



The Drink Tank issue 240
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Genevieve, that fantastic fan artist whose stuff has been sadly absent for several months, is back with a fine cover. I thought I had used all of them, but there was this very cool Faerie-thingee that I am pretty sure had never seen the light of day!

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

Let's start with One of the nominators of Mr. John Purcell in the DUFF Race that has just begun...Mr. Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

Hey, happy fivannish! Five years of Tanks on the IntarTubes. Congratulations! And, five years of me responding to them, too. I must have sent you over a hundred of these letters. And, here's another one, on issues 238 and 239. ***It's hard to believe that it's been five years. I haven't quite managed an issue a week (it works out roughly to 1 issue ever 8 days)*** 238...A very big 5. I haven't gone beyond considering doing a fanzine, mostly because I'm having too much fun in the locol. Fandom is my bag, too. I've got my share of awards and achievements, too, but most of all, I can't think of anything else I could do that would not only satisfy my need for mind-blowing fiction, but also give me more friends and acquaintances than I could dream of, from across the country and around the world. I've been involved in fandom for over 32 years now, and there's some excellent reasons.

See, you get it!

I would challenger even the best fan-



historians to come up with anyone else in SF fandom history who has produced 238 issues of their fanzine in five years. Few, if any. Then, add in all the other zines you've been involved with...Steve Green referred to you as an industrial engine. Keep revving, my friend. ***I'm thinking some of the OmniAPAns of the 1960s might have been as prolific, and liekly better proof-read. I think John Hertz does 52 a year for APA-L, which would mean he'd***

do more than 360 in 5 years. Then again, I may be wrong.

That eBay...just another of the myriad temptations of the Internet. I think I have bought perhaps two items off eBay, and that's it. I don't even check it out any more...I might something I really, really want, even if I don't need it. This reminds me of an old song...Oh, yes we are the people running in the race, Buying up the bargains in the old marketplace, Another sale on something, we'll buy it while it's hot And save a lot of money spending money we don't got. If you recognize the song and who sang it, you must be a middle-aged Canadian, just like me.

Hmmmm...was that Lady Gaga?

Taral's article reminds us all that artists, like authors and actors and many others, are their own product, or at least the source of what they produce, so they must continually self-promote. I am surprised that the rejection slip from Ben Bova came about because Toronto was considered too remote from NYC? Ben must have taken submissions from more than a hundred miles away from his desk, so there had to be another reason. I know some of Taral's frustrations in wanting to do something that no one would ever give you the chance to do. I wanted to be a working journalist, and got a degree in Journalism, but have never been able to be one, seeing the Toronto market demands that you be a seasoned veteran, or at least a relative of the editor-in-chief.

I always wanted to be a wrestler, was one, briefly, and never managed to become a wrestling manager. That would have been awesome.

I never did see the Sherlock Holmes movie, and I am content to see Jeremy Brett re-runs on PBS. If this movie was supposed to be about Holmes' and Watson's last case together, why are they talking about a sequel? Or is that the idea behind the sequel itself?

Go out of your way to see Sherlock. It's a fantastic film and a whole lot of fun.

Hi, Jason...yes, L.A.con IV was a great time. We travelled about, enjoyed the con itself, soaked up some sun, got to see lots of old friends and make some new ones. I'm not an anime fan, and while I helped the current administrators of our own big anime con, Anime North, get started, I haven't attended in some years, and the years we did, we worked in or ran their cash office. Because of our still-relatively-new interest in steampunk, we participated in a steampunk fashion show at last year's Anime North, and we are going back this year. Why? I talked to those same administrators who say they are bringing in non-anime programming, dealers, artwork and events to try to introduce many of the 15,000+ people they get every year now to other sciencefictional interests, to benefit all the other conventions in town. The vast majority of those 15k are there to get their anime fix and nothing else, but for some, they may see something else they might like, and the other cons and clubs in town may be the benefactors, and bless the Anime North folks for that. They have acted in a position of strength, in numbers and cashflow.

I worked a couple of Anime Cons back in the day, and I'm not sure when or if I'll go to another. I'm not at all a fan of anime (it all feels lifeless to me) but I have to admit,

those kids have a blast.

