

LONIGAN 94



**The Drink Tank Issue 157
On The Drawing Board**

It's The Most Wonderful Time of the Year!

The day came on December 27th. It's one of the best days for me because there's never anything to do at work between Christmas and New Years and it's one of those wonderful lists that I'm always going on about. The National Film Registry's 25 new films are announced every year and this year's crop is one of the best ever.

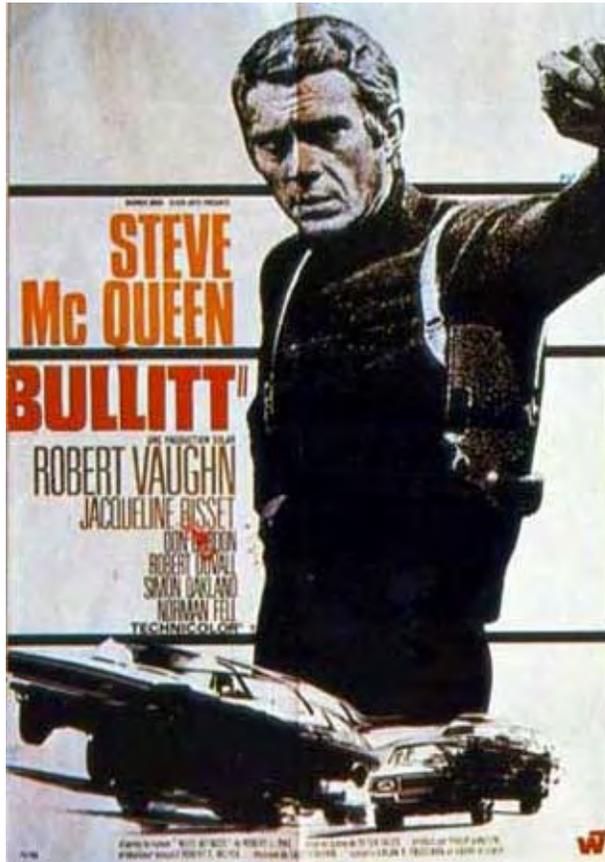
And here are the additions:

Back to the Future (1985)

No question that this was one of the best science fiction films of the 1980s (along with Blade Runner, which is already in) and a fun movie. Many saw it as a Michael J. Fox vehicle and others thought that it was the best performance from Mr. Christopher Lloyd (though I still think that he was at his best on Taxi). A wonderful film that I believe is the first appearance of Hewey Lewis on the Registry.

Bullitt (1968)

Lalo Schifrin. That's the name of the guy who did the score, which is one of the most striking of the 1960s. Steve McQueen is excellent, firmly establishing himself as the King of Men with this flick, and the car chase through San Francisco, eleven minutes of unbelievable action (and 6 hubcaps, if you can believe that) is one of the best in film history.



Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)

'77 was a big year for Punk and for Sci-Fi movies. Star Wars was followed by Close Encounters, and it's hard to say which was a more important film. Oddly, both have been re-released with additional footage and effects that weren't available in the late 1970s.

Dance Girl, Dance (1940)

Over the last, oh let's say, 100 years, there haven't been that many female directors of note. In the last

twenty years, we've seen some pop up and take a lot of attention (Jane Campion and Sophia Coppola come to mind), but it's not like there were never any women directing in the Golden Age of Hollywood. One of the best was Dorothy Arzner, and Dance Girl, Dance was one of her best films. Maureen O'Hara and Lucille Ball were both great in this one, which I saw about 10 years ago at the Stanford.

Dances with Wolves (1990)

This is the first thing on the NFR that I actually own a 35mm print of (thanks to Good Ol' Ken!). I'd never say it was the best movie to win the Oscar for Best Picture, but it's a grand epic and a fine Hollywood type picture. Still, having this in before some of the westerns of the 1950s is a bit of a stretch.

Days of Heaven (1978)

This is a film I've never seen. It's a Terrance Malick film which has been called one of the most beautiful ever shot. It's got Richard Gere from the period when he was one of the most promising actors to come around. I'll have to watch it sometime.

Glimpse of the Garden (1957)

Marie Menken was a great director and Glimpse of the Garden was a classic with a whole bunch of birdcalls all over the score. It was a wonderful film I saw one evening at the Stanford.

