



The Drink Tank 2+2=4 - Garcia @computerhistory.org

Thank you, Frank Wu! This cover is a piece that I saw on his wall at his old place. I said something like “Hey, where did this run?” and Frank said “I never finished it” and then he did and now, here it is!

This issue? Why, I’m glad you asked! It’s got a Taral piece that is the start of a series I’m referring to internally as the Introductions for various things that are up on eFanzines, but that we think you might have missed. There’s a couple of other things, including a special look at a special lady...Lady Gaga!



Food Glorious Food: Cookin’ with Chris Garcia!

I often write on Twitter about my food cooking exploits. They vary, you see, from the excessively low-brow to dumbed down versions of high-brow eatin’. It’s something I have fun doing.

Lately, I’ve turned slightly away from Sous-vite, the method of cooking in a sealed bag (Mostly because it takes so long) and have been experimenting with my Crock Pot. You remember Crock Pots, don’t ya? Those slow cookers that were popular in the 1970s. I’ve always had one, largely because my mother loved them. I have a large one in my kitchen and I use the hell out of it.

The first time I pulled it out, I really wanted to do some sort of stew, but not just any stew: a delicious stew. I went to the Safeway and found that I really wanted to do a pot roast instead. I found a lovely tied roast and paid less than 6 bucks for it! I am pleased with the discounts that financial ruin brings along with it. I wanted it to be very flavorful, so I started with tomato juice, knowing that it goes well with roast, only, for some reason, I bought tomato sauce. I got some garlic, some onions, but I wanted something else, something with a bit of substance that would eat hearty for an entire weekend. I was walking down the Ethic Foods aisle, thinking that there must be a noodle that would work, when I came across a large can of Hominy.

You’ve probably heard of Hominy, it’s typically lye-treated corn that forms large kernels. It’s the main component of grits (which is

just ground hominy) and it’s lovely. I figured I’d put it in with the tomato juice, which was tomato sauce in this case, and see what happened.

I got home, changed into my pajamas (which I always do on Fridays when I don’t have to go anywhere) and started cooking. I sliced the onion (I went with strips) and then ground a ton of black pepper, shook out a bit of mace (the outer husk of the nutmeg, finely ground) and threw in some cumin, a couple of habaneros I cut into, but not through, so I could easily remove them after they’d given up their heat and flavor, and celery salt along with some dark mirin. It was a good combo. I started the crock-pot for an 8 hour cooking.

The next part was adding the tomato juice, which in this case was tomato sauce. I dumped it in and let it warm for a while. It was a good idea because with having used sauce instead of juice, it wouldn’t penetrate the meat unless it was warm when the meat got in there.

The next was the secret weapon: Pepsi. True, I would have preferred to use Coke (and there’s an excellent 1960s Coke cookbook), but I had Pepsi and I sure as hell wasn’t going to drink the crap. I poured about 1 1/2 cups in. This would help give it a lovely color and add some sweet notes. I let it warm for about an hour.

Browning a big roast is not easy, especially where you’re doing it on a griddle. It took me a while and a complicated series of tongs and skewers. It was fun, though. After the roast was brown, I gently lowered it into the mixture, and started the cooking.

I watched Watchmen (so it was me all along) and after it was done, I went in and re-

moved the meat for a few second, opened the huge can of hominy, rinsed it three times (trust me, if you don't, the flavor can over-power just about anything) and added it into the bottom, setting the roast back on top of it. I also added just a bit more Pepsi to replace the lost water.

I went off and watched Nick & Nora's Infinite Playlist. it's a very cute movie.

After it was finished, I took a bath. it was nearly 10, but I had to be clean when I encountered the roast. I got out, got dressed and there it was, gleaming in the pot, waiting for me to remove it and carve it up.

I took it out and let it rest. I tried the sauce that had ensued and man was it tasty. Lots of big flavors and the heat was strong, but not over-powering at all. I was happy.

The hominy was magical. It probably would have gotten more flavor from the tomato juice that ws sauce if it had really been juice instead of sauce. The entire thing just exploded, and the onions! I was glad I hadn't pre-cooked them because they still had some structure, and ther's nothing worse than completely limp onions (except on top of hot dogs, but that's another story). I ate well on the stuff for three days. it was magical. The meat was super tender and the tomato and Pepsi had given it both great color and beautiful flavor. I reserved the sauce and used it as a Tomato Sauce for pasta over th enext few days. it just flat-out worked!

I did a similar set of Short Ribs the next weekend, but it wasn't the same. No Pepsi that time, but a bit of root beer, and I used actual Tomato Juice. Maybe the sauce was a better accident than the true intention!



