

The Drink Tank Issue 118



Currently Dancing on Stage 3



**Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers**

Let us begin this issue with *The Multi-Time FAAn Award Winning (and #1 Fan Face) Writer and FanEd Claire Brialey!!!!*

Thursday 15 February 2007

Dear Chris,

Unlike my last letter, this one is an attempt at a proper LOC. So you'll be able to see how I fail to live up to the standards I set out on that letterhacking panel at Corflu Quire! ***I doubt you'll have any trouble with that, Miss "Wins FAAn Awards a Lot!"***.

But I really wanted to write this time, not just because I enjoyed

talking to you at Corflu and felt all the more guilty for not giving you some proper feedback for all the fanzines you produce, but because I just read your Corflu write-up in #117 and it pressed buttons and rang bells for me all over the place. I thought it was a good sustained piece of writing; I'd like to see you do more like that.

I totally understand that folks could never keep up with my production schedule so as long as I get an LoC a year or so I'm happy. I do a lot of longer writing in Claims Department, my FAPA zine, and usually try to do my con reports as long pieces. I like writing longer things, but I have to have the right topic, and that's rare for me.

I have to admit I was quite surprised to read about your dark night of the soul during Corflu; maybe I just wasn't around at the right time, maybe you're very good at internalising such thoughts, but maybe I was just very unobservant. So apologies, for a start, if I could have helped with that at all or if I contributed to causing it. I guess the persona you've created of Chris-the-continuous-fanzine-machine gets played on by the rest of us as a great fan character at least as much as you laugh it up yourself. But it was great to see you come out the other side in your con report, having found a place within Corflu and fanzine fandom where you not only felt comfortable

but got a fresh boost of energy from feeling that connection. You just carry on being quirky, while you still have the energy and the time – two things I think the rest of us envy hugely.

The Dark Mind Pulling I went through really didn't happen. Mostly it was a way to make Graham's song into a moment of great victory for me! Yes, it's a tired device, but I am a Hoaxster, after all...

I, too, got a great boost from attending Corflu. As I wrote in a recent BW, and as I think Lilian Edwards mentioned on the TAFF panel, there isn't really an active fanzine scene within UK fandom at the moment – although I keep having hopes of a revival, and perhaps there were enough Brits at Corflu this time for the seeds to have been planted afresh – and so Corflu is unique in my experience as being a place where it's possible to actually talk about fanzines with people who are currently producing them, as well as those with a huge wealth of experience in doing that. It's great to hang out with congenial people and talk about everything else as well, but the shared background adds something to the atmosphere. In that respect, fanzine fandom provides for me a cosy microcosm of the fannish experience more generally; the fact that we're not just all science fiction fans but are science fiction fans within

a creative community who are writing and reading and talking about SF and SF fandom creates a tremendous sense of engagement and belonging.

Not an active Fanzine Scene on the Isles? That's weird. I always thought that the UK was the last remaining stronghold for fanzinistas. There's an OK scene in LA (with File 770, No Award, Vanamonde, etc), Seattle seems to have a bunch (or maybe it's just the Chunga cabal that makes it seem active) and the BArea is trying (SF/SF, The Drink Tank, etc) and then there are the clubzines, but the scene overall seems very diffuse. That might be due to the fact that eFanzines is a scene in and of itself. I gotta agree that having all of us around one recharges the blood and increases the desire to FANAC. I'm riding high still, with all of my reviews coming pouring out of my fingertips and even some fan art getting done (I have to try and get FAAn Award nominations in every category!). Plus, y'all are just so damn funny!

In such circumstances, our fabled British reserve can crack sufficiently to permit hugging. (While we were at Corflu, I find there was a discussion on another British fan's LiveJournal which also touched on this issue; it wasn't Britishness specifically that was the problem, but people's

perceptions more generally about who's approachable in different ways.) I'm quite a tactile person and I'm happy to hug people I know and like, especially if I only see them rarely and meeting up is therefore a big deal; but sometimes I get concerned that this is signalling to other people that I just like hugging. I find I hug far more at Corflu than anywhere else, since there's a pretty high hit rate.

I can't remember who it was, but during my TAFF race, I was told that 'You'll have to give up hugging as a greeting, kid.'. They obviously knew me. Maybe it was Frank Wu. I'm a well-known hugger. Always have been. It might be my generally fluffy body-type.

I could get quite mushy about all this if I'm not careful. So I shall take myself sternly in hand, flip an egoboo sign or two to get my emotions under control, and talk once again about llamas.

As you may have gathered during the dead dog barbecue (and for all I know there could have been dead dog, or indeed parts of a llama, nestled alongside the brontosaurus ribs in that huge pile of tender meat), I did not see any llamas during Corflu. Neither did Lilian, who was sitting with me in the back of Spike's car on the



Lillian Edwards, Randy Byers, Art Widner and Geri Sullivan enjoying Margaritas at Iron Cactus. Photo by John D. Berry.

