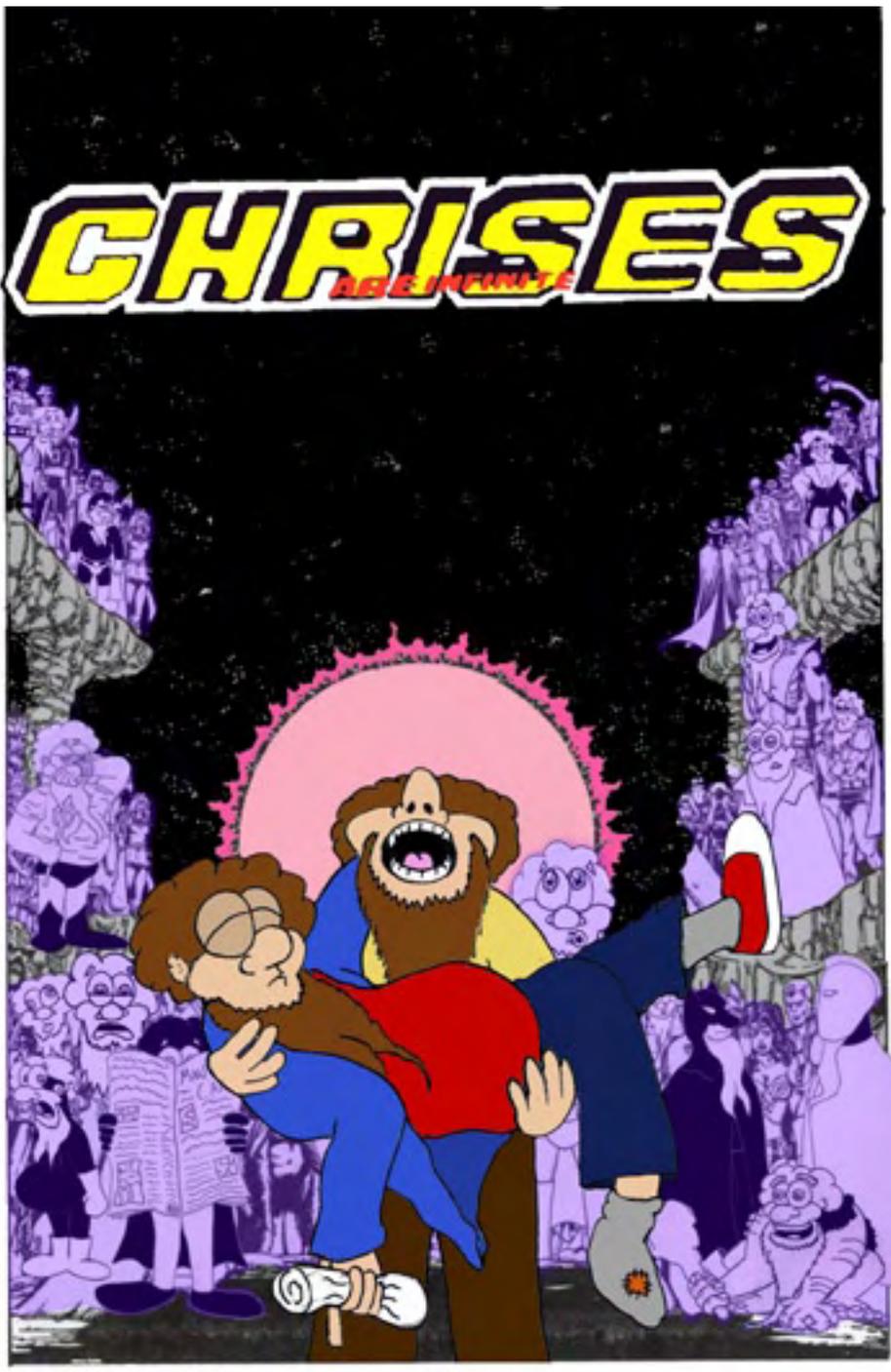


The Drink Tank Issue 184



Fandom on
Infinite Earths

You've got that pile of fanzines sitting in that box that you currently keep tucked away in that corner. Go over and grab it, drag it over to you. Now, open it up and stick your nose in there and smell deeply. Just inhale. That smell is a combination of paper off-gassing and degrading. It's a sad, sad thing. Inevitable, but a bad thing.

Every manmade object (and every other kind of object too, come to think of it) has a lifespan. Some things, like statues carved over centuries from basalt and such, will last far longer than this poor planet will be peopled by us wee beasties. Other things have a lifespan that may only slightly overshadow our own. It's one thing we have to understand, that almost nothing lasts forever.

Paper is the traditional gift for the first anniversary. One reason for that might be that it doesn't tend to last long. The lignin and acid in most cheap paper means that they yellow and fade as time goes by, making even beautiful treasures into crumbled nothing in less than a few decades. Most of the paper you've printed zines on aren't going to last much more than a hundred years, even if kept under good conditions, and in that box, pressed up together, you're looking at an even shorter life.

Don't cry. There is a way to stop it.

You could invest in large



numbers of protective sleeves, acid-free papers to slip between, acid-free dividers and folders and the trouble pieces you could send out to a paper conservator to see what they can do. That issue of ODD with the Band-Aid on the dragon illustration will probably have to go as the glue has started to eat away at the paper and there's mold eating away at it. That's an expensive option, but there's even still another way.

Give it to the pros.

You see, there are several groups that collect zines. Some universities have acquired collections from folks that span the history of Fanzines. These people are set up to deal with things like yellowing paper (well, there's not a lot you can do for that, but you can slow its progress) and have the materials it takes to get every year possible out of every piece possible. They also have the facilities to maintain proper storage temps, humidity levels and so on, and so on. In other words, they know what they're doing and have the means to do it.

