believe in (and is why I try to bring Evelyn along to all the things that I go to) and is another reason I am dismayed by WOW>**

If you neglect family responsibilities for a hobby, that's probably bad because it makes other people pay a price for your hobby. But people neglect families for worse reasons. Drinking for example. Or to make more money than necessary (and money making is supposed to be a useful activity but overdoing it can

hurt those around you -- I sure have done my best to avoid that!)

***Double True. I've managed to do the same thing myself. I'd go insane if I was one of those folks that inhabit Silicon Valley, working 90 hour weeks. Evelyn's Dad is one of those types.***

But what if you choose to live in a fantasy, without neglecting a family, or harming anyone? Well, why not? We all are acting out some sort of story, some sort of fantasy, aren't we? Heck, the society we live in isn't natural - it's someone's warped fantasy. Who is to say what goals we ought to have? Who's keeping score? Who cares? Some sneer at people who devote "too much time" to hobbies rather than, say, their jobs, but maybe the sneerers, persevering at their jobs, are just playing their own sort of game.

Pretty damn philosophical for only 10 PM and not a drop of alcohol in the house!

Best,  
Eric

***Cullen's whole idea was to examine how fantasy effected real people. I totally came to it with the idea that we'd be shown the rankest class of LARPer's, but instead we were shown the real people and that made the movie so much better. It also convinced me to keep going.***

***Thanks, Eric! And now, making his***



***debut in the pages of The Drink Tank, Greg Trend!!!***

Chris (I met you briefly outside the fan lounge at LACon last year, where you handed me some of yr zines), you are one wild & crazy writer/faned! Reading yr zines is like listening to a very candid, informative series of stories at a party from a very enthusiastic young fan. (and you are certainly young to me: only a couple of years older than my son...who is not a fan.)

I've been in Fandom since 1958 (I pubbed my first ishes between August 1958-August 1959, with old processes-- cf. my LoC in PIXEL 11.) I attended my first Worldcon in 1959. As the Coulson's said & wrote to me then, "Enthusiatic fans, talented fans like you blow into Fandom like

a whirlwind & disappear as quickly, often burning themselves out in about 3 years [and this was in the era of ditto & mimeo, and coast to coast airmail correspondence-- GTT]. We hope you'll be one who sticks around a lot longer!" Well, I did, at least until 1966 the first time. I was gone until 1977, and here ever since. However, outside of editing one clubzine, some apazines, and doing some illos for a few fanzines, most of my activity in the last 15 years has been 2-3 cons (including the Worldcon) per year and hanging out with friends from the old university club (mostly middle-aged fans, most of who don't even go to cons anymore...) We not only have industrial rust here in the Rustbelt which includes Detroit, but rusty fen as well (just kidding, there are plenty of energetic fen who run several cons every year in the area.)

So....when I give more attention to reading DRINK TANK 117-120, I'll write more cts.

Cheers,

**Gregg**

***It's strange to be 32, feel a little bit old in the everyday world, and still be the young guy on the block in fanzine fandom! It's interesting that you mention The Coulsons as I just got a few of their zines from the old days. Good stuff, really enjoyable reading even after this many years. I've been told that there's a rumor***



***of a bid for a Detroit WorldCon soonish as well, which should be interesting. I'll avoid burnout the old fashioned way...by only working as long as it doesn't feel like work!***

***And now, direct from Croyden...Mr. Mark Plummer!!!***

Chris,

I've been vaguely thinking for the last few hours about Eric Mayer's letter in DT#119, while doing the washing up, filing the CDs, watching the news...

\*Can\* you be a fully fledged fan these days just by participating in fanzines? And if you don't go to conventions, are you at best an 'affiliate' of fandom?

Claire and I are fairly regular convention goers; we'll invariably be at the Eastercon and Novacon in the UK, probably another couple of UK conventions per year -- depending on what's on -- and one and sometimes two overseas conventions as well. We happen to like doing this; it's what we do for holidays. We also publish fanzines. So how many people on our mailing list have we met in person, given that conventions are the most likely places for us to meet them? I've just gone through the UK part of our mailing list. If you take out 'The British Library', we seem to have ended up with a round 100 and of those there are only three that I've never met (I haven't met the British Library either, but they're something of a special

case.) One is somebody who enquired about BW back in the '90s, who I suspect has little other contact with fandom as I've seen little evidence of her presence anywhere else. Another is your pal John Hall, who's only recently fannishly reactivated after dropping out in the '70s. And the third is Terry Jeeves, veteran fan publisher and still occasional letter-writer, but whose fannish activities have only recently been curtailed by ill health. So we might claim Terry as the exception that proves the rule were it not for the fact that I've now entirely lost track of what that expression means and what people only \*think\* it means.

