

The Drink Tank Issue Sixty At Year-End Close-Out Prices!

Featuring:
M Lloyd on The Year
in Sex

SaBean MoreLon
The Year in Drugs

Jay Crasdan on The
Year in Rock 'n Roll

Frank Wu on The
Suckfest that was
Two-Thousand and

Five

and

Christopher J.
Garcia on Stuff



Welcome to the final issue of The Drink Tank for the busy year passed. It wasn't an easy year, and frankly I missed most of it while I was slaving away over putting out far more issues than anyone could ever read! There was a war on, supposedly. The Forty-Niners and the Raiders sucked, but so did the Packers, so I'm OK. Hockey was on Strike, and then it wasn't.

Some folks passed away, like Hunter S. Thompson, Jack Chalker, FM Busby, Robert Sheckley, Richard Pryor, Fay Wray and Frank Kelly Freas. Other traditions passed to, like teh San Francisco Sourdough Bread factory that had been turning out loaves for more than a Century and a Half.

This issue is dedicated at all those members of the Drink Tank Cahootery (or maybe We should call ourselves the Constabulary) and Thanks for all the great work you guys have sent my way to supplement the crap that I put out! To M, Jay, SaBean, Frank, Kelly, Lloyd, Eric, John, Pops, Evelyn, Mike, Manny and Jusith: This one's for you!

The Year in Sex by M Lloyd

As always, there was sex in 2005 that rivalled anything that had been seen in the history of the world. Some of it was amazingly good, like the last date I had in Geelong before Jay and I got back together, and some of it was bad, like the last date Jay had before he and I got back together. It happens, but on a grander scale, sexual thinking and appreciation changed a fair bit.

The first thing is the Guys have finally taken back Popular Culture from the Lesbians. After nearly five years of utter domination, the Great American Dyke-Out is over and Gay Males, that oh-so-overlooked group since the explosion of Anne & Ellen, are back in style.

Why?

Well, perhaps it's just that real life Ellen & Portia don't have the same steam that Those gorgeous fictional gay cowboys in Brokeback Mountain do. Maybe it's the way that Six Feet Under ended the year and just plain blew The L-Word out of the water. My thought is that it's the fall of the Metrosexual. No longer are hets, that dastardly bunch, wearing light make-up and exfoliating. Gay

culture been returned like 40 acres and a mule to the rightful owners.

Or maybe it had something to do with Graham Norton, I'm not sure.

That's not to say there wasn't some world-class lesbionics. Sheryl Swoopes came out, which was big, and Tina Fey and Amy Poehler played up some really funny girls dating bits on Weekend Update. Cynthia Nixon was shot with her highly unattractive girlfriend all year long, and I'd say that Cyn was a big get for the Other Team.

As far as Heterosexuality goes, there was plenty of it. The Sex Tape phenomena kept going. So did athletes getting popped for date rape. There was an increase in the amount of sex on free television, though far less of an increase over 2004 than 2004 was over 2003.

In porn, there's the best-selling video Pirates, which is worth seeking out for a combination of production values and just plain hotness. I did terrible things to myself the thirty or so times that I watched it. Jesse Jane, the lead, is probably the most perfect woman ever assembled. She's just so damn HAWT!!! Sweet Jesus Christ, she's a babe! The film also has a story and I understand that it was the most expensive porn film ever! Adam & Eve, the production company



and distributors, had a sure-fire winner. GOD, is Jesse Jane Hot!

So, that's the year in Sex. I could go on, talk most in depth about the people who've been more in-depth, but frankly, I'm off to watch Pirates again.

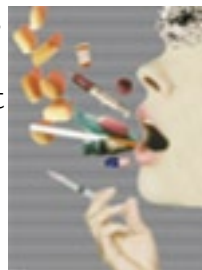
The Year In Drugs by SaBean MoreL

I gave up drugs years ago. Well, that's not true. I gave living on drugs a long time ago. I still indulge a bit, but there's no more needles and almost 0 nights where I wake up in a place I don't recognise. Like any good ex-Junky, I've kept up on the happenings in the world of illegal pharmaceuticals.

Heroin is out! Meth is in! Meth really came to the top in the 2001-2002 timeframe. Heroin hasn't really been the big drug of choice for the intelligentsia in years (after a short reign following the X years). College kids love Friday night Meth moments. You can usually tell the hot drug of the year by going to a club where the hustlers work. They'll spot the ones who are using the drug of choice and work them, which is exactly what's happening to methheads nowadays.

