



FOURTH ANNUAL
GIANT SIZED
ANNUAL

THE DRINK TANK 200



200 issues. That's not too many. I've been doing this for four years. Hard to believe. In all that time, I've never really become at all disenchanted with the process. I legitimately love The Drink Tank...even if I treat it as something along the lines of a room for scraps. I've been lucky enough to have some wonderful writers along the way writing wonderful things in wonderful ways.

The past year has been one of the better years of my life. Since the last Annual Giant Sized Annual, I've done my TAFF Trip, gone to more cons in a year than any other year in my life. Made some fantastic new friends all over the place. I got another pair of Hugo Noms, and even cooler I got to present one! That's a real highlight. I had a lovely and talented girlfriend the entire year, and she's still there with me today! That's a good one! I also got to run the WorldCon Fanzine Lounge, the Westercon Fanzine Lounge, the Silicon Lounge, the LosCon and the BayCon. That's a good set. There was CostumeCon with my getting to MC the SF/F Masquerade, which I thought

was a whole lot of fun.

BArea fandom had a very good year, which is looking like it'll continue on in to 2009 because we've got so much going on. There's Potlatch at the end of February. It's a touring con, so you'd think I'd be there, but no, I'll be working at Cinequest instead. It should be a good con, they're doing it at the Domain Hotel, which is where Steam-powered was held, and there are some great folks running it. I wish I could be there. The same thought goes for Wondercon, which is also that weekend.

BayCon goes for year 2 at the Santa Clara Hyatt. They're doing some great stuff and I think Chairman Tycho has been working his ass off and getting good stuff. It's going to be interesting to see if the name recognition of Mercedes Lackey works to draw more people. My guess is not, because while she's a name, she's not that big a name. Tim Kirk, who is a huge deal to me, isn't as huge to the rest of the fanish world.

And now, on to the Fourth Annual Giant Sized Annual!

Art in this issue-

Cover is by Dann Lopez. The art with the LoCs is from Genevieve, except for the Pink Angel, which is by Ann Green, scanned by Christina Lake. Kevin Standlee and Mo have stuff in here, and Beth Zuckerman sent along the photos that ran with her article.

Brad W. Foster, that Fan Artist of Awesomeness, did teh new Header!

My cousin (I think she might be my second cousin) Claire Garcia sent some photos, one of which was perfect for M and SaBean's article snippet. Espana sent the 4 Rocket picture. I really like her stuff. She should send more!

Fred Moulton is the most unlikely Burner I know. He's a BASFA regular and a good guy and I'm glad I get the chance to run this fine little article.

Worldcon and Burning Man - commonalities and differences

Author: Fred C. Moulton

This article will likely annoy many people who say that it is not totally accurate and over simplifies topic X or even ignores topic Y and the way it handles topic Z is scandalous. And they will be correct. This article is not totally accurate, it over simplifies, it does not cover everything. The intent of this article to give some minimal background and to quickly highlight some similarities and differences. So please realize the limits of this article and before using it as a basis for a decision or analysis please consult more complete sources.

The history of Worldcon (World Science Fiction Convention) is long and relatively well documented. The more than six decades of Worldcons is fine history considering it is put on by volunteer organizations. And let us not forget that we are 2/3 of the way to the Worldcon centenary. There are several projects to document the

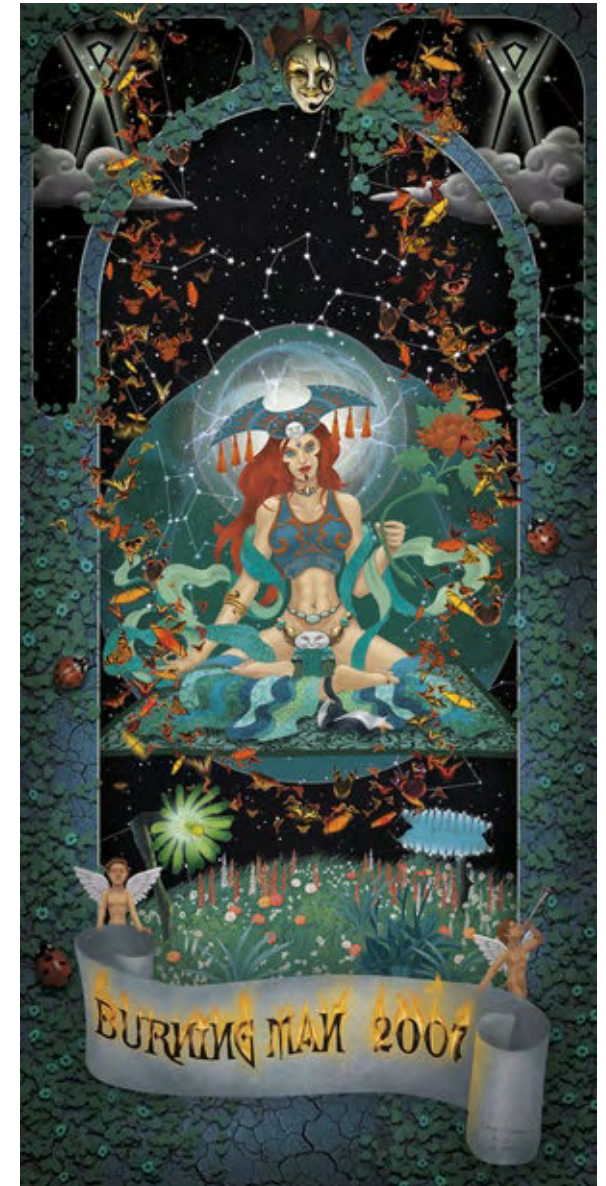
history of SF fandom and many of these have information on the web. Since I assume that most readers of this article will be more familiar with Worldcon I will provide a slightly longer background about Burning Man.

Burning Man has a slightly shorter history beginning in the mid 1980s when Larry Harvey and friends had a fire ceremony at Baker Beach in San Francisco. The history and growth of Burning Man is documented at Burningman.com and other websites as well as in videos and various books including the book "This is Burning Man" by Brian Doherty.

The authorities came to take a dim view of large fires on the beach and eventually the event was moved to the Black Rock desert area in Nevada, northeast of Reno. This area is a large dried lake bed and can be described as a very flat playa. In the summer it begins to dry out from the snow and rain that has accumulated. It is a high desert environment and by the end of August the playa is hot during the day and cold at night particularly when the wind blows. And subject to incredible dust storms that can cause white outs.

This is one of the main differences between Burning Man and Worldcon; the physical location. Worldcon moves each year to a different location; often but not always in North America. As long as Burning Man can keep the BLM (Bureau of

Land Management) who controls the area happy then Burning Man will likely stay at the playa although it shifts a short ways on the playa each year to avoid environment damage. Currently there are about 50,000



people who show up to create Black Rock City (BRC) for Labor Day and the week preceding. But before they arrive there is a crew which works for weeks to create Center Camp, lay out the street grid, build the Man and organize the large number of porta-potties. This is one of the major differences between Worldcon and Burning Man; Worldcon uses the hotels, restaurants, convention center and other resources found in major metropolitan areas; the facilities for Burning Man are not as plush.

Burning Man and Worldcon both have a corporate umbrella although different in structure. Worldcon is a totally volunteer effort while Burning Man organization has full time paid staff. At both there is a strong volunteer spirit that gets things done.

Both Worldcon and Burning Man have a sense of being a unique place. A fan might refer to the “mundane world” in much the same way as a Burner will refer to the “default world” particularly if the Burner is at BRC at the moment. When a burner arrives at BRC the typical greeting is “Welcome Home” which conveys a similar sense of a tribal or family gathering that many people feel about Worldcon. Also common to each is the sense that there are no spectators; everyone is a participant.

This brings us to one of the harsh differences between Worldcon



and Burning Man. You need to pay much more attention to preparing for Burning Man than you do for Worldcon. There are no stores to wander over to for picking up another pair of socks. At Burning Man Center Camp they sell only coffee, tea, lemonade, electrolyte drink and Ice. That is all you can buy at Burning Man; no other commerce is allowed. All the rest is a gift economy. So you need to bring your own water, food, water, shelter, water, sunscreen, water, health and other needs.

Did I mention water? If you need something and you did not bring it then you will need to ask; fortunately

there is usually someone with what you need and usually they are willing to share.

There is no Dealers Room at Burning Man. This is a major difference since historically (particularly before on-line commerce) visiting the Dealers Room at Worldcon was a good way to get SF materials. So a trip to Worldcon might mean returning with books, DVDs, CDs, new garments. However when you leave BRC to head to the default world you take memories and also your trash. Burning Man is a “leave no trace” event. This means that if a button pops off your shirt you pick it up. There are no community trash bins. Except for things which are burned; if you bring it in then you take it out.

The harshness of the environment is also a major difference. Burning Man has a advisory which reminds you that you are voluntary going to an event where you could be killed or injured. However death and injury are relatively rare. And there are people who have attended Burning Man with various physical challenges such as Multiple Sclerosis. It takes a lot of planning but it can be done.

One thing you will not see at Burning Man is long lines of people waiting to get to the parties because the elevators are overloaded. Because with a few exceptions Burning Man is a ground level event. The simplest way

to think of it is that Burning Man takes place in circular area about a mile in radius. So there is a lot of walking or bicycle riding involved since you can not drive your vehicle once you have arrived. However this is not much different from a Worldcon where hotels and convention centers are spread out often in a similar sized space. One difference is that at Burning Man the Art, the costumes and the events are all around you in a more immediate way as you move around. Burning Man really is an immersive event.

At Worldcon nudity is not a costume. At Burning Man nudity is no big deal. At Burning Man some people cover up to avoid the sun and others do not. It is not uncommon to see someone walking along the street in just hiking boots, sun glasses and a hat. There are some clothing choices such as a large man wearing a yellow sun dress which are more likely seen at Burning Man than Worldcon. But Burning Man is not totally without rules. In addition to the BRC Rangers, the Federal and local law enforcement patrol Burning Man and there are a few rules which are strictly enforced such as; no firearms; no illegal substances; no theft; no violence. At Worldcon they also have similar policies and bond the swords.

The typical Worldcon will have youth programming and many have child care arrangements. Burning Man

is not as child friendly as Worldcon although there is a family oriented section of BRC away from the more loud and risque camps. However there are families with children who attend Burning Man. I saw a mother and father with a still-nursing one year old toddler who were part of a camp and all seemed to have a great time. The little one seemed to be having a grand time and was almost never fussy and had an instant supply of “aunts and uncles” since they were part of a hundred person theme camp. One of the “aunts” enjoyed holding the toddler while the mother did an impromptu fire twirling performance. So even though the physical environment of the two events are incredibly different the response of watching after children and helping where needed is common.

This brings us to another area of commonality; that of a community of people who are generally helpful, sharing and resourceful. Burner culture overlaps with and has links with events and groups such as Maker Faire and the tech community. SF Fandom and Worldcon also draw from and influence a variety of communities including the tech community. Burner culture and fannish culture both generally value innovation and originality.

Both Burning Man and Worldcon have major events. At Worldcon many people look forward to the Hugo Award

Ceremony and the Masquerade; at Burning Man the big events for most people are when the Man burns on Saturday night and the Temple Burn on Sunday night. A discussion of the symbolism, meaning and emotions associated with these two burns are beyond the scope of this article.

But as someone once pointed out it is usually about the people. Both the Worldcon and Burning Man attract some interesting and enjoyable people. There is overlap of the two communities with some persons attending both events whenever possible. For example this is why I pre-support Worldcon bids which are bidding for dates which do not conflict with Burning Man. So will there ever be a combined Worldcon and Burning Man event? Not likely. But it might be possible in theory.

And there have already been fans throwing parties with that theme.



Cheryl Morgan came damn close to beating Dave Langford for Best Fan Writer a few years back, and she won a Hugo for Best Fanzine for Emerald City, a zine I seriously miss. She's been kind enough to supply this funny piece!

Drink Tank – The Amish Issue

It all began on Facebook. Chris posted something about looking for contributions to the Fourth Amish Issue of *The Drink Tank*, and he pinged Dave Langford and me as potential contributors. Chris is now claiming that he wrote “Annish”, not “Amish”, but I’m an old lady and I find that the youth of today, such as Mr. Garcia, don’t type very neatly and it is hard to make out what they mean. He types very quickly too. I’m sure it can’t be good for him.

So, an Amish issue. That’s all well and good, but what does it mean? What would an Amish fanzine look like? Would it be hectographed? I don’t think so. The Amish are radical conservatives. I can’t see them being happy using the same sort of technology as those innovative, change-obsessed youngsters in Core Fandom. No, the Amish would use more primitive technology. Carbon paper perhaps, or...



