

The Drink Tank Issue 62 61 More Than I Thought I'd Manage



Letter Graded Mail Sent to

Garcia@computerhistory.org

By My Gentle Readers

If Earl Kemp can start off his issues of eI with his LoColumn, so can I!

This issue, I've got a lot to go over from earlier issues. So, let's start with a New Guy! Ladies and Gentlemen...John Nielsen Hall (which is not a Dorm!)

Dear Chris,

I am going to take the liberty of indulging in some pointless amateur psychology in respect of SaBean's tale of loved up goings on. All I can be at my age is an admirer of raves. I like a lot of the music, but in all other respects I'm an academic on the subject. What fills me with an almost irrepressible urge to pontificate is SaBeans admission that she needs the dope to get the ethos, whereas I want to passionately point out that it should be the other way around. ***I sent your email along to SaBean and she'll be doing the responding.***

I would anticipate that SaBean is a person with the by no means uncommon problem of a "walled in" sensuality - or even a whole lot more than that. In my experience, what happens when ones brain is wired like that is that you walk around in a kind of armour all the time, and like those folk who actually used armour could have told you, its heavy, hot and limits and distorts your view of the world. Its great when someone overcomes the massive obstacles and gets inside there with you, but then its even hotter and more uncomfortable and you push them out again. Only you can take the armour off, SaBean, and the drugs don't work in that respect. You need to bare your naked, pathetic self to someone or something who/ which can take over, and then let all the attitude fly away. Only then

will you be saved, sister.

Yeah, I had a drug problem. That's not to say I don't anymore, but back in those days, I pretty much needed the stuff to get going, not only as far as sex goes, but even to get up and go to class. I was a highly functioning zombie. Things have changed, I found that guy (and later that girl, which pleased that guy) who I could say ripped me open and let me cry. I wouldn't say he saved me, but I would say that he was the guy who pulled off all that armor and let me walk around for a bit before I put some of it back on. Really, a good guy/girl is far better than AA-NA-DA-GA-or anything that takes twelve steps.

Please forgive a poor old fart with nothing better to do than make impertinent suggestions.

Completely forgiven. M, Jay, Mike and I have all dropped that same story on SaBean over the years. She needs to be reminded once in a while!

Re The Dresden Dolls, did anyone consider that the writer could be using her imagination? That the coin operated lover, is a fantasy, not a metaphor? Or is that too radical a suggestion?

Yeah, it's in there, but when I'm given two theories that just sound so good, even if they are off the mark, I just have to give them the column inches!

I had a good read, Chris. Thanks.

Peace & Love,

JOHN NIELSEN HALL

Thanks for reading! I'm glad you gave us here at TDT a read!

And Now...Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

I've got a handful of your zines again, and it is time to catch up. I'll be looking at issues 59 and 60 of The Drink Tank, plus the index, and anything else of yours I haven't responded to yet. Another Lloyd Penney-style loc, I'm afraid.

Hey, We love Penney-Style LoCs!

59...Oooh, a fishy cover from Frank Wu. Looks like it would be at home with a Verne novel. Difficult to draw light on a dark background, so well done indeed.

I thought it was a great cover. Frank just jetted it my way so I thought I'd use it and have Mike come up with something to justify it.

I've been keeping up with Robert Sheckley's misadventures overseas via Trufen.net, and I am truly sorry he's gone. I may have told this story in a previous issue of this zine or another zine...I met Robert Sheckley once, at the annual convention in Montréal, Con*cept. Montréal fandom is mostly media-oriented, but Sheckley was their author GoH one year. I remember seeing him with Baird Searles in the hallway of the con hotel, the both of them looking lost in a sea of media fans who did not know who they were, and in all likelihood, did not care. I approached him with a stack of his paperbacks and asked for an autograph, and that craggy face, frowning at being in unfamiliar territory, lit up in a huge smile. We chatted, he signed every book I had, we chatted some more, and Sheckley and Searles wandered some more and we smiled at each other when our paths crossed for the rest of the weekend. I don't think I've ever been truly star-struck, but here was someone whose work I'd read for many years, and I really wanted to meet him, and say my thank-yous. I wish there'd been more opportunities to meet. But then, I could say that about a lot of pros, and fans, too.

I liked him a lot. I know Jay was a fan of Sheckley from the earliest part of his SF life. M was turned on to him via Jay and I believe she's the only one of the group who ever had a real talk with him.

I can see where people might think he may have written for The Twilight Zone. His writing was vaguely macabre, funny, uplifting, serious, and wondrous, and sometimes, all at the same time. We have lost another great, and I have lost a part of

my own Golden Age.

With what I've read of his stuff (which is slowly growing), I can say that his stuff reads like good episodes of The TTZ.

Hi, SaBean...just an oldphart here saying that I've never had the drugs, but I can always take the hugs. That's one of the reasons why I've always enjoyed science fiction conventions, the human contact I really feel I need. Chris and Frank might confirm for you that cons are, in some ways, support groups for nerdy types, even for those of us who have (I hope, I think) outgrown the nerdy stage. You learn who to hug, and who to just speak to, according to your and their comfort level. Fortunately for me, cons turn into hugfests, and at the end of the weekend, that shit-eating grin just won't go away...and that just fine with me.

I will confirm that Cons are therapy for nerds (though not for geeks. A very fine line, that). I'm a hugger, which means lots of chicks in corsets hugging all weekend! Not too shabby. SaBean, you'll love it (especially if you follow-through on your threat and make it to WorldCon or Potlatch this year)

This is the first I've heard that Glenn Miller's plane may have been shot down by the RCAF. All I knew was that his plane was lost. Wonder why I haven't heard more than that? As far as Amerlia Earhart goes...well, I kinda liked that Voyager episode...

The only other planes in that area that are accounted for were Canadian planes that were unloading unused bombs. There's a chance that they just went down (there was a serious fog) but it's a possibility. Another thing we Americans like to blame on Canada (like Alan Thicke and Bryan Adams)

That little bit about the zombats and PlatyPire...you must send that to any of a number of Australian zines, and see what they do with it. The folks in Melbourne will either love it or demand your blood.

