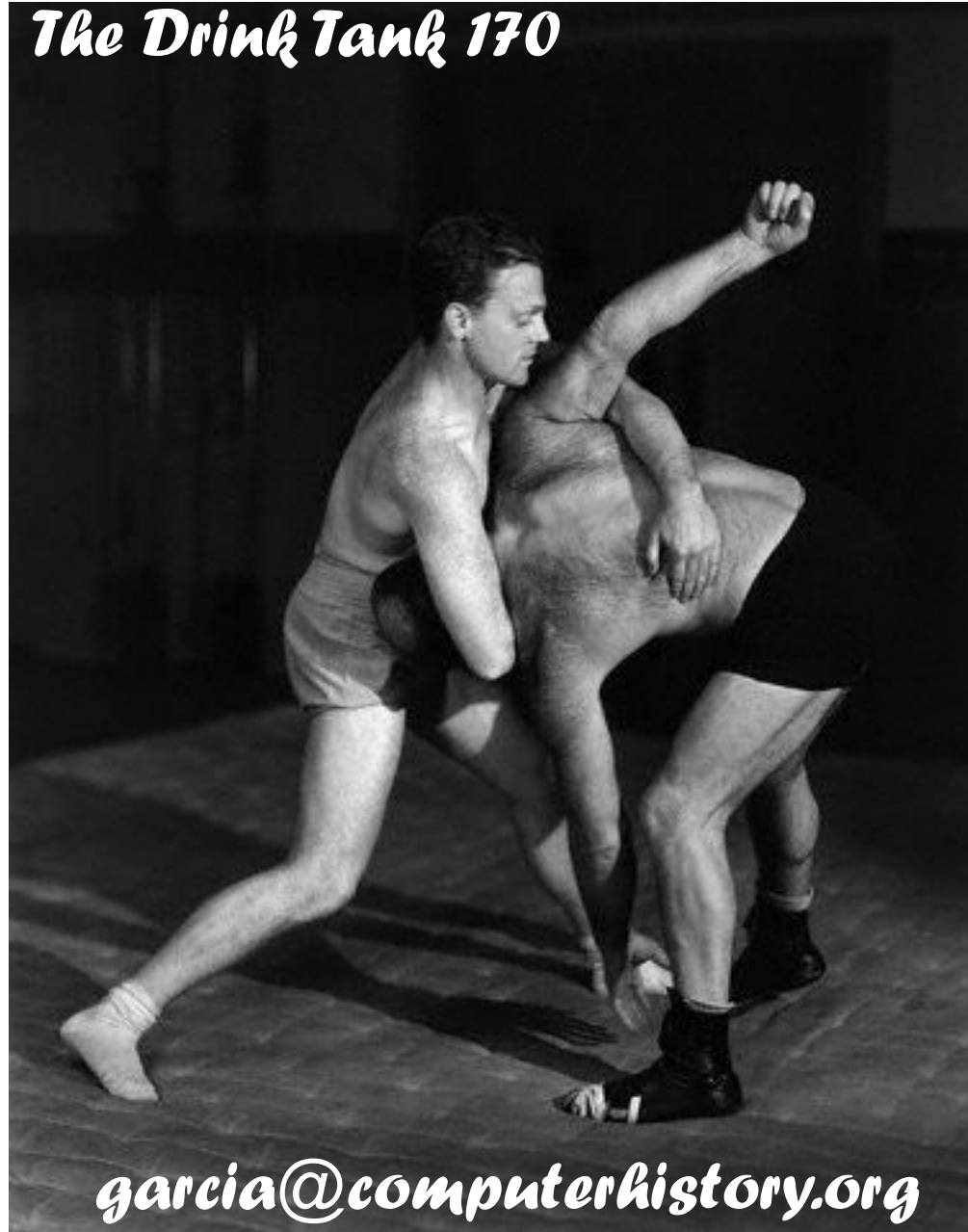


The Drink Tank 170



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Is That a Top Hat, or Are You Just Happy To See Me?

by Shaz Nolan

Photos from Kristina Kopnisky

Costume-con 26 (www.cc26.info), by every definition, was the best convention I've ever attended and staffed, both in fandom and professionally.

I met many people I've talked to online, I met people whose names I've only heard about and gone "ooh, they're cool," and I met new folk that I hope that will stay in my life from here on out. It had more Victorian clothing than I've seen in a while-- Dickens Faire at the Cow Palace aside-- and while it's not my cuppa, it was great eye candy. I saw Renaissance era clothing. I saw many fantasy and scifi costumes.