Grand Hotel (1932)

Another film where the greatness lives in the form of a quote. This was where Garbo said “I want to be alone” and that stuck with us for decades. This is one of the films that most influenced Robert Altman as it was an All-Star cast with colliding storylines. Wallace Beery and Garbo are great, as is Lionel Barrymore.

In a Lonely Place (1950)

Nick Ray is best remembered for Rebel Without A Cause, and well he should be, but In a Lonely Place is a stronger film when you look at the script and directions, and it was much more personal to Ray himself. It’s one of Bogart’s best performances and it features Gloria Grahame, an actress who was never properly beloved.

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)

This is the best western ever made in my eyes. Lee Marvin, John Wayne and Mr. Jimmy Stewart. You can’t go wrong. This is the last great John Ford film, though he made a couple of more films, including the Civil War segment of How the West Was Won, a film that really took Ford’s idea of the West and ran with it.

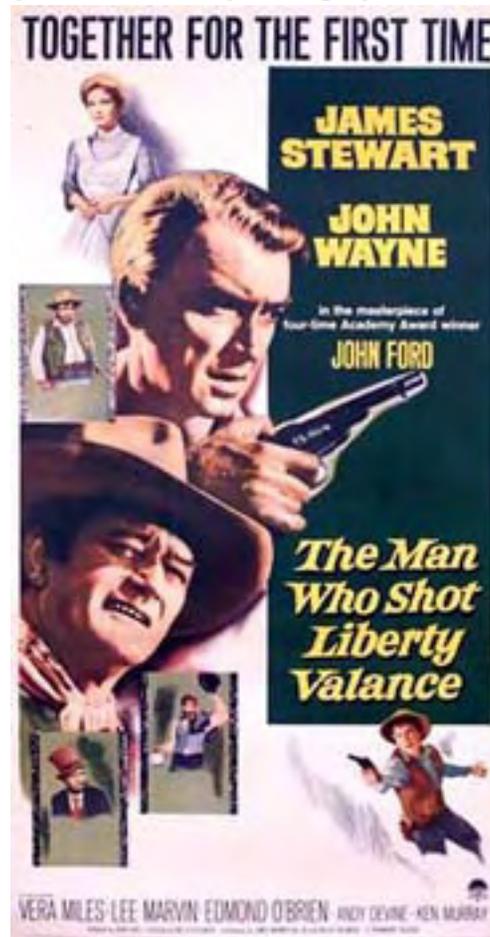
Mighty Like A Moose (1926)

While a lot of folks think that there were only four silent comedians

of the 1920s, Lloyd, Chaplin, Keaton and Langdon, there were actually dozens of them, and one of the lesser known was Charley Chase, a great actor/director/writer who did some great shorts and came from the Mack Sennet school. I’ve never seen this one, though I’ve seen some of his others.

The Naked City (1948)

One of the films that helped define the modern detective genre. It’s gritty and so many things you see on



Law & Order or CSI actually came from The Naked City. It’s really one of the great American movies and many American Post-Modernists point to it as a stepping stone down that path.

Now Voyager (1942)

Paul Henreid and Bette Davis in a love story. How could you go wrong? Just a flat-out great film with two of the best performances of the 1940s. Davis should have won the Oscar for her acting in this joyous piece.

Oklahoma (1955)

You can sing at least one of the songs from Oklahoma, and it’s one of the most important musicals of the 1950s. You can see some of the greatest musical performances in Oklahoma, but there are other musicals that haven’t been added (1776 to be sure) that deserve to be on the list before Oklahoma.

Our Day (1938)

A real gem. This is an amateur film made by Wallace Kelly who wanted to show regular life in a Southern town during the Depression. It’s not a super-exciting film, but it is really interesting to see what ‘regular’ life was when we have images from 70 years of film and television that give us a completely different thought for what life was like. The film stars Kelly’s family in all the roles, which is a proud tradition.

Peege (1972)

This might be the greatest student film ever. Directed by the guy who would later go on to do *Grease*, the film is a classic made at USC. It's one of those Connection-between-the-ages films that is heart-warming.

The Strong Man (1926)

And here's Harry Langdon! This is one of the better Langdon shorts and shows why he is in contention with Chaplin and Keaton for the 2nd best funny man of the 1920s ('cause no one is close to Harold Lloyd). This one is about a meek little guy who falls for a blind woman with all the trimmings. It's available on DVD in the Harry Langdon set.

The Three Little Pigs (1933)

Disney's masterful telling of the classic story is much-loved and now rarely seen. I've always loved it and I know it's out on DVD, but not in one of the most impressive collections.