Wait a minute, the Amish don’t have typewriters, do they? Unless they are steampunk ones that they have hand-made. Do they have paper? Probably. Paper has been around for years. But they might make it themselves. I can’t see Chris being happy with that. He’d have to start planting the trees from which to make the paper first, and they take a while to grow. I just can’t see that fitting in with his production schedule.

How long does papyrus take to grow?

But anyway, paper it has to be. Amish fanzines, I think, would be

beautiful illuminated manuscripts, each one lavishly and individually colored by Geri Sullivan. Fan editors would doodle in the margins. John Scalzi would draw little pictures of cats doing unspeakable things with bacon. There would be letters of comment from Lloyd Penney, inscribed on bark with a flint and carried all the way from Canada on dog-drawn sledges. Taral Wayne would contribute covers featuring pretty girl dinosaurs with big boobies...

No wait, I’m not sure that the Amish go in for that sort of thing. It sounds like it might lead to dancing.

Then there is the whole question of content. What do the Amish know about science fiction?

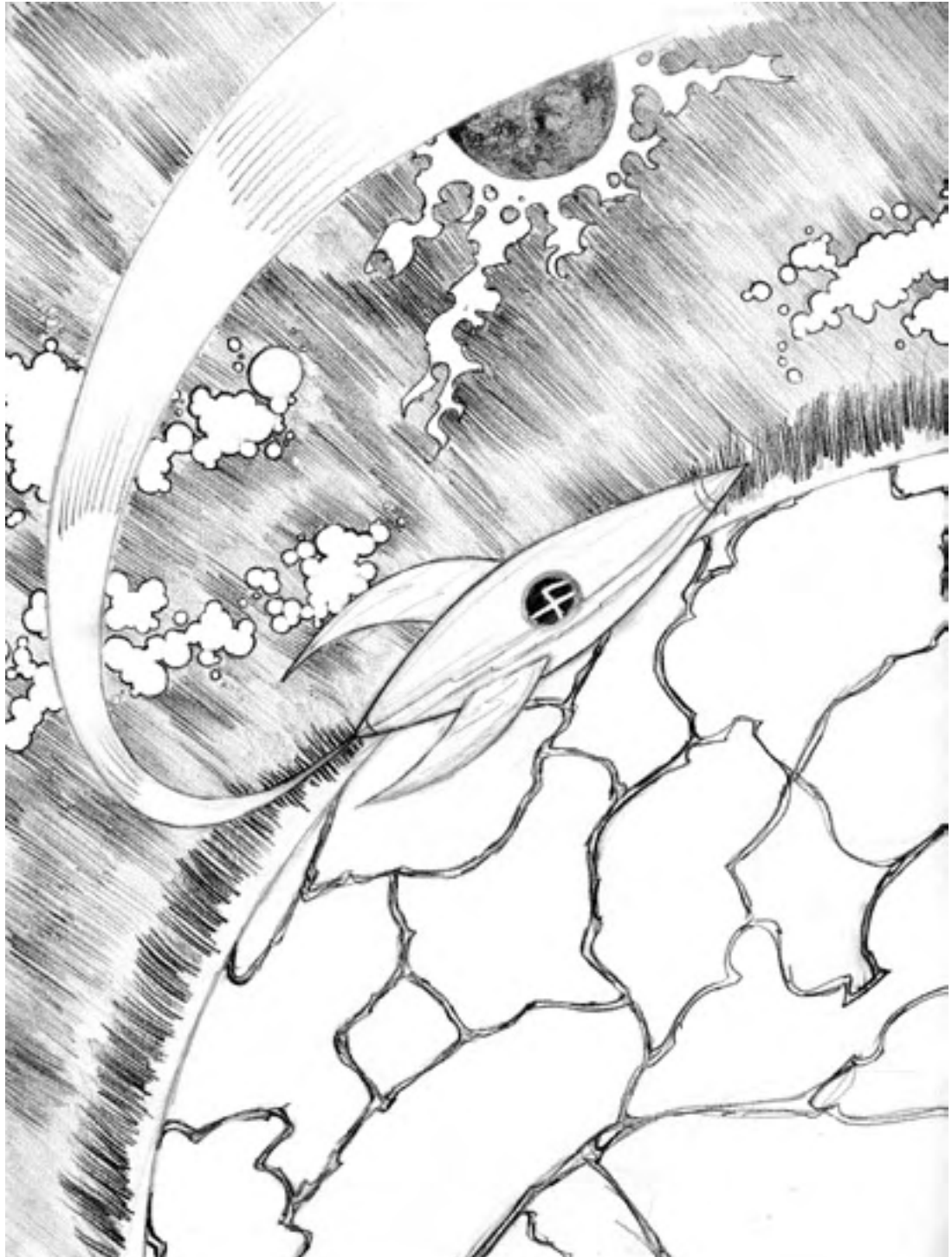
And that’s when it hit me. I had got it all wrong. Chris didn’t want a science fiction fanzine produced by the Amish, he wanted a fanzine produced by science fictional Amish.

What exactly are science fictional Amish? Well, they are people from a science-fictional world who reject modern technology. So, for example, they won’t have anything to do with new-fangled devices such as quantum computers and direct brain-machine interfaces. They throw their hands up in horror at the thought of modern production media such as holograms, or inscribing your text in sunspots on the surface of a nearby star. No, in a world in which most people have either

evolved into beings of pure energy, or exist solely as uploaded software routines running on Charlie Stross's laptop, the Amish are resolutely materialistic and limit themselves to technology from the late 20th and early 21st centuries.

A fanzine produced by science fictional Amish, therefore, would be composed on an Apple Mac, or a Dell running Windows XP (which, incidentally, is still on sale in the future because Microsoft still haven't got the bugs out of Vista, or whatever they are calling the latest release). There's an extreme sub-sect of them – the Stephensonites – who refuse to use any computer that isn't running Unix with a command line interface, but everyone thinks that they are crazy.

The 'zine would have to be laboriously cranked out on a laser printer using actual paper and ink. In the future, the machinery required to produce it can only be found in a small computer history museum in Silicon Valley in the Republic of California back on dear old Earth. Thankfully Chris has access to some of this equipment. He's even loaned some of it to me so that I can type up this article. As a result, we are able to bring you this copy of *The Drink Tank* exactly as a science-fictional Amish would have made it.

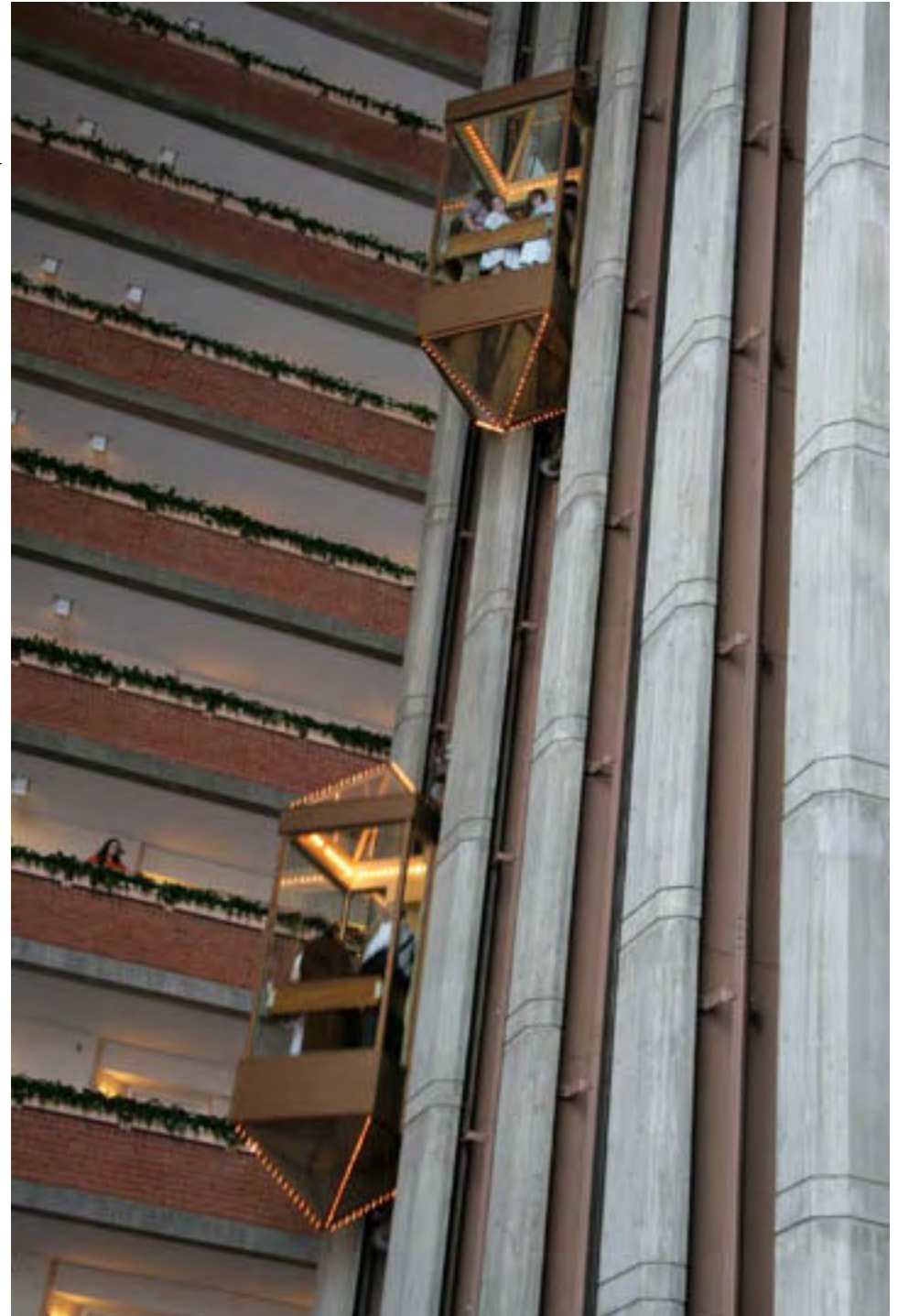


Hey, it's a debut! I've known Beth Zuckerman for years and she's quite kindly provided a review of her trip to Arisia!

You'd have to be crazy to leave the warm(ish) Bay Area in January and fly to, of all places, the frozen Boston area. Unless, that is, you were attending the Holy Grail of science fiction conventions, Arisia. Arisia this year was not only wonderful, it was worth the weather. And in all honesty, if you can endure zero degrees one day, 25 the next day will seem almost balmy.

Arisia is such a wonderful convention that it's far more than regional -- fen come from miles around to enjoy it. I talked to friends from New York and Ottawa, and even saw several others from the west coast, both the Bay Area and Seattle. It's a great crowd. I was able to have in-depth conversations about books even in the absence of one of Chris' fabulous fanzine lounges.

The Arisia hotel, the Cambridge Hyatt, is beautiful. I love the hotel. It's a charming, softly-lit, open pyramid, and (notably unlike Bay Area hotels) it's warm enough for me to wear sexy clothes. I know most fen don't like things so warm, but for me, this is an enormous plus, particularly at such a flirty convention. However, the hotel is not quite large enough to accommodate the convention. Gaming was packed. The lobby on Saturday afternoon looked like the Tokyo subway. Some unfortunate fen had to be stored in an overflow hotel, and the shuttle driver much spent more time alternately muttering into an intercom in Russian and inexplicably wandering around outside (in the snow, mind you) than he did actually operating the vehicle. The beautiful glass elevator system was overloaded, and the healthy and strong were encouraged to climb the pyramid's stairs to earn a badge ribbon at the top. One just does not want to offer the hotel a wafer-thin after-dinner mint during Arisia. But the con staff has made a huge effort to make it all fit together, and generally things were fine.





You know it's a good convention when I attend some of the actual con programming! The main reason for going to Arisia this year was for Eric "in the Elevator" Zuckerman to show off the video he shot as Fan Performer Guest of Honor at Arisia 2008. The screening of the video was fabulous -- Eric had some excellent guests and did some exceptionally funny stuff. I was pleased that my own segment got some hearty laughs. The screening likely would have been better attended had it not taken place while the masquerade was still going on, but the audience he did have was highly appreciative. I was (and am still) highly annoyed at the tech crew, who insisted on dismantling the screen as soon as the credits started, virtually ruining what should

have been a sweet and dramatic moment of much rejoicing. Would 66 seconds of respect truly have brought on the Grim Reaper?

Eric moderated a geocaching panel, followed by a friendly event hosted by Micah Schneider. Due to space constraints, this had to be held in the con suite, which was suboptimal despite the round tables. But it was a great chance to meet other cachers, including our caching grandsire, Jude Shabry.