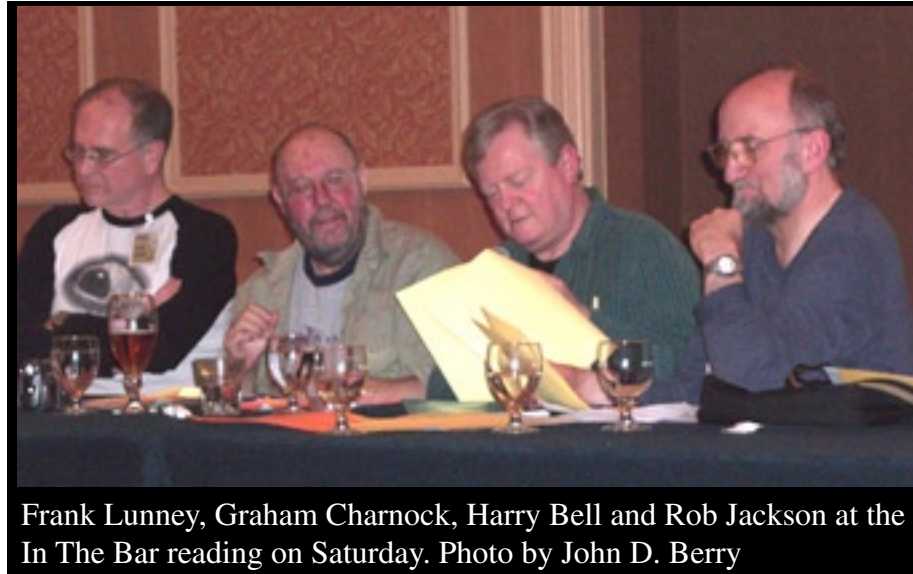
occasion we most memorably failed to see them. Mark, Spike, and the woman serving us in the slightly unexpected environment of a Texan winery all assured us that (a) there were llamas nearby and (b) they had personally seen them, but we had no evidence that there are llamas in Texas. Clearly we weren't going to see any around the city, so had missed our chance. And then I find that you have seen a llama farm between the airport and the hotel in Austin itself. (What do you call a soap opera about the everyday lives of llama farming folk? A llama farmer drama. What do llama farmers wear in bed? Llama farmer pyjamas. And so on.) I WANT TO SEE THE LLAMAS! ***The way my incredibly old driver took me brought me by the two gun clubs and a llama farm, though I did not see any actual llamas, merely the sign. I did see goats and what was either a sheep or a giant Q-Tip.***

Or, indeed, baby pandas. There's actually a considerable variety of furry animals of which I am conceptually fond and which I would be theoretically very happy to have roaming our suburban back garden, although some of them – the otters and the platypus, for instance – would require us to convert much of it into some more watery environment. I so often ask Mark whether we can have particular exotic wildlife that he's just taken to agreeing to all of it; the difference of opinion between us arises because we each believe, therefore, that it's the other one's responsibility to acquire it. In practice we don't have any pets at all, but it's fun pondering the cuteness of all the impractical options.

Manatees. That's the one that gets me. If there was a way to keep Manatees in my apartment, I totally would. And hippos, though I understand they can be quite testy.

To take a brief diversion back to a previous issue of *The Drink Tank* – the paper copy you gave me at Corflu, so not so diversionary really – you'll have seen that although I am fond of many animals, I'm still happy to eat meat; I can't claim there's any philosophical consistency in this although I do prefer to know that the animals I'm eating have lived and died

well. My guilty lapse from this principle is *foie gras*, so finding the combination of that and my new Corflu experience of brisket floated before me in Andy Trembley's article about the foodie delights of Montreal in #114 meant that it succeeded pretty well in what it was trying to do. It even made me forget briefly my post-Texas conviction that I don't need to eat any meat again



Frank Lunney, Graham Charnock, Harry Bell and Rob Jackson at the In The Bar reading on Saturday. Photo by John D. Berry

for weeks. Nonetheless, the prospect of a Seattle Corflu in 2009 is even more tempting, so if that comes off I'm guessing Corflu would win out over any Worldcon for our intercontinental flight that year.

That's one more than I can afford to make! I'm a big fan of Seattle (I can drive there, though I usually end up flying in the end) and I'm hoping to do both, especially since the cost of Montreal will be pretty darn high

for a guy on an Historian's salary.

I was interested that you, too, had the thought about applying the Corflu Guest of Honour selection procedure to TAFF races. I think it was Randy Byers with whom I was discussing this at some point during the con; we figured that it would not only make the whole thing easier on candidates (no need for campaigning, and indeed no sense of a popularity contest) and administrators (no votes to count), but could raise a bundle of money for the fund in a quite straightforward way. If we applied the same principles to fan funds as we do to the Corflu GoH, we'd be saying that anyone in fandom who hadn't already received such an honour would be equally eligible and appropriate to be a fan fund delegate. This would mean that anyone who didn't

want to run the risk of being picked in any particular race would need to pay a sum of money to opt out... But somehow I suspect that fandom is not really ready for such innovations just yet; I'll leave it to young enthusiastic types like you, at whatever stage you become a fan fund administrator, to moot any necessary reforms!

I'll propose it as the Brialey-Byers Act of 2007!

As promised, I started writing a piece for you on the plane home about the 1990 Worldcon. It needs a little polishing, but I'll send it to you soon. Having just written about the things we were reduced to selling to one another over the fan tables at that con to try to find a use for all the guilder coins we'd acquired, I was amused to see Kevin Standlee's comments in a letter to a previous *Drink Tank* about creative use of the local casino to rustle up guilder coins to make change for Worldcon memberships. If only we'd made contact back then – but I guess it would have made a few less anecdotes for your fanzine, so it all comes right in the end...

Can't wait to see it! I wish I'd been able to make the 1990 WorldCon. It would have fulfilled my wish to go to a con in some small, backwater country!

Best wishes – and egoboo, Chris! Egoboo! (Now, are you going to reiterate what I'm doing with my other hand as I type that?)

Right back atcha, Claire!

Claire

Now a brief note from the guy who gave me those great issues of Novoid, Colin Hinz!

Hiya Chris,

I confess I haven't done much more than egoscan the latest TDT....but sincere thanks for all the



John Purcell, Claire and Ted White on the LetterHack Panel- I took this one with John's Cam egoboo nonetheless.

Always glad to dish what I can!

I'll have to dig through my file copies to see if I've got more NOVOID for you. Issues #4 and 7 you want for sure, and maybe #8, and perhaps just perhaps #2 which is still in the semi-crudzine category. Spare copies of #1 quite emphatically Do Not Exist. You'll need to visit one of the very few people on earth who (still) have a copy to see just what kind of creeping horror I inflicted upon the world as my first fanzine.

That sounds like a challenge.

Maybe I can get The History Channel's History Detectives to agree to follow me on my quest for NOVOID Issue #1! The issues I've read are really good. I'll send an LoC to the lot of them when I'm done with them all.

Here's Victor Gonzalez' explanation of the Astral Pole thingy:

<http://trufen.net/article.pl?sid=04/09/26/1340235&mode=nested>
(And you can see the vid of Catherine having much better success with it at Noreascon4)

That's good stuff!

