



WHEN
DINOSAURS
RULED THE
MIDWAY

The Drink Tank

Issue 135

This is the issue after the issue where I talk all about Westercon. And there's more! I've got another JayCon review, a piece from friends about Westercon, more art and photos and a Jame Bacon article! So, no more delay, a LoCing we will go with **Leigh Ann Hildebrand!**

My dear Mr. Garcia,

Oh my goodness, that my first mention in your Westercon issue (#134) should be with the epithet "that Queen of Snark!" I think you do me wrong, Mr. Garcia! I mean, certainly, I can be a bit sharp of tongue, but I think it's a bit much to call me the Queen of Snark.

Duchess, maybe.

Queen? Oh, I don't know . . .

Duchess is good, but honestly, you deserve better. Marquess? The First Lady of Snark? I mean there is Kathy Griffith, but I think in our world, you take the pie.

In other errata, you mention my appearance on Sunday, which almost makes it seem like I arrived then. I imagine that all the alcohol may have weakened your memory, else you'd remember my joining you in the Fanzine Lounge as early as Friday evening. I would hate for anyone to think I came late to the party, so to speak.

That is true. The booze, it does

things to me!

You also reference me with Mr. Schachat and the divine Espana as writing for various 'zines. Oh noes, so untrue! I am fanzinishly monogamous, in that I have written only for your Little Thing.

That's true, isn't it? My mistake. Hardly the worst I've made in these pages, eh?

Finally, I want to comment on your narrative about Getting That Party Started. The divine Espana (tm) did not "tell me to go and get" the Stoli Vanil. Au contraire, I *offered* it freely to her as an expression of Southern hospitality. She and I then went off together to retrieve the bottle from my room, where it had been waiting for just the right moment. Now, we certainly *did* demand that you and your beeotch/fine assistant Mr. Schachat get ice and mixers, but that was largely to prevent the awkward moment at a party when there is liquor, but, well, no ice. Shots are just so *uncouth*, unless you're under 22, in college, or engaged in a drinking contest against the locals in some bar in Nepal or someplace obscure like that. Just sayin'.

Cordially,

Leigh Ann Hildebrand

True enough, though the legend well read like this: Chris ORDERED Leigh Ann to get booze and turn

the Fanzine Lounge into an old-fashioned speak-easy. I love the fact that I can create legends.

PS: Whither "The Lost Issue" of the Fanzine Lounge fanzine? Where did that material *go*, exactly?

That's a very good question. It's on my machine somewhere, but the two searches I've done have not turned it up. I'm rather vexed...

Thanks Leigh Ann.



John Purcell, a TAFF nominator and CorFluite, is up next!

And now, let's welcome our next contestant: Christopher J. Garcia ---- Come on down!

I'm the next contestant on The Loc is Right!

What with your recountings of the fannish game shows you regularly regale your faithful readers with, I figured that is the perfect salutation for this loc.

Can not argue with you!

It definitely sounds like Westercon 60 was a blast. You made me jealous that I wasn't there! That "SF Says You" game show to fill in the proverbial pregnant pause during/after the Masquerade appears to have been a rousing success. I love interactive programming at cons; the more audience participation, the better, and the sillier is always A Good Thing.

I love doing these game shows, both as a panelist and, it turns out, as a host. Kevin does a great job with Match Game, and Tom Galloway's Win Tom Galloway's Money is a hit too!

The theme of this year's Westercon - "Gnomeward Bound" - reminds me that this past spring's AggieCon had gnomes figuring prominently in the advertising leading up to and at the con. Cepheid Variable, the TAMU student SF club that has been running

this campus-based convention since 1969, really took this idea and ran with it. Check out this photo and an excerpt from the Battalion, the Texas A&M University student newspaper:

Wade Barker - THE BATTALION

Senior biochemistry and chemistry major Whitney Morlatt makes a mold for a gnome using a hardening rubber compound Thursday afternoon at an apartment.

Students may soon notice 1,000 unfamiliar figures invading Academic Plaza.

On Mar. 6, members of the student organization Cepheid Variable will place 1,000 gnomes around the plaza as a way to promote AggieCon 38.

AggieCon is the annual science fiction convention produced by the members of Cepheid Variable. It is also the oldest and largest student-run science fiction convention in the nation.

Whitney Morlatt, a senior biochemistry {sic} and gnome officer for Cepheid Variable, said the Reveille Club of Houston provided the initial donation of the gnomes for the project to get started, and Lowe's in Bryan provided the plaster at cost.