Always the eager Mad Lab Rabbit, Eric ran a demonstration of Monty Python Fluxx. This was so popular that we had to play one of the games using a chair as a "ghetto table," as we called it. I was pleased that the event was attended by a number of people in their 20's, a demographic group sadly missing from some conventions. This group was well-represented at Arisia, however, giving us hope that fandom perhaps has a future after all. Just watch out for the Spanish Inquisition!

I even attended some programming events that were not connected with Eric, including a belly dance show. There was some confusion over the schedule, because I had signed up to teach an introductory belly dance class (and consequently carried a coin bra from the west coast in my 51-lb suitcase), but the class became a show instead (thus rendering my weighty costume entirely superfluous).

This year's lighting was infinitely better than last year's; last year's lighting was, in a word, atrocious. But last year's show had been in a room with different levels of seating, and this year the seating was all on one flat floor, making it nearly impossible to see the actual bellies of the dancers. While I saw some nice chest isolations and lots of scarves flying in the air, I'm sure I was blind to some excellent hip and stomach isolations. If next year they could put together this year's lighting and last year's room, it would be a significant improvement. From what I could see, there was wide variety in the quality of the dancing and skill of the dancers. I most appreciated a dancer who did a cute routine to Dr. Horrible music while wearing steampunk goggles, and a cabaret dancer who balanced not one but **two** swords on her head! That requires some serious skill!

An unqualifiedly excellent event was the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. The tea was excellent and the variety good, but what truly made the event were the snacks. There were multiple tables of snacks, as well as servers walking around with trays of delicious tea cakes. There were so many snacks that I did not get to sample an entire table's worth. I couldn't bring myself to move away from the first table, which had mini chocolate eclairs! No one would ever dream of serving those in California -- we are much too

healthy over here. There were also many platters of cheese and crackers. Every time I thought we were running low on the cheese, another plate would magically appear. Blessed are the cheesemakers! It was a bonanza of tea and food and wonderful conversation. Thoroughly enjoyable.

But don't think all that programming kept me away from the parties! Friday night Ziggurat Labs hosted a sexy pajama party. I had brought singularly appropriate rocketship pajamas for the occasion, but was actually too hot to wear them and had to change into something... better. Unfortunately, Arisia is mostly a dry con, so in order to serve alcohol at a party, you have to issue invitations. They aren't difficult to get, though. Saturday night I got an invitation for Ziggurat Labs' Halloween party. The decorations and costumes were fabulous; they really outdid themselves. Food, however, was mostly candy both nights; we had to get real food from the hotel concession. Sunday night a desire for a real New England lobster, combined with the con's tortoiselike shuttle system, caused me to miss all the parties. But Eric and I made a party of our own in the hotel bar and had a great time, anyway.

My willingness to teach a belly dance show did garner me one of those participant ribbons that admits one to the fabulous Green Room, and Josh

Jasper and Rose Platt fed me a very nice breakfast Saturday morning. Casey Grimm, who also may be familiar to Bay Area folks, helped out as well. The Green Room had all kinds of excellent choices for food, including vegetables. Vegetables (as well as any other remotely healthy snacks) were notably absent from the con suite. While I'm not so much of a Californian that I can't appreciate a mini chocolate eclair (or a wafer-thin after-dinner mint), I do appreciate some vegetables to keep my strength up and ward off con crud. Unfortunately, all the vegetables and sleep I had did not prevent me from succumbing to mild con crud; I came home fairly sniffly and am still sniffing, but not sick enough to get any time off of work. Thanks to the Green Room guys for trying, though!

Due to the aforementioned space constraints, Arisia does not have a wide-open dealer's room, but rather a dealer's row of third-story rooms in which vendors displayed their wares. I did not see the entire row (and I missed the art show entirely), but

I did see many lovely things, including enormous stashes of books. I did have to seek out a t-shirt vendor, because while my 51-lb suitcase was fully equipped with rocketship pajamas, the ostentatiously unnecessary coin bra, an entire No. 6 costume with eyebrow makeup, a veritable mountain of lingerie, and a generous supply of little rubber things, somehow I entirely failed to bring anything to wear during the day before the parties started. I am particularly sorry I neglected to pack the Arisia t-shirts I received last year as GoFPGoH, which I very much appreciated. Know that I have proudly worn them at several other cons in the interim.

All in all, it was a fine convention, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The crowd was nothing less than fabulous. Eric and I would like to express our eternal gratitude to Hotel Liaison Omly for her help in getting us our room -- she was downright magical! All conventions should be run by people like Omly. There is intelligent life somewhere in the universe! Hope to see folks again next year!



Howeird is another BASFAn who has appeared in these pages before. He's also a fine photographer and has been all over SF/SF over the last couple of years. Here, he takes a look at one of my favourite movies.

Amazon Women on the Moon – a review

By howeird

Okay, I'll admit it, what attracted me to the Netflix listing was the R [for nudity] rating. I swear to you by all that is holy (or "hand to God" as Chris would say), I did not know at the time much of the nudity was that of Ed Begley, Jr. By the title, I was expecting a phalanx of leather-clad Amazon women to fulfill that fantasy.

I got much more than I bargained for.

While there was, indeed, a phalanx of women, they were clad in polyester costumes reminiscent of Dale Arden, and were about as Amazon as your average Playboy centerfold. And they did not show up till the final minutes of the DVD.

As it turns out, *Amazon Women on the Moon* is a series of shorts and faux commercials, sandwiched in between very short segments of a late-night showing of the title film. What the DVD lacks in pulchritude, it more than makes up for in big-name cast

members and entertaining bits. Arsenio Hall plays the victim in a bit called "Mondo Condo". Lou Jacobi hits the wrong button on his new TV remote and ends up permanently inside the TV programs, no matter which channel his wife switches to. Michelle Pfeiffer is the mother of an infant which the hospital has somehow misplaced. Phil Hartman has a voice-over as a baseball announcer, David Alan Greer is Don "No Soul" Simmons, featured in several commercials, and B.B. King appears in a couple of PSAs to promote a fund to aid "Blacks with No Soul".

One of the longer bits is a roasting of an average dull boring man, with Steve Allen as the MC, featuring Rip Torn, Slappy White, Henny Youngman and others. In another skit, Rosanna Arquette takes her blind date's two pieces of ID, swipes them through a fax machine, and gets a print-out of his last 687 dates. William Marshall is the captain of the video pirate ship, and Henry Silva makes a few appearances as the smarmy Geraldo-like TV sensationalist host of "Bullshit – or Not!". Begley's skit is called "Son of The Invisible Man", by the way.

Oh, I almost forgot. There is a fairly long piece filled with gratuitous nudity, featuring Penthouse regular Monique Gabrielle in a photo shoot which starts in a hot tub, moves to

the obligatory satin-sheeted bed, and culminates with a nude walk through the boutiques of Laguna Beach. As for the title piece, Steve Forrest is the Commander, Joey Travolta is the dumb-as-a-rock navigator, and role of the pneumatic Amazon queen is more than adequately filled by Sybil Danning, ably assisted by the equally pumped up Lana Clarkson as "Alpha Beta".

After the closing credits, keep the machine playing, or you'll miss Carrie Fisher in the title role of a skit called "Reckless Youth".

And playing the part of The President of the United States (1980) in *Amazon Women on the Moon* is the late, great Forrest J Ackerman.



I went to High School with Bobby Toland. We're both wrestling fans and I'm pleased to have his debut piece in the Drink Tank be a thing he wrote for FanboyPlanet a few months ago.

Wrestling 303: How Not to Gather The Booker's Ire.

My name is Robert, this is my first column, and it was in fact Chris and I that taught Edge and Christian the Conchairto.

This time I want to look at none other than that bouncing baby Olympic Gold Medallist, Kurt Angle. Some of you have heard recently that Kurt has been mouthing off against his current company, TNA. Whether justified, true, or even just venting steam. The one thing that you cannot do is talk smack about the boss. Moral issues aside, Kurt felt the need to blow off some steam about the company he works for, but doing so in an interview in which he not only ripped his current company a new one, but set a tone for what could potentially become poison in the locker room, a double whammy. Becoming the top guy is a team effort, from your opponent who makes you look like a million bucks, to the booker who took a chance and put you in

the angle, to the man or woman who signs your checks. Kurt forgot that, when he chose to blast his current company, and announced to the world that he would follow in Brock Lesnar's footsteps and become the next wrestler to become an MMA fighter. I personally wish Kurt the best of luck, broken neck, nagging injuries, and trash talking mouth and all.

Burying the company you worked for is nothing new, however somebody forgot to tell Kurt that you only do that on your way out the door. I can name a dozen or so superstars that have buried the company they worked for, but they never did so while working for the company. The Honky Tonk Man, for example, has some colorful commentary about a great number of topics regarding wrestling. He has, to my knowledge, never buried the WWE while working for it. Those who have buried the company they work for tend to not get asked back. Hulk Hogan used to be an exception to this, however, with his current problems and his inability to keep his mouth shut, I doubt he will ever step into a WWE ring again. Kurt doesn't have a stellar past and if he was hoping to make waves so that he would get noticed he did. So what happens to Kurt now? My guess is little to nothing; he's booked into a program with Jarret. Upon finishing that program, they will most likely use him like a workhorse

until his contract is up or take some money from him as they just did with Christian Cage. What should happen? One of two things...

First I would take Kurt and make him become a jobber to the stars. Every up and coming roster talent in TNA should be a win clean over Kurt. Humility would do some good. The WWE did this with some success; a great many superstar has a win against Kurt during their rise and tenure at the top. Kurt is a great transitional champion in that regard. So borrow that aspect from the WWE and make him job to the entire roster and let his contract run out. The second option is to just send Kurt home. Let him collect that Mail Box money that used to be so prevalent back in the days. Many wrestlers can attest to that fact, James Mitchell being one of them. Kurt's probably got a good year or two left on his contract, at least

I haven't heard about his contract coming up anytime in the near future. This would remind Kurt of a couple of things: One that he is not



the sole heir to the company, that TNA has a deep roster of main-eventers, a good crop of mid carders that could elevate their game, and the company will survive without him on the card. TNA was doing solid 1.0 share before Kurt, and outside of completely botching the next big thing for TNA Samoa Joe; they haven't been beyond that in a while. Second, it would allow Kurt to rest up his injuries. Kurt didn't come to TNA fresh from the factory; his neck has been his Achilles heel. I can't imagine that it's going to get any better. Two years off of television is quite a bit of time to properly rest your body and if Kurt's next goal is to go MMA, then TNA can say in clear conscious that they gave him a light schedule to rest up.

When Kurt leaves TNA and heads off for MMA, if that is where he is going. I'm not sure that he will, that has been a pipe dream since his start in the WWE. His body will give out, two broken necks and countless surgeries will ensure that at some point he will get injured and it will be bad. I'd rather see Kurt walk away from whatever he is doing. The last image I would ever want to see is Kurt being carted away on the Gurney because he can't walk. I'm missing to many heroes as it is. I do not want to count Kurt Angle among them. Mostly though I think Kurt should learn to keep his mouth shut.



Note: Kurt Angle is probably the greatest wrestler of his generation and one of the most out-spoken. It's likely that the only performers in the modern era that out-pace him were Chris Benoit, Eddy Guerrero and Shawn Michaels. While his career hasn't been that long, he started in 1998, he has won many awards, including Wrestler of the Year, and is likely the best worker in TNA at the moment. Still, he should keep his mouth shut!

Bobby Schaetzle and I have been friends for about 15 years. He's a helluva guy and I asked if I could run his articles about Buying Music a while back, and then I figured I'd save them for this period when it's useful. There are 4 parts to this series, so you can look forward to more!

Buying Music- Part I

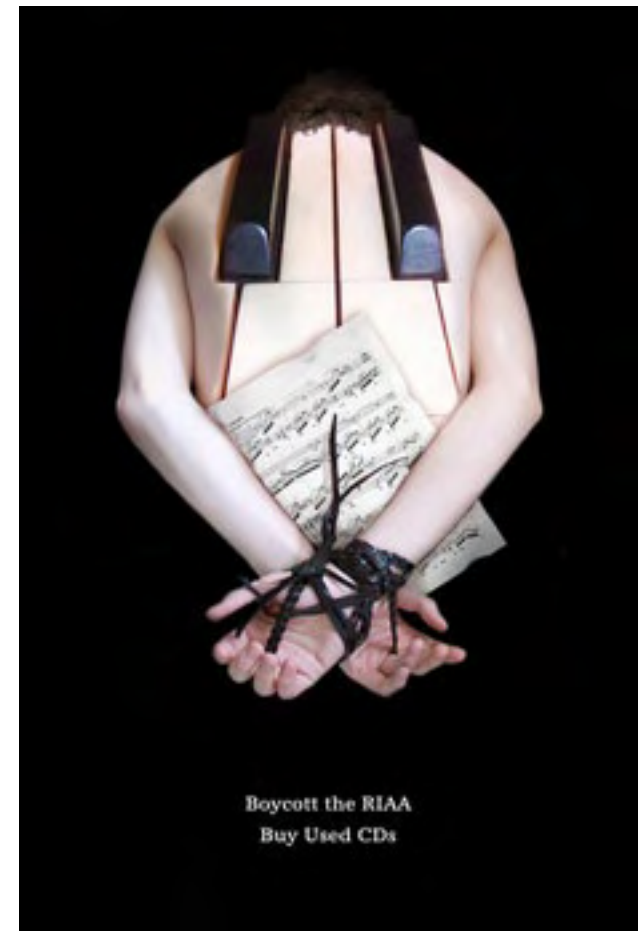
by Bobby Schaetzle

Last week, for the first time, I used the Internet to buy new music. Actually, let me clarify...last week, for the first time, I used only the Internet to buy new music. Here's how it happened.

