



California
SMART 42

The Drink Tank Issue 151
No, YOU'RE Out of Order

Here I sit, wallowing in sorrow. OK, that's not true, but I am kinda bummed. The Corset issue, which was mostly done a few days ago, is still waiting for completion. There has been an official debut as Howeird, that exceptional human being, got a printed version that I thought was going to be the final version that would have been up on eFanzines Monday or Tuesday, but a minor problem with a previous issue arose.

I had found a wonderful bunch of pictures on DeviantArt and asked permission of folks. Believe it or not, I keep a list of who lets me use their art (and the list of folks who have said no is pretty long too) and I check as I get permission and write down the credit line they want and such. Usually that's pretty easy (most Deviants want their DeviantArt name since it makes finding them easy) and typically they ask for a notice when the issue is up. Now, I do forget to do the credit section from time to time, which is dumb of me, and I've had to apologize a couple of times for that.

So, I had found a piece by a fine artist and I had written down contacted and credited. This was a mistake on my part. She sent a nice note to Bill Burns and he forwarded it to me. I went back and made the changes she wanted, which were minor but needed, and that was that.

But it got me paranoid.

Now, I often will lay things into an issue before I get permission and wait until it comes back to release the ish. That keeps the time between things tidy. I've had to remove some pieces because the artist didn't want me to use their work, and that's fine, so I will change the layout and rework it. Usually it's not too much of a problem.

So, I was checking the list and noticed that I hadn't heard back from one artist. I had sent a message and had gotten permission to use other art from her before so I figured it wouldn't be too difficult.

But she hasn't responded.

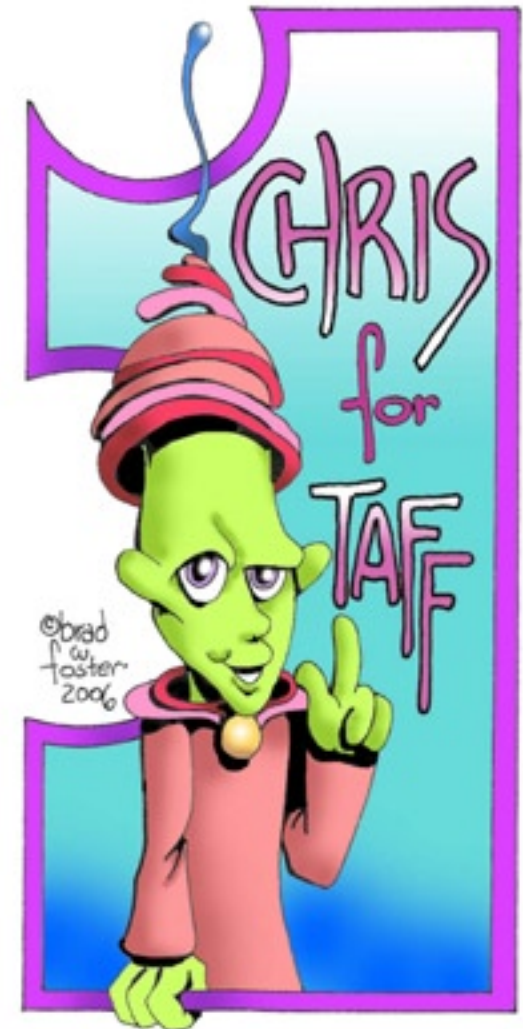
So I sent another message and went about double-checking everyone else. Everything was in order save for one guy who I had asked about the wrong picture! I sent him a message and he said that I could use the one I had asked about, but the one I actually wanted to use wasn't available. It happens, but that meant that I had to change...The Cover.

Now, the Lovely and Talented Linda and Howeird will attest that the old cover is pretty damned awesome, but I can't use it! The dude made it for a commission and the other guy won't let me. That's a rough one, but changing a cover isn't the hardest thing.

Changing the two pieces that I'm waiting for the artist to say it's OK to use is a big deal because of the way I've

laid this issue out and I need her to get back to me. I've sent two more eMails but have heard nothing. She hasn't mentioned anything out of the ordinary in her blog either, so I'm not sure why I haven't heard back when she got to me pretty quickly the last time.

And thus, I've Coxoned and put out 151 ahead of 150.



Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my loyal readers

Let's begin with John Purcell on issue 148

Two more issue to go, young friend, and your zine hits the old 1.5.0. mark. That is pretty darned impressive. And not only that, but both locs that I have written today have been to your zines: SFinSF #53 and now DT #148. No wonder I feel like every other loc I write seems to be going to you. They really ARE!

Well, this is kinda beyond issue 150! I've been trying to keep the LetterHacks well-fed!

That was a fascinating article about "Stardance: the movie." I had heard that it had been completed, but I knew absolutely nothing about its genesis and fate. This now answers all of my questions. Someday I do hope that Spider Robinson allows the film to be released; if it is really as good as this article makes the movie out to be, then it needs to be seen. I guess it all boils down to Spider's decision; it certainly sounds like the film would be very worth seeing.

You know, it wasn't until after I finished the article about 2 years ago that I found out there really was an attempt to do a Stardance movie! I had been in a period



where I was working on fake movie articles and I subbed it to some magazine which rejected it as being 'Far too plausible'. John wrote back saying Seriously?!? It sounds so damned real!

My work is done here!

This reminds me, I haven't read much of Spider's work in recent years, and remember him very well from conventions back in the 70s and 80s. He is one heck of a nice guy, terrific guitarist/singer, and tells great stories. It was always a lot of fun to be around Spider; he and Jeanne were always welcome at Minicon and treated like royalty. So, can you recommend any recent books/stories by Spider Robinson that I might enjoy? It really has been the proverbial years since I have read anything by him. Clue me in. The last time I read any Callahan's

stories was in the early 90s, so I assume he has written many more since then.

I enjoyed the Stardance trilogy and his Callahan stuff wasn't bad either, though some of it was far better than others. A couple of his one-off novels have been pretty good, though Stardance is still my fave.

Oh, man. "Cocksucker Blues" is truly one of the most unique rock band documentaries ever made. Here's another film I haven't seen in a long time. It also reminds me that VH-1 is broadcasting a Who documentary tomorrow night (Saturday, 3 Nov 07, 8:00 PM CDT), and I plan on watching it. Rock documentaries are entertaining and enlightening. Of course, my all-time favorite rock-u-mentary is "All You Need Is Cash" followed very closely by "This is Spinal Tap." Great, great stuff. I have their follow-up CD, too, "Break Like the Wind." You must listen to it sometime.

You know, I've never seen either. I love Chris Guest and I'm a big fan of Eric Idle, but I've never managed to see either film. I really wanna see Walk Hard: The Legend of Dewey Cox starring my man John C. Reilly. He's a great comedic actor and the previews have been genius. Another Apatow-like film!

With that, I shall leave you to your devices and all the computer

hoo-hah gimmickry surrounding you at work. It's now time to get onto the lettercolumn in Askance again. My goal is to finish the zine over the weekend and have it posted next week. We shall see if I can make that happen.

It's a really good issue. I highly recommend it!

All the best,
John Purcell

Thanks John, and now...John Purcell on issue 149!

Oh, wotthehell... here's yet another loc from me to you today. That makes three locs to Chris Garcia in one day! That *must* be a new record of some sort. Probably a dubious record, no doubt.

That has to be a record!

Anyway. As you know, I am a big time baseball fan, too. I have always loved the sport, almost as much as hockey (my number one fave sport) and just ahead of soccer (another sport I played in school; I actually played all three, and currently am assistant coach of my son's soccer team). There is something both mathematical and physical about baseball, and I believe this is because it is a skills game. Strength and speed matter, absolutely yes; but, the game requires a great deal of skill. Throwing a baseball 90+ miles an hour, and accurately, let alone trying to *hit* this hard sphere zipping right at you, and the bat you're



swinging is rounded, tapered, and this requires split-second eye-hand coordination, plus God knows what else. It is a great game, and I love it. I am envious of Frank Wu getting to attend a World Series game. I never have, even with the Minnesota Twins - my favorite team, of course - getting to three World Series (1965, 1987, and 1991) and winning the last two.