"Our group is well on the way towards our goal," she said. "We are planning to make 1,000 actual plaster lawn gnomes with the initial dispersion centered in (Academic) Plaza."

After that, Cepheid Variable plans

to march them into the Academic plaza over time.



The idea backfired a bit, though. Within hours of the gnome horde's placement, they began disappearing: stolen by students (most likely) who thought they were just too cool to pass up. The actual final gnome count was of the approximately 500 or so gnomes actually made, less than 40 actually remained for the planned "March of the Gnomes" for opening ceremonies. Literally an underwhelming event. I have no idea what you would call someone who is caught stealing these yard decorations; it would require an entirely new

gnomenclature. No matter how you slice it, they were purlawned.

That is an unexcusable pun. You should be cast out!

Say, on page 6, is that caricature of Espana Sherriff by Jason Schachat accurate? Somehow I cannot believe that such a pretty, sweet, young thing like Espana would have such a foul mouth. Say it ain't so...

She's not nearly that caustic. Why, we played pool just the other day and she only let out one long, profanity-laden tirade towards me. She was downright 'bring-home-to-mama' decent!

The JayCon report was fun reading, too. All these reports of the totally fun time you're having way out west is simply making me quite frustrated. I am so con-depraved. *sigh* Fortunately, there are more cons coming up that are nearby and affordable.

By the end of the year, I'll

Thanks for the fun zine, and I hope you have sufficiently recovered from Westercon by now.

All the best,
John

Recovered from Westercon? Are you kidding? I might still be a little hungover from the Sunday night bachanalial! At least I've started resting and if I have more days like this Sunday, I'll be back in top flight form in less time than I'd have thought!



Last Gnome Standing: Westercon 60

Kevin Standlee

Part 1: The Prodigal Convention Returns

Westercon is one of the longest continuously-running science fiction conventions in the world. It was founded in 1948 as an alternative convention for people on the West Coast who couldn't afford to travel to Worldcon – after all, traveling to far off, exotic places like New York City was well beyond the means of mere fen (except Forry Ackerman). Like Worldcon, Westercon is held in a different city somewhere in Western North America (including Hawaii) each year, and is selected by a bidding process similar to Worldcon. 2007

saw Westercon return to the Bay Area, under the name “Gnomeward Bound,” at the San Mateo Marriott Hotel over June 30-July 3, 2007, with activities starting before and extending after the convention, making it nearly six days long for those of us who took the time off to do so.

The Bay Area had not hosted a Westercon since 1987. Even worse, the 1987 Westercon was, to put it as kindly as I can, not well-favored organizationally. Combining the somewhat sour taste that “Westercon Episode XXXX” left in Bay Area conrunners mouths with a couple of Worldcons sapping away all of the SMOF points for such things and a mechanical change to its site selection system in the late 1980s that may have biased the system against northern California locations, and you get a situation where a convention came to the Bay Area with sixty years' heritage behind it, and the overwhelming reaction of Bay Area fans was, “Huh?”

Westercons used to be bigger than they are today. At their peak in the late 1980s, over 2,000 people attended Westercon, making the convention equivalent in size and scope to BayCon. But the last twenty years have seen the convention shrink substantially for a variety of reasons. There are more “local” conventions like BayCon, Loscon, OryCon, V-Con, and Norwescon, and fewer fans perceive

the need to travel to an out-of-town event when there's an annual one that satisfies their interests in fandom. Moreover, the historical "roots" of Westercon are the LA-Bay Area axis, and there is a theory that while Westercon travels all over western North America, if it doesn't return to the "home soil" regularly, it starts to wither. Westercons have moved around extensively during the 1990s and 2000s, going as far afield as El Paso, Honolulu, and Calgary, but in the process it may well be that a lot of their core audience simply forgot that they existed.

Gnomeward Bound's reported attendance of about 770 (total membership higher due to no-shows and supporting members) is respectable by modern standards, but may seem rather small compared to conventions like BayCon. According to the convention's Chair, Michael Siladi, they had enough members to pay their bills and enough room-nights to keep the hotel happy. But it was a near thing, and many observers were expecting disaster.

The group that bid to hold this year's Westercon has substantial overlap with BayCon (although they are legally separate), and there was a broad assumption that Westercon was going to be more or less an extra run of BayCon. (Many people don't know that BayCon itself arose as the aftermath of

a failed Westercon bid.) With 25 years' experience running BayCon out of the San Jose Doubletree (*née* Red Lion), there was a crew of experienced conrunners for whom running BayCon "25 ¼" should be a piece of cake.