And lastly (for now) what meal are you thanking me for? Don't the props go to John Purcell instead?

I think I left out the word conversation in that particular Thanks.

Loved the ephemera you've strewn throughout the zine. I should send you some "WorldCon '89 At Myles' House" stuff....

I've heard a lot about that bid, but never seen anything from it. FanHistory must be served!

Cheers, and hope to see you in Vegas next spring,
- Colin

Vegas being my favourite fandom and Spring being my favouriet season and CorFlu being my favourite con all mean I'll be there...with figurative bells on!

Thanks, Colin! I'll now turn us over to the wit and wisdom of Mr. Mark Plummer!!!

Chris,

You know, not that I want to come across as wishing misfortune on you or anything, but I am sort of

glad that it wasn't just the British contingent that experienced a troubled journey to Austin.

We'd arranged some months back that Peter Weston would drive down to Croydon on Wednesday night, stay with us, and then he'd drive us to the nearby Gatwick airport on Thursday morning for a 9:30 flight. We'd been looking at the weather forecasts for Austin and experiencing bafflement at the apparent ability of Texas daytime temperatures to vary from about 22 degrees C to 8 degrees C on consecutive days, when our attention was more forcefully drawn to predictions for our immediate locale and specifically... snow. On Thursday morning. Early.

By Wednesday afternoon my office colleagues were all making plans to work at home on Thursday, it being a virtual given that they wouldn't be able to commute in because of the snow. But this is British snow, you understand. Maybe you're envisioning something like the -- what was it? -- ten foot drifts in upstate New York. No, no, British snow is entirely different. There doesn't have to be all that much of it, but it's more than capable of shutting down the entire country. In fact, a good working description of the nanosecond is the interval between the fall of the first flake of snow and the complete collapse of the transport infrastructure. Claire is a

nervous traveller at the best of times, compiling detailed lists of all the things that might potentially go wrong up to and including llamas on the runway. You can imagine what it was like round here as we contemplated a 4,000-mile journey which could founder on the fifteen-mile leg from our house to Gatwick.

So to be on the safe side, we roused Peter at 5:00am - - when he was probably rather wishing he'd opted to stay in a hotel -- and set off through the blizzard which must have laid a carpet of snow already, oh, a good one-two inches deep. But no, I can't realistically sustain any suspense here: we actually got to the airport in plenty of time, and the flight out to Houston left on schedule and barely a third full.

I was lucky then. We dont' get snow here, but I'm betting if we did, they'd have to close the roads because of all the kids finally getting to make snow angels!

We had a few hours' wait at Houston -- Claire's cautious timetabling there -- so time for a couple of beers... and also to spot our first other fan, Graham Charnock. And when we finally left the hotel on Monday morning the last fan we saw was of course you, which seemed to



Graham Charnock using what I at first thought was a tampon, but proved to be an over-sized novelty joint to subdue Ted White in Arm Wrestling. Photo by John Purcell.

create a certain ill-defined symmetry in my mind at least. Until, that is, we saw Randy Byers at the airport... and then Craig Smith... and then Lenny Bailes. Sorry, Chris, but we sort of picked up the convention again without you.

Well, that's OK. These things happen. I saw David Bratman and Hope Leibowitz at the airport, and David was on my plane.

But that's a good con-report of Corflu in DT#117 (and are you sure that number is correct? I've just made a quick scan through Greg Pickersgill's Memory Hole catalogue. Do you know how many issue #117s he has amongst his god-knows-how-many thousands of fanzines. Seven.) In particular, I was curious about this -- for want

of a better term -- crudzine angst that you experience, and now I feel a little guilty because I'm sure I must have contributed a few jibes about your spelling myself. I don't know, we clearly have very different styles of working; I just couldn't do what you do, and it's really pretty alien to me. I don't necessarily connect with some of the non-fannish stuff you write about which is mostly because it doesn't particularly interest me, but this write-up seems to me to be an all-round stronger piece of work even setting aside the fact that it bang on my personal topic.

Remember, it's all fannish, just the fandoms that they represent are quite different. I rarely actually feel Crudzine Angst (Once in a while I do, but I also think about becoming a lion tamer about once a month, and I don't think it's that frequent) but I totally get what you're saying. I have a pretty healthy attitude towards the whole thing, I think. Do what you can the way you can and if it works for you, then it works. Or something like that. Of course, that last piece was written in Word first, because I laid it out on another computer, and those articles tend to be better than ones that go straight into inDesign.

Oh, and a few comments on the artwork. The pieces top and bottom on page 3 look to be by Alan Hunter. The style is familiar, although at first I took them to be early Harry Turners, but that looping signature is the give-away. And the piece on page 4 is by Dave Bridges, although I don't know what the fanzine is called either. Bridges is from a little before my era, but we have several of his productions which are often similarly, umm, unconventional. One is a 160-odd page book which looks to have been duplicated and then hardbound and covered in, believe it or not, denim. And apparently produced in a limited edition of one. Bridges lives in Texas these days, I believe.

Ah, thanks! I was wondering who they might be. I've been enjoying the Dave Bridges thing quite a bit. Well

produced indeed.

Just a minor point of detail, but it's Claire *Brialey*, not Brailey as you have it on page 5. Although it may be a simple typo as you spell her name correctly on page 10.

I'm usually pretty careful about Claire's name because it's so my first feeling to want to spell it Brailey.

Also, thanks for your prompt letter on BW#29. I've taken the liberty of snipping the comments about Brad Foster's artwork and copying them to him, seeing as I needed to drop him a line anyway.

Thanks much for the zine! It's real good stuff.

--
Best etc,
---Mark

Mark Plummer
Croydon, UK

Well, how about another British fan: my nominator Peter Sullivan!!!

Hmm, well I get name-checked in this issue more than any other non-attendee, and more I'm sure than several attendees, so I suppose a LoC is in order. **You're damn right it's in order!**

I note that, as an accomplished public speaker, your attitude to the Corflu



Peter Weston, Lilian Edwards, Bill Burns, Randy Byers and some raga-muffin on the TAFF Panel. Photo by John Purcell



Orange Juice, mixed fifty-fifty. The resulting concoction usually went by the name “Sewage Water” since that’s exactly what it looked like. You had to close your eyes to drink it. But it tasted OK - the sweetness from the cola softening the harshness of the OJ.