Tol'able David (1921)

I saw this once, I think at the Pacific Film Archive, and was impressed with it as a movie pre-1925 that had the full idea of film grammar. It's a powerful film and one that had a lasting influence. The Russian filmmakers who were just starting to arrive on the scene in the 1920s studied it and it had a profound effect on their craft.



Tom Tom The Piper's Son (1969)

An avant-garde film which is a re-imagining of a 1905 film. Ken Jacobs, one of the great of avant-garde, took an old paper print and zoomed in on details, panned, made various motion elements and so on. The result is an incredible film that goes along beautifully with other impressive pieces like *On/Off* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* in the history or the American Avant-Garde. I think this is on one of the Treasures collections.

12 Angry Men (1957)

Studio One was a show which did original movies starting in the early 1950s. I think the original version of *Marty* was done for Studio One. In 1954, they did *12 Angry Men* and that led to Henry Fonda and Co. doing the Big Screen version a few years later. It's a classic in the way it tells the story and from the acting. There's powerful stuff all over it. When Henry Fonda pulls out the knife and drops it into the table, that's boss!

The Women (1939)

Every actress dreams of films like *The Women*. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine all starred in it and George Cukor became the Director who made actresses. I think it's Joan Fontaine's best work and one of the best films of 1939, the greatest year in film history.

Wuthering Heights (1939)

Sam Goldwyn said "I made *Wuthering Heights*. Wyler just directed it." If you ever want to understand the reality of how a producer can become the film, *Wuthering Heights* is it. Merle Oberon and some dude named Olivier play the legendary lovers, with every scene positively dripping with romance. I've seen this one about five times, every time with a different girlfriend and everytime it led to smooching.

The Clubhouse Affair - Part II

A Barmy Cats Adventure, by Cheryl Morgan

When we last saw Barmy, he was chained to a wall in the basement of The Clubhouse, about to be tortured by Captain Standlee of the WSFS Secret Police. Standlee had threatened Barmy with the fearsome Parliamentary Procedure torture, but our hero is more than a match for his evil schemes. After all, he is armed with a pocket hectograph, disguised as an iPhone.

"You'll never get me to talk, you varmint," I gasped. "Besides, Mr. White made me promise before I came out that I wouldn't say anything without his permission."

"Oh dear," said Standlee sarcastically, "that's so sad. And I suppose there's no way you could get permission, chained to a wall the way you are."

"Well," I stuttered, "I guess I could always phone him. There's an iPhone in my breast pocket."

"An iPhone! Wow! General Robert hasn't let me have one of those yet. Can I have a look? I love new gadgets!"

"Sure you can, buddy. Here, take it. And to call Mr. White you just have to press 1. I have him on that useful speed dial thing."

What do you know, the jerk fell for it! V had told me that he had some sort of magical system whereby the pocket hectograph would produce exactly the sort of fanzine that the person I aimed it at would want to read. For Standlee, apparently, that meant an anime fanzine full of pictures of school girls with short skirts, big eyes, and even bigger boobies than Geri. No, wait, I had to stop thinking about her.



She was the enemy, and I had a job to do.

While Standlee was distracted I wriggled my hand until I could touch the wrist watch that V had given me. A press of a button, and a blob of Corflu squirted onto the manacle around my wrist. It was special Corflu, of course, and in no time it had eaten through the metal. Before long I was free, and able to explore the basement of The Clubhouse.

Goddamn but it was a depressing place, full of the remnants of awful things that the WSFS had done. In one corridor there was a pitiful queue of fans still waiting to register for ConFrancisco. In other a group of authors was wandering around in confusion trying to find out which panels they were on at Torcon III. A thick door with a massive lock was covered in radiation symbols. The sign on it read, "DiamondVision - Do Not Enter". Another door read, "Chicon V Site Selection Count - Quiet Please." I put my ear to the door. There was a lot of arguing, followed by a profound

sigh. Then someone said, "well, I guess we'll just have to start again."

Another door looked like it came from an old castle. It was made out of bright green stone. I'm sure that beyond it were the secret chambers where Bitch Morgan destroyed sacred fannish traditions, and tortured publishers who would not pay bribes to get their books reviewed. No way was I going anywhere near that place.