And while I didn't make a single panel, it was extremely educational.

1. I learnt to appreciate my silhouette, and how to use it better.

I've given up on medieval clothing looking good on me. I've got an hourglass feature with a naturally large bust, and if there isn't some element of clothing that defines the size of my waist, I'm making myself look bigger everywhere. Fantasy that's based in medieval is the same story-- no waist, I don't look my best.

Also, it's not my period of historical expertise, and to take it on would sacrifice some of the Renaissance facts that I've stored in my brain. I can't do that.

So now I'm going to re-home-- like I did this weekend at the swap with other items and did much better than planned-- my medieval related clothing and books. Those that inherit them will probably be very happy about the fact, and I hope so. I don't re-home well made or hard to find items because I'm trying to make a buck. I'm re-homing them so they'll be used by someone who appreciates them. If I make money off the process...

Well, I buy things like one of Alia Atreides' costumes from Children of Dune. Which fits me perfectly, after I'd been told it was made for an Italian

model. Want to boost someone's body image? That's the perfect way.

2. Levels of mastery do not always a great costume make.

There were so many costumes (and clothing) that screamed "I was made with love!" There were also thrown together items that could have worked better with a little more thought and time. But when the wearer is happy and playing the role, mad sewing skillz [tm] aren't as important. I'd rather have a cheesy Jedi going wild with the 'saber than an elaborate Viper pilot (Battlestar Galactica) that's not playing it up.

This is not to say that master designing and sewing is fabulous and needs to be praised heavily. But it shouldn't stop someone who has to cobble together what they can to go to a costumed con and have fun.



3. Furrries fascinate me. A lot.

I've never really seen one before, not in person. They fascinate me. Their willingness to don a faux fur suit and large head made of materials that doesn't breathe well is amazing, and I think they're taking an extra step many others won't take. They clearly love the part, and play it up hard.

They also work with fur, something that I only go near if I have to. I got to play with a kitty head at one point, examining the way it was made. (Honestly, I was fondling a lot of people's costumes this weekend.) It's strange to say, but I got a kitty fix by seeing a furry in a tabby cat suit, and she earned an "aw" and "ooh."

Would I make a suit like that? I doubt it. But I intend to admire and respect for here on out, and will never turn down the chance to study the construction.

4. I love geeks.

Con virgins can't tell the geeks from the tag-alongs. Geeks can. I can't play an insane and dangerous Bellatrix with them, but if it helps hook them in and make them geeks, I'll call them mudbloods 'til the dragons come



home. But geeks rock, and come in every flavour.

5. I brought tiny kitty plushes home so I could do a "Gridlock" Tenth Doctor, but my real cat has absconded them as hers.

This is obvious. I apparently brought home gifts for them. Maybe we can share so I can still cosplay them.

6. As I can afford it, I'll be at more cons, and I'm going to tune up my routine. I may even volunteer/staff one again.

Bellatrix is an interesting character to cosplay. Having the Dark Mark as a tattoo helps with one flash of skin-- and I think the fact that I compulsively showed it off will echo into future cons without me being further obnoxious about showing it off-- is nice. I'm not sure if her clothing (plus a robe or something very HP) is taking over my closet, or I just happen to dress like she might if the producers of the Harry Potter films understood that Bellatrix Lestrange is not Catwoman, and Lucius Malfoy is not a S&M dungeon master. So I'm tuning up what I wear as Bella, but not limit-



ing it to pure costume.

I also need to strip the pin and buttons from my Browncoat (Firefly) coat, and run it over a few times with the car on a rough road to age it properly. That won't be as easy, as "dirt road" and "LA" are not synonymous.

7. I love dressing up.

I miss the theatre. I credit the high school drama department as the reason I'm still alive today. Between friends and the environment, theatrical folk are a breed all their own, and find joy in things that outsiders do not. As I tune my goals as to where I want to be in five years/ten years, I see theatre. I want theatre. So I'm going to go after that, and if I get connected to the film/TV world, I won't object. At all. (I'm not stupid, after all.) I love putting on clothes that I can't wear to the grocery store, I love the props, I love breaking into song (loudly) in a hotel lobby as



I help tear down an exhibit, I love the random power of being someone else for a little while, and having harm-free fun at the same time.