Maybe it’s an American thing, but that concept alone scares me!

I’m not sure how seriously to take all your claims of self-doubt over zine

quality. The issue surely is that zine frequency, like any other aspect of a fanzine, has to reflect the personality of its editor. The pace of The Drink Tank reflects your public persona, in the way that a slower frequency wouldn’t. And whilst not everything in every issue of The Drink Tank is going to match the quality of, say, an issue of Banana Wings, it’s far, far away from being anything close to a crudzine.

Well, it was another case of dry-as-the-Sahara hyperbole gone awry. Go figure.

Interesting to read that Michael Moorcock turned up - wikipedia notes that he lives in Texas these days. I guess some of the older Brits at Corflu will have remembered him from when he was an eager young neofan. I wonder when the last time was that

he attended a convention where, not only was he *not* the Guest of Honour, but he didn’t even have any panel sessions?

Good question. He was a fun chatterbox and had a good chat with Good Ol’ Earl Kemp, so they must go back a while too. I can’t think of the last time I heard he was a GoH at a Con in the US.

Really, I suppose all of this is summed up by my “What have we unleashed?” comment, in response to your “CorFlu made me fall in love with fanzine fandom all over again” post on livejournal:

OK, so what we clearly have here is a rejuvenated and re-invigorated Chris. As opposed, presumably, to the jaded and tired Chris who, since Jan 1st, has put out 8 zines with 131 pages. Not to mention the usual steady flow of LoCs. Be afraid. Be very, very afraid.

Well, let’s see how long it’ll take me to get to 200. Might be able to do it by May!

--

Peter Sullivan

Thanks! It’s always good to hear from you, Big Guy!

But wait, there’s more!!! My CorFlu Roommate, John Purcell!!!

I can see that pubbing gleam gets in your eyes....

Whoops! You’re back in full Garcia publishing mode again. If anything, Corflu

Ted taunts Graham with Soap! Photo by John D. Berry

GoH drawing is simply “I only wish TAFF had such an easy selection process.” None of the traditional fear and loathing that most Corflu delegates have, wondering whether to pay the \$20 ‘bribe’ to stay out of the hat, or risk their luck. I suppose the Corflu powers-that-be could make the whole thing a zero-sum game by allowing confident speakers such as you to take \$20 *out* of the bribe pool in return for having their name put in the hat twice. After all, they’d get all of that money back at the auction anyways, so it wouldn’t really cost them anything.

It’s a great idea! When Claire and Randy propose it, everyone’ll go ga-ga over it!

Doctor Pepper and Orange Juice doesn’t sound all that weird. At college, I used to occasionally drink Coke and

re-energized you, the energizer bunny rabbit of the fanzine world. As if you, of all people, need more energy.

I'm always in need of a good jump start! I mean, I could be doing a zine a day if I had the energy!!!

Okay, first under the auction hammer, is this antique ceramic from the Ming Dynasty... **crash!* Next item under the hammer, "A Canticle for QuireFlu." **thump** Hmm... A bloody bit of tomfoolery here, it appears.

I'll note for folks who weren't there that A Canticle for QuireFlu was a small perzine I did and handed up. I'll send the PDF to Bill sooner or later.

It sounds like, in the opening bit from "Canticle," that M is a bit jealous or down in the dumps about SaBean's modeling (who looks simply mahvelous, btw) and M's own health issues. I do hope you were able to transfuse some of your positivity excess into her veins. She seems like such a nice young thing, and I wish the best for her. Pass that along for me, will you? Thanks, roomie.

As it is written, so shall she read! Or at least she better! M's having a mid-life crisis...or so she says. I have some modeling shots that M did back in the day somewhere. I'll have to run those. SaBean looks better than she has since I've known her.

Y'know, sometimes when I lie in bed, my brain starts ticking off ideas for fan writing - and class assignments and what needs to be done the next day at home and stuff like that - before sleep overtakes me. Fortunately, years of experience of dealing with this section of my brain has taught certain tricks.

Photo from John Purcell



I usually scream back - inwardly, of course; don't want to wake the wife, except for certain things, **wink-wink** nudge-nudge **say no more** - something along the lines of, "Shut the bloody hell up, back there! We're trying to sleep up here!" Mine is a crowded brain that gets noisy sometimes, like a consuite in Austin. Everybody likes each other in my brain, and then when the guitars come out...

Well, then, *nobody* sleeps!

But I digress.

I seldom sleep well, but those nights when the beast calls, you gotta accept the charges!

Fun little articles on 'rasslin' and the band geeks. Love those band names. Music and SF have had a long history together. Besides Michael Moorcock's connection with Hawkwind/Hawkmoon, there are definite scientific overtones

in Yes, King Crimson, Led Zeppelin, and many other great bands. And don't forget that one song, "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft"; I forget who wrote and first recording it, but the Carpenters did a killer version of it on their *Passages* album. Plus, a long time ago I used to have an album by a group called Lovecraft; their first album was titled *The Valley of the Moon*. Not bad, either.

Don't forget my man David Bowie (Ziggy Stardust & The Spiders from Mars is stfnal) and DEVO. I did a panel on SF Music once. It was a good one.

Hot photos of Sabean in this ish, Chris. She is looking good.

She is. She's put on about 40 pounds since the last time I saw her, whcih brings her right up to her proper weight. I love the one on the chair the best.

Now for your Corflu report issue, *DT* #117.

Part of the fun of reading all sorts of reports about the same convention is cross-referencing the events, people, and over-all impression. So far, Corflu 24 reports have all been of the same timbre: it was a well-organized, highly enjoyable time for everyone. Hats off and blow a big kiss to Pat Virzi. She did a wonderful job in putting it on. Now I just might wander back over to Austin for Armadillocon in August. Should be a fun time, too. I had no idea that you had an internal dialogue going inside you about your place in the fanzine scheme of things. Chris, what you need to remember - and it sounds like you arrived at the same eventual conclusion - is that all voices, styles, and formats are welcome here.