I'll start by first saying that I've stolen a lot of music in the 31 years I've been alive. Or rather, that's what they would say. By they, I mean those who would chastise me for what I've done. This isn't meant to be an anti-RIAA tirade or anything, but "stealing" never seemed like quite the right word to me. My first offense was sometime in the early 80s; I'm going to guess I was around 7 or so. Someone had given my brother the Blues Brothers soundtrack for Christmas (on vinyl no less), and when he played it that morning for the first time, I immediately found myself wanting to listen to it again. I had not actually seen the

movie, as it was rated R and awesome, but that soundtrack is the first album I have any memory of liking, as like, an album. This is also the first memory I have of coming to like a piece of music independent of any sort of influence from my parents. Whenever my brother would put it on, I'd usually stop whatever I was doing and listen to at least part of it from around the corner. It wasn't quite the same as owning the record myself, but, for a while, this routine worked pretty well, and as far as I know, I wasn't breaking any laws!

Unfortunately for me, my brother tired of the album before I did, and more and more frequently I felt the urge to just steal it and listen to it by myself when he wasn't using it. I'm sure I could have asked to borrow it, but if you've already listened to the same album dozens of times and still aren't sick of it, you know that borrowing it once isn't going to be enough. Not wanting to be a pest, I got a blank tape and figured out how to make my own dub off the record player (dubs are what we called mp3s back then). If I had to put a label on what I was doing, I really wouldn't know what to call it. It certainly didn't feel like stealing; but then again, I now owned something of value that I didn't own before, hadn't paid for, yet no one had given me. And it wasn't borrowing, because I had no intention of ever giving the cassette tape back to anyone (who would I give



it to?). So maybe stealing is the right word, just by process of elimination; but it still seemed like any reasonable person would do the exact same thing that I did. I mean, I was already listening to the album for free just by virtue of sharing a residence with my brother, and I didn't have a walkman or anything yet so I still pretty much had to listen to my cassette copy at the house. Nothing really changed except for the frequency with which I could listen to it. I can't think of an Eng-

HOME CYLINDER DUPLICATION IS KILLING THE MUSIC INDUSTRY

A BLIGHT ON OUR HARD-WORKING AMERICAN PERFORMING ARTISTS!

By connecting two graphophones together by the means of a simple rubber tube in order to produce a duplicate wax cylinder, you may feel that you are doing nothing more than innocently sharing your favourite music with your peers.

But have you stopped to consider the effect this may have on our hard-working American performing artists? With war raging in Europe our finest musical talents are unable to garner the incomes previously attained by touring the great music halls of the Old World. In lieu of this they have come to depend on royalties accrued from the sale of recorded performances.

By reproducing these recordings in your home rather than purchasing the authorized recordings manufactured by recording industry professionals you not only rob your peers of the unequalled fidelity of a professionally recorded and manufactured cylinder, but you are also robbing our performers of a portion of their livelihood.



lish word that accurately conveys that specific result, so I'll just get to the real point. The Blues Brothers soundtrack was the first album I ever owned, and I acquired it illegally.

It took a few more years for me to really "discover" music. The first bands I remember liking were Huey Lewis and the News and, to a lesser extent, the Beastie Boys. When I was real little, I didn't get to hear a lot of pop music, but my mom did like to listen to KFRC. I got a taste for the sound of real rock & roll, and, in the 80s, Huey Lewis was the only popular music I ever heard on the radio that had that real rock & roll sound. Unfortunately, the radio sucks. You have to sit there listening to absolute crap, sometimes for hours, just so you don't miss out on that one song that you absolutely love. Then you hear it, and it's over, and won't be played again until who knows when. In the Beastie Boys, though, I discovered there was a better way. You see, one of my older siblings actually owned License To Ill on cassette. I'd say which one, except I'm not really sure, because when I found it, it was just one tape in a cluttered assortment tapes piled up by the boombox in the kitchen (none of them in their cases, of course). This pile of tapes made up the music catalog that got tapped when it was time to do the dishes, which is why they just got left in the kitchen most of the time. It

wasn't always clear to me who actually owned which tapes, but based on the way they were handled most of the time, it was apparent that no one really cared. This is how it was that I was able to listen to Brass Monkey whenever I wanted, which, quite frankly, spoiled me. Now I had no choice but to figure out a way to do that with The Heart of Rock & Roll...

It took longer than it should have, but one day, as if the Beastie Boys had just gotten their chocolate in my peanut butter, it hit me. The idea of recording songs off the radio is so damn obvious, it's a little embarrassing that I hadn't thought of it sooner. I scrounged up a couple old cassettes that I could record over, and before you know it, FM radio went from being something that I just tried to ignore most of the time to being this kind of scavenger hunt for any song that would prove to be tapeworthy. It wasn't the ideal, of course. The recorded song would usually have the beginning chopped off because it takes a few seconds to hit the record button, and the sound quality wasn't as good as listening to the real albums that my brothers would buy at the record store. On the other hand, the beginning of the song usually just gets ruined by annoying DJ chatter, and the quality on cassette tapes goes to shit after a couple dozen listens anyways. So who really cared that it wasn't as good as

the real thing...as long as I could listen to the music I loved over and over again.

This system continued to work for a while, until I saw Back to the Future. I really wanted a copy of Marty playing Johnny B. Goode (with the Starlighters of course), and there was no way they were ever going to play it on the radio so that I could record it. [Not that I was one to call in and make requests, anyways. I did it a couple times, but the whole thing just seemed like nonsense to me. Like, most of the time I'd hear someone call in and make a request, it was for a song that was already played on regular rotation! I think people just hope they're going to get to hear their name on the radio or something.] Anyway, I had no choice but to go to the record store and pay real money for the Back to the Future soundtrack. That's exactly what I did, and thus it became the first album I ever purchased. I got it on cassette from the Wherehouse on El Camino near Fair Oaks, where the Togos is now. I don't remember how much it cost, but I do remember it was expensive enough that I picked it up and put it down a couple times before I actually walked over to the register. At that time, I was probably getting like a ten dollar allowance every two weeks. It mighta been fifteen, but it definitely wasn't twenty. So to buy even one new album a month, that's like a big chunk



of my income. I mean really, that's like what a mortgage payment is for me now. It turned out that the album wasn't even that great overall, and compared to the expense of recording stuff off the radio, which cost only the amount of a blank tape, it just didn't seem worth it. I didn't buy another album after the Back to the Future soundtrack for quite some time.

Letter Graded Mail sent to

garcia@computerhistory.org
by my loyal readers

Let's start with Lloyd Penney!

January 28, 2009

Dear Chris:

There's a massive snowstorm going on here! (It's also dumped tons of ice on Louisville, SGS's head office home city, so it's not just Canadian.) What better time than to stay inside and respond to The Drink Tank 199. I'll stay positive as long as I don't have to look out the window.

And here I was about to complain about it being the 40s over-night. The 40s!

Hope you got my message about a new luchadores cartoon movie coming out soon. Cartoon Brew is a great animation website, and it also relays information about animation events in LA and the BArea. A friend of ours now living in New Brunswick is also a big lucha fan. I'd better let him know, too.

I had heard a little about it, but nothing solid. I think my buddy Raphael worked on it.

The cartoon girl on page 2 not wearing much (and doing it very well, I might add) looks like she is drawn



by the same artist who draws the eSurance car commercials. I blame this observation on too much sugar and not enough sleep.

That, in fact, was the reference character. There were a bunch of them I wanted to use, and I just happened to choose that one first from him.

A huge racial barrier came crashing down with the inauguration of Barack Obama, and the whole world sees this as a positive. He did hit the ground running as promised, but to live up to his enormous promise, he's going to have to run faster. I look forward to his presidency, and as said before, I hope his plan to restore

America's economy doesn't come at the expense of the economies of the rest of the world.

Sadly, it probably will, and even more sadly, it probably has to. The Infrastructure plan with an American-only steel policy is a direct result of China massively under-cutting US manufacturer prices and since China doesn't play ball as it were, there's little other choice. Now, this could have been avoided with Union-contract restructuring, but alas, that's not going to happen.

When I was growing up, there were no evening horror programmes, at least, none that I could watch. I didn't have much control over the TV back then, and most nights were early to bed right after homework. Today, I still don't watch much TV (by choice this time), but I do know that Saturday nights on the ABC affiliate in Buffalo, there's OffBeat Cinema, with lots of old SF and horror movies, plus some flicks that just land in the WTF? category. Used to have some Buffalo fannish content to it, too.

There's a channel on OnDemand called Something Weird, whcih features those kind of films, much like the stuff they show at Psychotronic Film Festival.

I have heard about The Hobbit being made into two movies, or possibly one movie, plus a movie about

the time between The Hobbit and LotR. I don't think Tolkien wrote anything about that time, but that won't stop Hollywood from making the movie. I like Ralph Bakshi's Hobbit, too, but the story was incomplete.

I can't wait for WorldCon and to get to meet Ralph again! The movie(s) should be interesting.

Yeah, we'll have a good time in the fanzine lounge, no matter what we have. The main thing is that we have a place to gather. I will be doing some research soon about the WOOF collation, the fan fund auction, and specific times for all events.

Should be a fun time. I've spent a lot of time at the Lounge at the last two WorldCons I've been to.

Still think you'll be on the Hugo ballot. I have some hopes for myself, but I still have a couple of people saying that they don't consider me a fan writer because they see very little of my writing in any given place. I do write a lot, but it is scattered over close to a hundred different titles. That's why I put together my LiveJournal, so that all my letters could be gathered together into one place. At least folks like Warren Buff have been noticing my writing, so I am pleased about that. Gotta get a little egoboo for all this...

Well, that's the hard part: you gotta make sure people see you. I can't think of a zine where I've not seen you with a LoC, and that helps.

Plus, there's the whole Canada thing, which should work in your favour.

I was trained in journalism, and I did some work in some newspapers...not sure if that qualified me as a journalist. However, as soon as I completed my degree in journalism, I got into publishing, first with the Sears catalogue, and then further. If anything, my journalism studies taught me that the truth is subjective, and it is often abused by those who would pervert it to their own agendas. Also, those who practice journalism cannot always be trusted, and that the practice of fact gathering is also abused to suit agendas. Guess I was more into publishing, but didn't really figure that out until I was out of



school.

Journalism is dying. I'm talking about bureau journalism, because there's a lot of what would realistically be called journalism being done by individuals with their own methods of distribution. I think that bureau journalism is boring, personally, so I don't mind the death of the traditional newspaper much.

I don't think there much in the way of risks in writing. Where I am, I am paid to work and paid to be ready to work. In the meantime, when there is no work at my desk, I need to do something other than stare at the cubicle walls, and loccing fanzines not only fills my downtime, but allows me to look busy should some higher-ups wander past. If they are keeping track of my keystrokes, they haven't said anything yet. I was working on locs with my PDA and keyboard, but they objected to that. No problems with working on the desktop with Notepad. ***I multitask and it sometimes gets me into trouble. I once put a long section of LoC to Banana Wings into a report on the history of ATMs.***

I'm not a furry either, but I do know some of the local furs, and they will travel to cons like Further Confusion or Anthrocon. The closest furry event here is called Feral!, and is a camp held for a week or so in Algonquin Provincial Park about 175



miles north
of here.
They relax,
learn new
crafts,
learn how
to make
their own
fursuits,
and find

out more about the fur life.

I personally can't imagine fursuits in the wild! I heard a few folks talking about Feral (there were a fair number of Canadians at Further Confusion, including the head of the Creator's Lounge) and they said it was a good time.

When it comes to the fanzine lounge here, I'll be asking for hosts for shifts only as long as you wish to take it on. As much as I enjoy fanzine lounges, there's lots more at the Worldcon to take in, and I wouldn't want to be stuck in the lounge wishing I was somewhere else. I might have other responsibilities at the Worldcon, and Yvonne will be spending at least some of her Worldcon in the treasury office.