Then BayCon lost its hotel contract, and with it, the Westercon hotel agreement as well. Suddenly, BayCon had to scramble for a new facility, with Westercon dragging along after it as almost an afterthought. Knowing the people running these events, I don't *really* think Westercon was an afterthought, but because BayCon is bigger and comes first in the calendar, it's inevitable that this is how it could be perceived. BayCon made an emergency move to the San Mateo Marriott, a hotel that all and sundry, including the con's management, agree is really the wrong place for a convention the size of BayCon. Basically, the 2007 BayCon was in the position of someone having blown a tire on a cross-country trip having to drive home on the mini-spare: it



works, but it's not ideal, and you're dancing with disaster the whole time. (Next year, BayCon moves to Santa Clara, where a multi-year deal with the Santa Clara Convention Center and Hyatt Regency Hotel promise sufficient space and improved stability for the convention's organization.)

With so much organizational energy focused on the temporary move to San Mateo and fitting ten gallons of water into a five-gallon bucket, planning for Westercon 60 suffered. Badly. In addition, Westercon had to fight what might be called an "entitlement culture problem." I'm familiar with this from having organized a Worldcon in the Bay Area. BayCon is pretty generous with its



anytime the 4th of July falls on a Wednesday. Many people do not get nor can not take the “bridging” days between the 4th and the adjacent weekend. Worse, Westercon is traditionally four days – only Worldcon is the mind-numbing five day experience

benefits to its staff and volunteers; some say they may be *too* generous. So Westercon, where the members – even the staff and committee – are expected to pay their own way and not to expect a lot of extra perks, is something of a culture shock. Moreover, many of BayCon’s regular workers and attendees simply have other plans over Independence Day Weekend. For that matter, the dates the convention was obliged to use may have been a factor as well.

Westercon is traditionally held over a long holiday weekend around the American Independence Day holiday. This worked well in 2005 when the convention was in Calgary and spanned two holidays (starting on Canada Day, Friday, July 1 and continuing through Independence Day, Monday, July 4). This works terribly

– so you generally find yourself having difficulty no matter whether you take the weekend before (Saturday-Tuesday) or after (Thursday-Sunday) for your event. Gnomeward Bound booked the Saturday-Tuesday before (it being available), but announced plans to have functions as early as Friday evening and continuing after the official end of the convention through to Wednesday. Even so, this is quite a stretch for most fans.

So there were a whole lot of things working against Gnomeward Bound. Some folks like me were recruited into the organization. I ended up editing the convention’s second progress report. Most Westercons would expect to have four PRs. Due to the delays and uncertainty surrounding Gnomeward Bound and the difficulty recruiting staff and of

getting decisions, Gnomeward Bound had only two PRs, and one of those was a four-page document stapled into the center of a BayCon Progress report. I wouldn’t be surprised if a lot of Westercon 60s members got the BayCon PR and didn’t realize there was a Westercon document inside, despite the Westercon PR being printed on contrasting color paper. PRs 2 and 3 were collapsed together into the largest convention publication I’ve ever personally edited. I made a considerable pest of myself at the committee meetings I did attend, nagging people in person and by e-mail to tell me what was going on and when so I could publish it.

With all of this advance trouble, one could easily expect to hear a report that Gnomeward Bound was a fannish catastrophe. But it wasn’t. Despite having not been able to really concentrate on running Westercon until about five weeks before the con, and despite having to deal with critical staff shortages including key managers burning out very late in the process, Gnomeward Bound pulled together and was, in my opinion, a really enjoyable convention.

There are multiple reasons for Westercon 60 having been a decent success. One of them is right-sizing. The San Mateo Marriott is actually about the right size for a convention in the 700-1000 member category

like Westercon currently is. Whereas the facility groaned under the 2000-plus load of BayCon, Westercon never seemed crowded, even on the peak days – which were Saturday and Sunday, leaving a three-day “long tail” where the hotel seemed too quiet, although things did seem to liven up a bit at night as some people who had to work on Monday and Tuesday commuted for the evening social scene. Having had BayCon there five weeks earlier meant that most of the people working on the convention and a good sized chunk of the attendees had worked out the

peculiarities of the space, including the Escher-esque way in which the second floor of programming space led directly to the third floor of sleeping room space, with no obvious access to the *other* second floor. (It would be perhaps less confusing if the function space had been described as not the *second* floor, but the *Mezzanine*, located between the second and third floors of the hotel’s sleeping rooms.) Overall, Westercon simply felt more *comfortable* in this hotel than did BayCon.