Theatre is in my blood, so therefore so is the dress-up and cosplay.

8. Those people were great.

If you're one of those people-- I ran out of cards, I'm really sorry, those folk I wanted to give one to-- thank you. It was fun. You made me laugh. You made me smile. You made me fly on the good energy. I hope I meet you all again, or talk to you again, or swap stories over Klingon drinks and blow-up Daleks. I love that I could be Me, instead of the mask I have to show so much of the world, and hate for it. I am inspired. I am given the hope that humans are not a waste of flesh. I am reminded that I am not alone, or weird for my likes. I thank you for the hugs, and smiles, and photos.

I could go on, but then I'd kill everyone's browser space. Coming soon will be entries on more of my finished work, and fingers crossed, some new stuff. I've got good ideas now, and I need to act on them. :)



Baycon is this weekend and I'll be running another Fanzine Lounge. This year's theme is...TAFF. Wow! Who'd have ever guessed? There's no way of anticipating that sort of surprise. I'll be doing a lot of stuff for TAFF as well as the regular things you expect from the Fanzine Lounge.

Like Booze.

And Leigh Ann, Jason Schachat (in his Annual BArea appearance), Espana and others.

And the Fanzine in an Hour is on Saturday at 1pm, up against a SteamPunk panel that I want to go to and the Masquerade contestants meeting!

Everyone knows I love bringing in new writers to the Drink Tank. One writer who has kindly given us articles for SF/SF and whose blog keeps me quite amused has kindly given me an article on the latest BArea fannish obsession: Absinthe!. With photos from Jean Martin and Alisa Madden, here is the Drink Tank debut of Johanna Mead!!!

As of October, 2007, absinthe was legalized in the United States of America.

Newsflash: it was never, technically, illegal.

What it was, was *unfit for human consumption* as defined by the FDA. Furthermore, they couldn't quite find a common ground regarding thujone levels – more on that in a moment – and so decided to err on the side of caution, bless their little bureaucratic hearts.

Please understand that I'm going to simplify things a bit, in the following paragraphs:

Near the end of the 19th Century and at the beginning of the 20th an anti-absinthe movement began in Europe. The primary backers of that movement were wine and spirit makers, who were threatened by the popularity of abinsthe, which was cheaper than wine or distilled spirits,

and marketed as a *digestif* – something good for the guts – to boot.

Absinthe was – and still is – a strong spirit consisting of (among other ingredients), grande wormwood, anise and fennel. It must include those three ingredients to be considered abinsthe. Popular additions include hyssop, nettles, mint and many other north European herbs. The drink was created as a *digestif* in the mid-19th century.

Let's pause to make a few things *crystal* clear, shall we?

- Absinthe was never marketed as a hallucinogen – then or now – at least, not by responsible distilleries.
- Thujone content has no relation to the quality of the drink. Anyone who boasts the thujone content of their product is trying to push something that will, without a doubt, taste horrible and is probably best suited for clearing your drains.
- There is no contemporary (ie: 19th Century) evidence that absintheurs set fire to their drink. (I'll get into that, shortly)

Rumors of the affects of “absinthism” – a mad, almost rabid mental disorder which would overcome chronic absinthe drinkers - were put about by wine and spirit

makers, looking to discredit absinthe distillers because absinthe was, by the late 1900's, outselling absinthe and, therefore, the wine-makers were looking for a way to beat the market..

The competition of the late 19th century – by which there were at least as 100 absinthe distilleries operating in Europe – led to some absinthe diluting their product with water or whatever else came to hand – often lead salts, arsenic or other potently toxic ingredients – much as cheap spirit makers do today. If you doubt me, please Google “Russia” “Vodka” and “Black Market” together – and for bonus points, include “Windex”.

This competition, of course, only strengthened the hand of the anti-absinthe propagandists.

In the early 20th Century, the temperance movement won and absinthe was banned in some European countries and in North America.

Did I say “banned”? Not really.

In the United States, absinthe was declared by the FDA as “Unfit for Human Consumption” but thujone – the so-called “psychoactive” ingredient derived from grande wormwood was never declared a controlled substance, merely *unfit for consumption*.

Thujone was declared unfit for human consumption via incredibly unscientific and unreliable experiments in the 1920s, and the FDA



refused to revisit those studies, despite several further, laboratory-controlled studies after that time.