Eventually I found my way to a door just marked with a rocket. This had to be the right place. A quick squirt of Corflu from my wrist watch soon put paid to the lock, and I was in. It was dark inside. V had equipped me with a flashlight disguised as a laser pointer. As I was fumbling for it, the main light came on and a silky voice said,

"Good evening, Agent Cats, I have been expecting you."

The other man in the room had long grey hair, wore black robes, and carried a magic wand. But as my eyes adjusted I could see that the robes were covered with dark green dollar signs. The wand wasn't really a wand. It was one of those extensible pointer things that people use in lectures and business presentations. The real give away was the bow tie. Yes, this was Old Ben, the financial wizard whose genius lay behind most of what the WSFS did. I was doomed.

Old Ben sat in a huge leather chair. In his lap lay a huge, brutal-looking bulldog, which he stroked fondly every so often as if he was a villain out of a Bond movie. The dog snarled at me nastily.

"Down Seth," said Old Ben, "you'll get a chance to rend him limb from limb later. Right now, I want to talk to him."

"You see, Cats," he continued, "your mission was hopeless from the start. I am a genius. I can predict everything that you CORPSE Fandom people do. I knew that Mr. White would send you here. I knew that you'd escape from that fool Standlee. And I knew that when you did you would head for this room. It is all quite simple really; just a matter of deduction."

"Wroaafff!" added Seth.

I tried to sound brave, but my voice came out as a squeak.

"We won't give in, you know. We won't rest until we have rescued Worldcon from your evil clutches."

"Pathetic fool," replied Old Ben, "I'd destroy the convention rather than let you have it back. And don't think you have any chance at a Hugo Award either. Not while I control the voting. Seth, you stay here and guard the Hugo results. Mr. Cats and I are going to have a little chat."

"Whoaah?" whined Seth, clearly disappointed.

"Go on Cats. Off down the corridor with you. And remember, I know what you are about to do before you even think of it."

Hoping for a lucky break, I set off the way he indicated with his pointer. He oozed after me, grinning in a self-satisfied manner. After a while I decided to try to make a break for it.

"Presumably you know that I'm going to phone Mr. White for instructions," I said.

"Well you are not exactly bright enough to know what to do by yourself, are you?" sneered Old Ben. "Here, give the phone

to me. It is about time White and I did some **Negotiating.**"

I ignored the menace implicit in his tone. "I have him on speed dial. Just press 1."

This time the pocket hectograph spat out a Star Trek fanzine.

"Hey," muttered Old Ben, "this thing is talking about an undiscovered pilot episode for the original series, one that I have never heard about. How can that be? I bought up every print of every episode of Original Star Trek that was ever produced. I own it all!"

While he became more and more agitated, I slipped past him and ran back along the corridor towards the Hugo room, hoping that I could figure out some means of dealing



with Seth before I got there.

When I arrived, there was another fan there. He was sat in Old Ben's chair sipping on a very large glass of beer. Seth was curled up at his feet, snoring loudly.

"Hello Cats," he said, "good to see you. My name is Martin. Captain Ddu sent me. I often do little jobs on his behalf."

"What happened to Seth?" I asked.

"Oh, just offered him some of my beer. It is brewed in Belgium by an ancient sect of Trappist Druids who have been perfecting their recipe for the past 4,000 years. It is 75% alcohol, you know. I can take it, but Seth, well, these Americans; just can't take their beer."

"Thank Ghu!" I gasped. Quick, we have a mission to complete. Chris got me the combination of the safe. I'll have it open in a few minutes. Then we can swap the Hugo results and get out of here."

"Good chap," said Martin. "Hurry along now. But I have a new set of results for you. Captain Ddu sent them. They are in this envelope here. See, it has his signature on it."

I took the envelope from him. As it turned out, that is one of the worst mistakes I ever made.

Weeks later I was reading my copy of *Ansible* to see what the Hugo Results had been. There was something very odd about them. Best Fanwriter went to Dave Langford, of course. So did Best Fan Artist. And Best Fanzine, Best Semiprozine, Best Editor (short and long), Best Professional Artist...

Turning the sheet over, I saw a hand-scrawled note on the bottom. It read as follows.

Dear Barmy, thanks for all the help. All Your Hugos R Belong To Us. Your good friend, T'will Ddu.

P.S. The Colonel really ought to allow you to watch more media SF, especially Gerry Anderson. If you did then you might be a bit more suspicious of a character called Captain Black.



