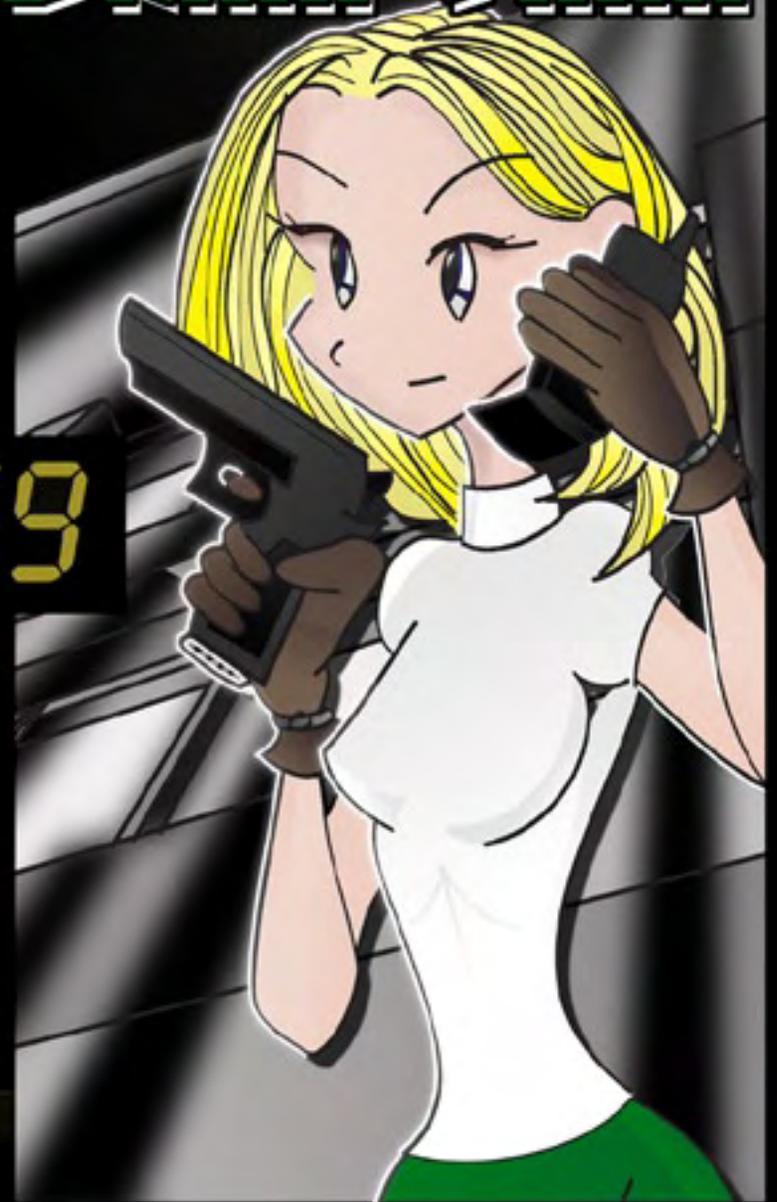


# THE DRINK TANK



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# THOUGHT BUBBLE, LEEDS; WAITING IN LINE, TAIL-END CHARLIE.

BY  
JAMES BACON

It was a very crisp and fresh morning, the sun was slicing into the room, and I knew I was already a bit late. The evening before hand was all a maelstrom of brilliant madness, but I was in Leeds and as I awoke, not so much fresh as invigorated from a wonderful slumber, I knew I was late. I had a superb breakfast, with my room sharer, Emma King, and once fed and watered, we split and I left on foot for Saville Hall where Thought Bubble, a weeklong comic festival, would be having its big Saturday event. The walk was fresh, it wasn't cold, it was November, and along the river Aire, which was gurgling very gently, fishermen patiently waited for their catch, doted about on this Saturday morn, a strange prophecy for my own forthcoming day.

I crossed over the river, just after the weir, where once industrial wharfs are now all cultural and residential, and a busy inland dock land is now a redevelopment of the greatest scale. I rounded the Royal Armouries, a modern building design built museum, into armouries square and there was Savile Hall.

I had somehow imagined it was

named after some distant historical Knight or Lord and as I walked into the atrium, I realised that it was in actual fact named after broadcaster, TV personality and charity Fund Raiser, Sir Jimmy Savile, not only a knight of the realm, but also a knight of the Holy See, and his pictures in massive forms adorned the walls of the reception area. This was the man, who Fix'd It for kids when I was a kid on the BBC. My favourite must have been the two seater Spitfire jaunt a youngster got to go on, although his mad intros on Top

of The Pops are also burnt memories. In this atrium, I collected my ticket, thought about a coffee and wandered into the large hall. This nicely apportioned hall is some 1260 square metres in size, a rectangle from what I could see, with five aisles, tables either side of the aisle down the length of the hall. The far left back corner was curtained off, for a decent seating area of about 100 or so people, with staging, then the area next to this auditorium was a signing area, with space for queues

As part of helping with the publicity efforts of next year's Eastercon, LX 2009 in Bradford, of which I am a committee member, we decided that we would have a table at Thought Bubble. We are going around conventions, and events, giving away free books to all and sundry, in the hope that book readers, may find the book conventions that we run interesting, and come along, it's an outreach effort, something untried, and we have seen members join following such efforts.