One of those magical libraries is the Eaton Collection, part of the libraries at UC Riverside. It's collected a huge amount of Science Fiction material over the last few decades, and it's also received many large donations of fanzine collections, including the legendary collection of Bruce Pelz. They have hundreds of thousands of zines from the very earliest up through now. The collection includes thousands of APA mailings (Bruce was one of those OmniAPAns of the 1960s) and genzines from around the world. There are probably more zines that survive only in the Eaton Collection than anywhere else on Earth. And it's not like it's the only fanzine collection they've got. There are the collections of names like Rick Sneary and Terry Carr in there too!

So, why am I writing about

them? Well, it's all Earl Kemp's fault.

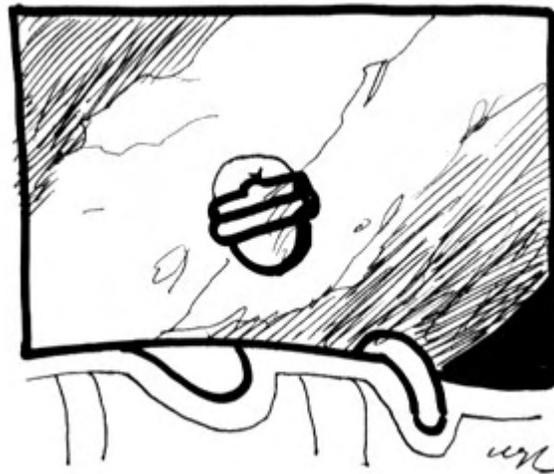
A few months ago, His Royal Highness sent me an eMail asking me if I wanted to help him out with a project he'd started working on with the good people from the Eaton. I'd met a couple of folks from down that way at WorldCon in 2006, and my uncle says that they're one of the best libraries he's ever seen. I told Earl I'd help him out.

While they've got a great collection, they're not complete, and especially not full of the Top Zines of Today! Plus, I've been told, that time keeps on slipping into the future, meaning there are going to be more zines that they'll need to get to make a full field. Earl asked me to help bring them up to recent times and to help with outreach to fandom. One of the things Earl immediately brought up was getting folks to agree that when they produce their next ish, to make sure they send one to the Eaton for their collection. I totally agree that this would be a wonderful thing. To that end, I'm also establishing a service that'll be useful to folks who do cons like LosCon, BayCon, Silicon, or most any other convention that I appear at to do a Fanzine Lounge. I'll be putting out a box where folks can drop zines that will go to the Eaton collection. That'll make it easy (and since my Uncle lives in Perris, just down the road from Riverside, I can drop them

off when I visit) and give a single point where con-goers can get exposure to the Eaton concept. I'll also be talking people's ear off about it.

The important thing that we need to understand is that Fannish History doesn't stop with the 1960s: it goes on and some day, our era will be there too. It's easier to get stuff now then try to gether it then.

So, that's the deal! Come one, come all and help us preserve the history of fandom. If you give your work, or stuff that you have collected over the years, you'll know that it'll be protected, it'll be available to those who are researching or are just interested in seeing them, and even cooler than that, you'll know that your stuff will be there with the collections of folks like Bill Rotsler and Fred Patten who donated their own large collections. And don't you want to be in company of folks like that?



This is the second Fandom On Infinite Earths issue and the third shouldn't be too much longer. It's been a hard set to do, and I'm still not complete with the whole through-line thing. I'm workin' on it though!

The best part of Silicon was the fact that we managed to do a protest that kind of slipped under the RADAR. It was a fun one too! The problem we were protesting against was Mr. Larry Niven and the way we did it was by having a good time.

Many of you may have read about Mr. Niven's comments that one way to keep Illegal Immigrants from using our Emergency Rooms would be to send a rumor through the community that hospitals were harvesting organs from Illegals when they came in. That's a brutal statement if you think about it. No one's quite sure if he was serious or not, and no one I know's had the balls to ask. The fact that Silicon would ask Larry to be a guest got some blood boiling, especially that of Miss Espana Sheriff. She's fed up with cons that invite folks like Niven and Orson Scott Card (oh, the articles that could be written about the stuff he's written...) and she wasn't going to attend Silicon because of it.

That got us into an idea.

I don't remember who it was, probably Leigh Ann, who came up with the idea of Espana coming if we agreed to decorate the Fanzine Lounge in a

Mexican theme. I was game, I had a couple of things to decorate with and a couple of things to wear. The idea got out and everybody got into the act.

Jason Schachat and I wore the Serapes I have and I brought a Mexican Wrestling Mask and the Chevy's sombrero I borrowed from Evelyn that she got when she turned 8. That was a fun one. I had a Che flag and a Cuban flag, that we hung in the Lounge. I forgot the pinata that I got from work, but I don't think we missed it much.

Espana went all out. She wore a peasant's dress, as did Leigh Ann, and Bill, a great and funny dude, wore a bandalero. That was classic. Espana also brought all sorts of fun Spanish stuff, including Loteria, Spanish Bingo. That was a lot of fun and whenever you bring anything new into the Fanzine Lounge, we'll find a way to turn it into a drinking game. I got wasted, and managed to finish off the bottle of Balvenie that had been in the Fanzine Lounge collection since John Hertz gave it to us in November.

We had a blast, and it was a protest that wasn't noisy or designed to make Larry feel uncomfortable when he was GoH (and we talked with folks on the ConComm to make sure they understood our concerns and let them know what we were planning) but it also allowed us to have fun at someone else's expense as a way to make

ourselves feel better about the whole situation. There was a point where we took over one of the Board Rooms and reenacted the Last Supper with all of us wearing Sombreros. I was Jesus. That was weird, but it also fit the bill. Cons are about fun, and when you feel the need to protest, you may as well make it a form that allows you to make a point, allows you to have a blast, and doesn't stop others from having a good time.