***I've always thought that conventioning was what defined fandom today. When I think of Big Tent or Mainstream fandom, I think of folks who attend cons regularly (one or more a year, as it were). I know there are a fair deal of fanzine fans who don't do cons, and I just mentally add them in.***

Looking through the list again, I see several people who, while I've met them once or twice, are only occasional convention goers: people like, say, Fred Smith who we did see at both the 2005 Worldcon and the 2006 Eastercon but mainly because both were in his home town and who we otherwise hadn't seen since 2000. And there are others, people like Pam Boal and Derek Pickles and Harry Turner and David Redd and

Dave Wood, all of whom we've seen maybe once or twice in the last decade. Again, though, none of these are particularly active in fanzines generally -- and often when they were they were also, I think, more active convention goers too.

***Are you trying to tell me that there's a real person with the name Derek Pickles? I don't buy it. You almost had me, but you've failed. I call shennanigans!***

Even more strikingly, I find there



are only thirteen of the 61 names on the United States component of our mailing list that I haven't met, plus one Canadian (Dale Speirs). And of those, several of them do appear to be convention goers based on what I see in other fanzines; they just don't happen to go to the same conventions as us.

All of which seems to suggest that yes, the fandom that \*I'm\* associating with is a convention/fanzine fandom with relatively few dwellers in a world of pure fanzine and correspondence. Now personally -- and despite all this -- I think that actually you can be a fully fledged fan these days just by participating in fanzines. There just don't seem to be many such people, or at least I'm not interacting with them.

The related question, of course, is can you be a fully fledged fan these days without participating in online fandom? Here I will effortlessly do fanzine interconnectivity by cross-referencing to Arnie Katz's recent mention of this in VFW #91: whether we have in reached what he termed the 'Great Divide', the 'point at which it is impossible for a neofan to enter Core fandom without a significant electronic/online presence.' He actually thinks we haven't, but personally I'm not so sure.

***I think you can, but it's much harder and it won't be possible for***

***too much longer. So many people want every piece of info to be on-line, and costs for providing info in print are so much higher that it's just not practical. It's possible to make it in fandom today with limited mailing list interaction, but you're going to end up having to look on line to really know what's going on.***

And just a further comment on Eric's letter. He has me saying there's



'hardly any UK fanzine fandom any more' whereas I actually said 'there really is no fanzine scene in the UK to speak of' which may not be quite the same thing.

There's relatively little being published that you could label fanzines, it's true, but is there still something that might call itself 'fanzine fandom'? If there were to be another Corflu in the UK -- as now seems likely for 2010 -- how many people from this country would show up to the 'fanzine worldcon'? And would it be because it's just another convention and a chance, presumably, to hang with some American pals they don't get to see much, or because they still see it as their community? You might think that I'm better placed to answer this than you.

***That's an interesting point, but there are a fair number of highly visible UK zines. The fact that PLOKTA won the last two Best Fanzines and that Banana Wings (maybe you've heard of it) was on the Hugo ballot might be giving off an impression that there's much more of a scene than there really is. Add to that the status that is held by zines like Zoo Nation and it would look like there's a real scene.***

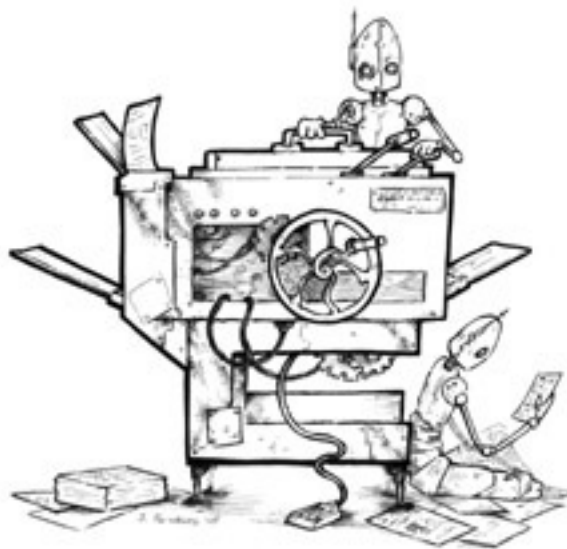
Oh, and Claire's still at work so I think it's unlikely that she's also reading and writing to DT#120 right now. But it does occur to me that,



were you to get on a really solid and predictable schedule, we could actually do something about this 'failing to be decisive about dinner' thing. I could plant a suggestion -- pizza or Thai? -- in the DT letter column to which Claire could respond in the next issue with her preference. Except that you'd probably pick that moment to consign one of us to the WAHFs and then we'd starve to death. Perhaps not.