Thought Bubble, though is in Leeds, which sets it apart from the other events we have worked hard at so far. Leeds is next to Bradford, from city centre to city centre is ten miles, and about a twenty minute drive. The same by train. So this is our neighbourhood, Leeds science fiction readers are on the doorstep of the convention, so we need



James Bacon with Barry Kitson.  
Photo by Emma King

to let them know about our weekend. So we were there, handing out flyers. Peter Harrow my Co-Chair and Dave were present since earlier, they had laid out the table, set up some posters, put up the book shelves, and were distributing flyers, leaflets and books by the time arrived. They reported considerable queues at the beginning of the day outside the hall.

We worked the table, and it was very good. Then Emma met us, she had come in my car and we had arranged she would park it, which would be our transportation from the festival to Novacon, in Walsall, the annual convention of the Birmingham Science Fiction Group, which was our next destination that night. Emma was a bit of a star. She is 30, a friend for way too long now, and a regular at fun cons. She runs her own Live Action Role Playing Games and is really terribly smart, and wears rock chick gear, and is very approachable. So as Peter went around every dealer introducing himself and getting acquainted with those selling at the festival, extending the web of contact and promotion, Emma, Dave and myself talked up the con.

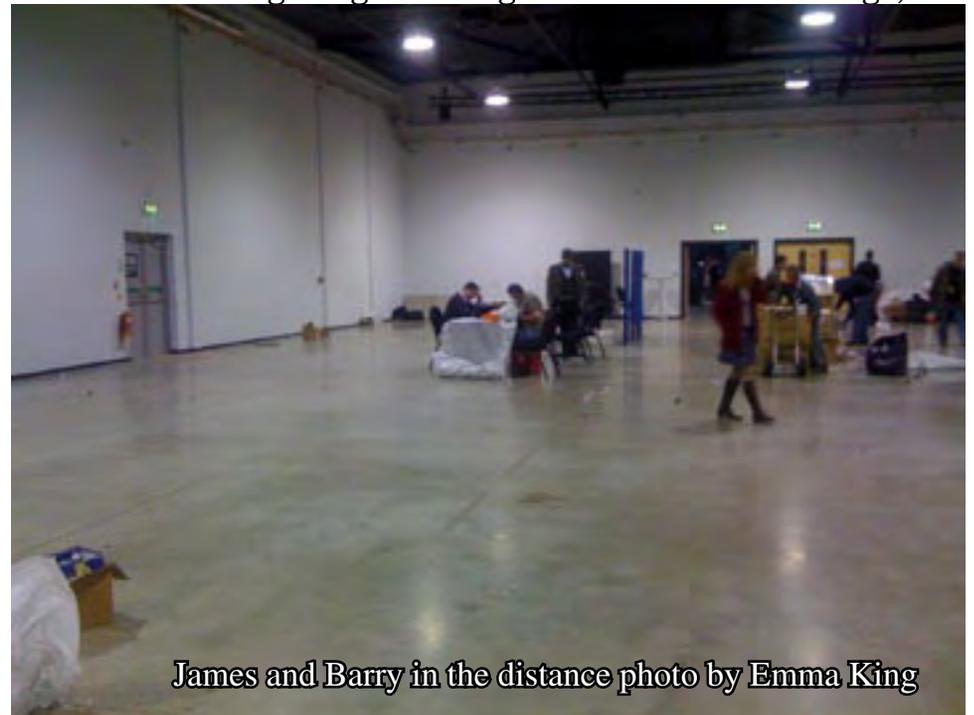
Mike Carey came up to the table. His writing workshop was the talk of the con, having being totally booked out, and we chatted about cons. Mike is the Guest of Honour at Odyssey the 2010 Eastercon, and also

at Octocon in 2009 in Dublin. That's two national conventions in quick succession. Peter spoke about his *Felix Castor* Novels, and I produced some comics, a *Hellblazer* and a manga comic he did with his daughter Louise called *Confessions of a Blabbermouth*. Mike is one of those authors whose bibliography just goes on and on, I once totted up all the individual comics his stories have appeared in and it's well over 250. Whether it is *2000 AD* issues, or the full run of *Lucifer*, which ran for an impressive 75 issues, he just has a stunning bibliography. Next up in December will be his comic adaption of Orson Scott Card's *Ender's Shadow* for Marvel Comics. He was in good form, and he spoke about how seeing his name as a guest of honour on the Odyssey poster still gave him an amazing feeling.

We continued to greet folk, and what was interesting this time doing outreach, was that people were not as interested in books, in fairness, we are running low of decent ones, but even so it was the word

'Bradford' that got people interested. We don't want to blindside anyone, so it's important they understand what sort of convention we are, although all are welcome, it is the national SF convention and therefore, not specifically about comics.

Of course, most Eastercon regulars know, we have many comic panels, one of our Guests of Honour is comic artist David Lloyd, and we already have two other comic artists and another writer coming along, but we must be fair. Eastercon is about science fiction in all its forms, and books are the main focus. Emma was especially good with the younger than me people, and also many girls, who got talking about all sorts of things,



James and Barry in the distance photo by Emma King

such as Dragons of Pern. Peter and I have a bit of charm, and Peter definitely has the 'worth a double take' element about his attire, but Emma fitted in with the younger crowd. Her new rock boots, combats and goth metal t-shirt and long woollen fingerless sleeves, that rolled up, drew other girls, perhaps less confident, even though in bizarre costume, and good chat flowed, no doubt about cosmology of quantum mechanics.