239...Great cover! Welcome to Chris' Tiki Bar! I am out of my depth here...I'd heard of Grandmaster Flash, but not of Minor Threat.

I must admit, it is music that you've got to come to young. Hardcore is loud, fast and angry, just hte kind of think a teenager needs to get through the tough times.

I get a fair number of FAPAazines in the mail...I'm in the apa without necessarily being in the apa. Many of the novelty songs Taral refers to are still being played on the Dr. Demento Show, but finding a station that plays it is tough. I believe there's still a website that can get you a link to stations that play the good Doctor...I gather rights to broadcast the show are quite expensive.

I've not heard Doctor Demento in ages. I was shocked the other day, when watching an old episode of The Simpsons where Bart Announces that he's

And, I think that's it! You don't publish e-mail addresses, and seeing where this is coming from, that may be a good thing. Caught up once again! Take care, and I should expend some brain cells thinking of what to say about the latest Exhibition Hall. See you then.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

I'm always glad to hear from ya and I'm hoping that you'll get that LoC in for Exhibition Hall in the near so I can throw it into the next issue, which should be pretty darn good!

I also got a call from Jay Crasdan.

He was basically up-dating me on the M situation (they've gone back to Finland for a while while she's recovering from a few surgeries) and to gossip, as is tradition. Funniest thing, was when we were talking about the recent thread on John Scalzi's Whatever where people were saying that they were nominating the podcast Starshipsofa for Best Fanzine. Jay's take was pretty smart: "Well then, I'm nominating Avatar for Best Novel". That made me laugh.

SaBean got on the phone for a bit, mostly to make fun of me for a couple of articles I wrote recently and to say that my obsession with Lady Gaga is very revealing of my sexuality.

"I had my suspicions when you wouldn't sleep with me." she said.

I couldn't come up with a good comeback.



When We Were Giants

Words and Art by Taral Wayne

I spent most of today looking through old letters. Throwing them away was the end in mind for most of them. The oldest I've kept for as long as 38 years, and altogether my old correspondence filled four milk crates. I bore the burden of them out of mistaken assumptions – that they may be of interest to people someday, and worth something. But a couple of days ago I looked in the closet and saw the four milk crates and thought about my correspondence over the last few years.

Like virtually everyone else, I have e-mail today. Every couple of months I delete a thousand or fifteen hundred messages from Internet Explorer. So I found myself wondering why I casually sent a thousand e-mails into oblivion, but treated much the same sort of nonsense like sacred relics, simply because it was typed or handwritten on paper?

I had long ago decided I was never going to be important as Shakespeare or Vincent Van Gogh, and it was highly unlikely scholars in the next century would pore over my old letters to document every nuance of my life and times. So why was I keeping all that crap? It isn't as though I couldn't use the space.

So I've been going through thousands of sheets of paper, not quite one by one, but

it's taken hours nonetheless. But I've finished, and now have a stack of paper almost three feet tall that I've satisfied myself I no longer need.

There are some correspondents whose letters I've decided to keep, certain papers relating to business I need, notes from writers – the one from Jay Ward, for example – curious indiscretions I can use for blackmail when the right moment comes, documents that represent turning points, and an unenviable number of rejection slips.

Oh yes. I have rejection slips from Analog, F&SF, IF and Galaxy, Vertex, Omni, National Lampoon, and quite an assortment of other magazines that foolishly felt able to get along without my artistic or literary assistance. Those were most discouraging to see again for the first time in years.

But I also rediscovered an entire lost world of furry fandom.

Once upon a time, our little microcosm had its own comic genre. I worked for every one of the major publishers at one time or another. There was also a lively mail-order business. With a little advertising or a couple of reviews, an artist might make a pretty penny with his dollar mini-comics or five-buck folios. Outfits like Ed Zolna's or Rabbit Valley catered to fans who couldn't find the comics or fanzines for sale in their neighborhood comic shops. Back when, furry fandom had newsletters – *several*. As well as a number of apas.