You know, with the exception of Bruce Gillespie's zines, I don't get any Aussie zines at all. I must fix that. Any Australians reading this...first thing, you think Geelong will have a shot at the Premiership next season?, and second, where can I find your zines?!?!?!?!?

I made some enquiries about World Horror... from the local few who have been to one, it seems to be, in spite of its Worldly name, about a 300-person relaxicon and get-together. I think there will be some awards, but the rest of the time, it seems to be social gathering, eating and drinking. Sounds like a fine time. However, I am not a horror reader, so I am sure I will be reading the usual stupid press coverage about monsters and vampires and Hallowe'en come early.

I read a lot of old horror (1900s, sometimes stuff from the 1930s through 50s) but I'm a horror film nut beyond belief, even if I have to watch a lot of them through my fingers. I'm looking forward to it, especially since I'll have something to talk with my favourite wrestler about since he's a giant Horror Fan. (His greatest afternoon, even more than wrestling on a WWF Pay-Per-View, was getting to chat with Poppy Z. Brite and Clive Barker).

Roger Ramjet, he's our man, the hero of our nation,

The only thing that's wrong with him is mental retardation.

Well, those are the lines we sang in school. I didn't like those cartoons much, but I always liked the fact that like so many successful cartoons, there were in-jokes in the script for the adults.

Like Bullwinkle, my all-time favourite political cartoon. They even mocked Disneyland! I let Evelyn watch The Simpsons, which my Mom says will rot her brain, and she laughs at the gags and misses the stuff I laugh at. She likes Sideshow Bob.

I wish Canadian Christmas was in July...then I could do as the Australians do, and have a celebration at the beach. Hawaiian shirts and Santa hats...there's a combination I could get used to. Sure looked good when I saw it on television a few nights ago.

There's a gathering every year in San Francisco called SantaCon. Basically, it's a bunch of folks who dress up as Santa (or in hat and red felt) and go from bar to bar. Lot's of hot Santa girls there. It's a part of the activities of The Cacophony Society...or so they say.

A couple of days ago, Yvonne and I saw The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe. It has been some time since I read the C.S. Lewis book, and I didn't read the book before seeing the movie, as I did with Lord of the Rings. It may take a re-reading to determine if the movie was faithful or not. Nevertheless, it was a wonderful trip into a fantasy realm, very reminiscent of LotR. It did not have LotR's depth, given that it was from a story of a couple of hundred pages instead of the 1000+ of LotR, but that didn't matter much. The battles scenes are also reminiscent of LotR, especially if you remember that it was shot in New Zealand, too. Still...a wondrous trip, and a very enjoyable movie. Two hours go by effortlessly. And now that the Narnia series has been established in the public's eyes, I hope they will soon take another Narnia book and go in a different direction so that it doesn't look like LotR. The actors in it are wonderful in that typically English way, and the characters truly change and grow within the movie. Go and see it, and hope for even more real soon. If not, it was a great little trip into Narnia, not Middle-Earth, but pretty close. (P.S.... ILM did all the effects and special characters for this movie, so I think there is a Wookiee in there, one that Aslan restores from being a statue.) Narnia also seems to be beating King Kong at the box office, which is a surprise.

I've never read any Lewis. Not

that I'm aware of at least. Narnia had the distinct advantage of not being Three Hours plus. Narnia also has Tilda Swinton, who is one of my three favourite actors (and was the only good thing about the film Constantine).

60...Gay culture is out there, so to speak, and is slowly becoming mainstream. Yvonne and I are working with Lance Sibley to bring Gaylaxicon, a GLBT-friendly SF con, to Toronto, and it will be here this coming May.

I had Gen checking my email while I was away for the weekend and when I called she asked 'So, why are you gay?'. I responded 'I'm not, I don't think.'. 'Then why are they inviting you to Gaylaxicon?' I had a hearty laugh, as I've always wanted to attend but have never really had the chance. May's gonna be a busy month for Toronto, what with TorFlu and Gaylaxicon.

I remember hearing Franz Ferdinand on the BBC via Internet close to a year before they made it big in North America. If you want to hear what will be big next year, listen to Radio 2, go to the BBC website (www.bbc.co.uk) and check out the Radio 2 playlist.

They're good rock. I'm not a huge fan, but I enjoy them when I hear them. You're the second person to recommend Radio 2 to me. I've spent many full days on the Beeb's sites, for one reason or another. Especially the old H2G2 site, which was sorta a version of Wikipedia that never got as big as Wikipedia did.

Geez, Frank...win a Hugo, lose one, get married and divorced? You're doing it all too fast! Gotta slow down. If it's love you're looking for, play it calm and slow. I never thought I'd get married; I figured I was too short and fat to be wanted by anyone. And then, I met Yvonne...and we will be celebrating our 23rd wedding anniversary this coming May. Do not seek it; let it come to you.

Fine advice indeed! The best relationships I've ever had just sorta evolved.

I don't think we have especially good years; I just think they seem relatively good because we were lucky to get through them. British fandom may be having a good year, with new blood taking the reins of the British SF Association and its zines, and being lots of zines available. Meanwhile, there are so few zines being produced in Canada, the Aurora Award for Fan Achievement (Fanzine) may have lost all meaning.

I'm a superstitious person. I really do believe in good and bad years. It's all a part of being a gambler, I guess. The Brits have been doin' great zines for a long time. Banana Wings is one of my faves, and the issue of Zoo Nation I saw was wonderful. There's Meta and Tortoise and so on. I only wish I got Plokta (or that the PDFs for recent issue were on the site) and Shiny.

My greetings to Evelyn, and give her a hug for me. I hope she'll have some of the fun I've been having with fanzines for more than 20 years now. We took our niece Nicole to the Orlando Worldcon in 1992, and to a couple of local conventions here. She's forgotten all of that, but now our great-niece Jillian may be showing some interest in fantasy reading. She's a beautiful young woman all of a sudden...when did that happen?, we ask ourselves.

I left one of the paperbacks that I bought at BASFA in the backseat the other day. Evelyn, who's having a little trouble reading, picked it up and started reading it out loud. She did an OK job, but I really think her mother would be mad if she found out that the first novel she tried to read was by Tanith Lee. As for her own fanzine (The Orange Kittens), she's working on it and it'll be out soon to her exclusive list.