And we managed that one without fail at Silicon. I'm glad Espana came, and that she got Ace & Lazer, Bill, Me, Leigh Ann, Jason (whose bit was to whistle the Mexican Hat Dance kinda quiet everytime Larry walked by), Linda, Jean, David and others into the act. It's always good to have friends to be weird with!



When last we left the Continuing story of the Garcia CorFlu Future Fantasy, Chris was still preparing for the big con with all sorts of weirdnesses. Friends were arriving from all over the place and there was a strange secret that Chris was hiding.

This story features art from Mo Starkey, this week's cover artist Mr. Jason Schachat with a couple of close-up views of the cover, Espana Sheriff and Bryan Little, making his Drink Tank debut with some fun art!

Let's get back into the action.

Thursday: Go Your Own Way

The general feeling of those of us fools who drank themselves into sleep was one of minor discomfort at the fact that 9 am came so early and noisily. There was construction across the way, so there was a lovely booming. We didn't have to get to the hotel until two, but I figured that we'd have a while to get to work. I was figuring out how to get everyone showered and fed before we headed off. Linda and I woke up first and we went to work. Linda put a coffee pot on and I started to boil water on the stove for tea. There were enough Brits to make the Americans feel like they needed a cuppa. It was a smart thing, and I started it off with a cup of cheap Earl Grey. Linda got her coffee with enough sugar and cream to stand

the spoon in it. She always knew the exact amounts to pour. That's why I call her the Lovely & Talented Linda.

Coxon woke up first, looking like he'd slept with his head on a computer keyboard and his back contorted into an ogre like position.

"Have you got any Coke?" he said.

"Yeah, in the fridge." I said as John had already opened up the fridge to grab it.

The others filtered in. Americans seemed to ask for tea, Europeans (including the thoroughly Americanized Espana) favored coffee. It was not the last time expectations would be completely fouled up this week.

Somehow, the conversation turned to the subject of the recent LA riots. They happened every 20 or so years and we were just due, I explained. None of the visitors could figure out why these things seemed to happen in LA.

"Well, this time they stayed slightly further from the LASFS clubhouse." I said.

"We were hearing stories that made it sound like those French riots." Claire noted.

"Well, these were worse." Jason noted. "They even managed to wreck three freeway off-ramps."

"I still don't get how that happened." Linda said.

"You get enough idiots with enough equipment, you'll end up with

broken infrastructure." I added.

"Are things really still that bad over here?" Mark asked.

"Well, they aren't saying we're in a depression anymore, but things haven't been great." Linda said.

We all gathered our wits and Linda made pancakes and I scrambled up some eggs and cooked some bacon in the oven. We managed all of this without once blowing a circuit! It was like living in the not-so-distant future where a single house can have more than 2 appliances going at once!

We all managed to get cleaned-up and fed before eleven, which was when Espana came in from outside. It also meant that we could have lunch together as a strange, and somewhat gigantic family. We called James and asked if he wanted to join us. We had the perfect place all picked out...largely because it would shut Jason up. I went to pick up James and Sim, and oddly I got a phone call from Earl Kemp saying that he'd arrived at the airport and could I come and grab him. I said sure, why shouldn't I since the hotel was right there. I made the rounds and told everyone to meet me at El Camino Mongolian BBQ in one hour.

I drove over, lunchtime traffic was light, and grabbed a rested and ready pair of Fresh-Faced folks from England of late and South Africa and Ireland of origin.

"I gotta get Earl over at the airport and then we're off to the

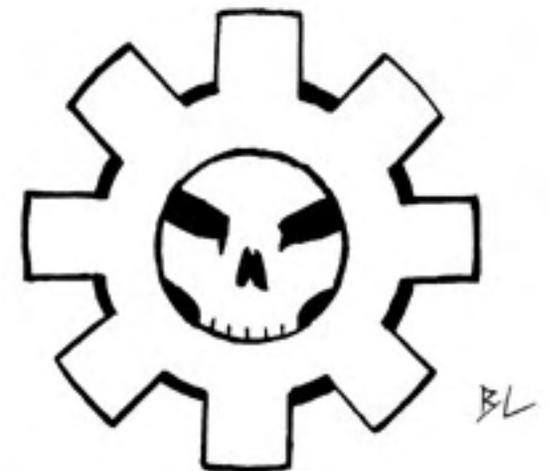
Mogolian." I said.

"OK, let's do it!" James said.

We headed over and there was Earl...standing with Bill Burns and Peter Weston! No one had told me they were flying in this early. Actually, I discovered that Peter had been hanging with Bill for a few days in New York and they flew in together.

"You mind a couple of extras tagging along?" Earl said.

"If it's those two, I might!" I joked. I popped the trunk and put the guys' bags in there. I actually did the carrying because I needed the time to figure out how to get 6 people in the Pontiac Sunfire. I figured that Bill, Earl and Peter wouldn't have trouble fitting into the backset since they were all thin fans. James and Sim now had to be fit in. I put the two of them into the front seat in a strange configuration that resembled one of those trucks



from the seventies that sat three across. James was basically straddling the shifter, which made me happy I was driving an automatic.

We drove down the sidestreets to the El Camino, the long drag that cruisers used to make their way down back in the day when people purposely drove cars lowered to match the height of the car we were all piled into. Earl and Peter were talking about an article that Michael Moorcock had written for *el* that really stirred up a pot in the last issue of *Prolapse*. Sometimes these things bleed from one zine to another. We managed to make it to the Mongolian without completely grinding my muffler into oblivion. We piled out and the rest of the gang were standing there watching us, plus a couple of others I hadn't expected: There was Spike, and there was Mo Starkey and Ken and Jerry. So we were a party of 9 folks who flew in from across the Big Water, 8 folks from the US and we had not bothered to tell the restaurant. Luckily, they could seat such a large group pretty easily by simply pushing extra chairs into a table designed for 10. That's a good way to get folks piled up. We all got in line and started to put together our toppings and meats and sauces and then waited for our turn to have the two guys work their magic and turn those bowls into magical meals.