Judge Death by Peter Doherty from Rebellion Developments

In due course, after Peter had done his rounds, and tea breaks were had, I got the OK to head off for a bit myself. As a comic fan, I immediately went to the aisle with comic artists. First I went to Peter Doherty. He has worked on a number of my favourite Judge Dredd stories, for weekly anthology comic *2000 AD*. He drew the story, *Young Death*, which is an incredible biography of one of the comics greatest villains. He also worked on the *Justice One* story line, written by Garth Ennis, as well as *The Return of Mechanismo* and *Mandroid*. In other words, just from the world of Judge Dredd I was spoilt for choice. I opted for Judge Death, and watched

on as he drew, and then skilfully shaded in the art with a selection of spirit based letterset markers, which blend the colours, allowing infinite amounts of colour mixing.

I also had the graphic novel to get signed, and then crossed the aisle and waited for Dean Ormston, another great *2000 AD* artist. He worked on *Raptur*, an awesome story in the Dredd universe, and also *Judgement*

*Day*, again written by Garth Ennis, a man who can match John Wagner for tongue in cheek humour. Dean also worked on *Sandman*, amongst many other comics, so I was torn, but I opted for a Dredd. As he drew, his wife was next to him, and I commented on her artistic style.

Fiona Stephenson is a tribute artist, she does oil on canvas reproductions of Gil Elvegren classic pin up art. I was impressed, she is also working on her own pin up art, and it is very beautiful, nostalgic

and very American, it makes me think of the movie screen shot I recently saw of Miss Jupiter on a YouTube trailer, adorning the side of a B-29 bomber, as nose art, Miss Jupiter being Sally Jupiter from the comic *Watchmen*. I also purchased a page of artwork from Dean, at a really very reasonable price. He was selling artwork from a number of comics and I picked up a page of DC Vertigo *Northlanders*, this is an ongoing title, which is about Vikings, its bloody good as well, and written by another favourite writer, Brian Wood, who is also working on *DMZ*. I love comic book artwork, and Ormston's neat line work was really clean in the uncoloured raw, and I had no hesitation buying one, just deciding.

My Judge Dredd completed, and it is a well inked one at that, I moved on, not even halfway down the first aisle and waited at the table of Matt Brooker, a science fiction fan and Eastercon attendee, although usually clandestine, as his comic non de guerre is D'Israeli. Another Judge Dredd regular, he has worked on *Batman* as well. I was after his *Scarlett Traces* graphic novel. This is a continuation of HG Wells *War of the Worlds* storyline. His and writer Ian Edginton's version of *War of*



*the Worlds* is a super adaptation, but *Scarlett Traces* is a superb steam punk post Martian invasion crime story, continuing on the Wellsian vision, and it's really very good. There is a second volume now, set in the fifties, so as I handed over some cash to buy some comics, and asked for a sketch of a 50's style space man, as the war is taken to Mars in the next graphic novel episode and was not disappointed. I moved down the aisle a bit further, this was only the first aisle, and I was taking my time. All was good back at the desk, Emma had checked up on me, and all was fine. Next was a new artist, well relatively new, Leigh Gallagher is working on *Defoe*, *Zombie Hunter for 2000 AD*. This is not only an interesting character, but also is written by Pat Mills, one of the greatest British comic writers ever, although there are a lot of greats. I chatted with Leigh, who looked worn hard, he was drawing all morning it seemed, and yet he was in good spirit. His girlfriend, Niki, who was a charming lady, was offering free donuts with every sketch and was very good laugh. Leigh did a lovely *Defoe* for me. Readers will know that I like zombies, well I ran a zombie convention, but this story is a fresh take on the subject.

I checked back at the LX table, and it was still very busy, but everyone was happy for me to indulge my pastime. I wandered down to the



bottom of the first aisle, and here was an open area with queues.