I'm planning on being a little busy, but I'm hoping I can help y'all out every day for at least a couple of hours.

Issue 200 is next! Should be a massive slice of .pdf, and I'm looking forward to it. Bring it on, and a

giant loc shall be yours as soon as I get through it. Yvonne is picking me up shortly, and even in this huge snowstorm we're in, we're going out for lunch to the nearby Kelsey's. Make 200 a thing of beauty...
Yours, Lloyd Penney.

I'm workin' on it, Lloyd! Thanks much, brother!

**Charging round the world
He has not more hair than wit;
Risibility
Is his fuel: so let's feed him,
Show we're funnier than he.**

- John Hertz

And now, R. Graeme Cameron!

Hi Chris!

This reminds me of Benoit Girard's THE FROZEN FROG from the 1990s, which evolved into a very popular loczine. Methinks you are far too fanactive to move in that direction though. Zinedom can barely contain you! Zinedom needs more like you! Have you ever considered cloning? Perhaps fandom could set up a GARCIA OUT OF A VAT fund?

***A vat full of me frightens even me!
The Frozen Frog I've never seen. I must find it now! LoCzines aren't easy to make happen, especially if you like to pub electronically and***



often. Arnie almost made it happen in the 2005-2006 timeframe with VFW.

Technology marches on. My elderly IMac died, and with it my Canadian Fancyclopedia web site, which the computer apparently partially erased in its death throes while attempting to upload.

My new site can be found at < <http://canadianfancyclopedia.shawwebpace.ca/> >

I love iMacs. They're the last awesome computer. I am, as of this moment, checking it out!

Also provided by Shaw Cable (like the previous one) it's free to members, offers "virtually unlimited text" (?) and is simple to use. Maybe too simple. There's a limit to page length, and no sub-pages. Slowly going nuts breaking my text into appropriate lengths, reformatting etc. No idea how many pages allowed.

That is part of the reason why I don't have a personal website. I couldn't handle that!

Still, if possible, will try to get everything back up & then add fresh material as time goes on. For those not familiar with it, my Canfancylopedia is a kind of Fencyclopedia 3, only with an emphasis on Canadian fannish stuff. Much else included though (once I plug it all in).

It's good stuff! I'm up to APAns as we speak.

Looking at all my political nattering, it strikes me what a boring subject mundane politics is even when it's not boring. Apologies for a waste of space. I'm in to fanac in order to escape from the mundane world, not embrace it! In future I will limit myself to short, sharp, brilliantly witty, incisive comments,,, or something.

Hey, the Drink Tank is a great place for boring political nattering! It's part of what makes it the King of the Crudzines!

The photo purporting to be two wrestlers at a 1921 wrestling match is, of course, NOT. The date is genuine, but what the photo actually depicts is the first attempt by a Venusian spy to infiltrate the Earth disguised as a human being. While correct in detail, the overall shape is decidedly incorrect. This is, as we all know, the fundamental weakness of Venusians; too much attention to detail at the expense of grasping the whole.

Damn Venusians! Comin' here, takin' all our jobs!

Brief political note: Many Canadians are hoping President Obama will slap Prime Minister Harper in the face and tell him to stop imitating Bush. Them days are past. The rumour is that Harper gets a lot of his campaign funds from assorted Republican lobbyist groups in the USA, and that they have dreams of using Harper as a sort of back-door Trojan Horse to sour Obama's reputation & somehow reinvigorate the Republican cause. Absolute lunacy of course, and therefore believable. At any rate, that's the rumour going around up here. Tell Obama to slap Harper! Our future depends on it!

If I can get a hold of him, I've got many things to



Pink Angel by Ann Green, scanned by Christina Lake.

ask. Like with all the Basketball players on his cabinet, does he pick to play shirts or skins?

Eric Mayer's comments on the nature of Fandom and how to attract new members; it seems to me fandom (and zinedom) is an ever changing kaleidoscope of attractive sparkling colours, difficult to shine a spotlight on without making the colours suddenly drab. Too much metaphysical questing destroys the subject methinks.

Best to say "Look at all the pretty colours! There's green, there's crimson, there's Mayan Blue...oh what the heck, just grab a paintbrush and add your own colour! Jump right in!"

Come to think of it, zinedom is a lot like fingerpainting, the most sensual of artforms. Very tactile. Very creative. Loads of fun.

All a newbie needs is enthusiasm. Just point out the possibilities and unleash him. See what happens. Ghod forbid a newbie should be expected to live up to standards right from the get go. Let him create his own standards. After all, the quest for egoboo (the ONLY legitimate fannish quest) will generate improvement. My theory.

Cheers! The Graeme (fanned of SPACE CADET & WCSFAzine)

Very good point! I remember when I did my first zine, all of four years ago, and I got a tremendous amount of help keeping it going.



Bob Hole has been around these pages before, and I'm sure he'll be around them again! We both attended Further Confusion last weekend. It's fair to say, we had different agendas as the review will demonstrate, but we both had a fine time!

Further Confusion was wonderful. I had a great time at the convention. Any time I didn't have a great time, I wasn't at the convention.

In the weeks leading up to the con, I had my mother home 24/7 so I never got privacy at home. Having some privacy in my motel room, I snuck out each evening of the convention and masturbated, setting my alarm in time to repeat each morning. Thank you Motel 6. It was much needed.

I did stay at the Motel 6 and despite being the worst room I've had at that Motel 6, it was still better than my last room at the Doubletree (which was my LAST room at the Doubletree). It was the first time I stayed on the "freeway side" of the motel, and it didn't cause me any problems. Though I can see how it might annoy some people.

The eye candy at the convention really out did itself this year. There were great numbers of really good looking guys there, and many more who would do in a pinch. And very few who wouldn't do for anything.

I was on eight panels this year, so I got to look out over several groups of these good looking guys for some amount of time. I'm especially thankful to a couple of the guys with very nice baskets that spread their legs out in the front row.

At one of the art panels I attended, the artist mentioned that studies have shown that when guys meet other guys, they look at the eyes first and crotch second. I wanted to respond with "men have eyes?" [If you've met me, you've been scanned - get over it. Doesn't mean I wanna jump you.]

There were a couple guys who looked to have very nice sized balls in nicely fitting pants that I got to spend some time staring at. It's a bulge look I just can't get on myself and I admire it very much with both envy and lust. I haven't figured out the combination of anatomy and pants size that gives the right look, but I certainly enjoy looking.

There was one guy in one panel who was rather distracting. He kept



scrunching forward on his seat, spreading his legs and leaning back. I had to deliberately not focus on him. He contributed several times to the panel and I had to remind myself when responding that I needed to look him in the face. I've been on the receiving end of that. I still can't always help myself.

I found it interesting to see that there were a very large proportion of very fine-featured men at the con. I've noticed it before, but it seemed a higher percentage this year. These are the guys with thin builds, thin hands, thin noses, smallish mouths, almost petite. They always seem rather too delicate for me. I'd be afraid of breaking them. A couple very thin

and beautiful young men made me feel my dick was bigger around than they were. My partners have always been smaller than me, but never the extreme difference that would be.

Of course, running back to my hotel each evening and not going to parties has a tendency to put a complete damper on even the slim possibility of finding someone to play with. Story of my life. But that's okay. After all, it's the story of my life. If it were important to me, I'd make more effort.

Getting ready for the fursuit parade was fun. I arrived about an hour early and sat on the floor in front of one of the windows and watched packages and butts go by. Very enjoyable. Much more so that when you only get to see the fursuits - which are good, but not the same kind of good.

There were 530 fursuiters in the parade, so it took a LONG time. It was very cool. Lots of fun and frolic was had by all.

There are, unfortunately, many people trying to go in many directions in too small a space. PLEASE if you know you're going to take photos, DON'T DO IT IN THE HALLWAYS. At least don't do it ACROSS the hallways. At least not the high traffic hallways. And groups - don't stop in the narrow spots! I know that's human nature, but pay a modicum of attention.

Especially if there's already a group standing in that part of the narrow space! Damnit.

They have made a good effort at making the con family-friendly. They work very hard at it and more or less have succeeded. I know Kiteless works very hard at getting his adult dragon panel allowed each year.

And then the crowd is overwhelming (I didn't go this year - didn't want to get crushed). I think the con over reacts and gets too anxy about it (personal opinion).

It is difficult in the Doubletree to block off any room, though there ARE ways. I don't know what they did this year, but the last couple years it hasn't been done well. I'm hoping it's a layout thing. The new hotel next year may help with that. Also allowing a couple of adult panel topics, even one per night might very useful. I know the anatomy topic for artists was censored. I think that's a shame.

I'd certainly volunteer to work on any adult panel topic they wanted to allow, including that anatomy one. It can be done tastefully and with respect. And yeah, I know Kiteless' is mostly a porn art show. I think if it were balanced with something more educational and less purely pornographic it might be overall better for the con.

But then I enjoy porn.

I had a great time on the panels I

was on, and the ones I attended. The audience and presenters all seemed really keen and seemed to have a good time. From that standpoint, it's one of the more lively cons I attend.

Having a lively and interested audience is cool. It really makes panels work well. And panels that allow the audience to do that are the best panels. Of course you do have to balance some control. There are individuals who can hijack a panel (from either side of the table). That's not good for anyone, and you need someone willing to work as moderator - not to be rude, but to make sure no one monopolizes the time.

Presentations, of course, are entirely different. And there were some good presentations too. Among others, I attended the digital painting and anatomy presentations and they were top notch. I learned a lot from both.

All in all, I highly recommend this convention! It's fun and exciting and interesting. It is NOT for everyone. And as I mentioned to several people it was rather startling to see a couple get off the elevator holding hands and realizing it was a boy-girl couple. But they're welcome too!



You will know Christopher J Garcia by his red-stained lips!

I've written my Top Ten albums of all-time list for 2008, which I think is going to hold for a while. I've got a good mind to do another one, but based on the top ten movies in my life, but sadly I'm able to do that quite as easily. Why? Well, movies have a much bigger part to play in my life.

For example, while I often do write while listening to music (The Arcade Fire is my current fave for writing to) but more often, I write with a movie in the background. Usually not a good movie, but something like Mama Mia or The Love Guru, which are not good movies, but they're lively and allow me to focus on what I'm doing better than if I was writing with nothing in the air. Would those movies count? They have a more important role in my current life than films like Casablanca or even JFK, both of which I love. I can trace articles and zines I've done at my place by what I had on my DVD player at the time. Drink Tank 187- The DiVinci Code. Drink Tank 104- The 40 Year Old Virgin. Drink Tank 200- well, Mama Mia, as sad as that is to admit. It makes writing Claims Department easier because I can tie movies so easily to times and places and writing. It's easy for my mind.

Then there are movies that I

love because they remind me of fantastic times. Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix- my first date with Linda. The Big Sleep- the movie I watched the day before my Dad died. Roadhouse- the movie I watched over at Meadow Springer's place on one of the best nights of my High School career. They all have attachments to important moments. A movie can heighten almost anything. Almost all my relationships started with some film-going experience. One or two terrible memories are associated with films too. It's not all rainbows and sunshine, there are some things that get attached that hurt. I can never watch Leaving Las Vegas without remembering the betrayal I committed against a lovely young lady while watching it.

And then there are the films that simply change the way I watch movies. There's Tribute, the documentary that made me realise that I always wanted to make docs. There's The Blues Brothers, the movie that seriously affected the way I think about funny. There's the Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, which is probably responsible for my breast obsession. The films I grew up on can certainly be seen in the various things that I write, by what I think is funny or scary or sad or awful. It all affected me.

So, what would go on? The films that I watched over and over,



sometimes for good reasons and sometimes for bad. Or maybe it should be the films that I love and endlessly quote (like Clue, Clerks, Joe Vs. The Volcano). Or maybe it should be the ones that made tears run down my cheeks against my better judgment or laugh so hard I get thrown out of the theatre. Or maybe the ones that feature the images that have stuck with me. I dunno.

So, I'm not sure which to put on my list. I'll start with a simple set of five films called The Ones That Break My Heart

The Five Films That Break My Heart

5) Leaving Las Vegas- Yeah, there's a lot of emotional baggage attached to this one, but the film itself is heartbreaking, terribly sad and emotionally draining. There's nothing you can do but cry when you watch Elisabeth Shue climb on and ride Nick Cage as he lies dying from drink. It's

intense, won Nick an Oscar and should have won one for Shue as well. She was far more depressing than Cage.

