

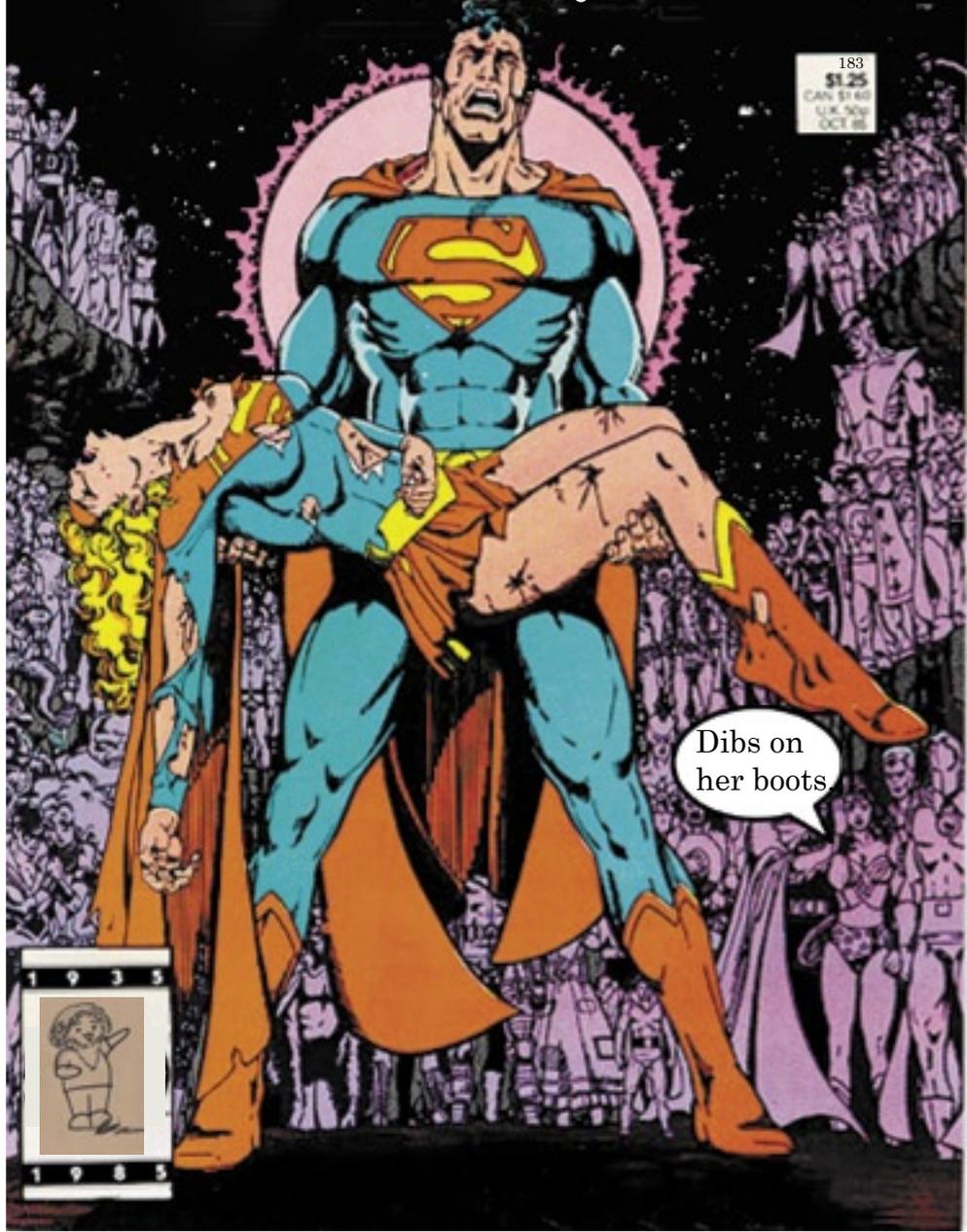
60 DT

THE DRINK TANK GIANT CROSS OVER EVENT

THIS IS IT! **DOUBLE-SIZE SHOCKER!**

Fandom On Infinite Earths!

183
\$1.25
CAN \$1.40
UK 50p
OCT 85



Dibs on her boots



Big News Trumps Cross-Over!!!

Steve Green dropped me a line the other day which made me very, very happy. Even happier than the thought of Sarah Palin losing the election and needing to be comforted...