Not coming to CorFlu in Toronto? I'm

disappointed! I'll have to tell Yvonne. You'd better make up your mind about that Hawaiian smoking jacket. We are going to try to get to LAconIV this coming Labour Day, so perhaps she can have it for you then.

I wanna do the Jacket, but sadly, it's lookign like cash is not at hand for such. I'll 100% be at WorldCon, so we'll party like it's 1995 there!

The Garcia Index...man, you have been prolific this year. You've produced your proof. I haven't seen issues 6 and 7 of Claims Department, and issue 6 is not on your page on eFanzines.com. Looking forward to them. I'll let you in on an achievement of my own. I usually write between 200 and 220 letter of comment every year, and I wanted this year to see if I could reach 250. Well, I did, and this very letter is number 250 for the year.

250! That's nutty! Especially if The Drink Tank is #250. I feel honoured (and another trivia question has been born). I'll put up issue 6 shortly and issue 7 a little after that. Issue 8? Well, it's finished, but it won't be going anywhere but to FAPA until at least March.

By the way, isn't the Garcia Index a great name for my Talk Show?

Frank, don't worry about 2007 just yet. 2005 sucked the muffin, so 2006 has to be better. One year at a time. With that, I am caught up once again, and will wish everyone connected with this fine little zine a Happy New Year. We need it, and we deserve it. See you next issue, of what, who knows?

There's always somethin' goin' on in the World of Chris Garcia!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

How about John Purcell?

Chris,

It appears we're trading e-locs today (12/

27). I can get behind it, man. Speaking of which, thanks for the loc on my zine and the kind words. I just checked IAPL #6 on eFanzines.com, and the layout came out a tiny bit goofy in spots, but that's because of the transfer to pdf. Some year I'll do a zine straight to pdf; #7 (already in production; you're a bad influence, Chris!) is starting on Desktop Publisher, so we'll see how that turns out. But onward to your 60th issue. ***Yeah, I've only had one or two troubles with InDesign, which is my programme of choice. It's an Adobe product, so it's really compatible. And I'm not a bad influence, I'm just a fast influence!***

No question about it, my fine young fan, 2005 was a landmark year for you, and I can honestly say that I enjoyed your productivity. Getting ten votes for fan writer Hugo is an interesting concept, isn't it? Speaking for myself, stuff like that would be great egoboo, but I get more of a kick when I get locs from people about my zines, or having my little electronic epistles pubbed in someone's zine. It's cool, and I like it. Beyond that, at this stage of the game I really don't desire more than that besides the love of my family and my health. Who needs more?

It's weird, I've never been in the whole writing thing for egoboo (oh how I hate that word) but more for the act of writing. As for needing more, I'd like it if I would just get one simple thing: a sandwich named after me at a deli. Then, and only then, will I be fulfilled.

Looking back over the year almost gone, 2005 was a decent year for me. The only really bad thing was going from teaching in a public school to being adjunct faculty at two community colleges; the pay's the same - going up next month, come to think of it - but I'm without group health benefits. This is how higher education in America saves money: hire non-faculty part-timers so that the school doesn't have to shell out bucks for insurance costs. But, there's a chance that this fall I could be full-time at one of the schools, so I have

my foot in the door. In the meantime, I'm still pursuing graduate assistantships at TAMU; get on with one of those, and back comes the benefits package. We'll see what transpires.

Benefit packages are wonderful. One day, our HR person came to me and said 'Chris, are you gonna add anyone to your Insurance plan?' I said no, but I thought that I might want to in the future. "Well, if you do, it's free for all your dependants under 18 and for one spouse and both your parents if they're incapacitated." I said wow. Sadly, we had a budget crisis and we're no longer offered that sweet a deal, though we're still better off than some.

Overall, I like this retrospective ish, and thank you for making me a footnote in your fanzine history. *sniff* I'm getting verklempt just thinking about it.*kaff* Talk amongst yourselves while I compose myself.... *HACK UP A LUNG AT THIS POINT*

Careful, Man! I'd love to be a footnote in history. I think I was the last LoC ever sent to Bill Bowers (about a day before he passed, as I remember it).

Anyway, thank you for catching that AWA reference. After I sent off that loc it came to me that "Hey! The beginning of those broadcasts on WTCN-TV channel 11 always mentioned the AWA. Dang it! My memory flubbed up again!" Sad to hear about The Crusher passing away. I, too, remember Nick Bockwinkel, and other great wrestlers like Harley Race, Sodbuster Kenny Jay, Man Mountain Mike, Pampero Firpo "the wild bull of the pampas", and all sorts of others. Fun stuff, this.

Harley Race was a stud. He was a bad, bad man in the old days. I have a photo of him from the paper on the wall of my cube, looking on me as if to say 'If you don't finish that report, I'll piledrive ya!

I will have to check out some of your other zines on-line. No matter what, Here's to a great 2006!

All the best,
John Purcell

If you read only one fanzine that I put out, try Claims Department.

Can't stop 'til I get enough, here's Eric Mayer!

Hi Chris,

Thanks for a great year of Drink Tank. I haven't even managed comments on much of the stuff I enjoyed. (Your Steampunk zine, by the way, inspired me to read -- not modern steampunk - but 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea which, somewhat to my surprise I found quite exciting)

I love Verne, though I'm not as well-read in his stuff as I am with the works of Mr. HG Wells. Glad the SteamPunk Issue brought you to it!

I haven't said much about Frank Wu's fascinating historical pieces but, as you might guess from my fiction writing, they're right up my alley.

I'll let Frank know when I see him at BASFA.

And his art also is terrific. That black and white cover he did for you was spectacular. It had a real old time feel to it. He does exactly what I wanted to do when I was publishing my zine Groggy. Most of the time I tried to depict some sort of creature in a peculiar setting, but I don't draw as well as Frank and also I was trying to trace though ditto masters so the results on the page didn't match my mental images. Actually the ditto masters were good for me because, to an extent, they hid my lack of drawing expertise. I mean, no one is going to trace a perfect, complicated drawing on a ditto master so viewers were left guessing as to how much better I might have done without having to battle the ditto masters. (Answer: somewhat better but not enough better to be real good) Anyway, a dragon battling a bi-plane is exactly the sort of subject I would've loved to do except...did you ever try to draw a goddamned bi-plane?!! Maybe I could do a fire breathing dragon vs a zeppelin. Just a big yellow flash.