Crazy Prediction Number 122: On the Rise of China

by Mr. Frank Wu

China had a great 2007. In the past year, according to the new issue of Newsweek, “China contributed more to global growth than the United States, the first time another country had done so since at least the 1930s. It also became the world’s largest consumer, eclipsing the United States in four of the five basic food, energy and industrial commodities. And a few months ago China surpassed the United States to become the world’s leading emitter of CO2.”

2008 is looking even better for China, with the Beijing Summer Olympics.

Traditionally obsessed with world opinion, China will do everything it can to polish itself for the world stage. Streets will be clean, and lined with shiny new hotels. Poor folks will be either raised from poverty (China has accomplished 75% of the world poverty reduction achieved in the last century) - or else bussed off to the wilderness. Any evidence or memory of the Tiananmen Square massacre will have been completely wiped in methodology that would have impressed Orwell. You will see the mightiest army of athletes ever beheld on this planet, and they will have gleaming yellow skin. They will compete in sports China is not

traditionally good at - like archery and track and field and wrestling. And they will win, knowing that individual achievement is nothing, but glorifying the homeland is everything. China has never won a medal in water polo, but you can bet your bottom dollar they’ll field a world-class water polo team. I fully expect China to have a man in space during the games, his greeting from the heavens, “Let the games begin!” broadcast on an enormous screen during Opening Ceremonies.

In the midst of complaints about pollution, China will trumpet new eco-friendly technologies in the greenest factories on the planet. Any criticism of China’s human rights record will be deflected, two months before the games, by the widescale release of dozens of dissidents. But these dissidents will be “reformed,” wearing shiny new suits and gold jewelry and declaring new-found love for the government. When European leaders arrived in China recently, itching to fight over the new Chinese economic power, China beat them to the punch by announcing a \$15B order for Airbus planes. Expect other announcements of economic deals with Europe and the U.S. the scale of which you’ve never seen. Yes, China is taking over, but they’ll do it in the nicest, friendliest, trickiest and most deceptive way possible.

I predict that the final economic

blow will come in about ten years when China unleashes upon America a fleet of irresistible alternative fuel automobiles.

China's been stealing technology from other countries for decades - they've long shown that they have no respect for any sort of intellectual property. Movies are sometimes available on DVD in China even before they hit the theatres here. And Chinese flea markets overflow with knock-offs of American gizmos and products (I was particularly amused by "adidas" copies sold as "daidas"). China's also shown that it is a monolith, willing to throw massive amounts of money, brainpower and human muscle against any problem. Perhaps they are watching Silicon Valley's Tesla Motors with intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic. Watching Tesla develop their very-expensive, low-production-run electric cars. But instead of making just a few hundred very expensive electric cars, China will steal the technology and build fleets of hundreds of thousands, millions of cheap and adorable cars to sell to Americans. And while Americans whine in court about patent infringement, demanding their 5 percent, China will be making money hand over fist. Just as most everybody in America bought a new computer in the late 1990's, a lot of Americans will buy a new car in ten years - a Chinese alt fuel car. And GM,

after struggling for so many years, will finally collapse, a quarter of a million workers will lose their jobs, and the age of China's economic hegemony will truly begin.



**Letter Graded Mail
sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers**

Let's get going with John Purcell!

Well, Christopher, no-one can ever accuse you of living a dull life. This past year has certainly been eventful. It was a

pleasure meeting you at Corflu Quire, and I'm glad you enjoyed that con as much as I did. Winning TAFF has got to be the high point of your fannish career thus far, and I know you're gonna have a great time on your trip. Sure, it'll be stressful at times, but overall you are going to be fine.

I think 2007 taught me why that Chinese threat 'May You Live In Interesting Times' is a curse!

As for that move coming up, the best of luck to you. I am positive something will turn up; moving with no real fundage to back it up is always no fun, and having not located someplace yet at this time of the year is definitely worrisome. Still, try not to worry about it. I know you'll come out of this like a real trooper. Hang in there, roomie.

I finally got a place in Sunnyvale, which is about 3 minutes from work, close to two freeways and everything is just about brand new because the guy who lived there before me was there for 11 years. I'm excited, though it's not cheap.

By the way, great cover for this issue. Don't you just love Ditmar's style and craftsmanship? I honestly don't know how he does it. Great artwork!

He's awesome! I first came across his stuff in Bruce Gillespie's zines a few years ago and it's just brilliant. Thanks for the hook-up!