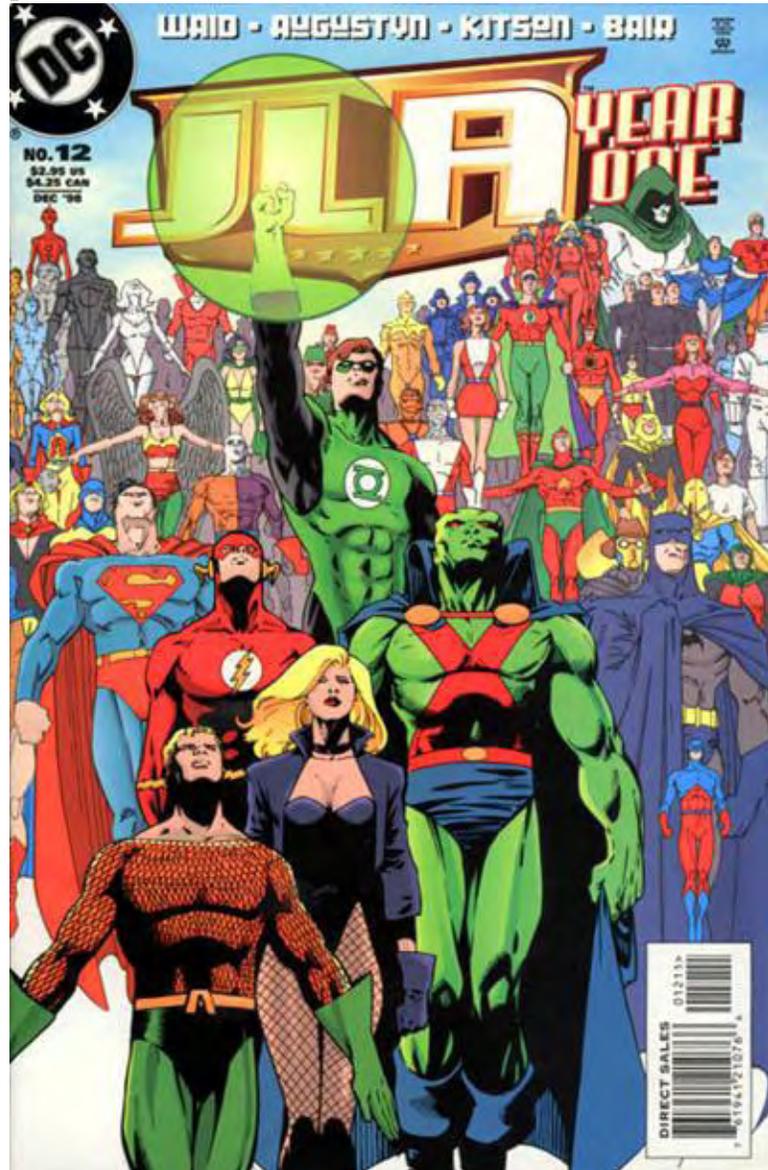
Alex Maleev, artist on *Daredevil*, Adi Dranov, cover artist on *Iron Man* and conceptualist for the movie, and Sean Phillips of *Marvel Zombies* fame, all had decent queues. I hoped for a sketch from them, and wondered which queue to join. I noted that Barry Kitson's queue was shorter than I had expected, which was a boon, as his work is really clean, and I was really after a nice sketch from him, so

I thanked my Irish Luck and worked through and joined that queue. I stood and waited. After a while, the guy in front of me turned around, and was surprised to see me. He said, 'you'll be waiting a while, he is working on that one for an hour'. Now I had been waiting a good while at this stage, and I was surprised by no movement in the queue, but that was OK, I expected the artist was taking it slowly, or chatting as he went, or perhaps having a cuppa, this happens in a queue, occasionally. I said I was OK.

Time continued to pass, and suddenly there was a work out of who was who and where in the queue. There was the guy at the front. Then there was Alan, who I then found out was from Ireland, behind him was Alex, but Alex was off elsewhere, and it was his Dad who was minding his spot. Now a young chap, was it Sebastian, joined the queue. I stepped out and wandered up to the front to see the point of action, and was unsure what to make of it.

Barry Kitson, a comic artist who came to prominence and to my attention like most School boys I KNOW, with his stunning Judge Anderson artwork, in the mid eighties for *2000 AD*, was working on a picture of Supergirl, a character he worked for DC comics in the *Supergirl and Legion of Superheroes* series. Now I have had some amazing sketches, but this was

the first time I saw a palette of water colours opened, but he was only on the ink line work. I waited and more time passed, as he meticulously built up on the pencils, refining the line he had drawn, then the very graceful pencil work was now fine line inked,



and it was really stunning. He erased the pencils, and very calmly started to find the colours he wanted, he was using the back of a script to find the exact shade of colours he wanted, dabbing, darkening, mixing colours, and he would stroke by stroke, colour in Supergirl.

I was all at sea.

You must understand. These comic artists are amazing, I could watch them draw all day, ink in, see how they cheat, see how they make things work graphically that I would never have guessed, and see what the true skill is, remember I can't draw a straight line, even with a ruler.

Now these artists are paid professionals, I dare not say well paid, as sometimes I think they deserve much more, but they draw for living. They are along here, and I expect they may get some costs paid for, but they are not being 'paid' this is really an altruistic endeavour. Bus fare and a few pints doesn't equate to wages, science fiction fans also know this, as we listen and discuss issues with authors, who in some cases pay their own way to conventions. It's a special thing. True generosity.

Now, these artists sit for a day, and essential draw to

order, for a fan after fan. That's hard work. I know my comics, so I sorta hope that I am an easier punter, I am a true fan of comics, buy too many, know my artists and will have not only an idea of what I would like, but also really only trouble the artists I am really keen on. There were some really good artists along, whom I would not be asking for a sketch, not because they are not good, but because I prefer to have beers and chat and stuff than queue for something that is 'just because I can'. I hope that makes sense.

So these artists work very hard and they have to meet the public, and it can be very thankless indeed, let's be honest, some comic fans like SF fans are shy or a bit, well obsessive, or a bit socially inadequate, which doesn't make it any easier from an interpersonal perspective, but the artists seem to feed on fans who love what they get, they know themselves when they have a fan.