In fact, back in those days there were funny animal cartoons on TV. Never mind Digimon, or Family Guy. You could turn on

the TV and see Cow & Chicken or Darkwing Duck. The big screen starred Lola Bunny and Sawyer Cat.

Those were great days, no denying it.

What does furry fandom have now?

Guys wearing goofy suits at conventions, and the internet. All well and good if you're a fur-suiter, I guess. And it must be admitted that the internet is the most efficient way yet to deliver the greatest volume of smutty art in the shortest time. But to me the internet is just a simplistic, plastic copy of what fandom had been, without the richness of experience and multiplicity of venues.

Brave lost world, when we were giants.



On the National Recording Registry The Forgotten Recorded Decade: Part Two

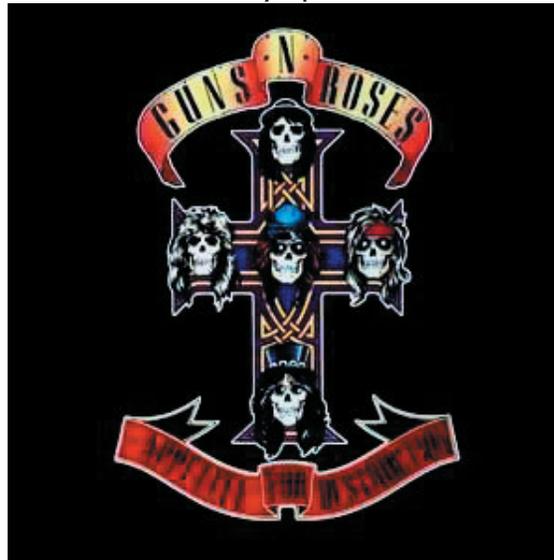
I remember the first time I heard *Welcome to the Jungle*. I was watching MTV's Top Ten Video Countdown, the daily countdown that happened at 4pm, just in time for me to watch afterschool. I got home, looked at the TV and at number 8 was *Welcome to the Jungle* by Guns 'n Roses. This was different. Yeah, I'd been enjoying Def Leopard and various other hair bands, but this was different. It was 1987, probably the biggest year for LA rock, and this was a sound I'd never heard before. This was raw, like the punk I used to love, and it was loud. I knew about Poison, I knew about Metallica and this was different than either of those. It was amazing. The video was fantastic. Even then I knew the story: guy comes to town, tried to break in to the business and ends up checking out because of all the debauched lifestyle. It was true *Hollywood Babylon*-type stuff.

The album that featured *Welcome to the Jungle* was *Appetite for Destruction*, released in 1987. It was the first album for Guns 'n Roses, a band that had exploded on the LA Club scene starting about 1985. They had an outstanding guitar player named Slash and a lead singer who dripped charisma. Axl Rose. The two of them wrote *Welcome to the Jungle*, *Sweet Child of Mine* and *Rocket Queen*, arguably the three best songs on the album. That's not to say that the songs written by Izzy Stradlin like *Mr. Brownstone* and *Think About You* aren't great too. In fact, every song on the album presents something impressive and makes the entire

work flow.

I've gotten in heated arguments as to which is the best song on the album. I still say *Welcome to the Jungle*, but various friends will violently hold up *Paradise City* or *Sweet Child of Mine*. I know, I know, they're nothing but wrong, but I humored their thinking. It's to the strength of the album that people could have these arguments. Only one song, *Sweet Child of Mine*, topped the Billboard charts, but even that was amazing. There'd never been a more powerful or heavier song on the top of the charts. While many would say that it was Metallica that made way for heavy metal on the Pop Charts (and they certainly did for albums) it was 100% *Welcome to the Jungle* and *Sweet Child of Mine* that broke through on the singles side. Guns 'n Roses got much wider radio play than Metallica did until after Guns 'n Roses paved the way.

To this day, some 24 years and dozens of incredibly hot new groups later, *Appetite for Destruction* is the best-selling debut album ever. Sold more than Britney Spears, more than the



Backstreet Boys, more than any other debut ever. 18 million units+. *Appetite* launched Guns 'n Roses, sent them to the highest heights ever achieved by any Metal. Yes, *Back in Black* by AC/DC has sold more copies (it's the second highest selling album of all-time behind only *Thriller*) but it also never cracked things wide-open like *Appetite*.