The first time they lost to the Dodgers, who had this pair of pitchers who were pretty darned good: Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax. It went seven games, and the big difference was Koufax. But it would be totally cool to attend a World Series game. I am envious, and glad that Frank went to one. Too bad Boston won. I was hoping the Rockies would win, but figured the Red Sox simply had too much power and experience. Colorado will be back. They have a good team up there in Denver, and some bona fide star players. Maybe next year they'll do it. Who knows?

I've never been, but my Uncle was at the 1989 game where we had the quake. If the Giants get hot again and make the Play-offs, I'll make every effort to go! If 2002 taught me anything, it's to believe that this might be the last time!

Anywho, many thanks for the zine, even if you did post it an hour before I sent you my loc on issue #148. Geez, you just can't slow down and wait, can you? *sigh* Maybe since I'm getting this loc off to you a few hours after #149 was posted I have a real chance of getting it pubbed in issue #150. We shall see.

Well, I've gone so fast this time that 151 is out before 150. That's a quantum-level event, no?

So I guess I'll be seeing you in the corset issue. Sounds like an

interesting issue, especially since you're squeezing so much material into the ish. The illustrations alone should make that an interesting issue, I bet. So until that issue hits the electronic newsstands, enjoy yourself and have a pleasant tomorrow.

All the best,
John Purcell

Wene you've got Espana, Brad Foster, some great photographers, a wonderful few new illustrators and more, you're bound to get a good issue! It'll be out shortly.

Thanks again, and now with an LoC from the other CA, that one being Canada, here's Taral Wayne!

You don't make it at all easy to find out how to loc your zine.

That is true. I try to put my eMail all over my zines, but sometimes I forget, especially if I don't run any LoCs. Mea Culpa.

I wanted to say that the MB Smart Car is a big hit in Toronto. We see them all the time, and that's in a city with snow in the winter. If they aren't popular with Americans I can only guess it has something to do with fearing for their manhood. If you don't drive something as large as a tank and weighs as much as a flatcar, people will suspect you're a cowardly Frenchman, one of those Limies with the bad teeth, or some other kind of



Euro-weinie. Even the family sedan looks like a 2 ton armoured pimp-mobile. So while the cost of a barrel of gas soars toward \$100 U.S. a barrell, the march of giant SUV's grows every larger.

Well, SUV sales have slowed, even though it seems to be the only thing the US Automakers seem to understand how to build these days. They'll sell OK around my part of the country, where there are lots of single people with lots of disposable income (oh that I were one of them!) and both tech savvy and environmentally concious. My car, not too big, gets 30-35 a gallon, which is nearly as good as these SmartCars! Thanks much, Taral!

This next pair of articles are tough and religion-based and thought provoking. They deal with something that I fully believe and fully hate. This Fred Phelps character you're about to read about it one of the few people I'd not mind seeing shot out of a cannon without regard to the kind of landing he'd have. Ed Green, a fine writer who should appear in these pages more often, has written about this too and very poetically. Here now are two very interesting articles.

HOMOPHOBE FRED PHELPS
SUED INTO OBLIVION -
DISCUSS
BY BRIANNA FLYNT

I fully support Fred Phelps right to protest funerals of Iraq soldiers with signs that say "God Hates Fags," and "Thank God for Dead Soldiers."

For those of you that don't know, Fred Phelps is the head of Westboro Church who has spent the last few years making outrageous public statements against gay rights, most recently blaming our catastrophe in Iraq on America's slow crawl towards gay equality. He was recently found culpable in a multi-million dollar civil suit that will probably force his church to shut

down. Though he has a law degree, I wouldn't describe him as an articulate man - he reminds me of the homicidal zealots in "Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Next Generation."

I'm not a fan of obvious statements with no information, but here's one anyway - I think Fred Phelps is 10 pounds of JerkStore in a 5 pound bag. I also think his anger can be explained by numerous studies that show the most angrily homophobic among us themselves struggle with homosexual feelings. He's not exactly a hug from Oprah away from a good, healing cry.

Still, the fact that I vehemently disagree with what he says has nothing to do with my belief that he has a right to say it. I think we all forget that the first amendment is most meant to protect political speech that a majority might find distasteful or offensive. This is why, in my opinion, it's important to protect Fred Phelps' right to make outlandish public statements against gay rights. It's this very same principle that gives me the right to participate in demonstrations to impeach Presidential-appointee George Bush.