**Well, let me suggest this (though it has been three weeks since I last had an issue up) that you should go for Persian food at that place down the street. I recommend the Iskendar. There's nothing better!**

--  
Best etc,  
---Mark  
Mark Plummer  
Croydon, UK



**Thanks, Mark! and now we've got our pal John Purcell!!!**

Hey, Garcia! Watcha doin'? Got a special zine coming out, eh? That's the suds, buds! Can you get behind it? I am glad you were able to catch up with your locs-received backlog with #120. There are some really neat people writing in this time around, too. I mean, Mark Plummer, Claire Brialey, Mike Heath, besides that slacker from Canada, Lloyd Penney, and... Hey! How did that article by Chris Garcia sneak into this zine? Oh, that's right. He's the one responsible for this zine.

**I wouldn't say I'm responsible...simply I'm the one who put it together. The number of LoCs seems to be growing, and since this issue was so late, I've got more than expected!**

Interesting commentary about Monster Camp. I have known many people over the years who are into fantasy role playing games and take it fairly seriously. Fortunately, there aren't really that many people like that, and most people take a more realistic view of being involved in fantasy gaming. It sounds like this documentary actually presents this segment of fandom in a decent way. Like you say, most folks involved in other areas of science fiction and fantasy fandom are decent people, and deserve to be treated fairly. I'd like to see Monster Camp someday.

A nice loccing zine, Chris. Now to tic this one off my zine backlog. A few more to go and I'll be at 50 locs in 2007 already! Thanks to reading and writing to all the zines I received at Corflu - still have *Banana Wings* to finish, and that batch will be done - I have really piled up the locs in the last month.

**I think I've only managed about 20 zines LoCed so far this year, or maybe 30. I know I've hit almost all of the majors (Banana Wings, File 770, Prolapse) and a few others. I'm glad to see more things hitting eFanzines too.**

You'll be pleased to know that Askance #1 is completed, except for final proofing. Monday afternoon I will be printing off one dozen color covers and start running off the three dozen dead tree versions for mailing. You want one of the dead tree versions? By Thursday next week - March 22nd - the zine should be posted to efanazines. Take care, and have a good time at whatever cons you're going to in the next couple months. I have AggieCon 38 starting on March 22nd and going through the 25th. A four day con! Should be fun, and I plan to corral some of the club members who like to draw and such for my zine.

All the best,  
John Purcell

**I'm loving Askance. Great cover, good writing, good stuff over all. I**

*hope you're having a good time at AggieCon. I hear Ghoultown's there. I love those guys!*

And finally, the man from Canada...Lloyd Penney!!!

Dear Chris:

Hi, Chris had my Palm and keyboard to work with today, and I thought I'd get started on The Drink Tank 120.

***A single issue LoC from the Great Lloyd Penney! As rare as hen's teeth!***

Those old PRs and programme books honestly look terrific. I have some of them from Worldcons from the mid-50s, as far back as the 11th Worldcon, or Philcon II in 1953. They are simple publications compared to what we know, but they are really indications of how interconnected fandom back then was, moreso than now.

***When was the first PR done, I wonder? I know the Room 770 party is considered the first bid party, but I wonder who started the tradition of doing PRs.***

I have some of the zines distributed at Corflu Quire. Murray Moore gave me some, and Catherine Crockett gave me more. I guess I don't write the kind of locs others want to see; but then, I can only go on my

# CAUGHT!!! AND HERE!!! ALIVE!!!

## THE LEEDS DEVIL

Captured Friday After a  
Terrific Struggle

EXHIBITED EXCLUSIVELY HERE AT  
\$1000.00 A WEEK  
The Fearful, Frightful,  
Feroocious Monster Which  
Has Been Terrorizing  
Two States.

## Swims! Flies! Gallops!

Exhibited Securely Chained  
In a Massive Steel Cage  
**A LIVING DRAGON**

More Fearsome Than  
the Fabled Monsters  
of Mythology.  
**DON'T MISS THE  
SIGHT OF A LIFETIME.**

**BIG STRING OF  
SENSATIONS IN  
CURIO HALL**

# 9<sup>TH</sup> AND ARCH MUSEUM

**10¢ ADMITS TO ALL**



own experiences, and not the fabulous fannish kinds many others had. Maybe Ian Sorensen will send me his zine, but I'm not holding my breath. Prove me wrong, Ian.

***Ian's zine's a lot of fun. I read it on the plane. I write my LoCs much like you do, which is in teh vein of Harry Warner, which is what I grew up reading.***



Harvey's is all over Canada, and is still one of the most popular burger chains here, even over McD's, BK and Wendy's. Tim Horton's was purchased by Wendy's International some years ago, but took a hands off approach to the company...it's doing fine by itself, so let the head office stay up there, and let it continue with its success. However, there are now Tim Horton's all over New York and Ohio, and in places in New England and Florida. The most far afield Tim's is on the main Canadian forces base in Kandahar, Afghanistan.