It took forever.

We weren't all through the

lines until almost 1. We all squeezed our way into the table. I was wedged between Peter and Earl and across from Linda and John. Peter and I, as we always did at least once every convention, started talking about science fiction! I was complaining about the latest Charlie Stross making it on the Hugo ballot while the latest Iain M. Banks novel had not made it.

"It's a crime!" Peter complained. "it's like comparing apples to horse droppings!"

"I liked Brass better than most everything that Stross has done since *Glasshouse*." I say.

"Rubbish! It's a cheap knock-off of a old Brunner story." Peter



complained.

"Yeah, but the Banks was too...too..."

"I think the word you're looking for is English, Chris!" Jason piped up from halfway across the area code.

"Well, he's got a point." I said.

Peter looked at me in that way that Peter often looks at me when I've said something stupid. I've seen it a few times.

The other end of the table was where Claire and Mark were sitting with Spike, James, Sim and Stef. I could tell that they were trying to figure out what was going on with my plans, and I know that James wouldn't let anyone in on the plans. We'd often come up with ideas that required one or the other of us to keep our mouths shut for a while.

We ate. And ate. And ate. I went back for three plates of delicious Mongolian BBQ delight. Jason matched me plate for plate, but that Coxon fella, he put us all to shame. He got not three, but five plates, all of them piled high with meat and maybe even a vegetable or two. We ate and drank and talked zines, movies, books, and Linda even got Earl interested in hearing about the costumes she'd done for CostumeCon and so on. It was a great meal, and mostly through guile, there was no way folks could come at me with questions about what this *CorFlu* was going to be like. Jason was running interference with Ken making

sure he didn't let anything go.

We finished up and then headed into the cars. We relieved some of the pressure from my car by putting Bill and Peter into David's car. We all got into the cars and then headed to the DoubleTree. We were already 30 minutes late. We got there at 3 and then I broke off to meet Samantha. Everyone else headed to check-in. We'd all put together some secret meetings. I had to go to Ken & Jerry's room to make sure that everything would be running at midnight and then off to David's room which would be hosting a party on Friday and Saturday night, and then it would be gathering James, John, and various others to move the stuff off of the dock into the area under the stairs. Busy, busy, busy.

Everyone got into their rooms, and then we were greeted by a few others who had arrived nice and early. I didn't know that John Purcell was arriving with the wife on Thursday. I had expected them on Friday, but I was happy to see them. The Penneys had also arrived, which I think I knew in the dark recesses of my mind. I gave Yvonne a big hug and then greeted my hero, Lloyd Penney with a bear hug too. It's the same way I greeted him when I first saw him at LACon. As I was going to meet with Ken and Jerry, there was Ted White, sitting in a chair talking with Rob Jackson. I love that guy! I stopped by and said hello, but then apologized, saying I had to run off

to a meeting.

"Chris, I'm very interested in seeing how this CorFlu is going to happen." Ted said.

"I swear, you'll never forget it."

I headed into Ken and Jerry's room and when I got there, I found that they were moving in all the equipment and were almost ready to start the set-up.

"What channel are we gonna be on?" I asked.

"It's 37 this time." Ken said.

"And we've got everything lined up?"

"Yup, everything is ready to go. We'll have the folks ready to man the cameras there tomorrow around 5."

"Ideal." I said and headed out to the restaurant to sit down with David and a cup of coffee to set up the parties.

As I was heading down, I ran into Howieird, who was already taking photos. He stopped em and showed me a bunch of the ones he'd already taken. There was one of a rather non-plussed Ted White who was obviously not expecting to have photos taken. Even better was the photo of Linda talking with John while Linda was carrying an armload of the boxes from the dock and John was simply holding a can of beer. This is why John and I are friends. I broke off with Howieird and headed to see David. He was already starting to set things up in the SF/SF party room. Jean wouldn't be coming

until Friday, and she's always the one who does things right. Espana was off hanging with the LA crowd that was busy arriving. I hadn't seen Christian McGuire or Tadao, but I had heard that they'd arrived.

"So, what's the plan for the party





tomorrow night?” David asked as I was hanging a couple of pictures that Espana had done.

“Well, we have opening ceremonies at 7:30, they run for about

90 minutes, and then there’s mingling, so I would think that we’d want to be running by 9:30 or so.” I told him.

“Makes sense. We’re going shopping for booze tomorrow and then we’re going to do the food stuff.”

There was a knock on the door and then it was pushed open. It was Mr. Christian McGuire, the guy who was at the

“They told me I’d find you here, Mr Garcia.” Christian said walking over and exchanging the traditional Garcia-McGuire greeting. “And how are you tonight, Mr. Garcia?”

Until he said that, I hadn’t realised it was almost 7:30. Times flies when you’re headed towards disaster.

“I’m doing well. I’m enjoying setting all this up.” I said.

“Well, Linda and Jason informed me that I was to help with the set-up of the ConSuite in the Silicon Valley Room.”

“Ah, good to see that they’re forward thinking enough to press you into service.” I told him.

“Well, I was going to grab some dinner afterwards if you cared to join me.” He said.

“Sure.” I told him. “You want a little help getting things ready? I think We’re just about ready in here.”

David turned and nodded and the three of us headed out the door towards the overland passage to what we would be converting into the ConSuite.