4) Breaking The Waves- Lars Von Trier. You can't expect him to be up most of the time. He's a great director and this is one of the truly great heartbreaking films of all-time. The cast is stellar, especially Emily Watson. Stellan Skarsgaard is also amazing. This story of a woman who talks openly to God and who has to go out to find sexual acceptance at the insistence of her husband who was injured in an oil rig accident is devastating. It's Von Trier's best film, over all, and it's easily the best single performance on this list from Watson.

3) Beaches- Yes, it's cliché. Yes, it's sappy. Yes, I'm a woman for thinking that this is one of the better movies of the 1980s, but Beaches really does break my heart. It's a film about friends, which helps, and it's a film about death. Those things come together beautifully in a film that actually has some wonderful direction and a set of performances that really make my cry. Yeah, I said it. I cry when I see it. I hate that it's true. but it is.

2) Requiem for a Dream- Darren Aaronofsky's tale of drugs and the ways in which modern life has made

addicts of us all. It's beautiful, intense, and perfectly acted. The principals are all incredible and I've never found a better performance than that of Ellen Burstyn as the woman who becomes an addict trying to make herself presentable for a TV show that may or may not be real. It's a powerful performance from Jared Leto and a good one from Jennifer Connelly as well. It is really the strongest statement against using drugs I've ever seen. Even better than Nancy Reagan's call to Just Say No.

1) Dancer in the Dark- Say what you will, but Lars Von Trier directed Bjork to one of the great performances of the last twenty years. She was amazing, dark and devastating as the woman who loses herself in musicals and is caught up in a crime. This one is a shotgun blast at close-range. It's powerful and even a bit scary. There are great performances from everyone involved. My favorite role went to Peter Stormare, who is often over-looked. I cried like a baby watching this on DVD and then I saw it on the big screen and it was a devastating blow.



Kelly Green has appeared in The Drink Tank several times, and she's back with another one of her block-rocking beats! Wait...that was the Beastie Boys.

Expectoration by Kelly Green

I thought at first that the kid was hung over, maybe vomiting. He sat in the middle of the bus bench, legs wide apart arms on his thighs, head down.

I felt a twinge of pity in the moment before he sucked back a loogie, pulled out some satisfying nasal/upper throat roiling snort, then hawked a green-slimed ball of snot and saliva onto the sidewalk.

#

Of course I looked. Train wrecks, police sirens, people committing disgusting acts in public, these things draw our attentions - of the horrified, I-can't-believe-he-did-that sort. I'll sometimes glimpse a certain shade of currency green out the corner of my eye and chase down someone's lost money; I keep my eyes open for ground pennies, heads up only; and I have pretended not to watch as someone sticks a pinkie up to the knuckle into a nostril then dig, ultimately extracting some rot-shaded prize and perhaps fifty percent of the time consuming the waste:

autocannibalism.

Spitting, though, depositing snot and saliva via expectoration onto some public area, some common walkway, is the newest rampant protest against conformity, an art form whose work and completion can only be self-satisfying, a marking of territory reminiscent of the dog's leg lift. The dog has provided a useful guide to creatures, dogs or other four-footed passers-by, a scent and an identification providing information and sometimes prompting a responsive leg-lift.

I've yet to see bus stop spitters engaged in an exercise of competitive pytalisation something less innocent than Tom Sawyer's toothless show and tell with his youthful companions.

Snot crusted spit erupts from mouths and coats the concrete at every bus stop. Since my first encounter with the surly-eyed, curly-haired utterly bored teenager, I've noticed this damnable habit everywhere.

In my observation, the spitting habit is epidemic. More likely male than female; more likely Hispanic than not; the bell curve encompasses all and the ends don't drop off. Even age is not a determiner of oral continence: to wit, the wizened tiny woman who hawked a lung onto the sidewalk just before ascending into the bus.

And thankfully the bus interior

is still a mostly neutral land in spit wars. I have heard preparatory throat clearings and reverse snot blowings, yet I'm fairly certain the bodily fluid remains bounded cautiously behind closed lips.

Still I find myself edging to the front of the bus more often these days as the spitters and hawkers tend to drift towards the rear.

Am I personally disgusted? Oh yeah. This stuff squicks me out worse than the word "moist" freaks out others.

We're not talking Duncan Hines "moist" or even pornography-moist; we're talking the body's moisture on such a scale that even Stilgar would be horrified at the ungifted waste.

#

After the third hawk-ball splattered onto the ground at the bus stop, I broke free of my tharn state and addressed the kid.

"Hey, kid?" I said.

He didn't respond. His eyes gleamed in contemplation of his moist masterpiece.

"Hey kid, would you mind not spitting there?" I said. "There will be moms with little children using this bus stop all day, walking in your spit."

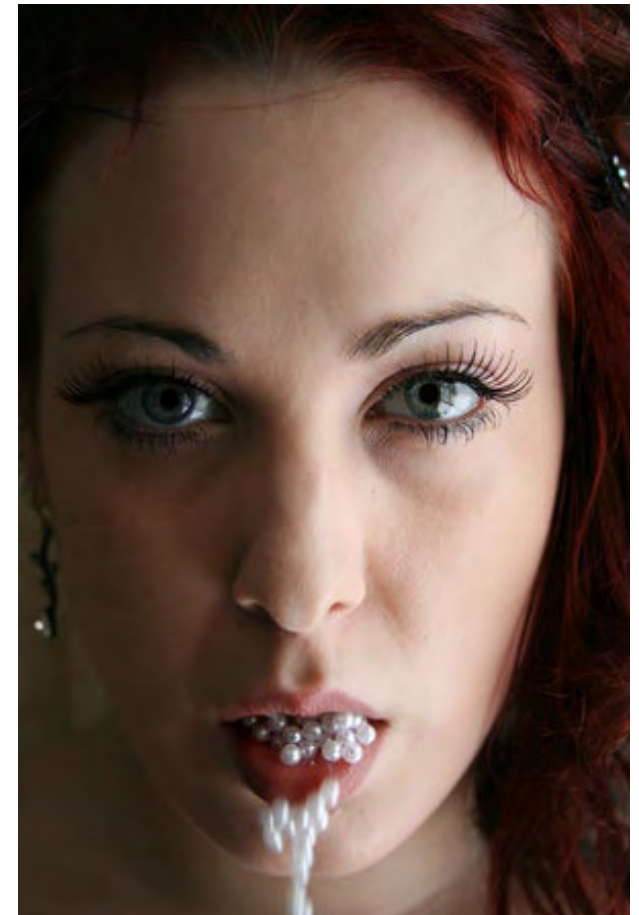
No response at all.

"Maybe you could spit into the gutter," I tried helpfully.

The kid lifted his head long enough to show me a contemptuous curl of his upper lip. Spit foamed there. Then he deliberately lowered his head and spat again.

Then he grabbed his skateboard and sauntered away.

I remained standing. The bus bench was guarded by a pool of the kid's spit.



SaBean Morel and M Crasdan are two of my favourite people, and I've been holding on to this excerpt which is a part of a major thing M, Jay and SaBean are working on.

M

Jenna Lutten took my hand on that cold Christmas Eve and promised me Broadway was waiting for me. It was promise in the form of a Pogues song that sent my heart swooning and she put her head down in my lap and let me stroke her hair for a while. SaBean was in the other room, watching the boys, and Jenna looked up at me, Santa Barbara lights behind her through the second story hilltop window.

She slid her finger up my thigh and by the end of her searching, I had nails traces across the vast white spaces down there.

SaBean

The bitch grabbed my left tit and pulled me to her. My fucking fault for not wearing a bra. I could feel her rings, her spiked bracelet digging into the skin at my side. She kissed me hard like a truck into a wall and she pulled at my shirt.

"you taste like summer." she said.

"that's the most fucking fratboy bullshit line i've ever heard." I told her as i grabbed her by the ass. She pulled



my shirt over my head and her mouth played one nipple, her fingers working through my untrimmed thatch.

M

"She's fucked up." I told SaBean as she wiped away a bit of some leftover pleasure across her cheek. I didn't want to say anymore, tell her about the look she got when I

pulled her hair and licked the champagne from the divet in her throat.

SaBean didn't say anything, I could tell she liked the way Jenna made her feel. I did too, but that didn't change the fact that she was one of those fish that dangles a shiny light hoping some guppy will come along and become a meal.

SaBean

Jenna's hands were shaking so i grabbed her forearms.

"you don't have to worry."

She leaned her forehead against my chest and I could smell that she hadn't showered in days.

I knew what she was feeling.

M

This was high school SaBean reimagined. The late nights, the dangerous pressing hands, the cold stares and hot mouth and liveless after-parties. The spikes, the chains, the metal, the plastic, the boots. It was young SaBean, only this one was in her thirties and didn't have the support that SaBean had holding up her scarecrow. I threw her out on a Monday night, Jay was watching RAW with the kids while I told her we didn't need her stupid shit around the house, that we didn't want her here anymore.

SaBean was in the kitchen, listening to The Buzzcocks on her laptop, waiting for the yelling to end.

Frank and Brianna have been all over the place with art in recent months, and I've been lucky enough to get several covers from them! This is a quiz on the theme of Four!

FANTASTIC FOURS!

by Frank Wu and Brianna Spacekat Wu

Name these collectives with four members.

1. John, Paul, George, and Ringo
2. Pete, Roger, John, Keith
3. Reed, Sue, Johnny, Ben
4. Carrie, Samantha, Charlotte, Miranda
5. Jimmy, Robert, John, John Paul
6. Dorothy, Scarecrow, Tin Man, Lion
7. Groucho, Chico, Harpo, Zeppo
8. Bison, Vega, Balrog, Sagat
9. Leonardo, Raphael, Donatello, Michelangelo
10. Rubicante, Barbariccia, Cagnazzo, Scarmiglione
11. Boreas, Notus, Zephyrus, Eurus
12. Agnetha, Björn, Benny, Anni-Frid
13. Jonah, Ruth, Samuel, Adam
14. David, Jerry, Chris, Tina
15. Jerry, Elaine, George, Kramer
16. Francis, Zoey, Louis, Bill
17. Fighter, White Mage, Black Mage, Thief
18. Pestilence, Famine, War and Death
19. Jiang Qing, Zhang Chunqiao, Yao Wenyan, Wang Hongwen
20. Jon, Andy, Dave, Hugo



- ANSWERS**
1. The Beatles
 2. The Who
 3. The Fantastic Four
 4. Sex in the City
 5. Led Zeppelin
 6. The Wizard of Oz
 7. The Marx Brothers
 8. Street Fighter II
 9. Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
 10. The Four Fiends, Final Fantasy IV
 11. Four Winds
 12. ABBA
 13. Ark II
 14. Talking Heads
 15. Seinfeld
 16. Left 4 Dead
 17. The Light Warriors, Final Fantasy I
 18. Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse
 19. Gang of Four
 20. Gang of Four

Christian McGuire is one of the most awesome dudes in fandom. This is his first Drink Tank article in ages!

There I was, minding my own business, at work no less, when up pops a 3 part video of the Fursuit Parade at Further Confusion 2009. It was pretty impressive. I eventually heard that 533 Fur Suits ~~ran the~~ ~~gauntlet~~ participated in the parade. Wow! Anybody would be impressed seeing that. However the real action was in the background, behind the festivities.

At the DoubleTree they have an open eatery off the main through-way, I think it's called Skaggs, and the walkway goes right by the seating. Holding court at a parade-side table was the Immutable Chris Garcia. Keeping him company, perched on the short stack separating the walkway from the eatery was Andrew Tremblay. Do you see where this is going? No matter how strange or wondrous the Fursuit passing by, Chris & Andy were the show.

At least 60% of the suited saunterers recognized Andrew. Most offered him a respectable bow or salute. Why? If you are in the Bay Area and doing something fannish, you've probably met Andy. A prurient Pink Panther holding up the tail of the Tiger before him offered Andy the choice to play jump rope with the tail. All I can say is that Andy can Double-Dutch with me any day.



A trick of the camera made it appear that the swinging arms of the parade participants were sneaking up Andy's Utilikilt as they swung by.

Later a fur-suiter dressed as a panda sauntered past, waving side to side at the spectators and came up short at the site of Chris's hair & beard was priceless. Chris took it in stride, shook the Furry's paw and handed out a pre-autographed photo (Chris has taken the practical step of being ready for stunned people who discover his presence) and sent the panda on its way. This is the most memorable of many reactions that Chris hirsute self elicited from parade members. A purple & yellow skunk (I kid you not) drew a flower from its basket and inserted it in Chris's beard. This stirred up the finches in their nest, so Chris had a halo of flyers about him until they settled down. This caused extra attention Chris way by the passing cats.

One looked to have Squeee'd right in Chris face while jumping up and down before him.

Most of the parade, Chris & Andrew sat calmly as if they were lounging on the beach, not at the side of a millipede with 533 independent motivated segments drunkenly

meandering by.