Guns 'n Roses went to become one of the most successful bands of the 1990s, though they self-destructed and reformed a few times. Their albums *Use Your Illusion I* and *II* are often pointed to as their masterpieces, but they're tame compared to *Appetite*. Their recent album, *Chinese Democracy*, is really good, at times getting some of the feeling they had managed in *Appetite* back into their work, but overall, it's merely a really good hard rock album instead of something that has changed the world.

So, let's put it to the test: is it culturally significant? I don't think there's any question. If you consider that Nirvana's *Nevermind* is on there, then I think you have to say that *Appetite* is worthy. Everything that Nirvana did to bring grunge to the forefront Guns did for Metal. Does it hold up to today? Absolutely. Has it influenced a generation? There's no question. I can't think of a test that you could apply to *Appetite* that it would fail in regards to the Registry.

So, *Appetite* should certainly be up there, and if there was a Music Video Registry, *Welcome to the Jungle* should be there as well.

Next time: it is to LAUGH!

I like the Olympics. A lot of us fans do. It's a lot like Fantasy fiction, you know. It's complex, the rules are arcane, there are people who do things that don't seem possible, there are battles between varying empires and there are people who are heroes and villains. It's a lot of fun too.

Now, in the Summer Games, I don't tend to like a lot of the Big Draw events. I'm not much for swimming, though I usually end up watching at least some of it, or diving or gymnastics or track & field. I like the events with

horses (especially the Modern Pentathlon) and the archery and shooting events (which they don't show much) and fencing and, of course, wrestling and Judo. I love Judo. I studied it a bit, but never got very good. Watching Judo can be a blast, though it's usually a daytime event.

In the Winter, I'm not a big fan of the Ice Skating, though I usually watch some of the Ice Dancing. I find that I enjoy the ones that are mash-ups of multiple events. Moguls is fun because it's fast-skiing plus jumping. There's Biathlon, where you cross-country ski and then

take some time out to do a little target shootings. I love Luge, which is the the combination of falling and sliding. And then there's Curling, which is shuffleboard on ice.

Curling is the event that I keep hoping will catch on in America. There's only one place in the BArea that has Curling stones, and it's expensive to play. I'd love to play it sometime. The US isn't a powerhouse in the event, though the US Men won Bronze in 2006, though I thought that the US Women played better for a good part of the tournament. The US Women will compete and I'm betting they'll make it to the Medal round, though not win. They've got a good team, as do the American Men, though that's a much tougher group to medal in. I'm picking Norway, Canada and Great Britain for the men, Canada, The US and Great Britain for the Women. I actually looked up curling commentary and World Cup stand-

ings. Oddly, Curling does better than a lot of sports in the Olympics. Perhaps it's the weirdness. I was happy to hear

This year, Linda and I watched Luge and Shorttrack Speed Skating. That's the most fun because everyone's all nunch-up and folks can take each other out. That's what happened to the Koreans, possibly jostling to see which of them would come in first since the leader, a step in front of the two of them, was also a Korean and they would have been one and two. Of course, two Americans were there to pick up the medals once they flew to the outside and crashed into the boards. It's raced on the same ice as they do the Ice Skating, so it's fast and furious. It's the combination of roller derby and ice skating...with the added danger of foot-and-a-half long blades on the end of their feet!

I'll probably watch more, mostly as I'll be writing a lot this week and it's a nice thing to have on in the background, but the best part of all the sports is the failure. Yes, schadenfreude plays a major role. The darling sweetheart of Country-X falls on her face, or as happened in the Moguls, the Canadian skier did the best race of her career, was about to break the Canadian curse of not winning a Gold medal at any Olympics they hosted and then an American came out and just destroyed her with an amazing run. It's that sort of failure that just makes it possible to handle all the flops I manage to maintain!

What I don't like about the coverage is that they cut away at weird times and you miss a lot of the stories that watching the full events come up with. We saw almost all the luge, but we kept cutting in and out of the Moguls!