What's funny is that Crank used to be the low man on the Totem Pole. When Coke was the big deal, Crank (or Clear or Rock or Ice) was the domain of Truckers trying to make it from Coast to Coast without sleep. Now, it's at every high school party.

The other thing in drugs is the 'Sex User'. The Sex User has been around for a long



time, but only recently has it become a big deal that folks have started to address. It really started with Ecstasy in the 1980s, but that would usually start at a club and progress from there. The Sex User will set up a date and save the drugs for the moment when they'll make their fuck. X is still probably the most valuable drug for that use, though Meth, Coke, and even H are all up there. I recently saw a PSA about not taking someone home to nail them while tweaking. It was actually very specific and pretty powerful. I actually thought twice about taking a guy home to fuck his brains out while hitting Brain Canyon.



The Year In Rock 'n Roll by Jay Crasdan

I've suffered. It's been years since I've had good rock 'n roll to deal with. Every so often I'll find a fun little piece of business. like a new Frank Black album or, even better, a re-issue of Crime or The Avengers or Black Flag. This year had some highlights.

I'm not a big fan of The Killers, but at least they put rock back on track. While groups like Matchbox 20 made it impossible for me to believe that real rock was still alive, groups like The Shins, The Killers, and The Hives all were making OK rock that felt at least somewhat true. They opened the door for Franz Ferdinand to come and re-

lease us all.

Frankly, the best rock of 2005 wasn't rock at all. The Dresden Dolls were making music that really felt new and different...but it wasn't Rock. No way even I could make that leap. Sadly, the same can be said of Richard Cheese, who once Chris turned me onto him, I couldn't stop listening to. FF went straight ahead, even making dependable groups like Audioslave and Modest Mouse to shame.

Speaking of The Mouse, they had a big year. They really stepped up, even playing SNL. They had a big year, and though their recent album wasn't as good as any of the ones they released in the 1990s, it was still a worthy addition in a time when we needed them.

Franz Ferdinand really popped, exploding onto the scene and taking no prisoners. They're straight-ahead and tough. When I first heard the album, I thought it was going to suck, but it came forward in a really aggressive way.

M also turned me on to The Veronicas. They're an Australian group that will explode in 2006. Good girl pop, that's what it is, and the album, released in Oz in October, is the second or third best of the year.

Sadly, there was also Coldplay, who took a riff from Datadate by Kraftwerk and turned it into a song that just made me grind my teeth at night.

No Elvis Costello. No Joe Jackson. No Elliott Smith. Those three were responsi-

ble for most the albums that saved terrible years in the 1990s, but not anymore.

2006 looks good. If Franz & co put out a good tour, we might see them rise to the level where Coldplay and Aging tour-freaks (like Paul McCartney, who does put on a good show) tend to live.



So long, 2005 - You Really Sucked!
By Frank Wu

*O Fortuna velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem, potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.*

An adage in English history is that bad kings must alternate with good. The frivolous and incompetent reign of Edward II is interposed between those of the lionhearted Edwards I and III. English kings are thus like "Star Trek" films, but with the numbering scheme reversed.

Fortune spins like a wheel, turning them - and us - as on a rotisserie. Sometimes we face the flame, sometimes we face away, but then it all changes back again.

"Is this my beginning - or is this the end?"

For me, last year was an annus



mirabilis. I got married in whirlwind romance and won a Hugo award. But a pal cautioned that I'd have to pay up with one bad year. He won't admit that he cursed me, but... this year, I proceeded to lose a Hugo and get divorced in a hailstorm of physical and verbal abuse. (Random note: If you stab someone with their own words, be sure to twist them so the wound won't close.)

Saint Paul - blessed with many insights and visions - wrote that he was troubled by a "thorn in his flesh." What he meant exactly, we don't know; whether his thorn was physical (cancer? a sore that wouldn't heal?) or symbolically emotional or spiritual, we don't know. But he wrote: "To keep me from becoming conceited because of these surpassingly great revelations, there was given me a thorn in my flesh, a messenger of Satan, to torment me. Three times I pleaded with the Lord to take it away from me. But He said to me, 'My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is made perfect in weakness.'" Similarly, in this life there are things which God says I can have and things which are denied me. Sure, I can have money, health, artistic fulfillment, hair, a minimum of allergies - things many people long for. But, Everlasting Love, well, nope, not for me apparently. Perhaps I should learn Paul's lesson. If we were allowed to have everything we wanted, we would become self-centered, insufferable brats. I certainly don't want to be that. So perhaps this is all by Design.