This is the note that Steve sent my way-

Critical Wave first appeared in October 1987, launched simultaneously at Novacon 17 (Birmingham, England) and NICon II (Belfast, Northern Ireland). Its final issue was #46, dated July 1996.

It had been plagued throughout by underfunding and excessive bank charges, and its editors were no longer able to make up the deficit (it took them five years to pay off the magazine's \$10,000 debts).

During that nine years, contributors included Iain Banks, Michael Moorcock, Stephen Baxter, Graham Joyce, Karl Edward Wagner, Bob Shaw, Peter F Hamilton and Lisa Tuttle. There were also regular portfolios from such artists as David Hardy, Sue Mason, Alan Hunter, Jim Porter, Bob Covington, Dave Carson and Michael Murrak.

Green: "The new incarnation of *Critical Wave* will concentrate on fannish coverage – conventions, fanzines, fan funds and the like – whilst taking full advantage of an



online format.

"Thanks to Bill Burns at *eFanzines*, we're aiming for a monthly schedule, launching mid-November."

Now, I'm of the opinion that *Critical Wave* was one of the best things I've read from the 1990s. I've managed to get my hands on three issues and they were all great. I've only got one in my collection at the moment and it's another of the prizes.

Steve's a great guy and I didn't get nearly enough time to chat with Martin Tudor during my trip to the UK. I hope I'll get a chance to chat with him

again sometime.

And so, you should be on the lookout. I know I'll be offering whatever I can to help 'em out, and since it's on *eFanzines.com*, you've got no excuse to NOT read it!

I'm hoping that it'll be around for a good long time, because you can never have enough zines on *eFanzines* and you never know when the next big thing's gonna drop right in your lap!

So, I tell you to keep your eyes open for *Critical Wave*'s return this November!

photo by Richard Standage

Gimmicks. They're always there when you need them. This next few weeks will be full of one gimmick: Fandom on Infinite Earths!

Now, what does that mean? Absolutely nothing. That is to say that when I conceived of the Giant Cross-Over Event for October (Fannish Sweeps is the way I look at it) I had no idea how it would be different from other than the various covers which would be a reference to the classic George Perez cover of Superman holding Supergirl from Crisis on Infinite Earths. I had that to work from and I did just that.

Now, here's the funny thing: originally there was going to be no difference from a regular issue of The Drink Tank as far as content went. It was just going to be the covers. Then I got an idea.

We were sitting around WorldCon talking about CorFlu. There's a plan, and of course plans can change, but the plan is that I'm going to be heading the CorFlu in 2011, the 28th CorFlu, and I'm planning on San Jose. We were sitting around talking about all the things that could go wrong, when I thought about something strange: what if only one thing went wrong and the reverberations that could come of it. I thought that sounded like a fun topic for an article and I started writing it a couple of weeks ago. The result is the through-

line for Fandom on Infinite Earths, and my first ever Large-Scale piece of Faan Fiction. It's the story of what happens when you do one thing a little too well, how you deal with the crush and when things go wrong, you push harder and make them wronger. Also, it's supposed to be kinda funny, but maybe not funny ha-ha but funny 'oh dear sweet Jesus Christ, I could totally see him doing that' funny.

Plus, this isn't what I want, but it's weird the way I think about it.

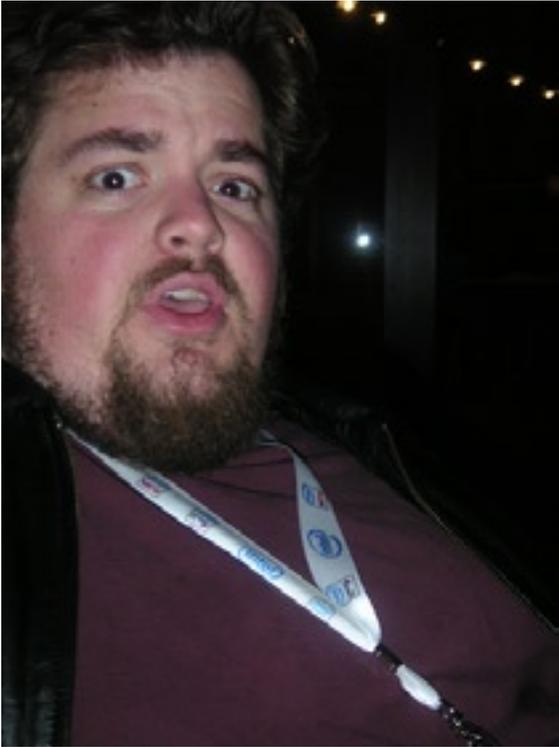
And here we go: CorFlu- 28 Zines Later!