By the way, the membership of Westercon includes a more geographically diverse group than the locally-focused BayCon. There are

regular attendees of Westercon not just from throughout western North America, but from all over the country. This gives Westercon a significantly different “feel” than the BayCon held only a few weeks earlier in the same space and with a very similar management team.

So Westercon 60 turned out to be a reasonable success despite omens of disaster beforehand. Kudos go to the many people who, as the cliché says, “stepped up” and made the convention work despite the many challenges, any of which could have laid the convention low. I had a great time personally, and would actually

be happy to see a Westercon return to that very hotel – but *I’m not bidding*, so keep those \$20 bills in your wallets, thank you.

That brings us to the end of the history, background, organizational, and conrunning story of Westercon 60. In the next part, we’ll see how my personal Westercon played out.

Kevin and I did a fine piece of reading that I’ll talk about in an up-coming issue of SF/SF and Kevin is a brilliant host for Match Game SF (and Match Game SF...After Dark!) and I’m hoping 2008 will be a Match Game Year!





A Lasting Influence

By Spring Schoenhuth

Westercon 58's Artist Guest of Honor, Mark J. Ferrari, noted a significant milestone in his past and future self while at this year's Westercon in San Mateo. Mark came to *Gnomeward Bound* for several different reasons, to promote his upcoming novel, ***The Book of Joby***, to proudly announce his metamorphosis from fantastic artist, to author of the fantastic, and to reunite with his science teacher from his junior high school in a reception to honor the both of them. Why the latter? Well, I'm partially to blame for that.

Back in March, I was taking an after school educators' in-service at the Math/Science Nucleus. I teach third grade in Fremont, where the

Math/Science Nucleus is located. Dr. Joyce Blueford, President of the Math/Science Nucleus and the Children's Natural History Museum, invited us to tour the Wes Gordon Collection after class. Afterwards she let the other teachers out, and when she came back to escort me out I had made an improbable discovery. There in the museum were two exquisitely done paintings of a Saber-Toothed Cat, and a Tyrannosaurus skull. There I was, frozen and slack-jawed in disbelief as I saw the signature on the paintings, and realized that there was an inconsistency. How could there be thirty year old paintings in the Museum by an artist that started his art career in the late eighties? Joyce said when she came to get me; I looked as if I was in a state of shock. "I know Mark," I said. Then it was Joyce's turn for shock and surprise. "You do? We have been trying to find out who the 'fourteen year old boy' was, as his paintings are the only surviving illustrations of The Wes Gordon Collection that we acquired for the museum." We exchanged respective past and present histories of Mark's life as we knew it. I gave her Mark's website information, and Joyce told me she would arrange a reception for Mark as this, indeed, was a fortunate event. As the "finder" of Mark, I was also invited to participate as an artist to sell my fossil jewelry. Wow. I never knew how special all of this was until

attending the event.

Think back in the far reaches of your school experience. Was there a teacher that inspired you to always do your best? Not always in an obvious cheerleading way, but genuinely mentored you because he or she actually took an interest in you as a person? To quote Mark, "There are two types of teachers; ones that are *concerned* about you, and those who are *interested* in you."

Mark's junior high science teacher, Martin Eschen, was in the later category. Mark credits Mr. Eschen with instilling an appreciation of the scientific world, and giving him projects that would later serve to be valuable in both in his art and writing endeavors. One of those projects was one of Mark's first art commissions for Wes Gordon's collection when he was attending junior high in San Lorenzo.

The reception directly after Westercon on July 3rd served as an opportunity to honor Mark, Mr. Eschen, the family of the late Wes Gordon, to illustrate how great an influence Martin was on Mark's life, and clarify to the younger members of the audience that everything you learn is interconnected to everything you choose to do. The evening began with a buffet and a silent auction. Mark showed his illustrations of ***S. Petersen's Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands*** as well as various other works, describing the

scientific methods and what he had learned initially in Mr. Eschen's class, then transitioned to his new career of writing with an excerpt from his new book, **The Book of Joby**. The excerpt Mark read was a reflection of his boyhood at school which included a teacher with a familiar sounding name much like "Eschen". The evening concluded with a presentation to his former teacher with three prints, **Dragonfly One**, **Dragonfly Two**, and **Dogs Playing Poker**.

If you get a chance to attend panels at a convention featuring Mark, he is truly a captivating speaker. Personally, I'm eagerly awaiting the release of **The Book of Joby**. We have much to learn from Mark Ferrari [the author](#), formerly known as Mark Ferrari [the artist](#).