We all have the right to petition our leaders for redress of grievances, but it's not an excuse to disobey civil statutes. Fred Phelps has no right to interrupt these soldiers'



funerals with an unreasonable amount of noise, nor do so in a way that is disruptive. His right to express his views doesn't supersede the right of the soldier's friends and family to enjoy a moment of solemnity. I feel that if he violates these principles, however, it's the place of the police to prosecute him and possibly even arrest him - though I'd prefer to see it left out of the civil court system.

My overarching point here is that I think we're all too quick to want speech we don't agree with silenced. Goddess knows I dislike Bill O'Reilly, Sean Hannity, Ann Coulter and Glen Beck - but I'd never demand for them to be taken off the air, as offensive as I

find their views.

We've got to remember that part of the privilege of the first amendment is the burden of occasionally enduring offensive ideas.

NOT IN OUR NAME BY FRANK WU

I'm rather conflicted over the \$11 million verdict handed down against the Westboro Church in Topeka, Kansas. This church, led by Fred Phelps, believes that the Iraq war is a punishment for America's tolerance of homosexuality. Phelps and his congregation - most of whom are related to him by blood or marriage or both - regularly picket military funerals, their favorite slogan being "God hates fags." One grieving father didn't appreciate Phelps' shenanigans at his son's funeral, and he sued the church. This resulted in the \$11 million judgment - three times Phelps' total net worth.

On one hand, I hope that this verdict will make others think twice before embarking on disruptive, insensitive hate-mongering.

On the other hand, I am a Christian, as Phelps professes to be. As they say in the Christian family, you can pick your friends, but you're stuck with the relatives. But if Phelps and I are relations in the faith, I hang out

on the “God loves everybody” branch of the family tree. Phelps and his ilk reside on a twisted, gnarled branch with a big sign that says, “God likes you, but hates you, you and you, and so do I.”

What Phelps does affects me, because when I say I’m a Christian, some people assume that I’m as hateful as Phelps, which (I hope) isn’t true.

Christianity is all about love, loving God and loving your neighbor. This is what I’ve seen in the vast majority of Christians I’ve met in a quarter-century of church-going.

I see Christians assembling hundreds of shoeboxes full of school supplies and other goodies to ship to poor kids halfway around the globe. I see Christians building churches and schools, brick by brick, and teaching underprivileged kids how to write and shoot hoops. I see Christians taking homeless people out to lunch and wiping the butts of those who can’t do that for themselves. I knew a Christian with no military experience who volunteered to go be a chaplain’s assistant in the first Iraq war. We do this out of love, not hate.

Yes, it’s true that you don’t need to be a Christian to make this world a better place. But, on average, I see a higher percentage of Christians participating. I went down to Nicaragua last October to drill a water



well for victims of a hurricane. The plane I took into Managua was at least 2/3 full (possibly completely full) of teams on various missions trips.

We are not perfect, but weren’t not hate-mongers. We are merely stumbling through a dark and disturbing world, trying to plant goodness and love where we can. And we do this because God first loved us.

Let me emphasize this, because it bears emphasis: God loves everyone, and so do I. Jesus died on the cross for everyone everywhere. And that, Mr. Phelps, means everyone. In my book, that means:

God loves straight people who, in the context of state-sanctioned marriages, have vanilla sex in one or two positions, and only in the privacy of their bedrooms.

God loves straight people, in and out of relationships, who have decided to refrain from sex.

God also loves straight people who aren’t getting as much as they’d like.

God loves straight people who do weird and unspeakably icky and messy things with various body emissions.

God loves straight people who have diverse and interesting collections of purpose-built devices for stimulating hard-to-reach nerve endings.

God loves straight people who make loud animal noises during coitus that rattle the windows and frighten puppies.

God loves virgins who don’t talk about sex at all.

God loves virgins who talk about sex all the time.

God loves the little children, especially the straight ones.

God loves the little children, especially the not straight ones.

God loves fags.

God loves queers.

God loves fags and queers who won’t admit they’re fags and queers.

God loves anyone with a wide stance.

God loves sweet transvestites from Transsexual Transylvania.