You see, that's what I'd have to do since I have 0 artistic talent whatsoever. That piece is probably my favourite that

I've run. I really like White on Black (and you may have noticed that in may of my issues)

I'm not surprised you got ten Hugo votes. I didn't know you from Adam when I grabbed Drink Tank off eFanzines. Didn't know you, never heard of you, or anyone else in the zine. But, hey, your writing interested me so much I read another issue, and that interested me enough to read another etc. And that's what it is all about. Critics get their knickers all in a twist about styles and standards and endless bullshit but the purpose of writing is to keep readers

interested and it is the whole package of style, ideas, personality that carries it off or doesn't. So I'm hoping you keep going at whatever level is just below the *total burnout* stage.

Well, I'd have to really ramp-up my production to get anywhere near my burn-out stage, so I think I'll just stay where I'm at.

Best,

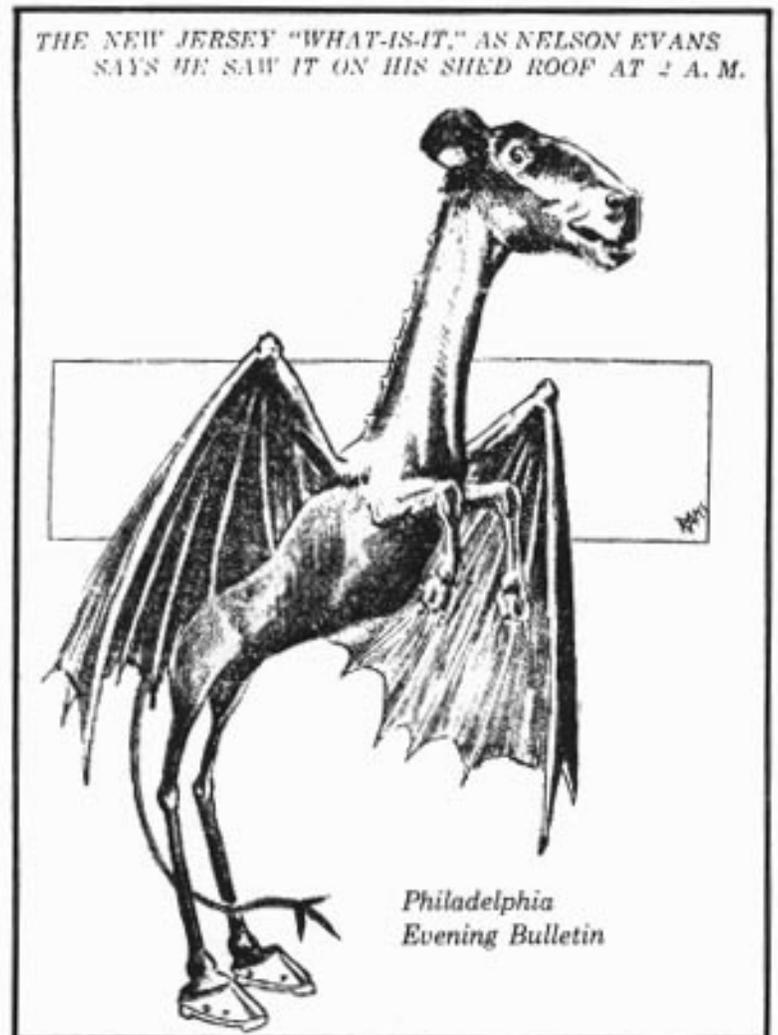
Eric

Blog:<http://www.journalscape.com/ericmayer>

The Legend of The Jersey Devil By Candace McBride

So far as anyone can ascertain, the Jersey Devil has haunted parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania anywhere from 260 to 400 years. The Devil even became New Jersey's "official demon" in the 1930's. Seen by over 2,000 witnesses, it has terrorized towns and caused factories and schools to close down. Yet many people believe that the Jersey Devil is a legend, a mythical beast that originated from the folklore of the New Jersey Pine Barrens.

The Pine Barrens comprise approximately 2000 m² of Southeastern New Jersey. The area was originally inhabited solely by the Lenni Lenape Indians, white settlers not arriving until 1609 when under the funding of the Dutch government, Henry Hudson first explored the region. The area did not look very promising as it was extremely dry and infertile and could not support farming. The first reports of the New Jersey Devil date back to the time of the Native Americans. They called the