All of us - even the estimable Ted White - began with crudzines. Only through experience did we improve. Now, some fen have a gift for layout and acquiring great contributions. I sure as shooting don't have the latter, and with practice my layouts are improving with each issue. Case in point, look back over your own zines since early 2005 and note the vast improvement. *Drink Tank* has matured nicely, especially with a plethora (love that word!) of eclectic interests at your disposal. Plus, you have brought a host of new folks into fanzine fandom. I, for one, applaud your efforts, and am glad that you continue to have the unabashed enthusiasm for fan writing and fan publishing. Don't you *ever* lose that gosh-whowness that is Chris Garcia. We all love you for it.

Arnie's tale of his early crudzines are great too. Don't you fear, the goshwow will still be here for a good long time. Hell, I think I might be the only grumpy old man with that sense left come 2040 or so.

Hey, now, those N3F bookmarks you acquired at the auction are way neat. I wonder how long they were issued? As a matter of fact, I really like the way you interspersed this issue with items bought at the fan funds auction. Very nice items they are, too. That one on page 4 is really intricate. Note the bear watching from up in the tree. He looks quite bemused at the scene below him. Very cool artwork. Maybe one of your British readers will recognize this piece and will be able to identify the artist.

Mark pointed out a couple and there's one other one that's signed (I didn't



Ted vs. Graham: The Final Battle.

Photo from John D. Berry

scan it though). I love the bookmarks and I'm using one of them in All Our Yesterdays. The bookmarks were out from 1949 through about 1960, though they were only mailed to all members in 1951. When you ordered certain N3F materials, you got a bookmark, but you could also buy a full set in 1951.

One thing you didn't mention in your report, but I will in mine in the first issue of *Askance* (revised estimated street date: March 22nd - my birthday), is how I attempted to stuff the vase in a vain attempt to win that gawdawful armadillo sculpture. Bill Bodden won the drawing for it, and I think he only put in one card, which makes this even funnier. I really wanted to see the look on my wife's face when I brought it into the house. Damn! Another missed opportunity.

There's a photo that Pat or Bill has of me with the Armadillo that's just priceless. I really gotta get a copy of it. I can't remember who Bill and Tracy said they were sending it

to, but they're in for a real treat. It could become like that pair of Mohair trousers that those brothers in Wisconsin are always trading back and forth every year. I always liked that story.

Many thanks for the kind mentions about me being such a good roomie. You were, too. It was kinda neat to relax Saturday night in the room with you with me playing my guitar for a bit while you placed fresh eye-tracks on zines acquired over the weekend thus far. Moments like that are few and far between. (Geez, this sounds like a beer commercial, doesn't it?) Well, the weather over here in Texas this weekend is a damn sight better than last weekend. The sun is out, the temps are in the 60s, and I'm writing locs before I get to work on my dissertation this afternoon. At some point I need to take a break to poop scoop the backyard and mow it. Ah, yes. Life at the Purcell Petting Zoo marches on as usual.

Yeah, there are few moments like that that stand out. You kinda need those once in a while or you'll forget that it's the little things that'll keep ya goin'. I was exhausted by that point, but that hour or so revived me for the rest!

Sunny, the amazing, wanking cockatiel, sends his love.

And my best to Sunny...

All the best,

John

Thanks John! We'll have more LoCs later in the issue, but right now, we gotta get to a few other things!

It's very rare that I'm touched by something as simple as a wrestling newsletter, but wouldn't you know it, it's happened. I picked up the Wrestling Observer Newsletter, the best source for wrestling news (as long as you can read 10pt type with narrow margins and almost no gutter) and I got to an obituary notice for a guy named Jim Melby, a former publisher of wrestling magazines. Dave Meltzer, THE wrestling journalist (and another guy without a proofreader) said this about Melby-

Melby was also a very important part of my life, although it's something that unfortunately, I've rarely thought in decades and not until after his death. I started doing a wrestling newsletter at the age of ten. Among the articles that Melby would write in wrestling magazines were the monthly fan club columns. Melby always highly praised my efforts, which got me subscribers and kept me going at the start. But even more, Melby wrote me personal letters all the time after getting issues, which he did from time-to-time during the early days of this newsletter as well. They were just short notes saying he enjoyed the newsletter and nothing else. You have to understand when you are ten years old and you see someone who is writing on your favorite sport in what were some of the best wrestling magazines at the time writing you personal letters of encouragement,



it makes a huge difference. A few years later, the first time a story I wrote was ever published in a national magazine, it was their magazine it was in.

That paragraph has so much to do with what I'd love to see us doing in fandom. I'd love it if we caught folks early and helped them to make it into the fold, but there's a problem with that: we ain't got that many younglings.

I've often had the discussion that there are no young fans anymore. I've heard it mostly from old fans. I don't believe it myself and I've got proof. There was YAFA at Interaction that put out great stuff (including an invasion, but for the story on that, read my PLOKTA article in issue 35) and if you've ever been to a BayCon, there are lots of young folks involved in lots of different areas. At LACon IV: The Los Angeling, Geri Sullivan did a fanzine

panel and got some young folks to do articles for various zines. This is the one that I got and I'm proud to be able to run it.

It's Still A Proud and Lonely Thing....
by Sarah Duff

Being the only fan in my school is hard. There was another kid for awhile, but I think we went back to his planet. Anyone can tell my truck. It's the only one for miles with books covering the seats and dashboard. My book bag has pins from the '05 Worldcon that say, "My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die."

I convinced my friends that "Hamlet" wouldn't be complete without light sabers. Still, that is as far as their SF knowledge goes. The poor deprived kids don't even know what a Dalek is. The high schools of south Maryland need help. Hey, the most imaginative name they could come up with for my city is "California." Isn't that...um...already taken?

But however much they lack in mental capacity, they can still drive me nuts. They're my friends, and I love them, but sometimes I wish I has someone to watch the Sci Fi channel with.

Now, Sarah was kind enough to give us one other article!

**Abducted! A 5-step Scenario
by Sarah Duff**

Playing jokes on the gullible is fun. Here's how I'm convincing my best friends that they've been abducted by aliens.