Yet, here was Barry Kitson doing something really very very special. I am lucky. A number of artists have done sketches where there is some colour, and one, Carlos Pacheco did use letterset spirit pens to produce a full colour picture for me, which is one of my prized possessions. This was my good luck, I reckoned, although my Dad reckoned it was taste, he always says that when he points out he has

Beatles and Stones singles, and not Englebert Humperdink singles. Carlos had just finished a run on Superman, to much acclaim, and everyone was in Superman request mode. I apologised and asked him for an Arrowsmith, this is a character from an alternate history which he created with Kurt Busiek where mythological creatures exist in the world, and it's WW I and pilots are assigned Dragons, who give them flight. The graphic novel is worth



checking out. Anyhow, after dozens of Supermen I seemed to ask at the right time and I got an amazing sketch. Now, here, was Barry Kitson, slowly taking his time with a very fine paint brush, working the colours of his pallet and the startling colour on the clean page were amazing.

I chatted with Alan and he showed me his sketch book, and camaraderie was building up in this queue. I asked to go to the loo, and it was a given my place was my place. I called back to the table and informed all that something special was happening, and if I could claim a dispensation and skive off work. They were all very cool, and off I bounced.

I saw Liam Sharpe on the way, and he was working furiously. Liam is about to release his first book, *GOD KILLERS: Machivarius Point & other tales* a new SF/Fantasy novella and short story collection. He will be at Eastercon, and I was meant to chat to him, but being a comic artist he was in demand, he has his own publishing company, Mamtor, which have published some really fine art books, but this weekend he is also the artist on Gears of War 2, the comic, which went stellar this month, with reported sales being in excess of 450,000 copies of issue one, placing it as the best selling comic of the year, so the crowd was deep. I continued on and picked up some provisions on the way.

Back at the queue I doled out sweets and offered cans of Coke Zero, the people who were once next to us, in the parallel queue now long gone with their Adi Granov Iron Man sketches. Time flowed gently along, and the chat was good in the queue. Next up Alan was at the head of the queue, and he asked for a Batman. It was really good. The back ground city scape taking as much time as the character himself. The level of detail in the sketch was incredible, with a special tiny little surprise in two of the windows of one of the buildings.

Meanwhile, Alex's dad was questioning his sanity. Myself and Alan explained that this was an incredible opportunity. We explained that to ask for a colour picture, would essentially mean commissioning a piece of art, a big and costly undertaking. This allied some of his frustration, and his son shortly returned with a Sean Phillips sketch, in his very nice little sketch book.

Was it an hour, maybe an hour and more, and Batman was done, Alan was off and bid farewell. Next Alex went for a Supergirl, he had just made it back in time to see the work being done and you could sense his excitement. Meanwhile there were now three people behind me, and although two were really very chatty, one chap was very quiet.

It was soon approaching five,

the show was meant to close. In the meantime, Emma had kindly arranged to get some other comics signed for me and the venue was slowly emptying out. Word came around that although

some artists were calling it a day, others were continuing, and Barry seemed to be one of the latter.

So with Alex absolutely chuffed and his dad in a sweat that they

would miss a train out to some countryside part of Yorkshire, I was up next. The show officially closed now. First off Barry, who had sent word up and down the queue that anyone who had waited a long time, and that would have been us, but who hadn't got a sketch, would get one in the mail. I was cool with this prospect, but he asked me what I wanted, had a cup of tea, and started. I bid farewell to Sebastian, and got some words out of the quiet chap.

Now Barry Kitson. *Batman, Judge Anderson, Superman, Judge Dredd, Wolverine, Punisher, Batgirl, and the super teams, Justice League America, Avengers, LEGION, Legion of Superheroes, Titans, JSA, The Order, The Brave and the bold*, this covers a huge amount of actual characters

in the comic universe. Recently he has been working on *Fantastic Four* and is currently the artist on *The Amazing Spiderman*. So, it was a hard choice. Judge Anderson seemed like the natural way to go, but I decided instead to ask for a Capt America. I asked for a WW II version, and Barry wondered if I wanted a triangular shield, and we talked shields, and I said I didn't mind, and he went into action.

First he had blue pencil, this is the rough outline, although rough is really an understatement of erroneous measure here, and the character is lightly drawn out but with some serious detail. Then it's the pencils over this, slowly adding more detail and shape, improving on the outline, forming the body more distinctly, adjusting any error.

Now at this stage, the show organiser comes up and asks us to move to another table, politely, kindly even, and we move. We resettle and I ask Barry if he is OK with this. He is very softly spoken and explains that he would never do anything he didn't want, and we chatted about comics and I watched on intently. Soon Peter and Emma were with me, the LX table all packed into Dave's car and already heading back to Sheffield. They looked on.

After the pencils, which were a really detailed process, and I should state



Marvel Comic's Captain American drawn by Barry Kitson

now, at this stage the sketch was very good, came fine ink pen. The character was suddenly brought into stark contrast with the page. The organiser asked if Barry was OK.

This was nice, normally the fan boy is the one at fault, asking for more than they should, hey I am guilty as charged, I am a fan, I am patient and will wait, but here, the organiser just wanted to be sure Barry was fine, and he was, and that was good and it was pleasant. Apparently this was not the first time, but even so sometimes I expect artists do want to escape, but

here there was an understanding, I was doubly sure I was not imposing, and now I was in the zone.