We got there and it was apparent that Linda had already come by. There was a pile of decorations, a few cases of booze and a bunch of cases of Coke and the like. There were three tables set up waiting for catering to drop off the stuff. They’d be by around 9 and then keep the place stocked through Monday morning. The pile of stuff was all Technology-themed, which is why we had this in the Silicon Valley room. There were old Motherboards, varying types of monitors, a few blinking-lights computers from the late 70s, a pair of old oscilloscopes and a giant scrolling electronic billboard that the Computer History Museum had rejected but the donor had said I could take it with me. A few other folks came down, including John Hertz, Kevin Roche and Guy and Rose Marie Lillian. They were all impressed with the shininess of it all. That was the point. They all headed off to various rooms and to see what the whole thing going on was. We put everything up in about ninety minutes, which meant that it was a little after 9 and I was starving.

I still had to check in with Linda, so I sent David and Christian to get the table.

“How many folks do we expect?” Christian asked.

“Maybe 10, just to be safe.”

David’s cell phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and looked at the display.

“I gotta take this. You guys just

go down and I'll catch up with ya." he said and wandered off, talking on the phone.

Christian and I walked down to where Linda, Jason and Coxon were making neat stacks of the little boxes that they'd moved from the loading dock.

"Looking good!" I said. "Reminds me of Downtown Tokyo."

Linda looked at me with that look she always gives me when I say something stupid. I get that look a lot from her.

"Y'all wanna come get some dinner?"

"Yes, please." Linda says.

"I just had some, so I think I'm going to go and start drinking." Coxon said.

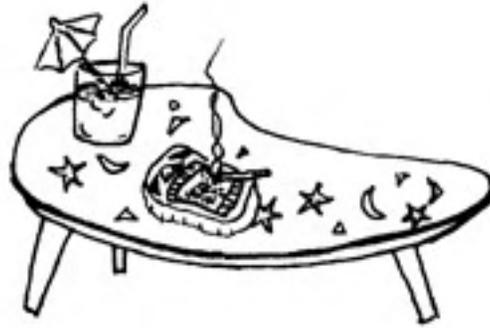
"I'm meeting Leigh-Ann at the other ConSuite in a few minutes." Jason added.

"Cool." I said.

We walked over and saw that Christian was standing in front of the set-up station.

"Mr. Garcia. I got the table for ten, but I've gotta head up for a while, so you're all without me." Christian said.

"That's cool." I told him as Linda and I walked to the four tables that'd been pushed together in the centre of the tabled section. There were glasses of water in front of every chair and pitchers sitting on each table. There we were, Linda and I in the middle of the



giant set-up completely without anyone else there. Earl, Ted, Art Widner and a few others were at a table across the way, just finishing up their supper. Earl got up and walked over.

"Wanted to be able to spread out?" Earl said, clapping me on the shoulder.

"Well, I wanted a seat for the two of us and 8 for my ego."

"You're gonna need more seats than that if you wanna fit it all." Earl said.

"The smoking ConSuite should be open soon." I told him. "It's up on the second floor. Up to the second floor above the pool deck. You can't miss it."

Off he walked and Linda and I ordered the risotto special. As I did, Samantha walked up.

"Chris, can we do the final sign-off walk-through?" she asked.

"How long will it take?" I asked.

"Maybe ten minutes." She said. I looked apologetically at Linda.

"OK, let's go!"

It took us nearly forty-five minutes. We went to all the areas we had settled on and found all sorts little problems. All the big stuff was right, and the small stuff was OKish, so I just signed off as I made it back to the restaurant where there was quite a festive ruckus going on. I walked around and there were a pile of people having a damn fine time at the table they'd set up for us earlier! There was John Hertz, Andy Trembley, Leigh Ann Hildebrand, Jason, John Coxon (looking particularly drunk), Max, James, Ted, Linda, Christian, David, Espana, Tadao, Stef and Bob Hole. It was a wild scene and everyone was laughing and having a good time. There was also not a single area for me to take a seat.

"Hey, it's Chris Garcia!" called Christian, and the table gave me polite applause. I took a little bow and Linda and Andy slid a little to either side and I pulled up a chair.

"It's quite a little scene we've got going here!" I said.

Linda gave me the 'You kept me waiting' look. I was used to it, but I still felt bad.

"Hey, we're t-minus ten minutes before the start of the CF-TV" Linda said.

"Then, we should head off to the ConSuite." I told everyone, and we called for the bill.

The clock struck midnight and

we turned on Channel 37. There was a blue screen and then a flicker followed by a screen that showed the CorFlu: 28 Zines Later logo, followed by a photo montage from all the previous CorFlus. It had taken me forever to get all that stuff put together, but Ken and Jerry had done a great job of making it into a fine television station that'd be running in two of the ConSuites, the bars downstairs and even a pair of tvs in the Coffee Garden...I mean Sprigs. It was all a good combination of things. A scroll came across the bottom of the screen saying that up next was Bill Mills video of the 1986 Westercon Talent Show. I kinda wanted to see that, but I was almost out on my feet. I looked over to Linda and she was also giving me the look of sleepy. I took her hand and we started out.

"Where you going, Chris?" Coxon asked.

"It's bedtime for Bonzo." Linda said and we walked out of the room.



**Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers**

Let us start with Eric Mayer on issue 182!

Chris,

Another enjoyable issue. I really like the cover a lot. It's neat what can be done with PhotoShop and the like today, and being able to scan art done in any medium opens up a world of possibilities, but it is still nice to see a drawing, executed in the old fashioned manner, something that could've been reproduced on the cover of a pre-electronic fanzine.