You know, Heinlein is one of those authors who fans love to either hate or love. Nobody doubts his importance to the genre, and people generally agree that his

early work - well, from 1940-1965, to be precise - was his best. Once he got into that "gotta create great literature" mind-set his writing went downhill. Of course, there were medical reasons for some of his behavior: Heinlein did have brain surgery in the mid-70s, but that alone does not account for his pompous attitude. Even so, Heinlein's influence was monumental and he deserves his place in the pantheon of SF greats alongside Asimov, Clarke, and Sturgeon.

I can see that being a big deal. Especially considering how far downhill he went in the 1970s. I wouldn't put him and Sturgeon in the same boat though: they were in many ways the exact opposite of one another.

Okay. I really have no idea who wrote that faan-fiction piece, but I also have my suspicions, Maybe you can make this a contest: name this author; winner gets a free one year subscription to *Drink Tank*. Something like that. You are right in that it is pretty snarky and biting, plus it had me laughing in spots too. It is so over-the-top bitter that I couldn't take it seriously. I would be very, very careful about running something like this in the future, though, because of "the names" used in this faan-fic: Mr White, Geri, General Robert, and Captain Standlee. Generally speaking, if someone plans on writing

faan-fiction, the least they can do is change the names somewhat so that knowledgeable readers can get the joke and unknowledgeable readers can still enjoy the piece. It should be interesting to see what kind of responses this generates. I, for one, am not taking it seriously, and hope that the rest of your readership feel the same way.

It's gotten some positive notice and some negative notice. I had hoped that my mantra 'All is Forgiven if it's funny' would rule, but alas, it



seems not in several people's eyes. I think the second part is even funnier than the first, but anytime you've got Langford as the villain, you've gotta laugh!

And so another year's worth of *Drink Tanks* bites the dust. Heck of run and one heck of a year, my friend. Let's keep this baby rolling and have more fun in the coming year.

All the best,

John Purcell

Thanks much, John! Can't wait for the next Askance.

And now, a guy we don't hear from for long periods and then he gives us great stuff all at once...Eric Mayer!!!

Chris,

I am sorry to hear about the financial/living space problems. They are pretty much one and the same aren't they? I have had to struggle with that crap during most of my life so I feel for you but I have no solutions to offer. Would've long ago solved my own problems if I did!

Well, I got lucky and I'm hopin' that I can pull it off for the long-run. I've gotta get a Grant of some sort. Does the NEA endow fanzines?

Here's what pisses me off, though. You work. You go in to a job regularly. So, let's see, doesn't it seem like if you work full-time you should be able to afford housing without a major hassle? But what do I know, eh? I have weird ideas like that. I mean, it just doesn't seem right the level of wages we have to put up with. And I know, the sort of thing you do. But, in my opinion all full-time jobs ought to provide a decent living. Period.

It might be my beard or hair. I might scare folks, but I'm far from the scuzziest person in the world!

But you better watch what you say. People might get worried you intend to take the Degler approach and just start traveling...

Hmmmm...I never thought of that...

I hope you can avoid letting it grind you down.

As to the Giant Sized Annual, I recall in the fifth grade me and a friend were selling comic books on the playground. They were either a nickel or a quarter for a few crayoned pages. But we had to eventually do an annual, and not just an annual but a Giant Sized Annual. (And never mind that fifth grade didn't last a whole year either) So we made this super big comic, but that was a lot of work so we rented it out. It even had a cross word puzzle which was to be done in pencil so we could erase it after each rental. Man, I should've stuck to business! **That's a classic! I might have to steal that...I mean reference that, in one of my Falcons cartoons. Of course, the kids will end up making a mess of it and calling on the forces of darkness...**

Can't say much about that anonymous piece. I'm not sure why it would be sent to you anonymously. The opinions expressed aren't that outrageous. It does seem like it lashes out in all directions though. I must say "Core Fandom" does sound to me too close for comfort to "Corpse Fandom"



but, on the other hand, what's this about making big money off cons? Anyway, interesting but kind of uneven. It would be interesting to know where the author was coming from. Someone who's been around awhile and come to these conclusions or someone who showed up recently and doesn't like everything they see? Start analyzing the handwriting! **Well, it turns out that it's Cheryl,**

who has certainly been around awhile (even has one of those rocket-thingees). There's actually a segment of fandom that believes that Con-running is a money-making venture, which is strange. I do know a couple of folks who have made a bit of bread off doing cons, but it's far from typical.

Best,
Eric

Thanks much, Eric!