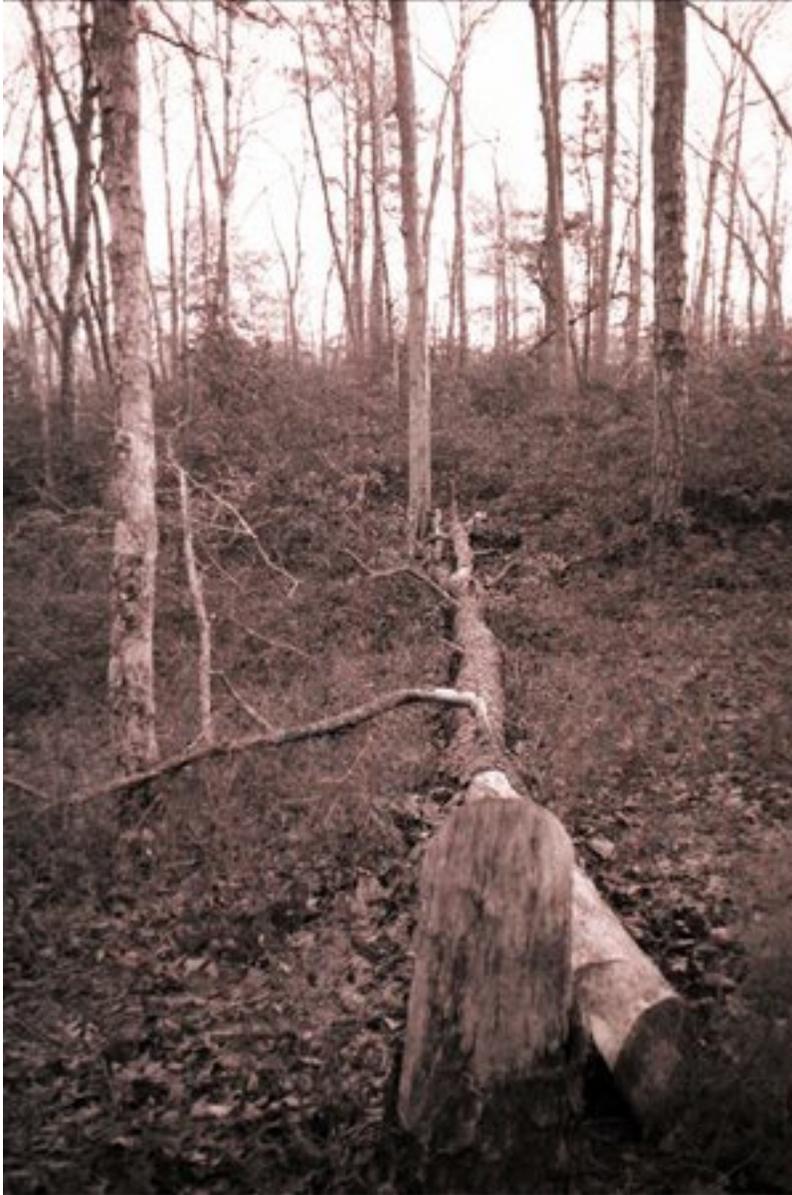
Pine Barrens “Popuessing” which translates to “place of the dragon.” Later Swedish explorers to the area renamed it, “Drake Kill”, drake being a European name for dragon.

There are many different versions of the birth of the Jersey Devil. One of the most popular legends mentions a Mrs. Shrouds of Leeds Point, NJ. She vowed that if she ever had another child, she wished it to be a devil. When her next child was born misshapen and deformed, she sheltered it in the house so the curious couldn't see him. One stormy night however, the child flapped its arms which turned into wings and escaped out the chimney, never to be seen by the family again.

Another story also placed the birth at Leeds Point. A young woman fell in love with a British soldier during the Revolutionary War. The people of Leeds Point cursed her. When she gave birth, she had a devil. Another version states the child was cursed by God since it was born out of an act of treason.

Another story placed the birth in Estelville, NJ. In 1735, Mrs. Leeds of Estelville (or a Quaker woman named Mother Leeds who was involved with a some sort of mysterious evil cult) finding out she was pregnant with her 13th child was overheard saying “it might just as well

be a devil as a child.” The child was born with horns, a tail, wings, and a horse-like head. The creature revisited her everyday. Standing at her door, she told it to leave. After awhile, the creature got the hint, never to return. Another version states it flew directly from womb to the swamps, cursing its mother on the way out the chimney. Yet another version says it emerged normal at first, but gradually turned into a vile creature with horns, wings, and hooves, or that upon its birth, it immediately killed the entire family and laid waste to a small Quaker town.



Burlington, NJ, also claims to be the birthplace of the Jersey Devil. Mother Leeds was in labor on a stormy night. Gathered around her were her friends. She was supposedly a witch, and the child's father was the devil himself. Born normal, it gradually changed form, from a baby to a creature with hooves, a horses head, bat wings and a forked tail. It beat everyone present and flew up the chimney,

circling the villages before heading toward the pines. In 1740, clergy exercised the devil for 100 years, and it wasn't seen again until 1890.

There are many other versions of the legend. Some stories say it was the 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, or 13th child. It was born normal or deformed, and the mother

confined it to the cellar or the attic. Other variations of its birth state the child was deformed when Mrs. Leeds angered a clergyman, while in other stories, she angered a gypsy. Some versions state she practiced sorcery and the child was cursed by God. Other people believe the birth of the devil was punishment for the mistreatment of a minister by the Leeds folk.

Although there are many discrepancies in all of these stories, there are three pieces of evidence that tie all of the legends of the Jersey Devil's origin together, the Devil's call, its print, and the names Leeds and Shrouds. Descriptions of the Devil range from a "flying lion" to "an eagle with four legs," but its cry is always a combination howl and whistle. When harassing the people of New Jersey, the Devil eats livestock, attempts to steal children, and scares everyone in the process.

Alfred Heston, an Atlantic County Historian, believes that the devil could be a Leeds or a Shrouds baby. A Daniel Leeds opened land in Great Egg Harbor, NJ, in 1699, and his family lived in Leeds Point. He also discovered a Samuel Shrouds, Sr. who came to Little Egg Harbor, NJ, in 1735, lived right across the river from the house of Mother Leeds.

A third fact ties the Burlington story in with the others. Professor Fred MacFadden of Coppin State College, Baltimore, found that a "devil" was mentioned in writings from Burlington as early as 1735. He also indicated that the word Burlington was used to name the entire area from the city of Burlington to the Atlantic Ocean. This means that the name that is now used for the birthplace such as Leeds point or Estelville, could be the same place referred to in a Burlington Legend.

The origins provide some validity to the existence of the Jersey Devil, but the sightings are the most substantial pieces of evidence. There are three major times when sightings occurred, divided up into three time periods, pre-1909, January 16-23, 1909, and post-1909. Prior to the settlement of Europeans in the area, documentation

The Shroud's house Leeds Point, NJ



is sketchy. From the pre 1909 era, few documented records of sightings still exist.

In the early 19th century, Commodore Stephen Decatur, a naval hero, was testing cannon balls on the firing range when he saw a strange creature flying across the sky. Though he fired and hit the creature, it continued flying across the field. Joseph Bonaparte, former king of Spain and brother to Napoleon, saw the Jersey Devil in Bordentown, NJ, between 1816 and 1839 while hunting. From 1840 to 1841, many sheep and chickens were killed by a creature with a piercing scream and strange tracks. In 1859 to 1894, the Jersey Devil was seen and numerous times, carrying off anything that moved in Haddonfield, Bridgeton, Smithville, Long Branch, Brigantine, and Leeds Point. Sighted by George Saarosy, a prominent business man, at the NJ/NY border, this was the last reported sighting before the turn of the century.