Tuesday: Rhiannon

No question that flying into San Jose isn't easy, so I suggested that everyone fly into San Francisco and I'd get the earlier arrivals. I'd been standing outside the international terminal of the San Francisco Airport, waiting for the first arrivals: Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer. They were showing up a couple of days early and were going to be staying with me for the night as a way to pay them back for being so kind to me when they took me in during my TAFF trip. It was raining in a very Californian sort of way. It wasn't cold, it wasn't dark, but it sure was raining. I'd parked in the structure and walked across to the pick-up point. There was this first time I'd been up to SF in ages since my car, the beast I'd been driving into the ground since I had started watching Evelyn. I love that car, and I'm amazed that more than 2 years after it was diagnosed as having a cracked head gasket. Since then, I've been walking the line of total disaster.

Mark and Claire both looked fantastic for having gone through a flight of that length. I greeted them with a sign I'd made at work. It read Welcome of English Peoples! The Claire and the Mark! It was a fun sign, I thought. They caught it right away. Some of the other folks who were walking by looked at me in a strange way. I'm usually used to that, so it was



OK.

Hugs were exchanged, again in a most Californian way. We're a hugging people. I told them that we had to go across to the other terminal and pick up the soon to be arriving Jason Schachat. He was coming in from Burbank and we had ten minutes to get to him so that we could make our way down to my new apartment in beautiful Santa Clara, the city of my birth and youth. Walking over to the terminal, I had somehow failed to realise that they had quite a bit of luggage with them. Now, thinking about the fact that they were coming for more than a week, I should have

figured so much. I just trudged forward and stupidly figured they'd keep up with me somehow. I was slightly more confused by the layout of the airport than I expected. It took us about fifteen minutes to get there, and that's not a good thing. Jason started calling when we got near to the terminal (which I thought was the wrong terminal and therefore had us turn and go the other way, bag turnings not going well) and finally we made it to baggage claim. Jason was standing there with a look on his face like I had been busy thinking about worldly troubles and let the cakes burn. We exchanged the brief hugs that we always exchange on meeting.

"How the hell are ya, Jason?" I said.

"Well," he answered "My liver hasn't failed and I've still got both kidneys, so I'm good."

"This is Claire and Mark. They do Banana Wings. They're both geniuses of a level only the insane truly understand." I said by way of introduction.

They all exchanged handshakes and other words of random pleasantness as we headed off: three people carrying heavy suitcases and the curly-headed freak leading them completely unencumbered.

We headed to the car and as

soon as we got there, I discovered that I hadn't fully cleared the backseat. There was still the computer wedged in the footwell behind my seat.

"Claire, I think you should sit in the front." I said.

"I think you're right." Claire answered.

I opened the backseat door right behind my seat, pulled out the computer and had Jason step in. Jason put his bags between his seat and Mark's. Before I closed the door, I dropped the computer on Jason's lap.

"Just 'til we get to my place." I said. This time he gave me the Schachat eyes: part Marty Feldman and part Flip Wilson.

Mark and Claire's bags went into the trunk. Mark looked at the backseat, and perhaps sensing the terrible things that had gone on back there over the years (milk spills from Evelyn, kissing bouts between me and Gen and Jennifer and Jenny) and whatever my Mom did in it before she gave it to me. He hesitantly stepped in and sat himself down. Claire went calmly into the front seat.

"And we're off!" And out of the parking garage we went, into the traffic of the late afternoon just as Rhiannon by Fleetwood Mac started on the cd player, skipping a few times as we

made our way.

We came to Mountain View around 7, and that meant we could get some food on Castro Street. I parked us in the big parking structure and we walked up the street searching the various restaurants. Claire wanted to try the Thai place on the corner that never seems to stay under the same management for more than a year or so. Jason begged for Mongolian BBQ, but I beat him down by completely ignoring him. Mark saw a Chinese place that looked good. I thought that everyone might enjoy the classic Italian at Don Gionanni's. As we parked, Linda called and said that she was waiting for us down the street. We walked down to where she was waiting and passed a Spanish joint along the way. I kissed Linda hello and we figured the Spanish place would be a good thing. We walked in and found that there was a 20 minute wait. We took a seat in the waiting area and Claire pulled a folder piece of paper.