And now on Issue 155, Mr. Lloyd Penney!!!

Dear Chris:

Got a bit of time before the work comes off the server at the Globe and Mail, so here it comes straight to you, a few comments on The Drink Tank 155.

Always good to hear from ya!

Alan White has outdone himself with that cover. So detailed, so textured, and a few nifties I wouldn't mind finding under our tree.

Can't argue with that! It's our first cover from Mr. White and I'm so glad. He's a great artist and we're just not seein' enough from him of late. Of course, he's all over the Xanadu site and the Vegas Westercon.

Ah, you weren't careful what you wished for...you wanted TAFF, and you won it, and now you got it, and you have to plan for the trip. I'd love to go and see England and meet up with some of the

folks whose fanzines I inhabit regularly. I'll take an electronic copy of your trip report, but I'm old school in that when we did our CUFF trip report about ten years ago now, we produced a paper report, and the sales from the report, plus the bounties paid for trip reports by various groups, put about \$1000 in the CUFF bank account. I hope people will get the e-report, and still send money in to you for the fund. Maybe put together ten copies of your report in paper to give to John and Milt. I think they'd appreciate the extra effort.

I think that I'll have to print some, though if I manage to complete what I am thinking about, it'll be at the cost of about 20 dollars a copy. I've gotta find a way to do it cheaper...

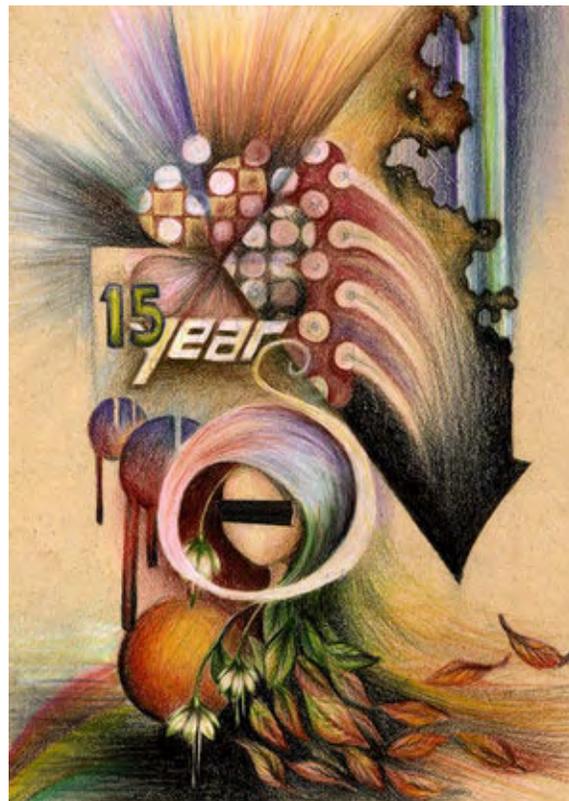
Some of the costumes for Worldcon masquerades were constructed for as much as 18 months to worn on stage for as little as 45 seconds. Any pictures of the Royal Canadian Mounted StarFleet in those magazines? Work for me has become a series of ups and downs. I'm back up again! Thanks to an out-of-the-blue contact made through Facebook, I will be starting for three months, starting January 3, at Panasonic Canada in their marketing department. Their offices are in neighbouring Mississauga.

Congrats! I'm on Facebook (and every other Social Site) I think there was one of the RCMSF in one of them!

I heard this very day Will Smith being interviewed on BBC Radio 2 about his new movie I Am Legend. Smith may have started as a smart-mouthed rapper, but he's grown up into a hard-working actor and real goals in mind and a busy family. He works very hard on the movies he does, and he is in demand. His favorite movie is still Independence Day, where he kicked a whole lot of alien butt.

I miss the DJ Jazzy Jeff, though. He was a big talent who hasn't done much lately.

Fannish Memory Syndrome's logo



is on a still from The Golden Compass. Watch you don't get nailed for that... I did enjoy the movie, even if I hadn't read the book, and the whole film is a treat for the eyes. It is a fast movie, and I suspect that most people didn't get most of the plot, and the Vatican has its robes in a knot over the whole thing, but I think the other books in the series will get the treatment. I am looking forward to the second Narnia movie, and it will be out in May.

Well, as I understand it, the film was much toned down though the next one may well get them all bunched again. I never saw (or read) the first Narnia book, but I will probably see the second. I bought Linda the BBC version for Christmas!