In 1903, Charles Skinner, author of American Myths and Legends, declared that NJ had heard the end of the devil, and the state rested easy with that thought for 6 years until the week of January 16-23, 1909. During this week, the devil left his tracks all over South Jersey and Philadelphia. He was seen by over 1,000 people, his largest appearance ever.

On Sunday morning, January 16, 1909, Thack Cozzens of Woodbury, NJ, saw a flying creature with glowing eyes flying down the street. Strange footprints turned

up all over the New Jersey, Philadelphia, and Delaware region. Animal mutilations, occurring randomly throughout the area during the week, were blamed on the Jersey Devil. In Bristol, NJ, John Mcowen heard and saw the strange creature on the banks of the canal. Patrolman James Sackville fired at the creature as it flew away screaming. The Postmaster of Bristol, NJ, also saw a bird-like creature with a horse's head that had a piercing scream. In the daylight, residents of Bristol found hoof prints in the snow. Two local trappers vowed they had never seen such tracks before.

Monday, the Lowdens of Burlington, NJ found hoof prints in their yard and around their trash which was half eaten. Almost every yard in Burlington was decorated with the strange hoof prints. Prints went up trees, from roof to roof, disappeared in the middle of the road, and stopped in the middle of open fields. Tracks were found in Columbus, Hedding, Kinhora and Rancocas. Though a hunt was organized to follow the tracks, the dogs refused to follow the trail.

On the 19th, the Jersey Devil made his longest appearance of the week. At 2:30 am, Mr & Mrs. Nelson Evans of Gloucester were awakened by a strange noise. They watched the devil from their window for ten minutes while it danced on their shed. Mr. Evans described the creature they saw.

"It was about three feet and half high, with a head like a collie dog and a face like a horse. It had a long neck, wings about two feet long, and its back legs were like those of a crane, and it had horse's hooves. It walked on its back legs and held up two short front legs with paws on them. It didn't use the front legs at all while we were watching. My wife and I were scared, I tell you, but I managed to open the window and say, 'Shoo', and it turned around barked at me, and flew away."

The next day, a Burlington police officer

and the Reverend John Pursell of Pemberton saw the Jersey Devil. Rev. Pursell said, "Never saw anything like it before." Poses in Haddonfield found tracks that ended abruptly. In Collingswood, NJ, a posse watched the devil fly off toward Moorestown. Near Moorestown, John Smith of Maple Shade saw the devil at the Mount Carmel Cemetery. George Snyder saw the devil right after Mr. Smith and their descriptions were identical. In Riverside, NJ, hoof prints were found on roof tops and also around a dead puppy.

On Thursday, the Jersey Devil was seen by the Black Hawk Social Club as well as a trolley full of people in Clementon as it circled above them. Witness descriptions matched others from the days before. Even a Trenton city councilman claimed an encounter. He had heard a hissing sound at his doorstep late in the night. Opening his door, he found cloven hoofprints in the snow. The prints were also found at the Trenton arsenal. As the day wore on, the Trolleys in Trenton and New Brunswick carried armed drivers to ward off attacks. The people of Pitman filled churches. Chickens had been missing all week throughout the Delaware Valley, but on Thursday when farmers checked their yards, they found their chickens dead though unmarked. The West Collingswood Fire Department fired their hose at the devil. Though it retreated at first, it charged, flying away only at the last second.

Later that night, Mrs. Sorbinski of Camden heard a commotion in her yard. Opening the door, she saw the Jersey Devil standing with her dog in its grip. Hitting

the devil with a broom until it released her dog, it flew away, and she began screaming until her neighbors came. Two police officers arrived at her house where over 100 people had gathered.

On Friday, Camden police officer Louis Strehr observed the Jersey Devil



drinking from a horses trough. A school in Mt. Ephraim was closed because no students showed up. Mills and factories in Gloucester and Hainesport closed because none of the employees came to work. New Jersey residents wouldn't leave their houses, even in daylight.



Atlantic County.

In 1987, in Vineland an aggressive German Shepherd was found torn apart, the body gnawed upon. The body was located twenty-five feet from a chain which had been hooked to him. Around the body were strange tracks that no

one could identify.

Since 1909, the Jersey Devil has been sighted by people all over New Jersey. Though the number of reported sightings have dwindled over the years, this might be attributed to the fact that people are afraid of being branded as crazy. Despite the fact that the number of reported sightings has dropped, there are still a considerable number of sightings in the post 1909 era.

In 1927, a cab driver on his way to Salem got a flat tire. Stopping to fix it, a hairy creature which stood upright landed on the roof of his cab. After it shook his car violently, he fled, leaving the tire and jack behind. The characteristic screams of the Jersey Devil were heard in the woods near Woodstown, NJ, in 1936. Phillip Smith, who was known as a sober and honest man, saw the devil walking down the street in 1953.

Around 1961, two couples were parked in a car in the Pine Barrens. Hearing a loud screeching noise outside, the roof of the car was suddenly smashed in. Fleeing the scene, they returned later, only to hear the loud screech repeated. They saw a creature flying among the trees, taking out huge chunks of bark.

There have been many other sightings since 1909, such as the Invasion of Gibbsboro in 1951. People there saw the devil for two days. In 1966, a farm was raided and thirty-one chickens, three geese, four cats, and two dogs were killed. One of the dogs was a large German shepard which had its throat ripped out. In 1981, a young couple spotted the devil at Atsion Lake in

The sightings and prints are the most substantial evidence that exists. Many of the theories on the Jersey Devil are based upon this evidence. One theory makes the Jersey Devil a type of crane which used to live in South Jersey until its habitat was overrun by man. It weighs about twelve pounds, is four feet tall, and has a wingspan of eighty inches. Though it avoids man, if confronted it will fight. It has a loud whooping scream that can be heard at a distance. This could account for the screams heard by witnesses. The crane also eats potatoes and corn which could account for the raids on crops. This theory doesn't explain the killing of livestock however. It also doesn't explain why people described the devil as having a horse's head, bat wings and tail, all of which the crane doesn't have.