That's one of my favourite pieces on Espana's site (espanasheriff.com)

And games always interest me. But you have to say more about electro-mechanical games of the late 1800s like pitch and hit baseball! **It's something I've thought of doing an issue about. There are a few places in SF that have these old mechanical things and I've always wanted to write them up. I never have, but I've thought about it. The pitch-and-hit games are classics.**

Mostly, I've only been peripherally involved with video games. I think the "problem" was that I was very busy with school, finding a job, getting married and raising toddlers around the time a lot of the exciting

new stuff was happening. I used to go to the little arcade at the local mall but I wasn't much interested in the early arcade games. I preferred air hockey. Later my son had a Game Boy. I also played a few old Sierra-type games, long after they were already outdated. **It's tough to have a life in exciting times! I love the old Sierra Games!**

However, I did spend a lot of time with the Atari 2600 as I've written before. I remember the great game company crash well. The stores were practically giving the cartridges away. I bought far more than I could play. A lot of them I just looked at out of curiosity. And, to be honest, most of them revealed part of the reason for the crash because they were pretty wretched and unoriginal.

I have a ton of games and a working 2600 that's on loan to the Museum. I haven't played it in ages. I think I have about 200 games total. I've mostly found them at garage sales and sometimes folks give them to me because I'm the kind of guy who would properly love them. I must admit that I am, in fact, that kind of guy.

A few years ago I downloaded an Atari emulator and was able to see sights and hear sounds I thought I'd never enjoy again. Ah yes the colorful attackers flapping their wings in Demon Attack, the grating vroom of the engine in Dragster. Without a

joystick the games weren't all that playable. I did actually get to a (very low) level of Demon Attack and saw a new type of demon I hadn't glimpsed way back when.

Best,
Eric

I'm not a big emulation guy, but I've got one or two in case I wanna play at work...I mean research classic gaming at work.

Thanks, Eric! And now, also on 182, Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

Keeping up with you, man... If I have my way, multi-issue locs will be a thing of the past! Famous last words, hm? It's loc time again, and here are some words of praise on The Drink Tank 182. Tank-182, not to be confused with Blink-182?

I thought of doing a Blink 182 or a Turk 182 article, but then thought better of it.

Neat line drawing from España. You definitely have an eye for the cover art, but then you use so much of it...
Yeah, well that's true. I think this is my favourite cover for a while.

We are all safe, and can breathe a sigh of relief...the Hadron Collider broke down, and it will probably be out of service for a few months yet. As if we needed another way to destroy the Earth, we've come up with so many...



Somewhere, there's another article about the Universe protecting us all.

The history of computer games... a story of imagination and innovation, yet I know how much time they waste. I play far too much Freecell and Space Cadet Pinball, and I've had some fun

with Jewel Quest. I guess they allow you to shut your mind off for a while like you win a game or rack up a high score.

The Drink Tank Art Book. There's a paper publishing idea I'd like. Even as a .pdf, it would look spectacular. I have never seen any of the games pre-Pong, and that's just as well. I don't need any more distractions. You'd like your own museum? I've had discussions with the folks who stage hands-on exhibits, and I know their frustrations. These folks put together detailed exhibits with instructions on how to get the most out of the displays, and people routinely ignore the instructions, poke and prod hands-on displays, and eventually break them. They walk away, mildly entertained and somewhat misinformed, and they've left broken displays for others to puzzle over. Anything like that at the Computer Museum?

I've always wanted to put together an art book (one of the things I'd like to do is a page or two on each of the Rotsler winners and the Hugo nominees, but I never manage to make it happen. I'd love to run my own museum, and I've got a fix on what I'd like to do with it and how to run it. Now the only thing is to get folks in line with me to make it happen! But there's always time to make it happen!

Looking for answers and discovering the unknown are basic human drives, I think. Today, so much is known, so little unknown and yet to be discovered, and that is part of our frustrations. If we had a goal to aim our efforts at, we'd feel useful. The appearance that there's nothing more to find might be the reactive reason for people finding intelligence and science to be uncool, and perhaps inherently evil. If there was a continent or two yet to find and explore, or whole areas of physics or chemistry yet to define, the world would be as exciting as it was when that amateur scientist Hugo Gernsback created not only his science magazines, but that new genre of scientifiction. Not only fandom, but the whole world needs more goshwow, more sensawunda.

I totally believe that science is inherently evil, but that it's also required. I really think most people



who go in for science are trying to figure out how the world works regardless of what it takes to make that happen and the ones who are doing the good stuff, like fighting AIDS and trying to figure out what causes aging, are usually pushed to the back burner because their research isn't as sexy. It's kinda sad.

I think for some writers, not only are their books and short stories their product, but they are their own product as well. Getting that nomination, that award, even that good review, enhances their reputation and salability. There is also ego in the number of books sold, the number of readers, a measurable level of success. I could comment further about the US election, the Wall Street meltdown, the bald-faced attempt to demand a trillion dollars to cover Wall Street's mistakes and probably massive embezzlements,

and other events that get so much media coverage. But, I've got a dull federal election of my own to worry about, and I think nothing will change, and we will have another

Conservative minority government, at the cost of tens of millions of taxpayers' dollars.

The duck and a scandal? Just more childish behaviour on the part of the Conservative Party, and the idiots who work for them, in the form of graphics on their website. It's all faded now, but the Conservatives can usually be counted on to say or do something sexist, racist or just plain stupid, and this campaign is no different.

I don't think the meltdown has anything to do with embezzlement, but more to do with ill-conceived loans and massive over-payment of executives. I really think that 40-to-1 rule should be applied to all execs for companies that receive bailout money. If you work for them, your top pay can only be 40 times that of your lowest paid employee. That seems fair to me, as long as you eliminate Stock Options as well.