"Here, Chris. I made a few notes" she said as she handed the paper to me.

I unfolded it and found that it was one of the fliers I had done up and posted in various issues of The Drink Tank and with the Stateside issues of Journey Planet.

"I took the liberty of correcting a few things." she said and I didn't think

she really needed to. The red marks were all over the place. I'd managed to misspell my last name, the name of the Hotel for the con, the dates were off by a day in number, though they were right as far as the days of the week. I has also said that folks should join us for CroFlu: 8 Zines Later.

"Yeah, I'd been meaning to look those over." I said.

"Please tell me you had someone look over the programme book." Claire said.

"Of course I did." I said. In fact, I had nothing to do with the programme book, which had been put together by my cohorts in SF/SF. Jean and David Moyce took the lead, which was a good thing, as I finally took a second look at my chairman's message and had somehow managed to get slightly fewer things wrong than on the flier, but only by a couple. And the -gns outnumbered the -ngs buy a good number. Luckily, I was sure they'd caught all those.

The waiter said that we could be seated after about fifteen minutes. Linda was in the middle of telling the story about the time that we were in LA and I managed to KO Jennifer Love

Hewitt when I didn't see her while we were walking back to the Roosevelt. That's a good story, but my version (the 100% accurate version) is slightly funnier. Conversation flew between us, discussing zines and how wared England and whatnot when Claire brought the topic around to the CorFlu website.

"So, I noticed that you've got an old version of the Membership List up. Who can we expect to show up?" She asked.

"Well, I sorta fell behind a while back when it came to updating the list. I think we're going to have all the regulars, even Arnie and Joyce are



coming up with the folks from Vegas. And Guy Lillian was making the the trip out. And Mike Glycer. And The SF crowd was showing up too.

“How big is this going to be?” Claire asked, with a point like a prison shower shiv.

“It’ll be a little bigger than average.” I stated.

We finished our tapas, with some really sub-par olives, and then walked out to Bookbuyers and then for Gelato up the way. It was all going to be grand fun, with the minor problem that I had so much to complete before we moved into the hotel on Thursday and things started in earnest. We headed back to the cars and went back home for a long late-winter’s nap.



Wednesday: Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow

OK, maybe my place is a little smaller than I thought. Mark and Claire got my bed, since there’s no way I was going to make them sleep on the World’s Most Uncomfortable Couch, which is my favourite sleeping point. Linda joined me and she has managed to come to grips with the couch when it’s folded out. Jason got to sleep under a couple of blankets on top of a folded over sleeping bag. That’s how we often did it when we were sharing too many to a room at various cons. We woke up around 8 and Linda was already up, constantly stretching trying to get her back into some sort of natural alignment. She was making coffee in the kitchen, and the way my apartment was set up, it was easy for everyone to get a snoutful without even trying. I even found myself wanting a cup, since I had only entered into the half-sleep that is saved for those with heavy sins on their minds and those that foolishly sleep on my fold-out couch. I got up and got myself a quick bath and a clean set-up so I could face those staying with me.

I stepped on Jason’s foot as I was coming out of the bathroom. I probably shouldn’t have suggested he sleep right next to the heater vent so he’d get the

best of the warmth.

Mark and Claire were already in the kitchen with Linda, enjoying some coffee and conversation. They were talking about why I kept the Hugo on top of the Microwave.

“He says it’s mostly because it draws the excess microwaves away from the rest of the house,” Linda said. It’s true, I’d claimed that, but the Hugo that I’d designed for the Portland WorldCon of 2011 went right there because it was viewable from the front door. I noticed that Claire was looking over some of the notes I’d left on the



kitchen table. I had to move quickly.

“Ah, there those are. Just some jottings I was doing for...for BayCon.” I said.

“Oh, that’s good. There are a lot of names here I recognise. I didn’t know some of these folks went to BayCon.” Mark said, taking a peak over Claire’s shoulder.

“Well, it’s a list of hopeful conversions.” I added. Linda poured me a cup and we chatted. Jason, who had been in the bathroom, joined us a half-hour later. I slid him a Coke and a smile.

“Welcome to the World, Schachat!” I said.

We enjoyed a breakfast consisting of the copious leftovers from the last week and the loaf of bread that I bought. It was also nice to be able to run a toaster and the microwave at the same time without blowing the circuit. That was the worst part of living in the old place. We gathered around the table and ate with little talking. It was Mark that interrupted the silence.