Green Tits & Fur

A Look Back, by Taral Wayne

Before 1993, furry fandom was still almost young. It had passed through its early phase, when most of the members were comics or animation fans who hung around the margins of SF cons. In those days, the defining characteristic of an anthropomorphic fan was his collection of independent comics like *Omaha the Cat Dancer*, *Cutey Bunny*, *Captain Jack*, *Critters*, or *Usagi Yojimbo*. Back then even Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles were a real furry book, and not merely part of the mainstream of commercialized properties. But the indies were already dying, and the rapid growth of furry fandom had led to radical changes in its make-up. Most of the newcomers were

attracted by conventions, not comics. They were into costuming, gaming, and most of all role-playing. The internet reached into millions of homes, and FurryMuck recruited thousands whose idea of fandom was adopting a funny name, and pretending to be a magic fox or bisexual pony. This didn't sit well on many of the older heads. While some adapted, others withdrew into their own circle, or faded out of the picture entirely.

By 1993 this new face of furry fandom had become the norm, and it was possible to satirize it.

Whether or not this was a good idea was contentious. But the chief culprit behind *Green Tits & Fur* was never shy about making an outrageous statement. Another way of putting it, was that he made a lifestyle of speaking first, and thinking about its effect on the public later... if at all. Then, when the smut hit the fan, he would wonder why he was so misunderstood.

He was Kevin Duane. Kevin had been a marginal figure in New York fandom for years, and had a few writing credits for Warren Magazines under his belt. He had also published a somewhat amateurish paperback cartoon collection called *The I Hate Unicorns Book* that had missed a distribution deal by a mile, and ended up mostly pulped by the publisher, who hadn't been paid. A box or two of copies survived the debacle. Despite significant contributions by Kelly Freas, Shary Flenniken, Larry Todd, Dan O'Neill, and Michael T. Gilbert, I don't foresee *The I Hate Unicorns Book* ever becoming a collector's item. For one thing, it's so obscure that not even many

collectors are likely to have heard of it.

Kevin emigrated to Toronto around 1991 or '92. I recall getting a strange phone call from a fan I had heard distant warnings about from New Yorkers I knew. He persisted in making my acquaintance, in spite of a degree of skepticism (and downright rudeness) on my part that would have put off anyone with a greater sense of dignity. Thus began a long, sometimes fertile, usually futile relationship.

I had only known Kevin for a year or two, perhaps, when he came to me with one of his hare-brained, brilliant ideas. Surprisingly, it was a brilliant idea. He wanted to do a spoof of Dr. Suess that was also a send-up of furry fandom. I gave him guarded encouragement. What he came back to me with was a script, and layout, for a booklet more than 30 pages long – far more work than I had any intention of signing on for. Moreover, Kevin was someone who loved every word he wrote, just as he loved the sound of his own voice. I thought 36 pages was much too long. He had made his point midway, and was beating a dead horse (so to speak) for the last half of the book. Regretfully, I declined to be the illustrator.

Kevin had another ace up his sleeve, though. Where, exactly, he met the unknown graduate of

Sheridan College's animation course I don't know. But Ray Larabie was his man!