Not having audio for their conversation made their body language a little inexplicable. When Chris appears to raise his head and keep it up there several seconds tilting it back I wonder if he's mimicking a fish, howling like a wolf, or just having a seizure.

The moment when a group bunched up before Chris & Andy and blocked them from view was transmuted into a big question mark when the lot of them grabbed their snouts and ran forward. Probably from a humorous et tuffe from Mr. Garcia.

Watching the fantastic assemblage of costumes pass, with Chris & Andy before me left me feeling I was there. I could almost smell the wet carpet & ash.

Late in the videos Andy moved just enough to reveal the Lovely Linda sitting across from Chris. I wonder how it all looked to her keenly trained eye. I remember very well how her choreography for "Raggedy Ann and the Teletubbies in Graceland" swept forward in quite a different pattern. She remained visible for the residue of the parade. I had been wondering what agency had been keeping Chris so calm.

After the dust settled I defragged my computer and thanked the stars for YouTube's contribution to making the world I live in a little bit stranger and a whole lot closer.

While I was working on this issue, a significant figure in the history of the UFC passed away. He had never fought in the Octagon, and in all honesty, his record wasn't that great (9-2-7 is the documented line, but it's hard to believe a guy in those times would have had 18 fights. The guy's name was Helio Gracie, and he was 95.

If the name Gracie is recognizable, that's because his sons became a big deal in the 1990s. Royce Gracie was the first star of the UFC. He won several of the early one-night tournaments and was the SuperFight champion. There were Rickson and Royler, both of whom were great.

He did have a great life, 95 years old he was when he passed, but still, it's a shame that such a strong connection to the days when you could draw 100,000 to a fight is lost.



Art from Kate Kelton. You can find more of her stuff at <http://katekelton.deviantart.com/prints/>

Warren Buff is good people. He's my only real connection to Southern Fandom and a heck of a dude. Here's a part of our little project to combat the greying of fandom concept! And it's a drunken Lounge Report and everyone know how much I love those!!!

The Chattacon Con-Report, Written Live in the Technicolor Fandom Lounge

Hey, folks! Warren Buff here, kicking off the first ever Technicolor Fandom Lounge. It's an idea meant to be somewhere between the Kive party, the Barfly Suite, and the West Coast Fanzine Lounges. Basically, it's for fans to come hang out, shoot the breeze, get to know each other, and communicate in both new and traditional ways. The purpose of this con-report is to let everyone who drops by say a little something about how the convention's been for them so far, and when it's over, we'll send it off to Chris Garcia for publication in issue #200 of *The Drink Tank*, available on efanazines.com – so tell us what's up! Start by introducing yourself, and if you'd like to get an email when this hits the web, leave me some contact info (either in here or personally – I'm

the guy with the tie, the goatee, and the fedora. Hopefully that narrows it down.

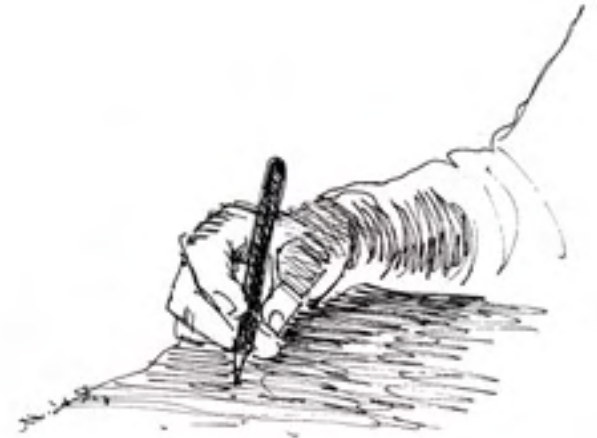
Glug's Journal: Friday, 6:26 pm

Warren dude and my brother left an hour and a half ago to reg. I think the rat-fink bastards left us for dead. Well Warren's been pushing me to write for his zine. That'll show him, he has to print this now. Sucker.

Other than that it's been alright. The ride up was tight, but I've had tighter. Our balcony overlooks a half-frozen waterfall into the hotel swimming pool. The sound is soothing, except you can't hear a thing, and the pool looks inviting, except that it is semi-solid. I am feeling confident about the lounge and am excited to go out to the rest of the convention, if I can get regged before it closes for the night. Hello all you sexy, sexy people out there.

Davey Beauchamp continues:

I am here with my Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster; waiting for the second episode of the final season of Battle Star Galactic begins. Sexy vampires are on for the time being. So what am I trying to say here? I have no fuckin, do I care hell no, I got me my Space Apostle chilling in this room;



the windows are open, and it is in January. Ice covered the pools and I watch them chip it away letting loose the flood gates of pent up fluids continued behind the frigid wall.

So what am I trying to say here? Does it matter? Will anyone actually read this, will they even understand or being to understand the mind who writes this? Do they even being to understand the meaning of life as an individual person away from the confines of the systems of men and the societies they impose. Were does the beginning begin and where does it end. How is one to know that life isn't merely an illusion of the one who perceives it. And from my perspective I am the only one who perceives life and perceives those who exist around how they perceive life.

Waterfalls.

Water.

It falls in an endless cascade of life. Shakespeare said it best or do I only imagine the words he said since the only thoughts I see, and hear are my own and no others.

This is drivel, this truth, this fact, this false, this is the end of it all. How do I not know than when I am no more that is; the end, the grand finale of all life. I don't and if I truly thought that I would have some ego, but I don't. How could I? I could?

I have returned much more humbled and less drunk than when I started this night. It is amazing that the universe listens when you ask it to. But then it is hard to find some to talk to about it.

Remember sex sells. And Sexy Space Jesus Loves You.

Creativity

Remember, gentle reader. Remember this.

When you think your ideas suck. When you think that it's all been done already, and no one cares what you think, or how it works, because nothing is new... Never forget...

You are trapped in your own head. It's a good thing.

The thoughts you have, they are

uniquely yours. What is mundane to you is mind-blowing to someone else. If you are bored with something, it's riveting to everyone else, because they haven't thought of that turn of thought yet. Everyone is alone in their brain. We crave input. We need it.

There are 7 plots. There are millions and millions of people, and that number grows. And you are you.

Make them part of you. And them, you. We all need each other.

Your story has yet to be told....



Four Paragraphs about Chris Garcia and the Drink Tank By Bob Hole

A bunch of time ago I was sitting, rather lonely, at a BASFA (Bay Area Science Fiction Association) meeting and Frank Wu introduced me to this nut, then only "2nd Vice President" (later "only Vice President"). His name was Chris Garcia.

Since then in an effort to brown nose him, I've sent him art work, photography, articles and encouragement in this Drink Tank thing.

Hasn't worked. He still doesn't acknowledge me in public and I'm not supposed to tell anyone if he does so in private. Let alone if he has a pet name for me.

Whether failed or not (as efanzines.com lists it), it has been an adventure and education for me to be peripherally involved in the Drink Tank during the last 200 issues. I'm proud to have stuff regularly published, even if he can't spell Leigh Ann's name.

I am honored to be basking in his reflected glow, and because of him be only one degree of separation from a whole bunch of people I'll never meet but are way cool in their own right.

200 Years ago - 1809

by **Howeird**

The Treaty of Fort Wayne was negotiated by Gen. William Henry Harrison, creating the Indiana Territory from land on the Wabash River that had belonged to Native Americans.

President James Madison succeeded Thomas Jefferson, becoming the first US President to be sworn in wearing American-made clothing.

A patent is granted to Robert Fulton for his steamboat. (The beginning of steampunk?)

Wearing masks at balls forbidden in Boston

The first US steamboat to make an ocean voyage leaves New York City for Philadelphia

Napoleon annexes the Papal States

Pope Pius VII is taken prisoner July 5 (and will remain in custody until 1814)

Ecuador declares independence from Spain.

Severe earthquakes strike the Azores and sink the village of São Miguel.

Meriwether Lewis, age 35, dies

under mysterious circumstances near Nashville at an inn called Grinder's Stand while en route to Washington.

The USS Constitution (Old Ironsides) recommissioned as flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron.

Napoleon Bonaparte and the Empress Josephine are divorced by an act of the French Senate

The Non-Intercourse Act replaces the Embargo Act

King Gustav V Adolf of Sweden abdicates and is exiled after a military coup

Mary Kies becomes the first American woman to be awarded a patent

The New Royal Opera House opens in London. Riots over the new prices last for 64 days

Born in 1809:

Charles Darwin

Abraham Lincoln

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Felix Mendelsson

Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr.

Kit Carson

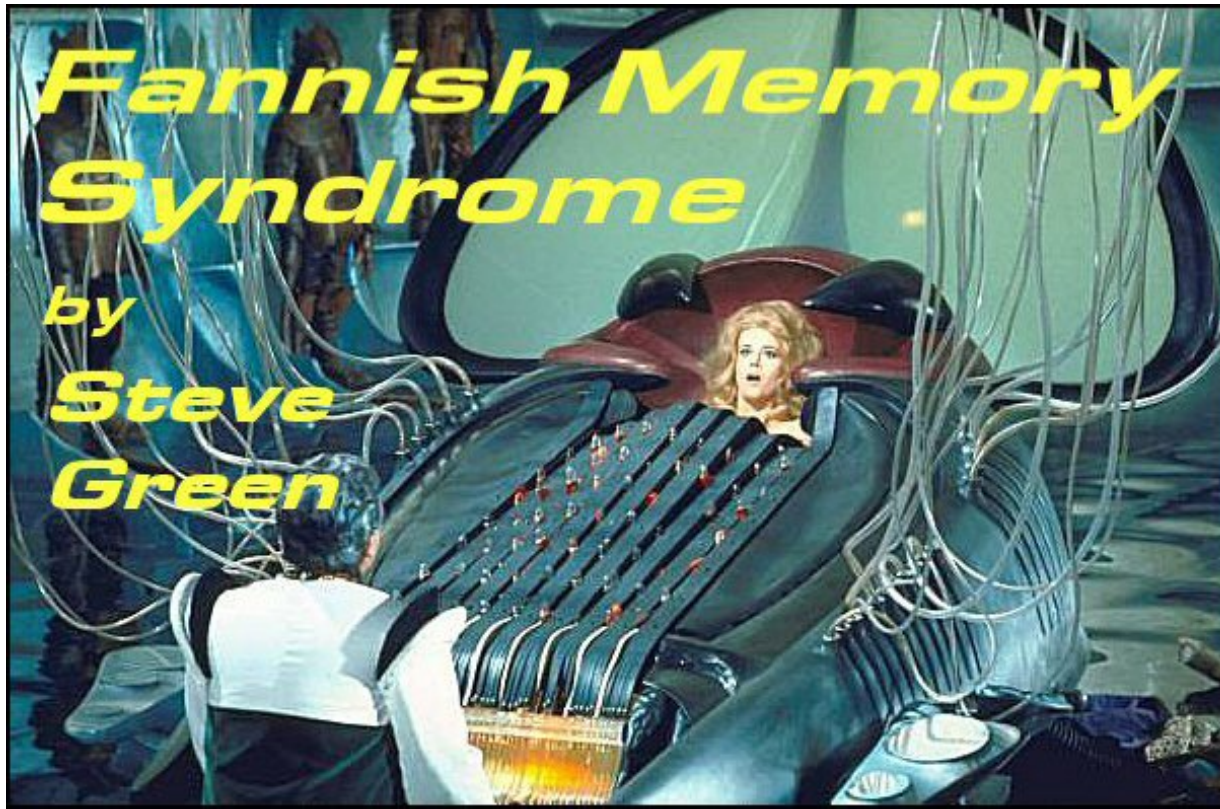
Louis Braille

Edgar Allan Poe

Anna Seward

William Ewart Gladstone





Steve Green is running for TAFF and is a regular around these parts.

At the suggestion of Randy Byers and Martin Tudor, TAFF winners both, I'm currently ransacking my archives in search of material for an online anthology tied in to my current candidature for that very same fan fund. Among the articles under consideration is the following, published as "Soft Machinery" in the fourth issue of my fanzine *Gaijin*, back in May 1994.

Sexual intercourse might indeed have been invented in 1963, as Philip

Larkin opined in "Annus Mirabilis", "Between the end of the Chatterly Ban / And the Beatles' first LP", but it took a further four years for yours truly to become aware of it.

It must have been a Friday or Saturday evening, since my parents had allowed their seven year-old son to stay up for Granada's weekly movie review *Cinema*. As the presenter headed towards the commercial break, he cued in a clip from the newly-released sf romp *Barbarella*, in which the insane scientist Durand Durand slides the eponymous heroine into his Excessive Machine; no sooner had items of her

clothing begun to disgorge themselves from a slot at the torture device's base than the adverts rolled.