"Is this to end or just begin?"

Well, Lord willing, and keeping in mind the idea that

the good must alternate by holy writ with the bad, some big plans are on my schedule for 2006.

One is going to Nicaragua to dig wells in October (between Worldcon and World Fantasy). Many years ago, I heard about this organization called Living Waters International, which goes around the world not just telling people about God's love, but actually showing it - by building wells and water purification systems in Latin America and Africa. Every 20 seconds, someone somewhere dies from drinking contaminated water filled with all sorts of hideous viruses, bacteria and worms. People are starving to death, but all they need is water. Most plants will grow in just about anything, even among rocks, if given enough care and water. So I'll be going, Lord willing, to a couple training camps in how to run and repair drilling equipment, and then I'm off to Nicaragua for a week. It'd be great if, later some time, I can go there every year, or perhaps go for a longer trip to Tanzania.

I wrote an article in Pete Young's fanzine Zoo Nation #6 about the future of science fiction art. I pondered what the meaning of art was - if we could keep mindlessly painting cutesy dragons and winged kittens while the world was systematically destroying itself with famine, war, disease and death? I still haven't figured out how my art can help change the

world, but perhaps this is how my life can.

The other big thing I want to do involves art. The Licensing International Show occurs in New York every June. There people show off their projects, while toy-makers and folks from other companies appear to buy up projects. I've got two. One



SMS KONIG v. SEA DRAGON

FRANK WU

is “Dragon vs. Dreadnought”, which I’ve been kicking around since 2003, when I did a painting of a dragon fighting the World War I battleship SMS Konig (this appeared as that year’s membership card for “Strange Horizons” magazine). The idea is that dragons fight World War I biplanes, battleships, tanks, submarines, etc. Each toy will come with (1) a dragon and (2) a battleship or a submarine or two biplanes or a few tanks.

You get to be the dragon, your brother is the battleship captain or tank commander. You fight it out, then you switch. On the back is a painting and a short story, and on the side panels of the toy are all the strengths and weaknesses of the dragon and the battleship. Every ten-year-old boy that I’ve talked to loved this project. (I also did a painting for this project which appeared on the cover of Guy Lillian III’s fanzine “Challenger,” issue 20.) Why World

War I? ‘Cos this is no push-button war - you must confront your Enemy face to face, otherwise Heroism is impossible. I’m planning on building, Lord willing, a huge sculpture of the battleship v. dragon fight, putting it in a U-Haul and driving across the country to New York, and then selling it to some toy maker or video game producer for piles of money (then having slipped the surly bonds of DAYJOB, I can go to Nicaragua or Tanzania as often as I want).

The other project I want to promote in New York is my “Tragical Historie of

Guidolon, the Giant Space Chicken,” the story I had published in an anthology this year, and which we (Chris Garcia, Diana Sherman, Jim Terman and I) did a reading of, at Loscon. (You may have read about this in Drink Tank #55.) I want to make 8-foot-tall plywood cut-outs, edged with rope lighting, of Guidolon and his pals, including Trisuron the giant space Triceratops, Octuron the giant space octopus and Jerora the giant space squid. The goal is convince

some film company that this would make a great movie.

So that’s the plan (notice that none of these schemes involve any sort of amorous adventure).

“This is the beginning of the film, my friend / This is the beginning - it’s not the end.”

Some unpleasant time periods we just have to grit our teeth and muddle through, like a prison sentence or the last

years of the Bush administration. Or we can just pretend they never happened, like the Ramones denying the existence of two decades when they sang, “It’s the end, the end of the Seventies / It’s the end, the end of the century.”

But I think that every at-bat, every year, every painting, every keystroke is an opportunity for greatness.

This year sucked, but I have high hopes for 2006. Yes, yes, I do, ‘cos 2007 is gonna really blow chunks.



Christopher J. Garcia looks at *The Year That Was...and Wasn't*

2005 was supposed to be the year my Dad died. It didn't happen. 2005 was supposed to be the year that I went out and put together a zine that I'd be proud of. It was that year. It was also the year of very high highs (my Toastmastership, Gen and I getting back together, general good times) and lows that weren't that low (troubles with Gen, friends of mine going through hell, getting flack for random crap). The various good and bad points of the year balanced out to a major positive for me.