“So, when do we get to see the programme book?” He asked.

“It’s being delivered to the hotel tomorrow.” I said.

“Who did the cover?” Claire asked.

I looked at Jason and he gave me a look that added a lovely bit of “I Told You So” without actually saying it. I squirmed a bit.

“I thought you were...” Linda started.

“Hey,” I interrupted, “is there anymore of the Sweet ‘n Sour left?”

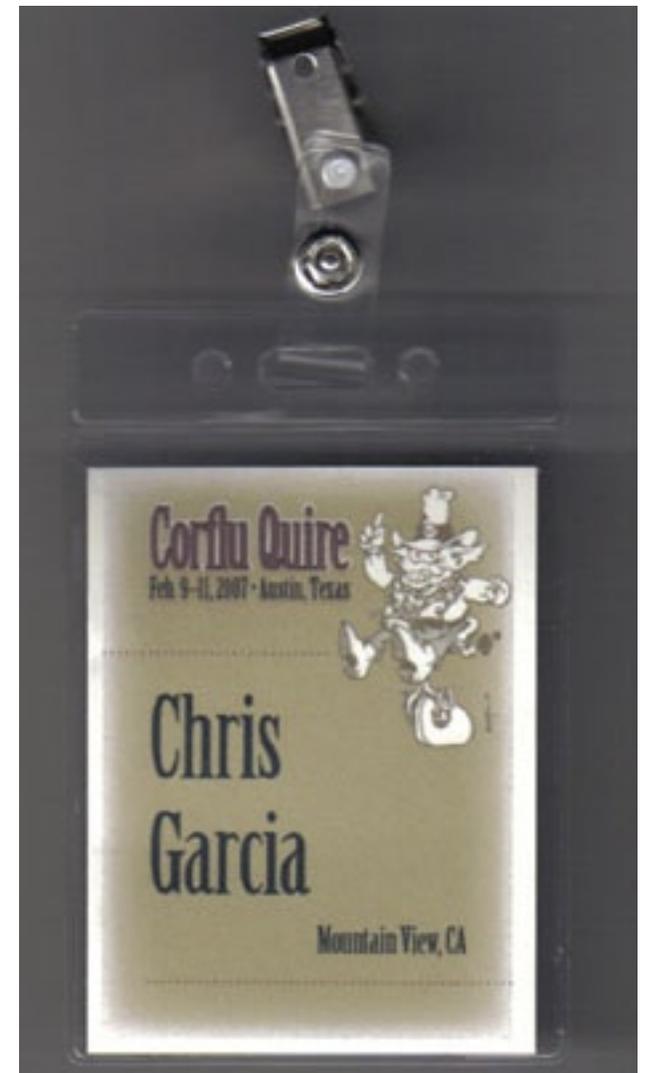
“This might have been it.” Claire noted looking into one of the cartons.

We talked some more about the con and I mentioned a few of the people who were coming who hadn’t been to CorFlus regularly. Part of the reason was that we’d been doing a lot of things to make it look like a good time. We’d come up with a fun theme: 28 Zines Later. It was passed off as a Zombie theme, though that wasn’t quite what we were doing. Yeah, we were making it look like that, but only I really knew what was going to be happening.

“What’s on the menu for today?” Claire asked.

“Well, I was thinking that it might be a good time to head over to the Computer History Museum for a couple of hours and then off to the enjoyable world that is San Jose’s downtown for a bit of lunch and then a special tour of the hotel. Then we’ll head off to pick up James and Simone at the Train station.”

James had wanted to get some time on an American train and had made arrangements to get from the San Francisco Airport to the depot in San Jose. It made things easy for me. On the same flight were John Coxon, Stef Lancaster and Max, who would be staying with us that night. It wasn’t going to be easy, squeezing everybody



in, but we'd manage somehow.

"OK, showers are in order!" and everyone who hadn't yet got themselves cleaned up headed off to do just that. A 2-bedroom, 2-bath place was the best move I'd ever made. Thank Ghod for the total collapse of the economy and having a job with an endowment behind it!

We got ready and headed into Mountain View and the Computer History Museum. I walked in and was greeted by the New Girl: the receptionist who replaced the last one who was the New Girl for two weeks before leaving. She was the 14th in a long line of Directors of First Impressions.

"Chris, right? There've been like 500 calls for you today, and Kirsten was looking for you to do something." she said between chews of her Minty Fruit gum.