Furthermore, the FDA then decided, arbitrarily, that any liquor containing beyond 20mg of thujone per liter could not be imported into the United States by reasons of being unfit for human consumption. Please note: it was not declared a drug, it was not declared illegal to own, merely “unfit for human consumption”.

Never mind the drugs that were and have since been approved with much higher levels of thujone, via



grande wormwood content – several prescription drugs with grande wormwood have been approved by the FDA. The federal government was never concerned with consistency. Absintheurs bit their lip and kept importing their spirit of choice from Europe. As long as we were low-key about it, we were safe...

Several absintheurs of my acquaintance encountered well-meaning fellows at Customs and Excise at the border who would see

them carrying 2 liters (or less) of absinthe and would cheerfully wave them through, muttering something about *clearly no major harm was meant* – and they were right. In fact, I know a chap – who must remain nameless – who came through SFO with *fifty liters* of European absinthe and yet, some enlightened chap at Customs asked him to pay the liquor duty – which he gladly did – and waved him through saying “That stuff ain’t no more harmful than vodka”. Bless that fellow!

If you believe absinthe will make you hallucinate, you’re drinking it for the wrong reasons. Studies have been done – please email me and I’ll share them with you - proving that it is no more a hallucinogen than dandelion tea.

Absinthe is a delicious, herbal liqueur. If you like pastis, ouzo or even (shudder) Jaegermeister, you will probably like absinthe. But let me specify a few rules:

- Not all absinthe is green.
- Absinthe does not make you hallucinate any more than any other booze would
- Absinthe is no more toxic than any other high-proof booze.
- Absinthe *does* pack a wallop - ranging from 100 to 150 proof, depending on the manufacturer.

- Absinthe was not intended to be drunk ‘straight’. See ‘100+ proof’ above. You can drink it like that if you want to, but it’s not recommended. The ritual of adding water (and sugar) is part of the charm of l’heure vert.
- You cannot make absinthe by soaking a little bag of herbs in vodka or grain alcohol. If you want to try something that tastes quite like absinthe, buy a bottle of Pernod. It even louches when you add water.
- Flambé-ing is fine for Crepes Suzette. It’s lousy for absinthe - you’ll just get a burned sugar flavor added to a perfectly nice drink.
- Thujone content *does not matter*. Beware any absinthe that brags up its high thujone content.
- Thujone is no more similar to THC than H²O is to H²SO⁴. Yes, the molecule diagrams for the two chemicals are similar, but that doesn’t mean anything in this case.

The traditional “absinthe ritual” is very simple.

- Pour your “dose” (as it was then called) in to your absinthe glass. Usually a “dose” was

approximately one ounce, at most an ounce and a half – keep in mind that this is a spirit of 100 to 150 proof.

- Take an absinthe spoon, place it across your glass and balance a sugar cube atop it.
- Place your glass, spoon and sugar cube beneath the spigot of an absinthe fountain and turn the spigot so that water slowly drips through the sugar cube, dissolving it into your glass and your dose.
- As the ice water drips into the absinthe glass, your absinthe will turn cloudy. This is the *louche*, caused by essential oils coming out of solution as the cold water mixes with the spirit. Take a moment to lean over the glass and inhale the changing aroma – and, believe me, it changes as it louches – this is why we indulge in the ritual. A complex, gorgeous aroma will unfold over those few minutes!
- Spend the intervening half-hour or so in polite conversation with your friends. This is *L'heure verte*. The time required to prepare your drink is part of the pleasure. This is not a drink to be rushed.
- Once your absinthe has been diluted to four or five parts water to one part spirit, stir in the rest

of the sugar, or leave it aside and enjoy!

That's all you need to know regarding this delicious liquor.

The “Czech Ritual” of soaking the sugar with the spirit and then setting it on fire and stirring it into the drink – diluted or otherwise – is merely a marketing device dating to no earlier than the 1990s. Czech distillers get terribly cross when you ask them for proof of the ritual being truly “Bohemian” as they like to market it – ie, early 20th century or before, as they can't provide proof that it was. As mentioned earlier, regard anyone who pushes the thujone level (the so-called psychoactive aspect of wormwood) with deep distrust. They are just trying to make a buck off you and they're hoping you'll buy into the idea that absinthe will make you high. It won't.

Sounds Great, But Where Do I Start?

Like vodka or whiskey there are cheap-and-horrible absinthes out there and there are vastly overpriced ones. A little discretion and research will show you the way.