The one thing I loved was that I went from a guy who a few members of the Con-Running community knew to a guy who had met, or at least interacted with, a fair number of fanzine fans, a lot more SMOFs and a large swatch of BArea con-going fandom. I even got to meet Vegas fandom. Somehow, I even got ten votes for the Hugo for Best Fan Writer, which really made no sense to me. Wild.

I made a movie in a weekend and I wrote a bunch of scripts. Things are looking very much up for 2006, with three projects in line.

There were some great sadnesses for me. Dad's cancer came back, and while they were wrong again, both Pops and I know that eventually they'll stop being wrong. Docs were dire in their predictions, they were wrong again.

A few folks passed away who were important to the various I'm a part of. Chalker, Bowers, Eddie Guerrero, all of them having an influence on my and my fanac.

There was also some great FANAC done by some great people. Earl Kemp put out exceptional issues of eI, the least known amazing fanzine, it would seem. He put out three fantastic issues and we're now just waiting on more.

Arnie Katz did the incredible: he turned a weekly newszine about a small-ish fandom city called Vegas and turned it into a zine that not only gets a lot of attention,



puts out good issues with excellent LoCs from some of the bigger names in fanzine fandom. Vegas Fandom Weekly has become an ingrained part of fanzine fandom and is probably the most widely-read of the web-zines by the Trufen set. I love it and I can't wait to see what direction it goes in from here.

Banana Wings made an impression on me, as did Geneva Melzack's Meta. I think that Meta may be the sign that I've been waiting for: the proof that a great, young fandom is waiting to explode on the scene. Though it seems like Geneva is getting busier and busier, meaning we'll have to wait longer for another issue of Meta and her other fins zine, Thought Experiments. That's OK, because they are both worth teh wait.

There was a WorldCon, and I wasn't there. There was a NASFiC and I was there, had a good time and saw that the little problems that haunt every con can be compounded.

I was Toastmaster at BayCon, and if I never get the chance to be a GoH again, it'll be OK because that was the greatest weekend in my fannish life. I got to meet folks I hadn't met before, I got to do bits that I never thought I'd get to do in front of a big crowd. I guess that's why I'll keep going to CorFlu, since there's always at least an

outside chance that I could be GoH.

Other than that, there were little fannish things that worked really well. I had a panel with Larry Niven that went well (not like the last time I had one with him) and I did a fine panel on Ghosts at LosCon that ranks right up there with some of the food panels I've done at BayCon.

And I guess I should say something about The Drink Tank and my fan-publishing in general. I love The Drink Tank, even with all of the spelling errors and the weird design choices, I've had nothing but a blast doing it. Claims Department is probably better over-all, but it's not as much fun as TDT. I did The Fan for the N3F and that was rough, but it turned out OK.

The Drink Tank also brought back soem old friends, like SaBean and Mike and Manny. That was one of the best things that happened, as I hadn't heard from SaBean and Mike in years, and now I can't go a day without having an email from either of them. Though I haven't seen Jay in ages, he still wrote me more over the last year than he has over the previous 5. Everyone's thinking about coming together for 2006's WorldCon in Anaheim.

Basically, this was a good year. 2004 was a good year too, as was 2003. Maybe I can ride this wave another year. I hope so, because 2002 really sucked!



nah, there's nothing much here, just some rudimentary tools and some bloody shreds of clothing

Best Site of the Year

The best site I discovered this year had to be toothpastefordinner.com. It's a guy named Drew who does these great little drawings that I think are wonderful. The best are his illustrations on the topic of Big-foot.

His topics vary widely, from the foibles of people at work and at coffee shoppes, to families and other such things. There's a certainly quality to the material that reminds me of a Whacked-out Bill Rotsler in a way. His stuff strange, and it's funny. It is very much informed by the comedy style that grew up in the last decade. Probably the two closest related things I can come up with are Non-Sequitur and Rhymes With Orange. It's that sort of weird humour that I really enjoy.

It's all funny and I highly recommend toothpastefordinner.com. for all your comedy needs.

drawing by drew, www.toothpastefordinner.com

The Year The Little One Liked A Lot

by Christopher J. Garcia and Evelyn Aurora Nelson

I've been teaching Evelyn about fanzines, just like my Dad taught me. We're a good pair, as she has very good ideas about what she likes and what she doesn't like and I know enough to make them happen. We were sitting at the Computer, working on her zine *The Orange Kittens*, when she turned around and said "Chris, I want that picture to be purple."

I hadn't thought about it, but I went into the colour palette and made it from a black and white image into a purple and white image.