"Yeah, I'll get right on that." I said as I walked everybody into the Timeline of Computer History.

The Timeline was an impressive piece of work, and I could give the best possible tour: completely reporting the creation of the thing.

"This is the punch card section. I wrote the initial text for it while working on laying out the second issue of Journey Planet. You'll notice that the

copywriter failed to mention that the Hollerith company had trouble selling to business, which is why you should always have your staff write the text."

A little later-

"And this is the game section. You'll notice that it's drab and dull compared to the vision that I had for the exhibit area. The colours aren't anything like they should have been, being less like the colours of the original Pengo."

Looking over at Claire and Mark, they'd easily be able to be used as the life models for Whistler's English People-Bored-Stiff by an Over-zealous Curator's Tour. It's one of his lesser works.

We finished the tour around 11 and headed into San Jose. The best place for lunch in San Jose is King of Siam, right down the street from the Camera 12 where I'd spent the previous two weeks for Cinequest. The various homeless celebrities of Downtown San Jose were there to greet us. There was Want-A-Quarter Woman, Dreadlock White Guy, Old Bike Tommy and the best of them all: Jim: The Guy Who Smells Really Bad. I nodded to all of them, giving them no money as that would really defeat the purpose of President Palin's Change By Not Giving Change campaign. We headed into the Thai joint and I asked that we be seated in that low-table, no shoes

section. They had comfy pillows and the tables were exceptionally teak. I had never sat there before and this was as good a time as any for us to try it.

"So, any special plans for The Drink Tank issue 500? You were on issue 496 when we left." Mark said.

"I put out issues 497 yesterday morning and 498 is off to Bill but probably already hit the airwaves." I said.

"Speedy work. I thought it was amazing that you managed to put out 100 last year." Mark said.

"Well, it was all a part of making



CorFlu 28 a special event.” I said, completely over-looking the fact that I’d spent a month doing an issue a day while I was sitting on the sidelines with my broken ankle. When I saw that Issue 500 was so close at hand. I simply stepped it up and discovered that I could actually manage to make issue 500 possible for CorFlu.

“You know, there’s a lot of stuff that seems...weird about this CorFlu.” Claire said. Jason and Linda, who are the only two who happen to have even the slightest idea of what I was planning. Linda knew the numbers and figures and was keeping that to herself, while Jason knew that the programming was going to be something different from usual. OK, James knew a thing or two also, but he was on a plane from Heathrow that’d just about landed so he wasn’t gonna say nothin’!

Well, it wasn’t far off from the Hotel, so we headed over to the DoubleTree, the

official hotel of BArea fandom. It was an excellent drive since I got to narrate the trip, giving the details of stuff that they’d already read about in The Drink Tank. You could tell that they knew all the stories and they didn’t really care if they got the visual aids to go along with them. Maybe I should have had them go with Linda?

We headed off to the DoubleTree and the girl at the parking shack recognised me and popped me through,

handing me a complimentary parking pass as we passed through. We walked out and Claire and Mark actually seemed to recognise the place from all the photos that have run in various GarciaZines. We walked through the place, passing through the lobby, which was looking really nice. The Coffee Garden...I mean Sprigs, was just finishing up for the day and that meant that Stacy, our favourite waitress from Silicon and Further Confusion. She was very happy to see us and asked if we wanted to sit down for lunch, but we passed. She said for us to hold on and she ran off, then came back with a few of the DoubleTree Cookies. We took them with great many thanks and headed off to the upstairs ballroom where CorFlu was going to be headquartered.

The upstairs space was always my favorite and they’d already started a couple of the changes I’d requested. The ballrooms were open and I walked



us into them.

“So, this is where we’ll be having the programme.” I said.

Claire and Mark seemed slightly taken aback.

“It’s huge! We’ll never use all this space.” Claire said. “And why are there three big screens behind the stage?”

“I’m sure they’re for some presentation that’s going on tomorrow morning or something.” I completely and boldly lied to them. This was getting difficult. “Come on, I’ll show ya the first ConSuite.” and we walked across to the Silicon Valley Room.

The tables and stuff were already set up. There were a half dozen big comfy chairs, a trio of couches and four or five tables. It was looking exactly as I had requested it, sans the decorations. We went across the Overland Route and came out the second ConSuite, the one with the smoking lounge set up outside with outdoor couches, a few outdoor chairs and some ashtrays. I then walked us inside and showed them the party floor.