Links:

Mark J. Ferrari:

<http://www.markferrari.com/index.php>

S. Petersen's Field Guide to Creatures of the Dreamlands

http://www.amazon.com/Petersens-Creatures-Dreamlands-Cthulhu-Roleplaying/dp/0933635532/ref=pd_ecc_rvi_cart_3/103-2483015-4666258

Math/Science Nucleus:

<http://msnucleus.org/>

Tri City Voice: Article: June 26, 2007

<http://www.tricityvoice.com/articlefiledisplay.php?issue=2007-06-26&file=Children%20Natural%20History.txt>



Phil and Kathe Gust at Westercon!

And now, from JayCon...Kelly Green!!!

JayCon Report

Friday morning, not-so-bright-and-early, Bob Hole said, "I have a preposition for you."

"With? Of? For?" Mornings and wit do not mix with an uncaffienated Kelly.

"Talk to you over breakfast."

We drove to Denny's (did I mention Bob's been paying for my meals? I mean the grand slam ain't exactly bank-breaking, but it does add

up.) and had our brekkys and then he looked at me solomnly and said,

"Let's go to JayCon!"*

F@ck yeah.

For the two people who do not know, JayCon is Jay's birthday party (his birthday is actually earlier in the month, June 4; this has been an exciting month for Jay and he's had to postpone celebration til now.) Also, JayCon is held in Portland, Oregon. I live in Los Angeles, California, some 1,000 miles away.

With absolutely no preparation (except a stop at home to pack and tell the family where'd I'd be and when I'd approximately return)(Tuesday, probably) we hit the road. 605N to 5N...

Some billions of hours later we stopped for the night in Willows, just north of Sacramento.

And that was Friday.

Okay, we slept like stones in the motel. I know, Motel 6 motels are not noted for comfy sleeping conditions but sometimes the condition of the 'guests' makes any amenity seem like heaven. The alarm clock stopped well before the set alarm time but both Bob and I, undoubtedly excited by the idea of 500 miles of road to free pizza, leapt out of beds well before our scheduled departure time of 8am.

Note the math. Somehow we'd decided we could drive 500 miles in 6



flocking around me, begging for chicken bits, while I sat on a bench at a rest stop, with Shasta in the background. Can't wait to see those!

Okay, mountain climbing time. Round about Castle Crags (on the left side of the road) I saw a lovely license plate: Dino Gr! I pointed it out to Bob who said, "No way, couldn't be, gosh is it?"

hours. Whoops.

So onward. At some point we passed the barn announcing the Free State of Jefferson**; outside Yreka there's a dragon on the roadside right alongside the 5N. Mount Shasta is stunningly beautiful and nicely far enough away that I did not have to deal with cold snowy wind. Pretty as a picture, so to speak.

We made the occasional roadside stop, including one where I decided to munch on my remaining cajun chicken wings. (Thank you, Simon!) But the seagulls were having none of it: if I had something to eat, then by gosh they'd have something to eat too! Bob got some good pics of the birds

The car swooshed past us like we was standin' still and we never saw it again til we reached Portland, but yes indeed it was: dinogrl, a BASFS member, whose only reason for being on this road at this speed must be to attend JayCon.

Okay, at some point or another Bob got tired of driving so I took the wheel... little did he know!! Muwahahahahaha!! I did not get a speeding ticket (the patrol was looking the other way) and that four-car pile up was not my fault. You didn't see me. I wasn't there. Erm, um, yeah.

We had to buy a map of Portland at some point so we could figure out how to get to the Flying Pie Pizza

Palace***. Good thing we did else we'd still be lost on the streets of Portland, all twisty turny.


We drove up around 4pmish, not utterly late, but still... ultra-fashionable.

We walked into the bustling center of activity, ready to throw wide our arms and shout to the populace, "We have arrived! The party can start now!"

Unfortunately for that ambition, the front room was the ordering area and no JayConEes were apparent. I was lost. Bob tapped my shoulder and said, "That way."

The closed door was guarded by two women: Diana Sherman and someone else whose name I never did catch. "They're doing the reading," ds said.

"Oh," I said (wit never did catch up with me this weekend.) "I guess we can wait out here til it's over."

But no! Someone pulled open the door and we were waved in, not even slowing  Ken Scholes down a step in his reading of "Jay Lake and the Flying Monkeys" (that might not be the true name of his minim opus, but sure seems appropo, eh?) Jay Lake and Frank Wu were in mid-reenactment, flinging hair, arms, and themselves bodily to graphically demonstrate the action sequences of Ken's story. Men flinging themselves on the floor, where is the dignity?