If you are willing to take a little time re: reviewing and ordering, go to www.wormwoodsociety.org - that website has excellent reviews of over a hundred brands of absinthe. I've let them guide my steps over the past

six years and they've not steered me wrong, yet.



For shipping from Europe, I recommend www.absintheonline.com - very fast shipping (4 days from ordering to arriving in California – wow!) and reasonable prices, given the state of the US dollar.

If you're desperate to try something *right now*, go to BevMo and look for the following brands:

Lucid - a black bottle with cat's eyes on it. Despite the melodramatic packaging, this is a good beginner's absinthe, in my opinion. It is formulated by Ted Breaux, the chap behind some of the best commercially

available absinthe in the world – the Jade line. You’ll want to move up to that after you’ve had Lucid and decided that you like it. Lucid is somewhat – but not overly – complex and, in my opinion, doesn’t require sugar with the water. It’s herbal and tasty, with high notes in the anise and fennel, but not in an intimidating manner.

Kubler – this is a classic Swiss *blanche*, which means it is a clear



(rather than green) absinthe. It’s still the real thing. *Blanche* absinthe are usually associated with the Swiss Alps and I think this brand has a less complex flavor than the more florid French or German absinthes I’ve tried. Personally, I find the Kubler US release (which is different from their European release) a bit *too* simple for my tastes but, with that in mind, it’s probably a good beginner’s absinthe. It lacks the complexity of Lucid, but has a nice, slightly sweet and spicy flavor to it but not as complex as, for example, *La Ptite*.

Absinthe Verte – This is the first absinthe produced in the United States since the ban, brought to us by St. George distillery in Alameda, California. I’ll admit that I’m a little biased in its favor as it’s produced near my home-town in the San Francisco Bay Area. However, it is a very *German* absinthe – unlike the floral Franco-Suisse – with more emphasis on the eucalyptus and secondary ingredients, such as nettles and basil. I like it, but I acknowledge that it’s not what many purists consider a “classical” absinthe, especially as it uses star anise, rather than green anise – a cause of not a little controversy among purists. Again, this is another absinthe

I drink without sugar – it just doesn’t need it.

Regarding absinthe as a whole, my only caveat is this: if you don’t like anise or licorice, you’re not going to like absinthe. Anise is a key ingredient to this liquor and there’s not getting around it. I know that some products out there – **ahem** Tabu **ahem** or even **ahem** Serpis **ahem** – market themselves as “anise-free absinthe” but never forget the golden rule: anise, wormwood, fennel. That is what makes absinthe, absinthe.

Finally: do not be taken in by *Absente*, sold at liquor stores, which describes itself as “absinthe refined” and “absinthe without wormwood”. What it is, is an herbal liquor with *petite wormwood* not grand wormwood and, even beyond that, it’s just not that tasty. I tried it quite recently, wondering if I could recommend it to friends wanting to try something that was like absinthe but, er, wasn’t. My conclusion? No way. It’s thin, flavorless and doesn’t louche. If you want to try something that’s “like absinthe” try *Fee Verte* pastis or even a good brand of Pernod. But, given the recent change in legal status, there is no reason you can’t try real absinthe!

And should you want any more advice, feel free to drop me a line – [absinthe_evangelist\(at\)skaro.com](mailto:absinthe_evangelist(at)skaro.com)

Six Alternative Endings to the 2008 Presidential Campaign *Frank Wu and Brianna Flynt*

We all know how this movie ends: Propelled by massive voter turnout, Obama manages to win despite the Republicans' villainous dirty tricks. Afterwards, McCain rides off into the sunset, John Wayne-style. What this election needs are some alternate endings for the DVD.

1. (Republican fantasy) In a heated debate moment, McCain uses the codephrase "Trollop Down." Dick Cheney emerges from the crowd and shotguns Obama in the face.
2. (Democratic fantasy) During the debates, a snarkalicious Obama screams, "Look out! Charlie's gonna get you!" McCain then grasps his chest and dies of a violent heart attack.
3. (Republican fantasy) With McCain gone, his running mate, Mike Huckabee, becomes the nominee. Huckabee, full of testosterone (have you seen how quickly he can grow a five o'clock shadow?), flies to Iraq, rips off his shirt and single-handedly wins the war, Rambo-style.
4. (Democratic fantasy) In a surprise move, Will Smith unleashes his genetically-modified vampires to "cure" the Republicanism that has wiped out New York.
5. (Libertarian fantasy) Seduced by the Dark Side, Ron Paul pledges his allegiance to Emperor Palpatine and exterminates the last of the Jedi.
6. (Democratic nightmare) In a last ditch effort to seize the nomination, Hillary Clinton releases the deadly "Vagina Dentata."