**Wow, makes me want to sign up for the Canadian Military! Wait...not quite. I think they've started to bring Harvey's down south of the border, though they're more like Carl's Jr.s than I remember them being.**

I've already talked to the Montréal Worldcon bidders, and they know that it won't be likely that we'd be at Anticipation, should they win, and I still think they are underdogs. For this year, while Worldcon is in Japan, we will now both be going to the International Space Development Conference in Dallas. Your Austin roomie, John Purcell, might even make the 3-hour drive to Dallas to visit with us!

**Give Johnny-boy my best. I got a couple of texts from him at AggieCon. If Montreal wins, I'm**



**afraid I'm going to have to insist that you and Yvonne come and join us. Even if it means buying a room, kidnapping you and making you have a good time! I think they'll pull it off, though it'll be close.**

I've been delving into the world of webcomics, and having a very good time. Namir Deiter, Zortic, Ozy & Millie...they are very addicting. One, called Wapsi Square, details the adventures of a busty young lady, sometimes nicknamed M. Sound familiar?

**WHAT? I've never heard of it. I just sent off a note to M seeing if she has. I just looked it up and it's a damn fine comic. I wonder why I'd**

**never heard of it until right now?**

Actually, I think it will be Geri Sullivan who will be known for bringing us Sarah Duff. When I was on the panels in the Chaos Space Pirates track at LAcon, Sarah showed up and showed interest. There were a few kids who came out of curiosity, but only Sarah followed through with some writing, and she got a positive critique. Geri promised to act as Sarah's agent, and I think she got some of Sarah's work to you, didn't she? It was good to see that someone was interested in our area of fanac. Sarah's parents were quite proud of her; they were at the Worldcon with her.

**Shhhhhhhhh! You're not supposed to say that! If it's not mentioned in the pages of a zine, it doesn't happen! And since it's been a while since we've gotten an issue of Idea, I think I'm safe with my lie...I mean simplification!**

Hey, I never thought of the implants...if fanzine fandom is the Borg, where do the implants go? In the liver, to assist with alcohol processing? Let's have some creative answers, people! No prizes, but we sure could have a few laughs.

**I think they'll have to go into the humor region of the brain and random either heighten or retard one's sense of humor at random. That'd be just about right!**

If you think Dr. Pepper (cherry



cola) is an acquired taste, you must try Moxie. When I first tried it, and I was warned to just sample

it, I thought it was plum or prune flavoured. Carbonated prune juice, just great, thought I...it's actually flavoured with a concoction of assorted herbs, spices and essences. It's also one of the oldest consumer products of the US, I believe; I've seen old reprints of Mad Magazine with references to it on its pages.

***I love Moxie. Going to college in Boston, you're pretty much certain to have some local friend who loves it and introduces it to you. It took a while for me to get into it (and especially to learn to love the aftertaste), but I now love it and I get it when I find a place that carries it out here. The other two***



***are Vernor's ginger ale and Doc Brown's Cel-Ray soda. I love that stuff!***

We're always

discussing what makes a fan, and one person's trufan is another's fakefan. We'll never agree on a definition, and I don't think we should even try. I would encourage people new to fandom to find out as much as you can about fandom, and try participating here and there to find out what you like. I've always espoused the smorgasbord idea of fandom, where you can sample a little of everything, or chow down with one dish, whatever you prefer. It's important to find out, however, what's in each bowl. I've been a Trekfan, a costumer, a convention fan and conrunner, and all before I became interested in fanzines, and while some still look at me as a fakefan because of my other activities, being involved in other fannish activities gave me a view into those other fandoms, and what makes them go, and what their own traditions are. Our similarities are more than our differences.

***See, I know it's not a popular stance to take in fanzine fandom, but I really do believe that trufen are the ones who don't just look at one station but sample the entire thing that is fandom. To me, the broader you are the more fannish I think of you.***

Is it okay to have a fantasy life? Absolutely. I think it is a great thing to take a mental vacation, and be that certain hobbit/orc/starship captain/Jedi/Atreides/whatever turns your

crank for a little while. Certainly, there is a measure of escapism, but some escapism is good for you.

I think we need to keep in mind that taking that fantasy vacation is simply putting reality on hold, and that you do have to return to that reality. Most do, some don't, and the fantasy life is often much more interesting than the real life.

***In total agreement. I've always had a rich fantasy life, though I'm pretty much grounded in reality by virtue of always remembering that there's stuff to do. Again, it's another reason I won't play WOW. I want fantasy to have a place but not a hold on me.***

It's late, Chris, I'm going to save and fire away. This is a quiet weekend, and we sure need it. Have a good one,

and see you with the hoax issue!

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.  
***Get some rest and I hope you like the ish!***