Step 1 -- Point out random, round scars. Mosquito bites work wonders.

Step 2 -- Convince victim that said "bite" is really evidence of alien probe. Say, "I should know. I watched those articles on _____ (make up local channel that would have credible documentaries).

Step 3 -- Stand outside their windows and shine flashlights in their window and make whirring noises.

Step 4 -- Point out more "probe scars."

Step 5 -- Laugh. You should now have them convinced.



Mike Heath is a budy of mine that I met because of a very fun panel at Con Jose. I'm proud as hell to have this great article for this issue!

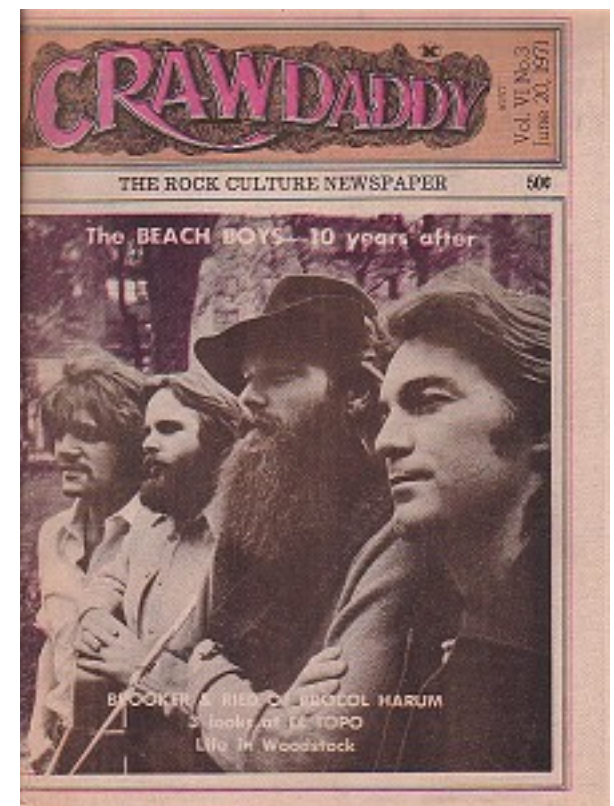
**BEING A SUBJECTIVE AS HELL,
PERSONAL HISTORY OF FANZINES
by Michael Layne Heath**

It all started (as I now understand to be a common occurrence in SF/F) with David Hartwell and his red plaid jacket. Only an active SF/F fan for about a decade now, LA Con 4 was my second Worldcon. Ten years of regularly attending Baycon and the odd Silicon, however, had somewhat prepared me and by the night of the Hugo Awards, I was quite caught up in the socializing and spectacle and Harlan of it all. One of this year's Hugo winners was the aforementioned Mr. Hartwell, wearing the jacket in question, which was coveted by at least one fan, a professed swing dancer sitting behind me in the crowd, quite vocal in his designs on said threads.

The morning after was that way in more ways than one, as does happen to me at most Cons. Being lukewarm on an expensive hotel cafe feed, I had heard from reliable Fan sources that there was usually a free breakfast spread laid on in the Fanzine Lounge. Thusly encouraged, I drag-assed down and indulged amidst a huge and historical array of

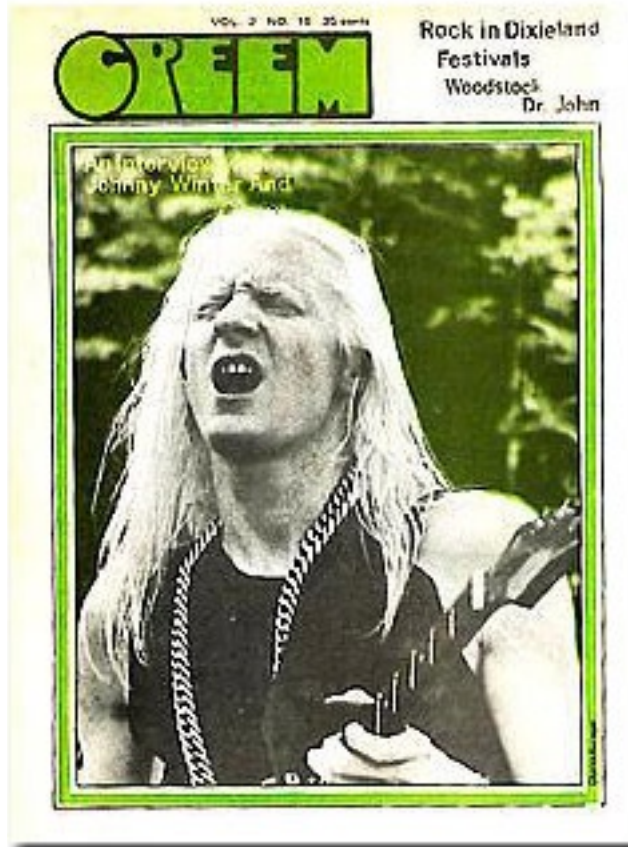
SF/F fanzines, the size and scope of which I'd never seen before. And as I discovered was typical in the Lounge, clumps of fans sat around, reading, eating, discussing this or that matter or factoid.

One whom I immediately clocked that morning was Mr. Hartwell. Over the course of intros and small talk about Worldcon, I mentioned that I'd been involved with fanzines, but of a perhaps totally different kind, a vague relation to the piles of paper assembled on the tables around us. "Oh yes, I remember Paul Williams coming round my apartment in NYC, and using



my typewriter to knock out the first issue of *Crawdaddy*...” he recalled. He also mentioned a guy named Ted White, whom I used to know - growing up in the Wash. DC area - from his music writing and frequent radio appearances in the late 70’s. Back then he was known as ‘Dr. Progresso’ - an imperious, intellectual soul devoted to turning plebeian louts onto the obscurest of the obscure in European prog-rock.