Another theory is that "the tracks were made by some prehistoric animal from the Jurassic period." It is thought the creature survived underground in a cavern and might actually be a Pterodactyl. The Academy of Natural Sciences could find no record of any creature, living or extinct, that resembles the Jersey Devil however.

Jack E. Boucher, author of Absagami Yesteryear, has a theory in which he believes the devil was a deformed child. A Mrs. Leeds gave birth to a disfigured child and kept it locked away in the house. When she grew sick and couldn't feed the child anymore, it escaped out of hunger and raided local farms for food. This doesn't take

into account the incredible life span of the devil. The child would have been 174 years old in 1909. It also doesn't account for the sightings of the devil flying. The story of Mother Leeds' child may have been tacked onto an older American Indian legend.

Only a small amount of the sightings and footprints could be hoaxes. The Jersey Devil has been seen by many reliable people such as the police, government officials, postmasters, businessman, and other people whose "integrity is beyond question." Even if some of the prints were hoaxes, there is still no way to explain the majority of the tracks, especially ones occurring on roof tops or tracks ending abruptly as if the creature took wing.

The last and most controversial theory is that the Jersey Devil is the essence of evil. When a person sees the Devil, he or she sees an omen of disaster to come. According to early legends, its appearances came before shipwrecks and the outbreak of war. The Jersey devil was sighted before the start of the Civil War as well as the Spanish American War and WW I. In 1939, before the start of WW II, Mount Holly citizens were awakened by the noise of hooves on their roofs.

The possible demonic origins of the Jersey Devil might be the reason for its appearance before wars. In 1730, Ben Franklin reported a story about a witchcraft trial near Mt Holly, NJ, and one of the origin legends accused Mother Leeds of witchcraft.

Might the devil's birth have been a result of a witch's curse?

Other facts supporting the supernatural theory are the reports of the death of the devil. When Commodore Decatur fired a cannon ball at the devil, it went through him and he was unaffected. In 1909, a track walker on the electric railroad saw the devil fly into the wires above the tracks. A violent explosion melted the track twenty feet in both directions, but no body was found, and the devil was later seen in perfect health. In 1957, the Department of Conservation found a strange corpse in a burned out area of the pines. It was a partial skeleton, feathers, and hind legs of an unidentifiable creature. Though the devil was believed dead, it later reappeared. Each time he is reported dead, he returns. Another thing that supports the theory of it being a supernatural being is the incredible distances the devil could fly in a short period of time. No animal could travel as fast as the devil did in 1909. Unless of course, it is an as yet undiscovered species, and there was more than one in the area.

Candace McBride is an aspiring writer living in the state of Pennsylvania. This article is part of a larger (unpublished) work of folklore spanning all inhabited continents across the globe. To contact her about this article or her manuscript, email her at harmony0stars@hotmail.com . You may also visit her website at <http://www.angelfire.com/de/poetry/writings.html> .

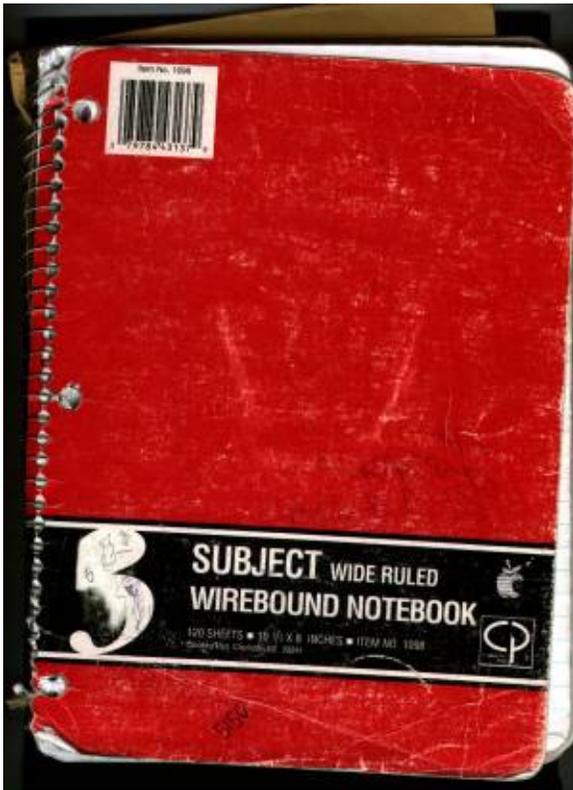
SO YOU MAY HAVE HEARD

As of New Year's Day, I'm working on an issue of The Drink Tank that will make all others look like scrawny teens at the beach waiting for their sand kicking. It's the WorldCon issue, one story from every WorldCon up to the present that'll be out for the Anaheim WorldCon in August. I'm psyched because I've already got some great responses from folks and found a couple of things that I'm trying to get permission to use.

The reason for the issue is that I'm

very interested in the history of fandom, as everyone must know by now, but there's never been a look at all of the WorldCons. I hope by getting one article from each that I'll have a better handle on them, be able to get a little deeper. That and it gave me an excuse to get Art Widner to write for me!

So, if you were at a WorldCon and you wouldn't mind writing it up, drop me a line. So far, I've got 1947, 1940, 1967, 1969, 1987, 1992, 1993, 2000 and 2004 and 2005 covered. If you were at any of the others (especially pre-1970) let me know



THE CHRISTOPHER J GARCIA NOTEBOOKS- 1996

BY
JUDITH MOREL

In 1996, Chris lived in Boston, mostly doing that crazy conference thing and partying like it was 1995. I lived with SaBean on Newbury Street, just a few addresses away from Mystery Train, the best record store to ever exist. Chris used to come over about once a week, usually to crash on the couch or get a free meal. He stayed with us for a week once, I think because he was burned out from working every night and hustling almost every day. Back then, Chris always had a notebook and when there wasn't serious work to be done (and for Chris, Serious Work entailed studying for his next Convention Con, going to the movies or watching wrestling) he'd spend hours and hours filling notebooks. The week he lived here, he managed to fill two of them. The first was full of poetry and the starts of short stories. The gem among the first lines: *He saw them all kissing in the rain and wondered if he joined them, would he feel the water running down the lines in his face.* None of it was very good, mostly because he's not a prose writer (and we tried to tell him that long ago) and

once he'd get to a part where a major plot point would be needed, he'd freeze and just go on and start something new.