“Party Floor?” Claire asked.

“Well, we’re hosting a couple of these rooms as sort of adjunct ConSuites, just in case. That was greeted with more questioning looks.

Samantha walked up and greeted Linda and me. Sam was out representative with the hotel and I hadn’t talked to her in a couple of days.

“Well Chris, you can see we got an early start. We had a dressing crew in last night so we just cobbled them on after the last event we had to breakdown from. Saved you a bit of money, we did.” She had an adorable, and completely unplaceable accent.

“Thanks.” I said.

“And Ken Patterson called yesterday asking about the TV network. We’ve got him all ready to set up tomorrow. We’ll settle all that at the final walk-through, how’s that?”

“Perfect.”

Claire and Mark were again looking as if something strange was about to happen and they were far too English to actually ask what it was. Jason even seemed to be fingering the collar of his shirt as if it were shrinking while he wore it. Linda seemed to firmly understand that a good poker face was of utter importance in these times of trial.

“Oh, and Chris,” Samantha said, “The shipment’s waiting for your approval on the dock.”

Everyone cast eyes at one

another and then back at me.

“Well, I better go and get a look at it. I’ll meet y’all in the seating area by the registration desk, OK?”

“Yeah, no problem.” Linda said, allowing me my escape. I really must remember to buy her more jewelry.

I walked off with Samantha and we arrived at the dock. Waiting there were three pallets, stacked four feet high with boxes.

“Are all 900 there?” I asked.

“Three hundred per pallet, so it says on the manifest.” Samantha said.

I took one of the small boxes off the top of the open one and opened it.

“Good, they did the stamp and everything. That’s just awesome.”

I put it back.

“We’ve got guys coming in tomorrow morning to make sure they’re all finished and take them to the Registration Desk.”

“Great. Just sign here.”

And I did.

I walked back to the lobby and found them all eagerly waiting. Linda had a coffee, and it was obvious they’d been talking about the con and Linda and Jason were giving them a run-

around and having a harder time of it than I was. Linda must have gotten the coffee to deal with the stress of trying to pull off a classic Chris Garcia without actually being Chris Garcia. It's never an easy deal. I also believe that Jason had chewed all his fingernails off.

We sat there for a few moments and then headed off to pick up James and Co. I hadn't noticed that there was a call on my cell from them saying that they'd arrived and were waiting. I could hear Coxon in the background saying stuff like "Where are you, Chris?" and "Is Linda there?". It was humorous. We got there a few minutes later and it was like coming upon a group of climbers who had to be airlifted off the mountain. Simone was sitting down, leaning her back against a post with her eyes closed. Max was laying across the top of a suitcase and Coxon was on a bench eating something that might have been a former member of their expedition...or maybe it was a churro. Stef was on a bench with his arm around his eyes, shading the world from his eyes. I could see it being either of them. James was the only one who was lively, as he was taking with a guy in overalls and a CalTrain jacket. My guess, they were talking trains. I was sure Kevin Standlee would be jawing with him for a while when he got to the hotel. I pulled up with Claire and Mark in my car and Linda pulled in behind me with just Jason.

"Welcome to California!" I announced, rolling down the window and yelling across Claire.

"Aye, Mr. Garcia!" James said in the way that I always imagine James saying things.

"Garcia!" Coxon called as I walked out and greeted him with the traditional Chris and Coxon hug of greeting.

"How are ya, John?" I said.

"Tired." he answered, again in the tradition of our greetings. For a pair of guys who live on two different continents, we had managed to hang out quite a bit. I met him out there at

Eastercon on my TAFF trip, he came out to Cali that summer, then we hung out at Anticipation, followed by my trip to the UK for work and then he stayed with me during his TAFF trip, and then we were both in Virginia when John and I were both Fanzine Guests of Honor at TechnicolorCon II for our shared zine, Sumptuous Intelligence.

Max got off the suitcase.

"How are you, Chris?" she said.

"Wonderful, Steve." I said, wearing a worn joke even thinner.

Claire and Mark and Linda greeted everyone and I introduced Jason to everyone he had yet to meet.



He knew John, Stef and James from various visits and WorldCons, and he'd done the art for an article I got from Max in The Drink Tank issue 349: People Chris Calls Steve. We all trooped into the cars. I got Mark, Claire, Max and Coxon, while Simone, James, Jason and Stef all went with Linda. We were all riding pretty low with five per car. My car especially so since I'd been meaning to get air in my tires and the suspension on my Sunfire's never been all that great to begin with.