Fannish Dopple Syndrome

by Steve Green

To Willenhall, in the heart of England's "Black Country", a region which earned its name from the belching chimneys of the Industrial Revolution (although, astoundingly, the potential ethnic connotations for North American audiences persuaded the director of *Gods and Monsters* to pretend James Whale was instead born in Yorkshire). Ann and I are paying a lamentably infrequent visit upon my former *Critical Wave* partner Martin Tudor, since it's one of the few weekends he isn't putting in a few hours behind the bar at a local club on top of his regular 9-5 office job.

Even without the nine years we spent fighting both insane deadlines and vampiric bankers to keep *Wave* afloat, Martin and I seem to have spent most of the past quarter-century in some form of collaboration: working with Peter Weston on the Brum Group's landmark "fannish renaissance"; serving together on no fewer than four Novacon committees, the first in 1984 (though I'd beaten him by a year, he's more than caught

up since); setting up the infamous Mercian Science Fiction Triangle (MiSFiTs, for short). Martin was even responsible for my execution by chainsaw back in 1994, a tawdry tale unravelled at length in the tenth issue of *Prolapse* (Peter's Nova-winning fanzine, now available at eFanzines.com for all to see how myopic the Denvention 3 membership was not to award it a Hugo nomination).

My personal favourite of all our links is also present that afternoon: Ann's and my twelve year-old god-daughter Heloise Tudor (a distinction initially rooted in the happy conjunction

of her arrival and my thirty-fourth birthday). Thanks to the Beeb's decision to resurrect *Doctor Who*, I can now bridge the generation(s) gap by discussing the latest episode and gently arguing whether Martha Jones was a truly terrible companion for the

tenth Doc or simply rather boring.

It isn't the sole topic of conversation – she's just completed her SATs, although the results aren't in yet – but *Doctor Who* does offer us a shared vocabulary whenever I phone, not to mention the inspiration for post-prandial highjinks in the kitchen, when Heloise dons her official Gallifrey-issue NHS spex and waves a thankfully inert sonic screwdriver at her bewildered father *[pictured]*.

It's a pity Heloise isn't a real Timelord: she could scoot back to 1987 and warn her dad and myself that *Critical Wave* would become an intolerable millstone around our necks unless we set it up as a real business from the get-go (which we didn't, of course). Damn science fiction for raising our expectations.



**Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers
with CostumeCon photos from Jean
Martin!**

And now...Lloyd Penney!!!

Dear Chris:

I've got The Drink Tank 168 and 169, and you're working on 170! Time for some fast locking! Something intelligent and pertinent? Not at this speed, guy...

Well, I learned long ago that intelligent and pertinent take time, so I abandoned that concept pretty early on in my process!

168...Handicapping the Hugos...I haven't paid much attention to them this year, because we're not going to Denver, and never bought a membership of any kind. However, doing this in a year will be very interesting.

This is a very interesting year, and for once I'm really interested in the top of the ballot instead of strictly in the bottom. I mean, I'll still leave the event right after I hear who won Best Fanzine, but it's going to be an interesting swing year.

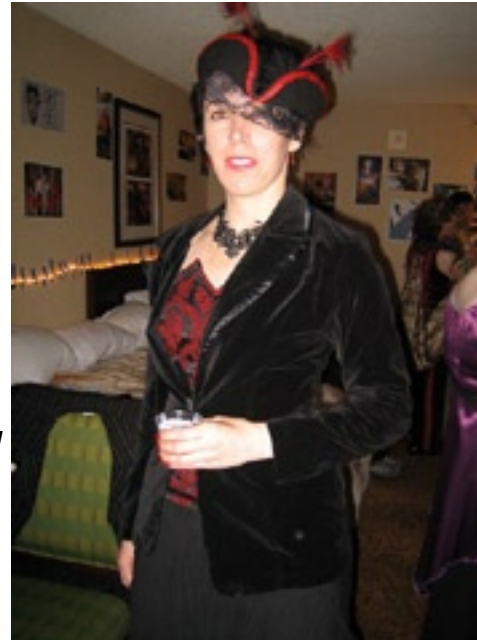
I keep hearing that anthologies are going away, that no one reads them. I cut my skiffy eyeteeth on anthologies, so I hope they stay. I

would think books of short stories would be a no-brainer, but I keep hearing the opposite. **You and me both. I think Anthologies are the best way to encounter SF and the ones from the last few years that I've read have been great. I still think a best anthology category would be most appropriate.**