Thus the memories came rushing back. You see, my knowledge of the fanzine was sparked by its ubiquity during the Punk Rock era. Coming of age in the mid-70’s meant being in the midst of a sort of Golden Age of exciting, enlightening music journalism - mags like *Hit Parader* and *Circus* mixing coverage of the more commercial, mainstream stuff with that of music with an edge that was forward-thinking, almost futuristic. Then of course there was the almighty *Creem*, with regular dispatches from correspondents like Lester Bangs. By that time, again the mid-Seventies, *Crawdaddy* itself was to my mind just a slicker version of the already-then-edging-into-stasis *Rolling Stone*. Though they did occasionally catch my eye with something that spoke to an ongoing personal education in new music - like the first article I ever read about Jonathan Richman’s Modern Lovers (and their record label,



an unusual one-man operation called Beserkely Records). Or an overview of bands from London, playing in bars, espousing a back-to-basics musical approach that was labelled Pub Rock - some of who would become better known riding on the coattails of a scene they themselves were an ironic and unwitting bridge to, that of course being Punk/New Wave.

So there was no shortage of press outlets for info on the new, the fresh, and the daring in Rock. And yet, it all seemed like a whole ‘nother

world - hell, another *galaxy* - that an inquisitive teenage wank like myself could never gain access to, even with the promising if rudimentary creative writing skills I’d acquired by that time. Even mags that catered to a more specific, record-collector-scum readership, like *Trouser Press* and the amazing *Bomp!* (ruled by the late great Greg Shaw), seemed like they had scads of bucks behind them. Punk/New Wave changed all that with mags like *New York Rocker* and *Punk*, produced on the cheap, covering and reflecting the vitality and vibrancy of what was going on in the emerging New York rock scene. And in the case of *Punk*, also being a vehicle for the parallel interest of its creator, artist John Holmstrom; comics of the trashiest, most underground kind. This manifested in Holmstrom and cohorts turning interview subjects like Lou Reed and David Johansen into literal comic-strip characters, and by devoting entire issues to, respectively, a crime-detective comic in the Italian fumetti style (starring Richard Hell) and a hilarious mash-up of Sixties beach party and monster movies (starring Joey Ramone and Debbie Harry as the Frankie and Annette of Rockaway Beach).

But ultimately for me, Mark Perry was the man. Here was a guy from the London suburbs, just a little older than I, always in love with Rock

and especially with the NY scene, not seeing his interests reflected, validated, anywhere in the press in a way that he could relate to. *Sod it. I'll do it myself.* So one night Mark comes home from his bank clerk job. He digs out his old manual kiddie typewriter and a black felt tip marker, and knocks out a writeup of his recent experience seeing the Ramones for the first time. Fills in space with 'reviews' of some recent record purchases, scrawls along the front page in big inky letters and Hey Presto, by the following morning has the first issue (in an era-tracking run of twelve over eighteen months) of *Sniffin' Glue*.

In this way, I was personally inspired by Mark P. (as became his *nom de punque* in order to avoid the welfare authorities) enough to do my own punk-oriented zine. It lasted for six issues during '77 and '78; halfway through its existence I had made pals with Rob and Caki, who happily brought their own experience, savvy and graphics skills (artwork! photos! proper Xeroxing instead of mimeograph!) to bear, for which I am eternally indebted.

We were the first fanzine to cover the goings-on in the Washington DC area's own emerging punk/Wave scene, and I'd like to think we did what we could to convey the excitement and spirit and fun of it all, similar and congruent to what Mark P. did over in

London.

Mark Perry did not invent the wheel, however, or even reinvent it. For this is the very method in which SF/F fans worldwide have communicated for, indeed, decades. It's interesting to note how much the seizing-the-means-of-production ethic of SF/F fanzine culture helped and affected rock journalism, certainly in its early days. It was also fortunate that there were some fen just as passionate, and articulate about innovations in Pop Music of their time, and wanted to communicate that passion just as immediately. Even Lenny Kaye, renowned pop music historian and Patti Smith cohort, had some SF fandom involvement, putting out a zine called *Obelisk* in the mid 60's.

Thus you eventually had Paul Williams, veteran SF/F person, sitting down with critiques and articles by fellow fen like Ted White and Sam Delany at the typewriter in David Hartwell's New York apartment, to assemble the debut ish of *Crawdaddy*. I really came to like hanging in the Fanzine Lounge by the time LA Con 4 was over. Meeting the fans from around the world who do their own zines. Getting caught up in the stories told and experiences shared in zines like Randy Byers' *Chunga* and Hugo winner *Plokta*, and turning non-locals around me onto my Baycon compadre Chris' *Drink Tank*.

But more important, poring over the years of zines represented in the collection there. Sure, a lot of it to look at is thoroughly amateurish; scrawled doodles of illustrations, hastily pasted up mastheads, typos covered over with capital X's and left for dead. And, as I do at times reading over my old punkzines, it does make for the occasional cringe-inducing moment to read your younger self's semi-articulate rantings over this author or that movie character. But, hell, one has to start somewhere - looking at early issues of *Locus* there in the lounge, it was amazing for me to attempt to connect these scruffy, yellowed sheaves of ink-smearred typewritten paper with its slickly presented present-day counterpart.

But whatever form they take, whether



it comes from some printing plant in New Jersey or with Photoshop and a state-of-the-art inkjet printer, fanzines continue to be an immediate, engaging and necessary way for people around the world to communicate, debate, stimulate, connect. To which the SF/F fandom community is owed a vast and ongoing debt. Long may we try to recoup, long may there be sharp dressed men like David Hartwell, and long may there be fanzines.

-ML Heath, Feb '07

NB: for those interested in seeing what all the fuss was about - but want to avoid paying Ebay prices - the entire run of SNIFFIN' GLUE was assembled into book form a few years back, as SG: THE ESSENTIAL PUNK ACCESSORY, with recent commentary from Mark Perry and some stunning vintage photos. Likewise, a sort of "best-of" collection of PUNK Magazine was also put together in book form a few years back (although personally, it's not a patch on the individual issues in their original form).

Of perhaps equal interest is the two-volume collection of San Francisco's own punk zine contribution, SEARCH AND DESTROY, available from Re/Search. In addition, the last two (and best) issues of my own punkzine, VINTAGE VIOLENCE, are now available thru Feudal Gesture Press (contact me for info at mlayne@hotmail.com).