God loves people who dress in all black, whether cotton or leather. And God loves people who dress in only sparkly clothes, or in nothing at all. Even the naked people running in the Bay to Breakers footrace, most of whom I personally wish would exercise

more before the race.

Yes, God loves you all.

And so do I.

My take is complicated. I think that Phelps should be sued into oblivion and his church foreclosed upon. I hate anyone who is as intolerant as Phelps and he's the worst kind of filth. Yes, there's free speech, and yes the Legal system is pretty much broken because of greedy lawyers/litigants and we're never going to find a way to fix that without throwing out the last fifty years of precedent. I would say that jailing someone for what they say is wrong, but suing them is perfectly fine if what they're doing is as evil as Phelps.

I'm not religious. I live my life according to a couple of different philosophies (the main ones being taken from Judaism and Thelema with a touch of Christianity and Islam) but I really believe that hatred in the name of religion is the worst thing about being a person of Faith. It has to change at some point and there's no way to make someone change thier beliefs without having the kind of experience that they write movies about. It's a rare thing.

And as Ed Green said, if I'm ever at a funeral and Phelps' cronies show up, I hope someone will pay my bail.



Fannish Memory Syndrome

Steve Green

To the second annual Birmingham International Comics Show, which has this year relocated to the city's spacious Millennium Point, a building slightly reminiscent of the Houston shopping mall which doubled for the City of Domes in *Logan's Run*.

Last time out, I was invited along to moderate a discussion on the challenges involved in adapting other

media (novels, movies) into sequential art; this weekend, it's a panel on the use of comics in education. I'm joined by Emma Vieceli (artist on Self Made Heroes' sf manga version of *Hamlet*), Clive Bryant (editor at Classical Comics, which launched with *Henry V* and has *Frankenstein* scheduled for next summer), my former apa colleague Nigel Kitching (who supplements his illustrating gigs by teaching art and animation), Jon Haward (the Marvel regular who's drawing Classical's *Macbeth*) and Mike Collins (who I occasionally drank with a quarter-century ago, back when he and fellow artist Mark Farmer used to hook up at the joint where Mark tended bar).

It makes for quite a lively discussion, and I'm pleased to see we have a substantial turn-out, given our item has been scheduled opposite a presentation on the history of erotic comics (that said, we may have been boosted by the latter's "over 18s" door policy). Clive eagerly promotes his new titles (indeed, it appears he was initially led to believe he was moderating the panel himself, which would scarcely have been fair to the other creators), whilst Jon bulldozes his way into the conversation at various points, but everyone ends up with the opportunity to illuminate their positions and there's potential for a follow-up at the third BICS, once schools have had a chance to roadtest these graphic novels and evaluate them as educational aids.

Thanks to October's postal strike, it's two weeks later when I receive a package from Classical Comics which was no doubt intended to land before I set out for Birmingham. It contains all three of the company's stabs at *Henry V*: a straight transfer using the original text, a somewhat more accessible version with dialogue translated into modern speech and, for those of a diminished attention span, a heavily truncated edition stripped down to the bare bones.

For instance, Henry's call in act two for his troops at Harfleur to "Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage, then lend the eye a terrible aspect." becomes "We must tighten our muscles, stir up our blood and hide our chivalry behind faces of rage. We must give our eyes a terrifying look." before finally imploding into the less-than-poetic "Get a fierce look in your eyes." for the so-called 'quick text' release.

I wouldn't go so far as to call the last ugly, but it certainly lacks much of the beauty of Shakespeare. If this is truly the only way to drag kids into the ground floor of Great Literature, so be it, but I can't help worrying that the next generation will have degenerated to the point that it'll need the Bard converted into the language of telephone texts. "2b r nt 2b?" is a question I'd rather not see posed in that particular vocabulary.



OK, that's it! This pre-emptive issue is complete. I've still got a bit of work to do to complete The Corset issue and then it's a few days of rest. What do you expect? I'll also be chewing my nails over the TAFF race for a few more days. It's coming soon, no? I'm excited and I'm still not sure who's gonna win. I've got a feeling it's Christian but then again, it could be any of us and I certainly don't count myself completely out.

I'll have a thing on Construction in the next SF/SF and another thing floating around after that. The next regular issue of The Drink Tank will cover a little something called LosCon!