"Things look better in purple." she said.

I went into my fanzine collection and pulled out a couple of ditto zines.

"A lot of zines had writing and art that was all purple." I explained.

She read the zines, or at least she tried, and looked back at me.

"I wanna do a fanzine like this one!" she said.

I let her take one home and she looked at it all through dinner and after she had finished her homework.

I'm thinking that she's living proof that fanzine fandom isn't dead, and in fact it isn't even dying. If I can turn a six year old who would rather watch *DragonTales* than almost anything, and have her excited about seeing a zine that's older than me, then I've got to think that there's a possible future for fanzines. She loves eFanzines.com, though I won't let her read eI or Taboo Opinions, and I'm fairly sure she'll have fan art in a non-Christopher J. Garcia zine soon.



Cryptid of the Year: Mokele-Mbembe

While You'd be hard pressed to find any cryptozoological creature that I love more than Bigfoot (aka Sasquatch, Orangpendak, Yeti, Yehren, Skunk-Ape, etc), I am giving The Mokele-Mbembe the win this year. While the Chupacabra has died off, there are still reports of the surviving Sauropod in and around Lake Tele. There are great stories, such as the hunting party that killed a Mokele and ate it where after they all became sick or died, and there's no real evidence to support it's survival.

But...

Even non-cryptozoologists say that if there were going to be any survivors of dinosaur species, they'd be in the deepest heart of Africa in the Congo Basin, and there's where you'll find Lake Tele. There've been reports from tribes for centuries, but no proof, despite heavy searching. To Mokele-Mbembe! The Greatest of Cryptids!

The Problems With Choosing: Finalizing the Shorts for the CineQuest Film Festival

It's that time of year again, when I'm in the CineQuest office for hours on end, watching shorts to catch the last few bits of films that I haven't seen yet so we can make up the full card for CineQuest's shorts programme. It's never easy and it's always exhausting, but the results are almost always worth the trouble.

This year's batch of short film submissions were actually off from last year. We had less films, and the number of top-notch films was slightly down. That's not to say that the quality of submissions was poor, on the contrary, the bad this year were better than the bad of any other year I've worked Shorts Selection. Competence seemed to reign.

This year we've got a killer comedy programme. There's a great film about a guy who goes to the greatest method actor in the world to try and score a victory at an audition. It's hilarious, and what's even better is that it's a short made by three guys who had films in the 2002 CineQuest festival. Scott Allen Perry (director and star of *Side Effects*) is one of the stars, along with the dude who did the hilarious comedy *Excede* and another who did a brilliantly bitter film called *Ferina Medina*. They met at CineQuest, so that's the best part.

There are tear jerkers, and there are films that are just plain messed up. *Zombie American*, the Ed Helms movie about a zombie who just wants to be a normal guy, is in, as is the well-made short *The Amazing Robots vs. The Transformos*. That last one is weird-funny and I'll do a full review in a few weeks.

There are others that will have you guessing. *The Second Death* is a film that the Anthro community will be interested in seeing. It's both strange and...well, it's hella strange! There's a great short documentary called *My Brother Anton* that's very nice.

This year we're also having a fine piece

of an international programme, featuring films from Argentina (about Tango), Brazil, Ghana, Hungary and more. It's a solid programme.

The big problem is always what you gotta leave out. There are no less than a dozen films that I loved that aren't on the programme yet (though they may end up in front of feature films). There was a great comedy about the Monkey-typewriter theory that didn't make it on the first round, nor did *Photamateur*, my favourite of the films this year, featuring amazing effects and a fun little story. *My Uncle Navy and Other Inherited Disorders* was also shuffled off, as was *The Waldo Cumberbund Story*, both of which I enjoyed quite highly.

There's always room for improvement. CineQuest could give us another two slots during the festival and we'd be able to fill them and still have things left over that we'd want. It hurts to have to say 'Well, I gotta let this fight go', but it happens every year.

Next year: I'll rule with an iron fist!



Letter Graded Mail, Sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org

When The Drink Tank becomes worthy of trivia questions, just remember that the final LoC of 2005 is John Purcell's!

Chris,

Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Zine to you! Another great issue with a spiffy cover illo. Very nice, indeed.

That's what happens when Frank Wu decides to do art for me and not just write stuff that puts my work to shame!