I don't think my parents were even watching the programme, and they were certainly unaware of the tension I was experiencing as the seconds ticked away and the promised continuation of the extract approached. Nor was the tension lessened when it finally arrived, as the now-naked Jane Fonda (her nudity implied rather than explicit, of course; this was 1967, after all) mimed an orgasm so apocalyptic that she sent the electronics into meltdown. Okay, so maybe Meg Ryan's restaurant routine two decades later in Rob Reiner's *When Harry Met Sally...* was a degree more realistic (albeit no less theatrical), but Fonda's perspiration-drenched performance was primo erotica.

In retrospect, the imagery was pure SM, but I was rather too young to latch onto that aspect; instead, it imbedded in my psyche a profound (if nascent) lust for the flame-haired Ms Fonda, simultaneously awakened and reinforced when I finally caught the complete movie in my early teens. Even now, I get an instant hard-on whenever I meet alien blondes in thigh-length plastic boots and see-through brassieres. Especially the females.

Most sex is like that: learned behaviour. One of the psychologists consulted for the recent Channel 4 documentary on serial murderers, *To*

Kill and Kill Again, reckoned that the United States had no history of gas mask fetishism because its citizens never shared the British experience of sheltering from German air raids during the Second World War. The roots of Jeffrey Dahmer's paraphilia, meanwhile, lay in the coincidence of his childhood experiments with gathered roadkill and puberty; the overlap between death and desire proved a recipe for homicidal necrophilia and cannibalism.

Which leads me to wonder what lessons our own culture is currently absorbing from the barrage of advertisements, magazine features and tv images that daily pummels our consciousness. Wear the right cologne, eat the right ice cream and drink the right coffee, and you seem guaranteed a night of passion (although it apparently takes four years' coffee intake before you get your leg over, so it's only recommended for the extremely patient¹).

Of course, you could always invest in one of the numerous video sex manuals which sneaked hardcore bonking back onto the rental shelves in the autumn of 1991, after a gap of more than six years. Quite how Pickwick convinced the British Board of Film Classification that penetrative sex should evade the censor's scissors so long as Dr Andrew Stanway popped up from behind his desk first to offer a few handy hints is difficult to say, but *The*

Lover's Guide opened the floodgates, with VCI's *Love Variations: Inspiration For Lovers* one of the more absurd subsequent entries (there's not even a pretence of educational content, not least because there's no dialogue, just a series of sexual positions demonstrated in various rooms).

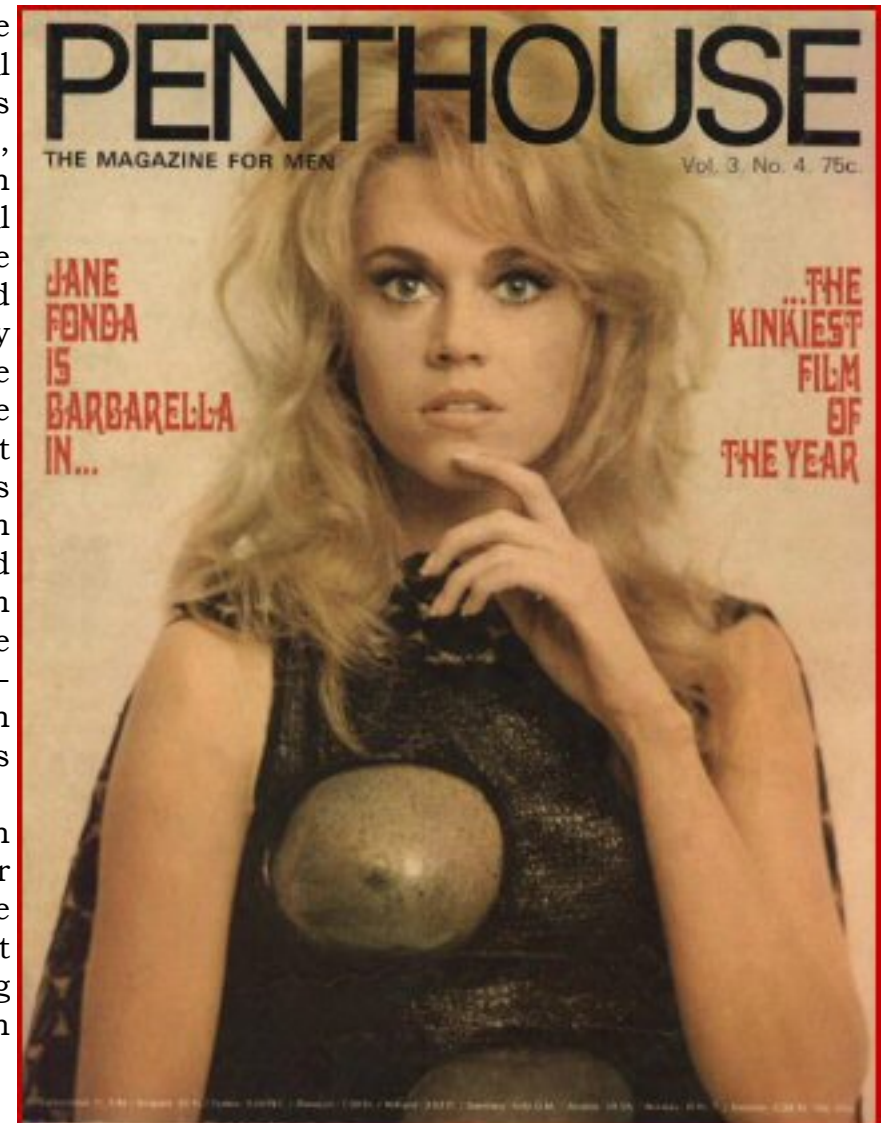
What worries me is the psychological imprinting these videos could be responsible for, as an entire generation gains its first sexual conditioning in the company of a grey-haired GP whose delivery is only marginally more effective than Group Four². Five years from now, might the likes of agony aunts Irma Kurtz and Miriam Stoppard be deluged with enquiries from those unable to achieve orgasm unless a middle-aged doctor stands in attendance and shouts directions?

Me, I support a return to Victorian values. After all, any woman whose husband sported a bolt through his wedding tackle has got to be worth emulating.

Footnotes:

¹A reference to the long-running Gold Blend ads, rebranded in the USA as Gourmet's Choice

²The security firm then mostly known for losing prisoners en route to court



Every year Leigh Ann Hildebrand is on my Hugo ballot because she's just that good. And every year, when she fails to make it on, I think I may have misspelled her name. Here is Leigh Ann getting Meta on things!

Mr. Garcon,

Lately it seems I get sick once a year, right around FurCon weekend and the due date for the Drunk Thing Annual. My recovery has been delayed by the lack of effective cold/flu medications, but now that we've discovered the wonder that is Nyquil D -- ask for it! -- I'm back on track. For this list, I've gone through my unsent mail archive to find the lists I never sent during the past year. A mega/meta list, fit for a giant sized annual.

1. Two of Five Comic Book Things (Inspired by the Third Annual)

1. Sometime during the '70's my father went on a trip to California or had a visit from a friend from California, David T. Alexander. I don't remember the circumstances, just that this friend was an old college friend of my father's and now owned something called American Comic Book Company. From this visit, my father returned with an ACBC logo shirt and some

comics of a fairly obscure sort. I can remember that my brother and I found the shirt scandalous -- it had the outline of naked people on it! -- and that the comics were mostly of the naughty kind. Before that time, my only exposure to comics had been the sort of Donald Duck / Richie Rich stuff sold in convenience stores.

2. In 1980 we moved to be near family in Georgia. There was this little "junk shop" my grandmother used to take us to that had vast



stacks of old comics for sale for a dime a piece. They were in terrible condition, but certainly readable. My favorites were the EC horror titles and the descendants of those done by folks like Bernie Wrightson. I used to buy 20 and 30 titles at a time and just gorge on the stuff. EC's had a solid air of wickedness about them, and the sexual innuendo and graphics made owning them feel very rebellious, especially given the Bible-belt atmosphere of rural north Georgia. By '82 or so we'd stopped getting them, though.

2. Five Denvention Things

1. The Absence of Schachat. The lounge just isn't the same without the comic foil that is Jason Schachat. Everything at Denvention would have been better with a little Schachat leavening, that's all I'm saying.

2. I've known John Hertz from within the context of Regency dancing for several years now, but 2008 is the year I came to know and appreciate his fanzine work and all around conversational skills.

3. I hope that there are lovely scarf pictures in this issue, by the way. I admit, when I found out there was not going to be a TAFF auction at Denvention, I was very cross, because

I'd been working so hard before the event itself to get the scarf done in time. One more time I will remind everyone that it's a replica Season 12 Doctor Who scarf, made via the scrupulously researched pattern at doctorwhoscarf.com. It's made of Australian wool from Jo Sharp yarns. I actually order the yarn from overseas, because even with the shipping costs, it's less expensive than purchasing it locally. (It's also hard to find the Jo Sharp colors locally.) I'm very proud that the scarf was on stage at the Hugos, and look forward to helping further its adventures over the next year. As an aside, I have extra wool, and can make promotional items to help in scarf pimping in the coming months. It's a shame we can't print scarf-ribbons.

4. What a lovely edition of Match Game SF! When it's good, I almost feel sad, because I know that soon, it'll be past its prime and worn out and time to do something else. In the meantime, though, I want to enjoy it for as long as it lasts.

5. The feeling of doing something. [I don't even know what this means now, but I think it refers to the sense of having cool new things to work on and think about after Worldcon. It was a very creatively energizing weekend, as I remember.]

3. *Five Reasons Mr. Garcon Owes Me Another Issue of The Little Thing in 2009*

1. That time at Denvention when he ditched Espana and me for dinner and we walked all over downtown Denver looking in bar and restaurant windows for him, because he wasn't returning our phone or text messages.

2. That time he put my Leo on the guest list for an event as "Leo Schwartz" instead of "Leo Schwab", so that no one could figure out he was on the list at all and I had to play phone tag for almost an hour to get it sorted out.

3. Those times he hosted the Fanzine Lounge PM but went to bed at before 10 PM, even when the L&T wasn't at the con, so it's not like that was his excuse or anything.

4. That time last year I knitted my ass off every day for three weeks to have a scarf ready for an auction that he'd cancelled, but hadn't bothered to tell me he had cancelled.

5. The 869 times this past year that my fellow lounge folks and I have answered the question,

"Where's Chris Garcia?"

4. *Five Cons I Attended But Failed To Write About For the Drunk Thing in 2008*

1. Costume Con
2. BayCon
3. Westercon
4. Silicon
5. Loscon



5. Five Things I'm No Longer Allowed To Do In The Fanzine Lounge (With Apologies to the Skippy List)

1. Not allowed to refer to any Fan Hugo as "A Major Award" with little air quotes around it for emphasis, even if I mean it in a nice way.

2. Not allowed to make snow angels on the carpet unless fully clothed, even if there is no one in the lounge who would notice except people who think it's cute.

3. Absolutely not allowed to engage in fluffing, even if the lounge is at a con being held in a geographic area where such behavior is appropriate in some work situations, because the lounge is not, by any meaningful definition, a film set, even if regulars in the lounge have sometimes made short films.

4. Not allowed to offer impromptu origami classes using materials at hand, even with the justification that it's a form of performance art expressing my thoughtful critique of the phrase "core fandom."

5. Not allowed to engage in any behavior that might result in a current or former Worldcon chair needing emergency medical assistance, even

if that chair said he or she "enjoyed it just fine at the time."



OK, that's it. I give up. This issue, which was looking totally thin a week ago, has blossomed like Soleil Moon-Frye and is packed to the rafters and I couldn't be prouder! I wanna thank Mo Starkey, Genevieve, Claire, Mistico, The Lovely and Talented Linda, Jovial, Kevin Standlee, Leigh Ann, Howeird, Bob Hole, Kelly Green, Beth, Warren and the Technicolor Fandom Crew, Frank and Brianna, Cheryl, Lloyd, Graeme, Steve Green, Espana, M and SaBean, Bobby and Bobby, and so many many more who made this issue possible.

And Bill Burns, without whom The Drink Tank would not exist.

That could also be said about Jan Stinson, Earl Kemp, Arnie Katz, Lloyd Penney, John Purcell, Frank Wu, Cheryl Morgan, Steven Silver, Ed Meskeys, Robert Lichtman, R Twidner, Randy Byers, Andy Hooper, Joyce Katz, Claire Briailey, Mark Plummer, John Coxon and the entire PLOKTA! commission. Y'all really got me thinkin' about the whole zine thing and I've been liberally inspired to live up to standards y'all have set. I know, I know...I'll keep trying!

And so ends the Fourth Annual Giant Sized Annual. I'll be back in a week or so and I'll keep writing. Remember: use your powers only for good...or for Awesome!