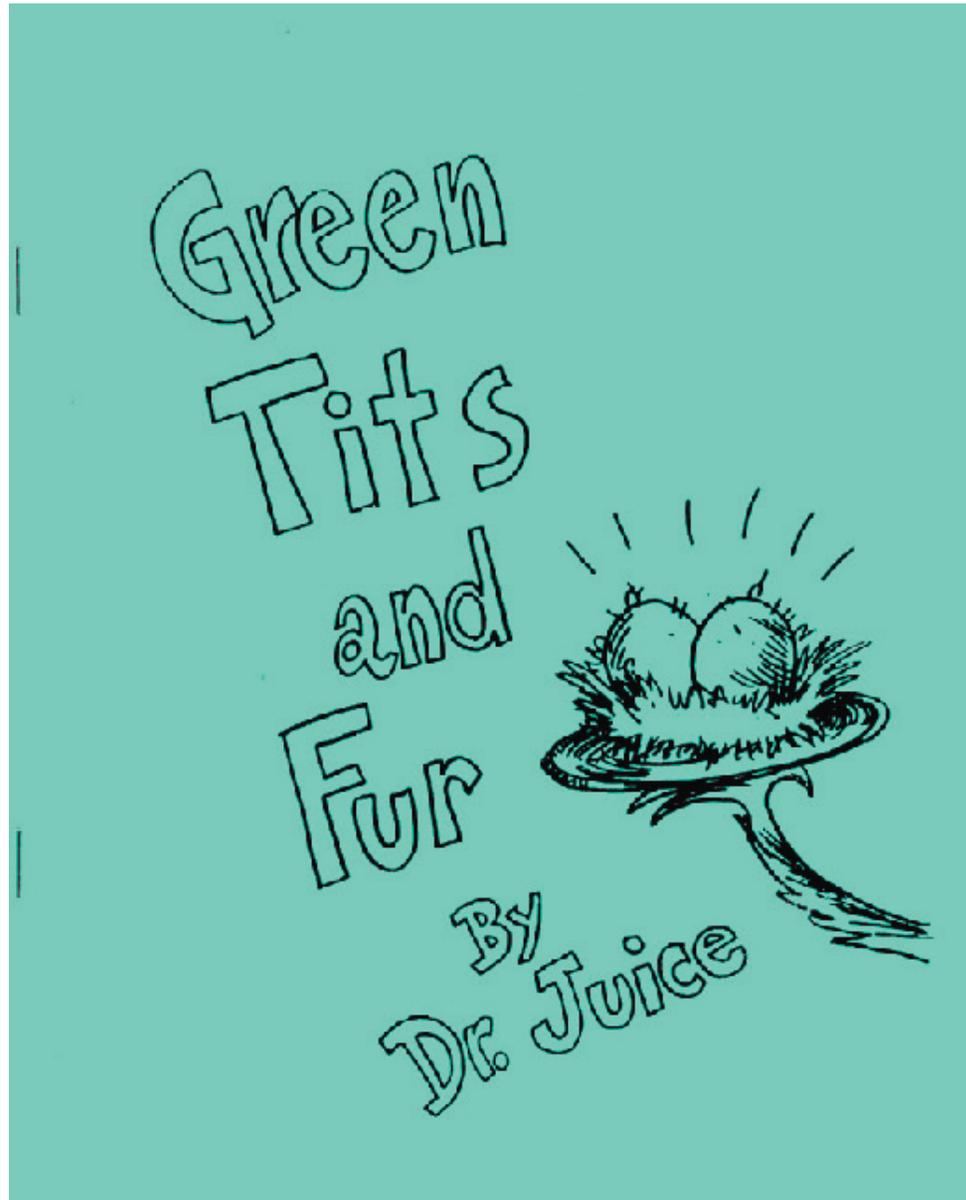
On the whole, the book came out well. With covers and end papers, it bulked out to 40 xeroxed pages of 8 ½ by 14 paper folded over and stapled. Ray's imitation of

the Suessian art style was close enough to fool even a second look. Nor was the text anything less than clever. Its main weakness as a spoof was simply that Kevin could not edit. What might have been a gentle spoof became, in effect, a comprehensive put-down of all furry fandom.

Moreover, he misjudged his audience. Kevin no doubt expected furry fandom to love him for the poke in the eye he had given it, and was caught totally by surprise when some furries took a swing back at him. This was prophetic, as Kevin's future career in furry fandom demonstrated.

The booklet left an impression, no doubt of it. Though hated by many, copies at a dollar or two dollars each soon sold out. There was a second midnight run on the xerox machine at work, and then it was out of print. Ten years later, though, most furries had never heard of it. For that matter, with the still-rapid growth of that fandom – and its detachment from any sense of its own history – most furries by 2009 have probably never heard of Kevin Duane, either.

But in the years after *Green Tits & Fur*, Kevin went on to create *Digital Impudendum*. Under that name he produced a dozen or so collections of furry smut on CD-Rom. *Digital Impudendum*, according to Kevin, loosely



translated as the “rude finger.” I immediately felt this was a mistake, and said so. Had he called himself merely Flipping Bird Inc., it might have worked. But with *Digital Impudendum* there was a sense that he was trying to pass an insult over people’s heads – another example of Kevin proving himself clever at other’s expense, and turning out to be too clever for his own good. Whether or not my misgivings were justified, he stuck with the name.

The early DI disks went over well. But problems set in early. Kevin was no businessman. He made ruinous deals with retailers at cons. He gave away too many samples. He took money and forgot to mail the disks. In the end, he never paid all the contributors.

To understand the full impact of stiffing the artists, you have to realize that Kevin was an eternal optimist. He made lavish promises based on dubious reasoning. I recall many arguments in which he would produce statistics such as “millions on the internet, hundreds of thousands of potential furies, thousands of sales.” I could never explain why, but knew all the same that sales weren’t like that. Not everyone was as skeptical, though. I’ve no doubt Kevin convinced a lot of his artists that they were going to make hundreds, if not thousands of dollars. Instead, many got nothing.