We started our way back to my apartment, but James spoke up.

"Don't take this the wrong way, boy-o, but Sim and I'll be staying at the DoubleTree. Just be a little less crowded than at your place." James said.

"Well, sounds good. I guess it will be a little tough." having not considered that until that very moment.

We dropped James and Sim off, since they said they were tired and were gonna get a nap and then maybe some room service. We headed off to my place since I'd arranged for a few friends to come over and we'd be having a little party of our own.

We got there and the door was open. I knew that folks were already in there. I figured it must have been

Ken and Jerry, since I'd told them that the door would be unlocked and if we weren't there, to start things without me. We walked in and Espana, Jean and David were already in there too, along with Kevin and Andy. Kevin had mixed up a tray of Vespers using the Kine Lillet we'd bought at the Exotic Booze festival. That was a good time whose description is best left for another article. Andy and Espana were babbling about something and David had dived into a pitcher of martinis. I think the music was from Andy's iPod.

"Well, it's about time!" Kevin said as we trudged in with the stuff from three more Brits. Everyone started shaking hands and saying hello and making random comments. I took the bags with Jason into my bedroom.

"Chris, you do realise this is all going to blow up in your face, don't you?" Jason said.

"Yeah, probably, but it'll be the best damn iceberg ever!"

We headed into the party in the living room and I took one of the Vespers from Kevin's tray.

"Man, these are delightful!" I said. He'd made some when we were at Westercon in

Vegas and I don't think I'd managed to have another one until that moment. Coxon grabbed a couple of beers and the whiskeys I'd been saving for this fine event. Every time I shared a bit of the Suntori with anyone I had to quote Lost In Translation: "For relaxing time, it's Suntori time.". I was pretty much blitzed by midnight when things started breaking up.

Then the hard stuff began. Mark and Claire got the bed and I gave Jason his sleeping bag again. Stef got the World's Most Uncomfortable Couch, and luckily, John had drunk enough that he didn't realise he was sleeping at the computer in my very old computer chair. He'd been reading the latest Drink Tank, which was

barely skinned over after being dropped about 10 hours before. We left him there and Linda and I took the air mattress that we blew up in the kitchen. It was a strange place for sleeping, but my apartment wasn't exactly built for 10 people. Max was going to be a challenge. I took the egg-crate topper and placed it on top of a spread out pile of dirty clothes under a blanket. The result



was kinda comfy, but it was directly in the path between the living room and the common bathroom. That made several trips to use the restroom in the middle of the night into a walking on eggshells, and poor Max, scenario.

Jean had left with her guy, but David had spread out on the other couch that was less uncomfortable, but didn't fold out and wouldn't fit all of David. Jean would have been comfortable on it. Espana got the hammock. That's right, the whole reason I moved was so I could have a place where I could hang a hammock. Of course, it also meant that she was sleeping outside, but what were we gonna do?

I put my computer on and popped in Fleetwood Mac's Greatest Hits, falling asleep with the words "...if it takes just a little while..."

So, that's the first part of the through-line for the entire cross-over. What will Chris do next? Will the fans figure out what Chris has up his sleeve? Is this all just Chris' way of scaring all the regular CorFluites into never letting him host a CorFlu in San Jose? You'll just have to keep rearing to find out.

Trust me, it gets funnier and more tragic as the thing goes on. Think of his as the pre-meal meal you have at a much cheaper restaurant so your main meal won't cost quite so much.

And that's it for this issue. I wanna thank Dann Lopez, as always for The Dork Knight, Anna Optic and RobotJack for their art, photos from me, Linda and Kevin Standlee, and the rest of the folks out there in Fanzine Land.

Plus, I'd like to apologize to George Perez for what I've done to his cover of the classic Crisis on Infinite Earths for this cover. That's what happens when you put Photoshop in the hands of a Mad Man.

Next issue, probably closer to two weeks away than one, will feature the next day in the life of COrFlu 28, LoCs on the last couple of issues, and a big dose of special stuff from Silicon, where I'm betting about 2/3 of it will be produced in the Fanzine Lounge.

And remember, TAFF nominations for the West-bound race for 2009 are now open! Nominate, damn you!

garcia@computerhistory.org

Tales of the DORK KNIGHT



© 2004 by Dann Lopez

www.dork-knight.com