Hey, you naughty Russkies, don't get persnickety with President Hockey Mom! Don't talk back to her now, or she'll cross the Bering Strait, and then you'll be sorry! Don't make her come up there and smite you one! Beware of Sarah, Warrior Princess! ***I was watching the debate and all I was thinking of was 'Man, I want to do her!'. The evil she got, the hotter she became!***

Hurray for John Purcell and his reading choices. with so many

detailed choices in SF these days, my personal golden age for SF was Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke and Heinlein, Gold, Carr and Wollheim anthologies, with stories of robots and time travel and rockets warping out towards the Rim. Adventure and wonder and the fantastic. Chris, you didn't like Bicentennial Man? It's one of my favorites. A poignant story, and when Robin Williams can control himself, he is a fine actor.

I thought it absolutely dripped with schmaltz. Robin Williams was bland by comparison to his other films, and that could have worked, but they blew it.

Tomorrow is a special event for bookreaders in Toronto, plus other cities across Canada, called The Word on the Street. In Toronto, it will be held in Queen's Park, just north of the provincial parliament buildings, and it is a festival of books, reading, authors and publishers We go every year to meet up with friends in the local SF lit field, enjoy the literary atmosphere, and spend a day in a very green city park. There will be hundreds of booths and tents of published works, to buy and pick up and enjoy. We usually bring home a bag of books and flyers and contacts, and it is a great way to spend a Sunday. And now it's here! Hurray!

Sounds like fun! The BAarea has LitQuake coming up, and that

features a ton of different readings and so on, including a LitCrawl, which is supposed to be a lot of fun.

Off it goes to you and my LJ.

My greetings to the lovely Linda, and see you next Garciazine, in about 20 minutes or so...

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Always good to hear from ya!

And now, again on 182, Mr. John Purcell!

That is a nice drawing by Espana Sheriff fronting the latest *Drink Tank*. One of these days when time becomes more available and not such a precious commodity around here, I will peruse her website and see what else Espana has on display. She is definitely improving, based on what I've seen of hers in the past. Not only an artist, but her writings (in *SFinSF*) are getting better all the time, too. Hey! That's an old Beatles song! Cool...

She's a star waiting to be catalogued! I will not get the honor of saying that I discovered her, I think that'll go to Jean, but I'm the first one to run covers by her and they kick ass!

I have never been one for computer games, although I do from time to time play Spider Solitaire and regular Solitaire to give me a break from writing and grading papers and other school related hoo-hah. Then again, there was a time - about

five years ago - when I used to play Golden Tee Golf, 3-D Pinball, and Brunswick Bowling a fair amount. Not a lot, but more than I should have; those games are a bit addictive, as most computer games are. Remember Wolfenbarger (sp?)? You know, that underground Nazi lair where you ran around blasting krauts left and right? When we got our first PC back in the mid to late 90s, that game was on the



system, and I had fun with that. Not much computer gaming anymore for this old cowboy, though. I have much more important things to do on the computer nowadays: dissertation, statistical analyses, grading, fanzines....

You know: the **REALLY** important stuff!
There is little more important than Wolfenstein! We were fighting the Nazis, and even in video games, that's a massively important thing to have done!

The wrasslin' pics remind me that in one of those \$1 DVD bins at Walmart I recently found one of the Legends of Wrestling; it had two segments, one with Baron Von Raschke and the other was Killer Kowalski. Haven't watched it yet, but I will. Those two guys were awesome! So now I will keep my eyes open for more goodies like this in those bins. It's fun digging through them sometimes to find such gems.

Killer Kowalski just died a couple of weeks ago. He was awesome! I've wanted to buy those DVDs, but I'm not near a Wal-mart so I've not had a chance.

Eric Mayer knows how to spell. "mucous." Awesome. Now once he learns how to proofread his locs - "(Holy shit, my spellchecker says I know hot [sic] to spell mucous. I'm amazed)" - that would be another step

in the right direction. Damn good thing he's a professional writer otherwise there would be more of these slip-ups floating around in his locs.

I have to admit, I have no idea what happened, but I'm fairly certain it was my fault!

It's a good thing I like Eric. He is so gonna lay into me for that comment.
And well he should!

When Eric also mentioned "I Roomba" the first thing I thought of was that series of "Figby" cartoons in my zine that Bill Fischer produced. Funny stuff, and one of these years I will probably collect all the Figbys and pub them in a single volume. Selling those might bring in a tidy sum for the fan funds, don't you think so, Chris?

I think it's a fine idea, like collecting the Dork Knight strips (which, in a few more issues, will become pages!

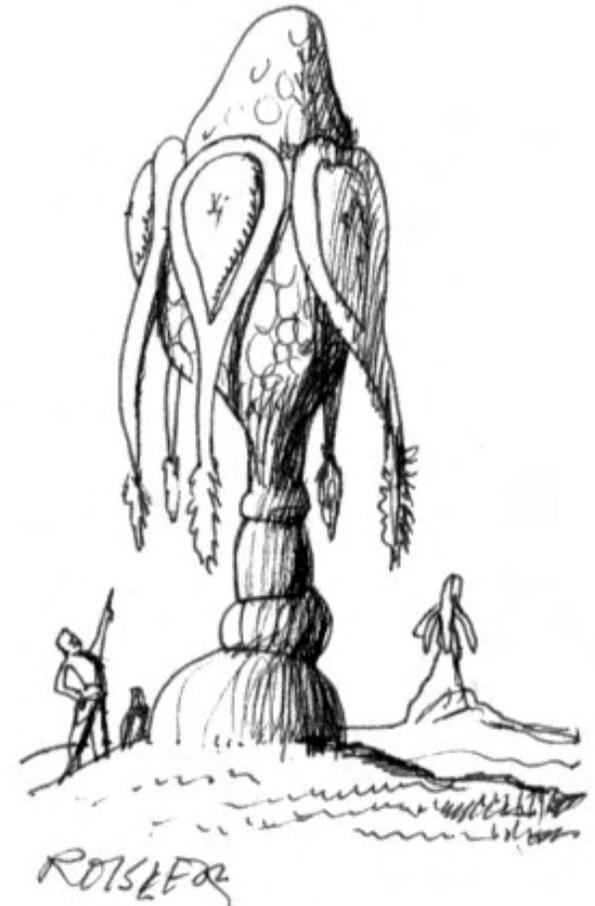
Speaking of cartoons, I am really enjoying the Dork Knight comic strip you're running. Very funny material, stylishly drawn. Keep those coming, Chris, and I look forward to more of these.