The early DI disks were produced in batches as large as a thousand, and based on selling *all* of them, at the *full* retail price, Kevin reasoned they had to return huge profits. But of course he never sold them all at full price. Worse, he wasted money on promotional gimmicks (such as ice-cream parties at cons,

and balloons) that ate up profits without selling the product. As reality set in, he altered his tactics somewhat, but the new approach wasn’t likely to help matters either.

Kevin cut down on convention traveling, then sold most of his disks to other dealers. He didn’t see the obvious flaw in the plan, unfortunately. Nor did he see the drawback of attempting to pay artists who contributed by giving them disks to sell instead. The result could have been foreseen by anyone other than Kevin. At some cons there were three, four, or more dealers, and several artists at their tables, all selling the same disks and undercutting each other.

Needless to say, the thousands of dollars Kevin was certain he would make, and the handsome payments he promised to his artists, never materialized. He did as well as he could to pay out of his own pocket, but inevitably there were many artists who lost patience after a year or two, and gave up on him. It was usually “first come, first paid,” and



many found Kevin with empty pockets – if they saw him at all.

More self-defeating behavior followed. As if driven by Furies of his own nature, Kevin poured more and more art into the disks. From a couple of hundred files, the last productions grew to five hundred. I pointed out that the more art, the more money he owed to the contributors for each disk. There were *more* contributors, as well. If the point sunk in, it had no noticeable effect.

Toward the end, surprisingly, Kevin found an investor willing to sink a large amount of money into *Digital Impudendum*. I knew the investor well, and questioned his decision. But he felt that as a silent partner, he could exercise some restraint on Kevin and improve his business practices. In the aftermath, he would rather his name not be mentioned in connection with *Digital Impudendum*, Kevin, or CD Roms.

Rather than pay off outstanding liabilities, once he had a substantial amount of money, Kevin went into hyper-drive. His plans expanded to the production not of one or two new disks at a time, but eight or ten all at once. No thought was given to whether the potential customer could afford the new series. In the end, not all the proposed disks were produced. But something like six were – and predictably they glutted the market. Where someone might have bought one or two disks that were new, now they bought one or two out of a large choice.

It was increasingly clear that Kevin produced disks not as a business, but out of an addiction to pornography. *Digital Impudendum*

existed mainly to guide huge amounts of furry smut to Kevin's notice, and could not be constrained by considerations of mere economics.

The enterprise sputtered out sometime in the early years of the new century. There was no particular reason, just accumulated failures. It's likely that Kevin had simply come to the end of his rope. He was banned from a couple of cons, one of them the biggest furry con of the year. His wife had put her foot down about being away from home for weeks, putting an end to Kevin's travels. He had used up the investment money. And, by this point, few trusted him.

Unquestionably, the most lasting memory in furry fandom of *Digital Impudendum*, and of Kevin Duane, is that of a scam and a humbug. Ultimately, he came to the end of his rope as a landed immigrant in Canada as well. After twenty years, he had still not finished his paperwork. Then, after a number of seedy, bone-headed, self-destructive moves, his wife disowned him. With no sponsorship, no means of support and now a police record, Immigration Canada deported him.

Kevin currently resides with a crony in Philadelphia, hoping against all odds to someday re-enter Canada. And pigs might fly.

None of this endless series of disasters was at all foreseeable in 1993, when *Green Tits & Fur* made its hopeful debut. It's rather sobering to look back on that clever but somewhat misconceived spoof – a relic of not only early furry fandom, but also a man's life – and reflect on how horribly things can go wrong when hubris and reality collide.

Here in my sanctum, I attain
Total control of my domain.
With my machines and skills arcane
Any desires I entertain...
I can construct - and run again!

Here, in my world most Technophile'd
I am the lord of all I've filed.
Any distraction, is exiled
Any desire I might have while'd
Soon is installed and re-compiled.



The next two issues will be the normal kind, and then a week off before the Train issue, which will be very interesting. I love trains and a certain mr James Bacon is my co-pilot.

Do they call them pilots? I think they call them conductors. Pilot sounds better.

Anyhoo, if you've got anything to say about trains, send it along. I'm writing about an image I lived with for a long time and how it related to a train that had been dismantled years before I was born. It'll be a fun issue.

Linda's asleep after a big pint of ice cream and breakfast this morning. I was naptastic earlier, but no longer. Linda is fully sleeping. I like to watch her sleep. Yes, it's kinda weird, but she's so cute!

And now I'm going to sign off, work on Exhibition Hall, a bit on the A5 version of Journey Planet 4 (which I'm having trouble finding all of the files from, which is sad), and the World Fantasy Dining Guide. So much to do.

And I sign off with the words of The State...Hey, I'm-a de Pope-a!