Some assorted comments are in order, of course, beginning with the news of Robert Sheckley's death. I loved his work, but I never met the guy. His work was in a class of its own, like my other favorite sf writers of Dick, Farmer, Clarke, Silverberg, and Ellison; lots of imitators, but none of them as good as the original. Frank Wu's tribute was extremely well done. Without question, Mr. Sheckley will be missed. (By the way, I adore that Virgil Finlay illustration on page 3. Absolutely splendid work.)

I'm studying up on SF art pre-1980 and Finlay's stuff is pretty cool. You mention my favourite SF writer, Philip Jose Farmer, whose work seems to be getting less and less attention.

I have never been a zombie movie fan, although my favorite one of the bunch will always be "Plan 9 From Outer Space." NOTHING will ever be able to top that one for pure cheese-ball, schlocky entertainment value. The original "Night of the Living Dead" was okay, but like I said, I've never been a fan of zombie movies. However, on your recommendation, I will keep my eyes open for "Zombie American." Ed Helms is one of my favorite fake news reporters - The Daily Show is where I get all of my relevant and irreverent news from - and anyone from TDS associated with stuff is bound to be decently funny fare. Case in point, The Colbert Report ("it's French, bitch!") is just as good as its parent show. Great late night lineup.

I'm not a fan of the Daily anymore, mostly because now it's a news show that happens to be funny instead of the

old days when it was a comedy show about the news. That, and I miss Steve Colbert, who is hilarious on The Colbert Report. That bit he did about someone checking in on Rosa Parks made me laugh so hard.

SaBean's trip report was interesting, but my choice of drug indulgence has always been bheer, never anything beyond that, although back in the day - as in the late 70s, early 80s - once in a great blue moon I'd take a hit or two of whacky tobaccy at a party, but even that was a rarity. Hated the taste, even though I know that's not the reason for smoking the stuff. But I could never get past that, so I stuck with bheer. **Not a fan of pot at all. The smell sucks and the high isn't all there as far as I'm concerned.**

Masked wrestlers have been around for a very long time. Up in Minneapolis' World Wrestling Association, run by Vern Gagne and Wally Karbo way back when, Dr. X was the only masked marvel up there then; he was a bad guy, too, popularized the figure 4 leg-lock and stuck all sorts of pins and shit into the forehead part of his mask to then head-butt his opponent. Blood would start gushing and the fans went nuts. Ah, those were the days... And the funny part of it all was when Dr. X and Vern Gagne, avowed enemies, wound up as tag-team partners for about 8 months to take on The Crusher and Dick the Bruiser in a series of "World" Heavyweight Championship matches. It really was fun shit, and I loved it as a teenager. Not anymore, though. It's just not the same.

Now you're talkin' my langauge! The AWA was my favourite wrestling group when I was a kid. I don't go back as far as Dr. X (who is still alive) or Wally Karbo, but I do remember the last days of Nick Bockwinkle and Ray Stevens. Bock was my all-time fave. I liked Verne Gagne too, but he was way old by the time I saw him wrestle. The Crusher just

died this year. I met him a long long time ago. I still love the stuff, but I much prefer tapes from the old days or Japan.

While I enjoyed the rest of the zine - much fun reading, especially the stuff about the disappeared people (Ambrose Bierce is one of my favorite American authors, too), Lloyd Penney's and Eric Mayer's locs, and Zombats - what I REALLY want to thank you for is that incredibly hot, hot, HOT pic of Jessica Lange from that re-make of "King Kong." I watch that movie pretty much only for the part where Kong starts playing with her titties.

Lucky monkey!

Rick Baker's Kong is the king of Copaphilia! She was so hot, and is still pretty rockin' past 50. Not as hot as Rene Russo, though. Almost the exact same age too. Hard to believe that she went on to win two Oscars.

All the best,
John Purcell

So That's all for Two Thousand
And Five!

It has been my pleasure writing this for the last 11 or so months, and I'm planning on keeping it up for a lot longer. I might slow down (how many times have I said that?) but I'd expect that you'll be inundated with my stuff for ages to come.

So, sadly, I got bad news today that effects my entire fannish travel year. I won't be going to CorFlu, and it's looking like I won't be doing a trip to Vegas in February as I had hoped. I'll still be hitting WonderCon, The APE, SiliCon, BayCon, WorldCon, Toner, Comic-Con (probably) and LosCon. That's a full-ish plate, but still, it would have been nice to go to Toronto. A combination of work and money have gone against me!

And that's that. I hope you all had happy whatever-your-winter-holiday-is and you'll have a good New Years.

Me? I'll be drinkin' and thinkin'

Kisses

Chris