Barry was very relaxed, a nice young lady called Catherine offered him a tea, and I found out she was herself an art student from Cambridge. She was really very convivial and friendly. Emma, Peter and myself would be making the 125 mile journey to Walsall, to make Novacon that evening, so I was not going to be at the aftercon party. This is not so good, because that's a great opportunity to buy an artist or comic writer a beer,

and as was explained to me by Steve Dillon a Octocon many years ago, in Dublin, a pint goes a long way to your good, with an artist. I asked Catherine who would be going, to buy herself and Barry a pint, she very kindly agreed, and some self imposed imaginary honour was dispatched with. I also

chatted to Barry about Steve and comics and his yahoo sketch group.

Next was the back ground. Barry drew explosions. I always wondered how you do that, but they were classic shell explosions, really big and strong air bursts. At this stage the exhibitors were gone. Volunteers, many of whom were from Ireland, there is a comic convention there this weekend, and there is obviously a cross over with the organisation, which makes sense, looked on impressed. Then the crashes of tables being taken down, but no distraction to Barry, who started to very gently paint in the colours on the Captain.

Each brush stroke was very precise, depth of colour being used to create shading and giving an extra dimension to the art. Soon, all the backing boards and tables were gone, and there was this single table, an artist and a fan. Emma took some photos, and it was eerie. The artwork was just there and the explosions were coloured in.

I was in awe. This is the uber-sketch. I have artwork in my sitting room, in the book room, on the stairs and I have been asking artists for sketches since Steve Dillon, John McCrea and Garth Ennis introduced me to the phenomenal aspect of the hobby of reading comics, some eighteen years ago, yet this is a very special piece of art.



James and Barry photo by Emma King



Barry Kitson photo by Emma

Barry explained that in the US, people will queue for ten hours, or more, and he explained how he likes every sketch to be really high calibre, and he has an amazing ethos. He also hates disappointing fans, hence the offer to mail sketches to those in the queue. It's a different approach, but one I felt was really admirable, and it seems fans know this, and so do I, and I suddenly felt even more addicted than I was at the start of the day. Next time, would I go straight to Barry's queue.

He was really pleased that I was pleased, his motivation he explained for it all, as he passed the artwork to me, and I turned and drowned myself in the blue colour and the action scene and I could smell the distinctive

smell of water colour paint, it was an amazing feeling, a moment, and we shook hands and took pictures and bid farewell and emails were given, and then we departed, Emma and Peter who had patiently and kindly waited, as well as covering my absence were both very happy for me, Barry left with the last bunch of volunteers, heading to the bar, and we quickly got to the car, parked around the corner, and I noted the time as we started off, 18.44. What a day.

That night I repeatedly looked at one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. Real beauty, something that is very special, and something that, I expect, only I could truly have a special appreciation of, not that others can't appreciate something so aesthetically pleasing and just naturally beautiful, but my head was in the zone. Mine for a moment and a memory forever.

#### List of Links.

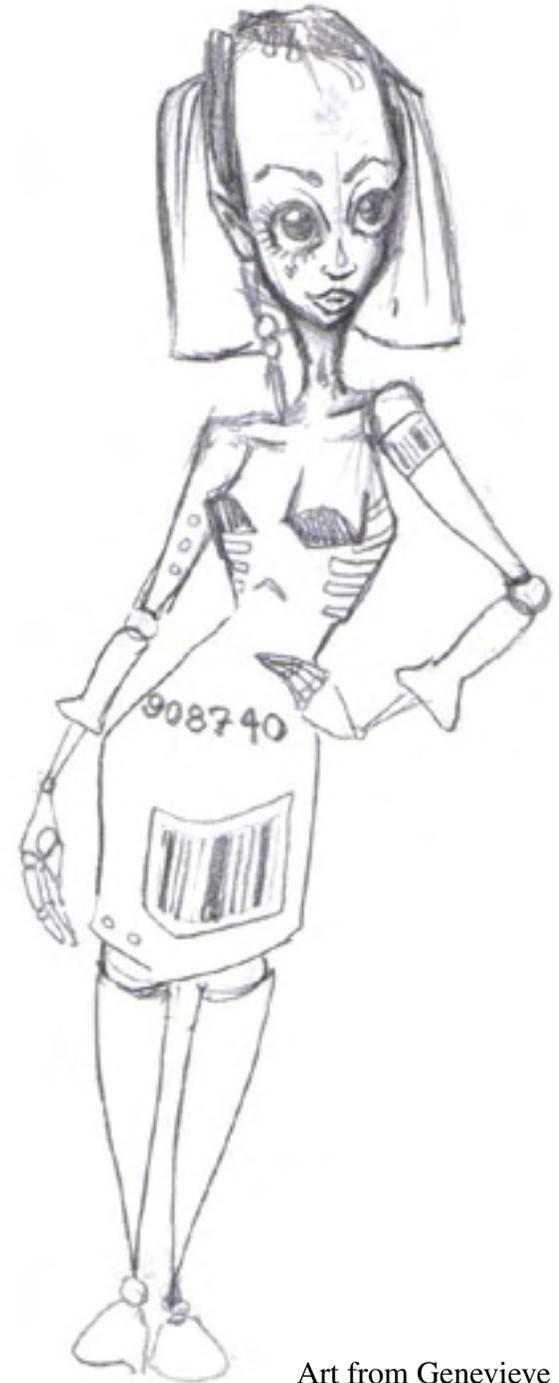
Thought Bubble 2009 <http://www.thoughtbubblefestival.com/> 19<sup>th</sup>-22<sup>nd</sup> November 2009