Looking forward to the next couple of issues, and you have the best Christmas possible, and don't come to me for the bail money. Give Linda a hug for me, and party on!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

And here you go with the next couple of issue!

And now, for the first time in The Drink Tank, Peter Wright!

Thanks for the nice writeup [*"Fannish Memory Syndrome", The Drink Tank #155*]. The South Hants SF Group was rather more visible a few years ago, i.e. we were a little more involved in conrunning and con attending. However, in addition to the

two regular monthly meetings there are now additional meetings in Gosport so it's far from dormant. With Anne working in Jersey, I'm now in semi-retirement from it, although I'd love to go to the pub meetings again. I'm just too mean to spring for a babysitter. Nevertheless I do try to get along to a couple of meetings a year. Jasper Smithers seems to be one of the driving forces in it these days.

For me, the 1997 Eastercon was a tall order, but worth doing. With all sorts of crap going on at work at the time it did provide me with the one outlet where I could work to some sort of standard and retain some self-esteem. It was also a heck of a lot of work that's made me a little more appreciative of those who do it. The smaller cons I worked on were less overwhelming in this respect. I think some (not all, of course) non-conrunners sometimes lose sight of the fact that no-one has to do the damned job, no-one's paid to do it - but if they didn't do it, cons wouldn't happen. In my experience it's the same in many fields where volunteers run things.

I don't know whether there will be any more Wincons - there aren't any on the horizon at present, but you never know what the future may hold. One of Wincon's unsung heroes is Keith Cosslett, whose expertise as treasurer and all-round reasonable and non-flappable chap stood us all in good

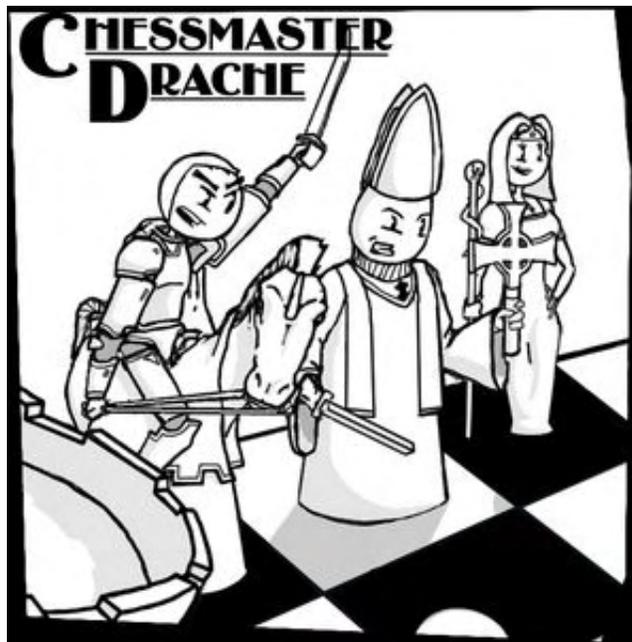
stead.

King Alfred's College in Winchester was a terrific venue, if a little awkward for those less mobile than most. With the rising amount of commercialism and bureaucracy surrounding the hire of venues for such events, it seems to get ever more difficult to find places willing to host cons at an affordable price. Novacon's hotel at Walsall seems to be a rare find.

Best,

Peter

I've gotta try and get a chance to meet y'all when I get out there. There are so many folks I wanna talk about so many things with. I wish I had more than 16 days!



I totally forgot to include a couple of people on that list of Thank You's from the last issue. It's just unbelievable that I'd forget Steve Green, Mr. Fannish Memory Syndrome (and maybe I'm suffering from that) who has given us so much in the way of art and writing over the last year. I owe him dearly and I will sing his name from Mountains High!

Steve Silver has also given us some great stuff over the last couple of years, and I totally didn't add him. You see, I wrote out a list longhand and left it in the car and went from memory and just botched it with those two. SaBean wrote and said that I had forgotten her too. I went back and checked and there she was, her name in lights. I wrote her back and said I'd do better by putting her in a better font the next time I run a long Thank You so she'll catch it easier.

I also should thank the guys who keep putting out their zines which just helps keep the whole thing going. Without Procrastinations, Vegas Fandom Weekly, eI, Banana Wings, PLOKTA, Pixel, Consonant Enigma, SF/SF, File 770, Vanamonde, Alexiad, Littelbrook, Chunga, Prolapse, Motorway Dreamer and the others, where would we all be?