So anyway after a quick Jay-hug I turned to find seating (darned room was jammed full of celebratees, I tell ya!) and who should I see but the mysteriously missing Mr. Gregory Koster, alive, well, kicking (sitting)! w00t!

So anyway, warm and fuzzies abounded. I saw Daniel Spector and his lovely wife Kelly, Jay's mother Tilly Jane who liked the tie-dye socks I sent her some time back, Erin who was playing hooky from Clarion West for the day, Karindira, Miki Garrison, Linsey Johnson, and many folks whose names I will never remember as associated with faces: I met a Paul, a Joyce, a Jane, I talked with that guy, the lady with the red hair, and the other woman over there. Gah. I need a notebook.

So yeah. Free pizza (0ooo, nice pizza! Yum!), free soda (a good thing, all that driving made me thirsty!), great people... I took beaucoup photos of the back of Jay's head as he talked with folks. Oh, also a few of the front of Jay as he posed with folks (thank you, Jay!)

Round about 6pm we evacuated the pizza joint and fled to the not-so-nearby bar, Alibi's, with great twinkling sparkling signage, for post-party partying.

Tiki tacky, very dark, somewhat smokey, and utterly perfect. Until Bob fell on the steps, injuring his knee, his

hand, his butt, and his dignity. Not major, just... enough. He sat for a while with a bag of ice and his knee propped, but was pretty much okay after about an hour.

Did someone say karaoke?

I have photographic evidence. All y'all don't want me publishing them on the internet, send me money c/o paypal.

A largish celebratory group of us staked out the center long table in the back room and drank, ate noshes, and talked. I sat with Bob and Greg for a while then gravitated down the table to Miki and Linz, then later moved over to Karindira and pals. Slowly the room's other tables filled with other parties and then before I knew what hit us, the lights went down, the disco ball started spinning, and the sultry dj announced that it was karaoke time!

Frank, Jay, and a chance to show off. Hair war! (my paypal account is still open. Do I have to name



names?)

Let me just say: Istanbul (Daniel rocked!). Inagaddadavida. Air guitar. Sincere women vocalists huddled in groups around the microphone. Applauding Michael, a hopeless vocalist, after his songs were done. The wedding shower, the birthday in the corner, and the girls on the town who wanted Jay and Frank to play with them.

I decided on a song to sing (Werewolves of London) and paid my \$1 and waited for my turn to come around; then Jay left (something about moving in the morning), and Linz/Miki/Greg left, and Frank and Misty Marshall left pretty much right behind Bob and I. So yeah. Even the best

things end ultimately.

But you have to live with internet photos forever. Paypal.

*JayCon: annual installment of Jay Lake's 37th birthday. Party sometime in June, somewhere in Portland, somewhat a mob scene.

**Free State of Jefferson: an area including Northern California and Southern Oregon that claims to be the 51st state. Can't say it's much different from government in either California or Oregon, but the roadside sculptures (the dragon and the cow outside Yreka) are amusing. <http://www.jeffersonstate.com/>

***Flying Pie Pizza Palace: what a great place to hold a party! Marvelous staff. <http://www.flying-pie.com/>

Who am I? That's a good question. You can read my lj blog at saycestsay.livejournal.com.



OK, that's the oft-delayed Issue 135. Only two issues in July. I feel so weak and small.

To my credit, I've almost got a full issue of The Drink Tank finished for early next week and am working on both This Were WorldCon and The Cocktail issue.

I NEED MORE COCKTAIL TALES!!!!. Have a story about the time you had a few too many gimlets and passed out at the feet of Jim Belushi (like a buddy of mine has) or that time when you drank enough sambuca to paralyze Hunter S. Thompson and you think it can legally be printed, send it my way! I'm looking for art too. Espana and Frank, I know you're reading this, so get drawin'!

I'm off to Con-X-Treme while the rest of my friends (save for Espana it would seem) are over at San Diego Comic Con. Next weekend is NASFiC and I'm hoping to hang with some of the folks I've never met. I'm very excited to get to meet Southern fandom.

And a very happy birthday to the lovely and talented Linda and My Man in LA Ed Green. You gotta love the good people who surround me!

We had art from Frank Wu, Mark Ferrari, Kelly Green, Bob Hole, Genevieve, Jane Mailander and the inimitable Miss Jean Martin!