Leigh Gallagher <http://leighgallagherart.blogspot.com/>

Northlanders by Brian Wood <http://www.northlanders.net/>

Fiona Stephenson <http://www.fionastephenon.com/>

Barry Kitson <http://www.barrykitson.com/>



Art from Genevieve

**Letter Graded Mail  
sent to [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)  
by my Gentle Readers**

**Let us know your thoughts, Lloyd of Penney, on Issue 190!**

Dear Chris:

'Lo, dude! Got The Drink Tank 190 here, time for some comments! Hope this letter finds you coasting in your office, much like I am. (A little downtime goes a long way.)

The cover is great, but the character there looks like an even more evil cousin of the Grinch. He also looks like a dentist's nightmare. Gotta admit, the interior illustrations are more my speed.

**It's actually a chupacabra, the legendary goat-sucker of Puerto Rico and various Spanish-speaking areas.**

I'd would very much like to go to a distillery open house. We've got our share of distilleries up here (There's a Bacardi plant in Brampton, just to the northwest of here), but if they have any open houses, they keep pretty shut up about it. Pear and chicken flatbread, pork and caramelized apple crustini... that's just making me hungry. Great buffet for the taking.

**Yeah, it was a great time. I can't wait for another one. I really could go to the thing and not drink at all and feel it was worth the money.**

**That might be a good way to get designated drivers, after all.**

Mrs. Lovett's Meat Pies...I'd definitely like that on a t-shirt, especially if I'm working a con suite. I wonder if she has any pies with that tasty soylent filling?

**Solent Green is made of awesum!**

And where else am I going to go for a look at the current mess in my own country but in a California fanzine, right? I can't disagree with Taral at all. He's brought things right up to date, except that now this has happened...today, Michael Ignatieff was appointed the interim leader of the Liberal Party of Canada. Ignatieff's father George was a long-time Canadian diplomat, and his grandfather was a member of the Russian aristocracy. Michael is an award-winning playwright, filmmaker and novelist, and was teaching at Harvard when he was lured back home to Toronto to get into politics. It is very possible that he may be the next prime minister. Time will tell. In the meantime, MSNBC was go f\*ck themselves...

**I find it a little odd that I run a fair bit of politics in The Drink Tank, and more of it is foreign than US (well, Frank's done a lot of US Political writing for me).**

Got a TAFF question, something you

might be able to answer as a TAFF administrator. The current TAFF race is to send someone from Britain/Europe over to North America to the Worldcon in Montreal. The ballots say to contribute 2 pounds or US\$3 minimum to vote...but, if the winning candidate is coming to the Worldcon in Canada, and that's where I live, wouldn't it make sense for me to send Canadian \$\$ with my vote? Sure would come in handy for the TAFF winner to have some Canbucks as soon as he gets to the Worldcon...whaddya say? Can I vote and send in some Canadian cash?

**I'll say yes, though it would have to be cash because a check in Canadian dollars (which I guess would be a cheque) would be converted to US dollars by my bank and a 1% service charge added.**

Gonna fold up here, Chris...it's late and work is staring me in the face. Take it easy, tell us more about Loscon!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

**Thanks, Lloyd!**



Art from Genevieve

# Bill of Xmas Rights

*Taral Wayne*

*Introduced to the House of Representatives, U. S. December 11, 2007. H. Res. 847: (Republican) Recognizing the importance of Christmas and the Christian faith*

Gentlefen, since Congress seems to be voting on a Republican bill to protect our holiday traditions (while the economy burns), I believe Congress self-evidently has time also for my *own* frivolous bill. I plan to introduce the following resolution to the House at the first opportunity.

**Whereas** Santa Claus is recognized and beloved of children all over the world, and as well by many children who are not of the Christian faith...

**Whereas** the adulation of Santa Claus is acknowledged by merchandisers everywhere as an effective, and profitable, inducement to seasonal shopping...

**Whereas** Santa Claus as a cultural icon has been revered in our culture for decades since the re-branding of his Thomas Nast/Clement Moore image by Coca Cola and Macy's...

**Whereas** the film industry's holiday market share has grown conspicuously in recent years due to the production of comedy blockbusters based on the existence of Santa Claus...

**Whereas** jolly fat men would be out of part-time work as shopping mall Santa Clauses, at an inclement time of the year when it is difficult to panhandle on street corners...

**It is hereby resolved** that the full weight and authority of this nation's legal machinery will protect and respect that Jolly Old Elf, and transport to Guantanamo, without right of appeal or representation, any members of un-Christian, terrorist-prone, ethnic groups; or any un-American, secularist-leaning individuals who attempt to poo-poo his existence.



Betty Page has died. This isn't a shock, she was 85. She had a heart attack, held on for a week and then passed, never having recovered from the coma. It's a sad day and there's a lot to talk about when it comes to Betty Page. Some point to her work in the 1950s as leading to the sexual revolution of the 1960s. I can almost see that, though I believe it is more about Playboy (and she was one of the earliest Playmate of the Months) that set the table. Some point to her as the prototypical Rockabilly girl, though she never really participated in that culture until the 1980s and 90s.