Dan Steffan and Kurt Erichsen, not to mention Marc Schirmeister, are always left off the Best Fan Artist list, and they should be at least nominated. Do we wonder to ourselves, who did we nominate and vote for last time, and do it again? Steve Stiles is on the ballot, and he's overdue, too.

I forgot to mention Schirm, didn't I? He's a great one too and I have a feeling he'll be on the ballot at some point. Dan Steffan's been on the ballot once or twice, but should be on every year. I always have the same people on my ballot: Steffan, Wu, Erichsen, Shirm, and Selina because she does great stuff, but hasn't had much new stuff in a while.

Bless your heart for listing me as being left off the list for Best Fan



Writer! I am hoping that I might be on the ballot in Montreal. Hope does spring eternal, but many Canadian fans have no idea that I write for fanzines. I do plug for Guy Lillian and Challenger. He has always wanted a silver rocket, and he has worked hard to produce a good fanzine. If I had a vote, I'd vote for him. Seeing Steve Green is here...he sent me an invitation this very

morning to come and join FAPA. I'd like nothing better than to join the apa, but I have little enough time as it is, and I must still devote a big chunk of time to jobhunting. As I've done before, Steve, I must turn you and FAPA down. But, who knows what will come down the timeline? Never say never.

Well, I'd love to see you join FAPA, and I think you'll make it on the ballot. It's funny that you're not on the ballot more often. I've had you on my nominations for ages. I've gotta go with Challenger too. Great zine.

169...Costume Con came to Toronto some years ago, but it was so quiet, I never knew it had been here. We'd volunteered to help with it, too... Big ideas are often torn down by small

people with smaller brains. It is so easy for others to try to ruin your idea, as friends of mine in British Columbia found out as they tried to set up a ren faire, and others came around to try to ruin things for them. Some of them were SCA types, and others were totally unknown factors. Think the BArea could stand another Westercon? You must join up with us who at least try



none of us who have none at all. If I was to call anyone a #2 Fan Face, I'd have to seriously qualify and explain the term... Rob Sawyer will be in Las Vegas himself soon at Xanadu, the convention Scott Anderson is chairing. I hope lots of Vegas-types will get a chance to meet Rob; he's always up and ready to talk.

I can't wait for

Xanadu!

Hope this makes it into issue 170. Tonight is a regular local fannish pubnight (Third Monday), so we must shortly get ready to go and party. It's a long weekend this weekend (Victoria Day), so we're at home relaxing, doing a little cooking and ready to party tonight. Thank you again for more good zines with lots of fine pictures, and I am certain 170 will be fun. Yours, Lloyd Penney.
Well you made it in and I'm glad you did because a zine without Lloyd is a sad zine!

Well, that's all for issue 170. I'm hoping to do another one from Bay-Con, but we'll certainly be doing another Fanzine in an Hour (for liberal qualifications of an hour) and there'll probably be more stuff to come out. If you're gonna be at Bay-Con, stop by Room 349 and hang in the Fanzine Lounge. If you wanna drop a line, garcia@computerhistory.org will gladly receive any stuff you wanna send it. It's gonna be a fun time.

I wanna thank Kristina, Alisa, Steve and Jean for all the great photos and art this swing-'round. I also gotta apologize to Martin Young and Frank Wu who have been waiting for me to run their articles. I swear, next issue...or that one after that at the latest!

to inhabit the Bill Mills' Virtual Fan Lounge. I've missed the last couple of them because of just being busy, but I hope to hit more. I'll need to be satisfied with the Virtual Fan Lounge because I have no idea how I'd ever justify the money for Seattle. I think Las Vegas was it for me as far as Corflus go.

I just hope that the dates for CorFlu 2009 don't conflict with Xanadu or any of the other cons I'm going to as a way to raise funds for TAFF from the non-typical TAFF crowd. It's one of my biggest goals as administrator (even though I've almost raised enough to cover all the costs I had for my trip!)

I don't think anyone would laugh at four Hugo nominations, especially