And well you should!

And I also see you mentioned one of my favorite Jack Black movies, *School of Rock*. Yes, he was very good in that one. I think that's my fave Jack Black movie so far, although *Nacho Libre* was a hoot, and his character in the most recent remake of *King Kong* was

very good, too. Have not seen *Tropic Thunder* yet, but might rent it once it comes out on DVD. It does look funny.
It's wrong funny, but it's funny. Jack is totally wasted in it, but it's still a great little film.

That brings this loc to a close. Many thanks, and I shall see you around the quads, youngster.
All the best,
John Purcell



Thanks, John! And now a note from Mr. Steve Green!

Hi Chris,

It's scarcely surprising that (as Eric Mayer points out) some authors are forced to reinvent themselves under a *nom de plume* following sub-bestseller feedback on their previous opus. I know of one author whose novel was regarded as an abject failure in the UK merely because the publisher cocked up the computer coding: so far as I'm aware, not a single sale was properly logged. By the time one specialist retailer tried to place a third order, it had already been remaindered. Given he probably never received his full royalties, this may well constitute fraud; it's certainly criminal incompetence.

-- Steve

Very good point. It's a hard business to be in, but still, somewhere along the line, you gotta find that sweet spot between All-Out and Not-Enough.

And, now on to Issue 183, Here's Eric Mayer again!

Chris,

I'll be interested to see how your alternative fandom turns out but it's gonna have to have some pretty major differences for me to notice. Since I don't go to cons and haven't met anybody you could tell me just about

anything and I'd simply take it as true. I mean, my reality of fandom is your reality as shown in Drink Tank. And if it happens to be an alternate reality, how would I know?

Good point. I hadn't thought about that!

Now maybe I could figure out Bizarro Fandom. I could write my Worldcon report. Because, in Bizarro fandom I go to conventions every week. I would relate how I met Chris Garcia, who keeps hanging around, telling everyone he's working on the first issue of his fanzine, which he's been working on for at least six years but it still hasn't appeared, because, well, it has to be perfect first. And then Arnie Katz was there, touting his Fandom Foundation, which is devoted to organizing fandom to do Serious Business and make sure everyone is on at least three committees. Not to mention Robert Lichtman who was busy tearing up his program because, as he put it, that's old news. We're sf fans. We don't need no steenking past. Lloyd Penney was there, promising that he would write a loc real soon now, maybe next year even. And I ran into the much beloved Richard Bergeron. The Grand Old Fan, as he is affectionately called. He said he thought it was time for him to decline to run for TAFF, which he has won for twenty years in a row, because everyone in fandom wants to meet

him and give him a hug. He was going encourage an old Brit fan to run, because the poor fellow had been fanning for years and no one ever paid the slightest attention. Dave something or other.

Or, to put it in local terms, Kevin Roche introducing his new wife to fandom!

Anyway, from now on you will need to specify whether your Drink Tank material is real or alternate fandom or else I may become confused!

Best,

Eric

I will do my best, Eric. I'll do my best!



And we finish off with Lloyd Penney!

Still keeping up! I've got The Drink Tank 183 here, and as always, there's things to say. A new Critical Wave sounds very good, and even more so, now that its focus will now be on fandom. Steve, you will definitely get response from me. I even loc Ansible...

I'm excited. I know the first one's coming up and I'm hoping to be able to provide a little something for 'em.

Go for that Corflu! At least you'll be able to attend that one. Wish you'd been in Vegas. It was fun, but you really would have livened it up.

And, the rest of the issue is devoted to faan fiction about how that Corflu might look. Well, if there's no fighting and no one's tried to kill someone else, it definitely is fiction. Only problem is, once you actually get your Corflu, and it happens, you'll say, "Hmm, that did happen anything like I thought it would."

Get used to it! The next three issues will be full of it!

Maybe we'll all descend upon your front step, bang on the door and demand to come in. You want a fanzine convention? You'll get it, in your living room.

That would be awesome!

Still working at SGS, still drawing

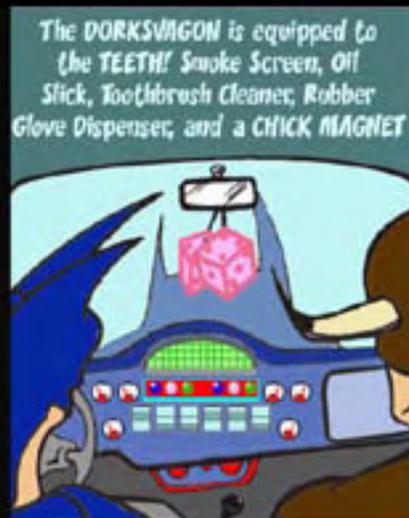
a really good wage, still working at the Globe and Mail in the evening, still only getting 4 to 5 hours of sleep a night. If nothing else, Christmas should be really good, and easy to afford. Take care, hugs to Linda, and see you next issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Always good to hear from ya, Lloyd!

OK, that's this issue, save for The Dork Knight! I wanna thank everyone for the LoCs and Dann Lopez, Mo Starkey, Bryan Little, Jason Schachat and Espana for the art. I also wanna say it's gonna be at least 10 days before the next!

Tales of the DORK KNIGHT



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