And I say her real impact is in the realm of photography. She changed all of modeling forever.

Stay with me, this one rolls a bit.

Camera Clubs were originally founded in the 1910s or so as a way to get artistic photos made. They were more popular overseas than in the US until after World War II when there was a desire to produce more erotic offerings. Few folks point out that there was a massive boom in the production and consumption of erotica following WWII, perhaps because of exposure by our Boys in Uniform to European erotica. Many Camera clubs were founded as a way of easily producing dirty pictures. A ton of magazines were created to feature the photos that were produced from these photos. They're hard to come by now, and some fetch a fortune (if you have an issue of Eyefull, you're in luck). The photos taken of Betty became very well-known and she

was a star of photographs that ran in dozens of cheaply produced magazines around the world.

The way she was shot was typical of the photography of the day, but her poses were wild, uninhibited and far more informed by body than the very stiff photography you'd find in the fashion magazines of the day. In fact, you could say that Page invented the modern idea of a human posing instead of providing a living hanger for clothes. It wasn't the fact that Betty often posed naked, she often did clothed shoots, but she understood how to accentuate her body even within the confines of clothing. Go ahead and look at the way fashion modeling changes over time between 1950 and 1970. Betty Page's posing certainly influenced it, partly because so many of the photographers that came up in the 1950s had done their time shoot nudie pics.



Frank Wu with Forry from 2001. I love that shirt Frank's wearing.

I got a call from Manny Sanford the other day and he said that he'd write something, but he didn't find time. He then told me about the time he met Forry at the Hollywood Museum having only a vague idea of who he was. They talked for a few minutes and were joined by another guy who turned out to be Ray Harryhausen. He ranks it as his greatest moment.

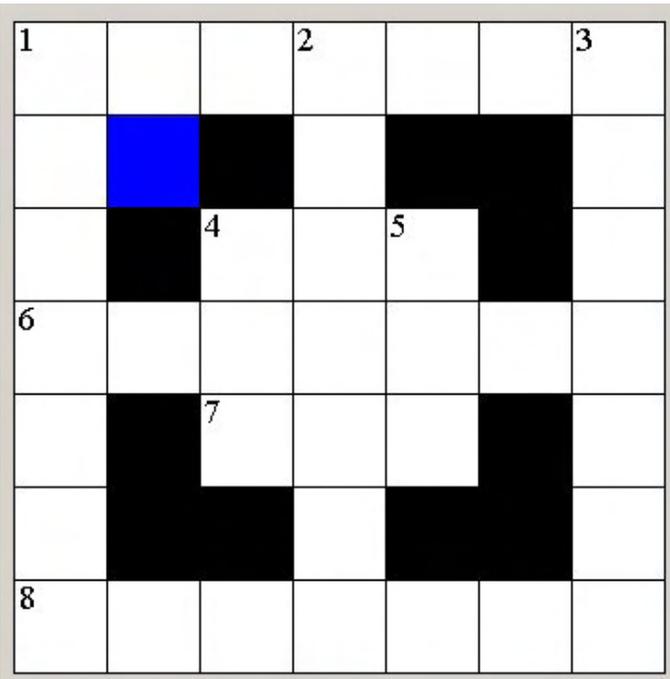
***OK, that's all for this issue. I'm very pleased to say that I've got art from Genevieve in this issue, Chris Sekura, Lindsey Gayle, I got a lot of art from Genevieve that I'll be running. The cover is from Brianna Wu, and so is the next issue's which'll be awesome!***

***What's next? Well, I'm planning a regular issue for 193 and 194, and then issue 195 will test the limits of reader patience by being all about Museums and my theories. Yes, for a fanzine that has been accused of being far too much for my own eyes, I'm going all the***

***way into that instead of trying to generalize it more and more. These things happen.***

***There's the Jazz issue coming in the Febuary-March timeframe. I'm looking forward to it as I've got a lot to say about it, I know there are a lot of folks who love Jazz and several have said that they'll send stuff! What's better than that?***

***There's also the matter of the 4th Annual Giant-Sized Annual which is January 31st. If you have an article that features the number 4 (or anything else really, I'm not picky) I'd love to have it!***



Across-

- 1- Chris Garcia is \_\_\_\_\_
- 2- Come Get \_\_\_\_\_
- 3- A letter twice in letter
- 4- The tasty stuff is high in \_\_\_\_\_
- 5- Fits me to a \_\_\_\_\_
- 6- Three little words (3 Words)
- 7- Number of good presidents since Reagan
- 8- The best one to choose is the ) \_\_\_\_\_

Down

- 1- A good place for a Tattoo if your last name is Ramierez
- 2- If I could fight one person, it'd be \_\_\_\_\_
- 3- The best writer ever si the oen within \_\_\_\_\_
- 4- \_\_\_\_\_ Schwartz
- 5- Alexander \_\_\_\_\_ Great
- 6- Damien freaked me out in The \_\_\_\_\_
- 7- \_\_\_\_\_ Calcutta
- 8- \_\_\_\_\_th Degree

# Tales of the DORK KNIGHT



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