And Still More Letter-Graded Mail!

Let's start with Hope Leibowitz on the matter of A Canticle for QuireFlu!



Hi Chris,

It was great seeing you again and having breakfast with you at the Denny's. Thanks for saving me from another expensive hotel breakfast.

Always glad to have good conversation over greasy breakfast meats!

This is the first time I've read an issue of The Drink Tank, as I'm still on dial-up and find I don't really like downloading fanzines and reading them online. If/when I go to DSL I still won't like reading them online or even just on my computer, but I might do it more often.

They can be intensive on time with dial-up, but most of us try and keep file sizes small (and sometimes we fail!)

As to your zine, I didn't think much of the cover, but then I have always disliked red. And when typing Corflu, I (and most people) never capitalize the flu part. I have never done that for Worldcon, Philcon, etc. I just don't like the way it looks.

It's a thing I do. I capitalize a lot more things in the middle than

most folks. It all started with SpaceWar!, the game that I've always loved and spelled it that way.

I didn't know about the wrestling thing and I was rather surprised. I am always surprised when people I know like some sport. And some wouldn't even consider wrestling a sport. I know Mike Glicksohn and Alan Rosenthal are into baseball. If I had to pick a sport to watch, well, it would be hard. I saw a few amusing ping pong matches on TV many decades ago, but doubt I'd ever get into that. Bowling is boring (the expressions on their faces when they miss the shot only takes one so far in the entertainment category.) Of course, I was a somewhat captive audience as I was in the gym at the the time on an elliptical machine, and the TVs were too high for me to reach to change them. My favorite channel was the Food Channel, as even if I finished before the show, I didn't care that much. Later they got individual TVs on some machines, but not all, and they were the most popular machines, so it was hard to get one. Then my knee started hurting, and now it is over a year and 1/2 since I've been to the gym.

There are lots of fans into baseball (Janice Gelb, myself, Kevin Standlee, etc) and I've found a few fellow wrestling fans in SF fandom. I love Food Network, especially Iron

Chef America.

That was a very strange visit from M. Lloyd. I don't have any friends quite like that. It is always nice when you see an old friend unexpectedly and get to hang out. I'm guessing that SaBean isn't the name her mother chose for her. I can't imagine where it came from.

The way she spells her name is actually a long-running bit. We saw the movie LA Story and there was the character SanDeE* and Sabean (as she spelled it back then) became SaBean MoreL.

The only band you mentioned that I heard of was Shadowey Men on a Shadowy Planet. I have a CD of theirs, and it is short but good. "Having an Average Weekend" is the song that comes to mind, the only one.

Ah, the theme to Kids in the Hall. My favourite of their songs might be Fortune Telling Chicken, though there are a lot I like from them.

It is amazing what you can find out about someone from their zines. I don't read enough of them. But as I've told a few people, when I am in the middle of an SF novel and I have a fanzine with me, I always read the novel, unless I'm very bored with it, and that doesn't happen too often. So I plan on being "in between books" for awhile, now that I've finished "Probablility Space" by Nancy Kress. Good novel but I was a bit

disappointed by the ending.

There's some Kress that I really enjoy, but of late it's been pretty rare. I usually travel with a bag full of zines and maybe one book (I did spend a lot of time on the plane reading All Our Yesterdays). Books are easier on Buses/Subways. I always get a lot of reading done on BART.

Finally, I really enjoyed your writing style, both the way it is broken up with pictures, and the almost noir feel to it, like a movie. The typos didn't bother me much. One comes to expect them. They really bother me when I send an email and realize after I sent it that I had one (or two recently on Trufen). I was waiting for someone to jump on it.

My eyes aren't good at that sort of thing. It might be a relic of living life at 200MPH.

See you at Corflu Silver, hopefully. I have no plans to go to St. Louis.

Fondly- Hope



Thanks, Hope! I'll be in Vegas and loving it as always!

And now, a brief LoC from James Taylor!

Howdy fellow Ersatz Texan!

'Fraid I can't promise you Corflu Silver membership #11 since only Her Highness can do that. But like a Medici Pope you might try a gift during your visit in April to gain a favorable disposition of your petition. The Art Work is quite amazing but I got the beautiful bound volumes of Johnny Percell's ezines so eat your heart out. james taylor

I so wanted to win the bound version of eI and the bound Purcell zines, and that dream was shattered by John Berry and YOU, you lucky stiff! I'll be making an offering to Her Highness when I get down there.

Thanks James! And now...Teresa Cochrane!

Hi, chris! Yes, I'm actually writing a LOC! Like you, I had an amazing experience at corflu, which caused me to step up my fanac. **It was an awesome time, wasn't it? I just wish we'd had more time to chat.**

Thanks for the insightful con report. I had tears of laughter streaming down my cheeks while Graham was playing his serenade to

you. those moments of spontaneity can be the most inspiring. The con was everything I'd expected and more. I'll see you at Corflu Silver, but you'll be in Vegas before then, and we'll meet at the Vegrants meeting, yes? By the way, Joyce and I are both catching ourselves thinking the next Corflu is *this coming April* we're that excited.

It's April for my trip down and it should be a good time. Brief, probably fly in on early Sat and fly out around Noon Sunday, but it'll be a good time, I'm sure!

Teresa

Thanks! We also heard from Jerry Kaufman (and I can't find the email today, though I totally remember reading it) and Lloyd Penney (not an LoC, but a very interesting thing on voice acting) and a brief nugget from a few others.

The art on Page 11 and 16 is from Selina Phanara and she's still my favourite! I've lost the info on the Angel art, sadly, ang that piece is by Action Wolf. It was the piece on the cover of A Canticle for QuireFlu. He also did the piece that was the cover to the last issue of The Drink Tank.

One more issue before Cinequest, hopefully, and then one in the next couple of weeks follwed by the Hoax issue!



***"You know Chris, You're far too untalented to be putting out issues like that one too often. You'll ruin your rep."
A deliciously backhanded compliment from SaBean MoreL on issue 117***