The other notebook was far more interesting to the random, outside observer. It was filled with movie plots...or at least that's what I think he thought he was writing. It's hard to tell what someone means to put together when all you have is a stringy outline of movement.

The first story is the one that had me laughing the hardest. He called it Janna. Janna's an Indian girl, born and raised in America so she's more Mallrat than Mahabarata. She comes to study at a high school for the arts in the film program her senior year after a group of closely knit, though often feuding, friends have been together all four years. The Stud of the class, Tom, falls for her, but his goth chick ex-girlfriend, Methia, still wants Tom back and devises a plan where she'll make it look like she's stealing Janna for herself. Comedy ensues as the guy who really wants Methia, Derek, comes up with method after method to try and win her, but he only helps Methia come closer to her goal.

The best part was the way Chris wrote up the ending. *They all end up going to the prom alone and meeting up at the dance. Derek's plan works as he uses his skill at deception to bring Nick Cave to the school to give Methia a birthday song. She asks Nick who did that for her and he tells her. She then jumps Derek, smothering him with kisses. Tom then goes to Janna and explains what happened, She says she'll think about it, and as soon as she does, the entire Prom turns into a giant Bollywood dance number. Janna leads the girls and Tom the guys as they sing out there problems and Janna and Tom kiss as it ends.*

Tell me you wouldn't want to watch that! The next couple of plots were lame. A tear-jerker and a story of a four year old girl who tried to get herself to Africa without telling her parents. Sometimes the idiot-savant is just the first half.

The next one is the good one and it's the one that Chris has tried to make over

the years. It's called Five Suicides. It's dark. Really dark. The basic premise is a young reporter who is an aging party girl (I'm fairly sure he was basing it on a combination of SaBean, M and Me) who is given the assignment to go into the mountains and uncover the truth behind five teenaged suicides. The description of the story is strong, with the main character, Stina, being a messed up chick who is trying to pull herself up and rise to the meet the challenge. He's tried at least four times to make it (once with Kate Kelton, that Canadian Destroyer that she is) and has come close once or twice, but never made it all the way.

There was one that I really liked about a time-traveling masked wrestler who leaves the arena one night and finds himself in the Old West, trying to beat a local tough. It's a weird script concept, and he even wrote a few pages of the screenplay.

Don Pedro: You're an ugly under that mask, aren't you?

La Ley: I'll just make sure that if you ever see it, it'll be in Hell, where I'm gonna put you.

Riveting.

The notebooks are the best record of Chris Garcia's mental droppings of the 1990s. He's gotten better, I think, as the years have rolled by. Still, when a notebook features a plot of a guy eating a lollypop that somehow turns him into a 1920s gangster, you gotta love it.

More Letter Graded Mail From My Loyal Readers

I got more mail, so here's my good man from England, Peter Sullivan!

Another catch-up letter – when it comes to The Drink Tank, is there any other kind?

Not that I can think of!

57: Not a lot to say on the Ghosts and Ghouls issue. I'm pretty much with SaBean

with this one, I'm afraid. I've commented elsewhere about the practical issues involved in getting Warhoon 28 into digital form.

Just scanning into PDF won't really be very accesible, as all it does is produce a big graphic of what each page "looks like." You either need to use OCR (and even the very best quality mimeo usually converts to OCR very, very badly) or, preferably, find enough volunteers to re-key the whole lot.

It can be done, and I'm betting that Google-text will do it shortly, if anyone is willing to give over their copy to get it scanned (they do mostly destructive scanning) There's a lot of stuff in our collection that looks worse than most mimeoed stuff and it OCRs...with a bit of help.

58: The Cardiums sound like a high-quality hoax, in that there is a good ratio of creativity (high) to annoyance to innocent victims (almost nil). And Badwater Planet: The Concept Album, in particular, sounds such a cool idea that it really needs turning into reality. Especially if we manage to do it in a year when the "concom's choice" Hugo Award gets used not for Best Website or even Best Video Game but Best Album.

Don't get me started on Best Video Game (I was told by folks on the LACon committee that they were doing best Web Site, but it didn't end up happening). Best Album would be interesting. Don't give M and co any ideas about reforming to record Badwater.

61: Another good issue about hoaxes, although enticing SaBean into name-checking all of your regular locsters was a fairly blatant bit of comment hooking, to which I refuse to bite. And I thought that bit at the end about M and Jay moving to Finland to get married was particularly unbelievable. Oh, hang on a minute...

Well, SaBean and I worked on that together. She wanted to make more jokes about me. I reined her in. M and Jay's move has been called ridiculous and 'well, at least it's not Russia anymore' by those of us who love them most.

And Now, with his first LoC of 2006, Mr. Lloyd 'Double Duty' Penney!

Dear Chris:

Well, I sent to you my last loc of 2005, and so it's only fitting that I send to you my first loc of 2006. (Yeah, I took a break.) Here's some quick comments on issue 61.

Aha, movies. I have seen the Narnia movie, haven't seen Harry Potter yet. I thought the Narnia movie was great, very close to the book, though not to be because the book itself is fairly small. Reminiscent of Lord of the Rings, reviews hated the children except for little Georgie Henley, who played Lucy. I admit to thinking typical snotty English kids, but fortunately, the attitude of the children changed as they suddenly grew up as they fought for Narnia. Good to see that Narnia is beating the big monkey at the box office.

While Narnia isn't short by any means, it's still a four or five showings a day film. You get three screenings of Kong at most theatres (maybe four at the late night places that have 11 and midnight showings). There's a term called the Two-Forty Two, which is the length that a film can be before it loses a screening a day due to length.

I don't see many Quentin Tarantino movies, but one I won't be going to see is Hostel. It's a slasher movie to the next level, lots of torture, gore, blood and horror, and that's just the trailer. The more pre-premiere fuss over this movie, the more box office will be, and people will flock to it just to see if it's as gory as advertised.

I'm not into gore, but they're showing the preview for the WWE Wrestler Kane's new movie. It's not enough to get me to go and see it, but still, they're tempting me!

A 2015 Worldcon in Las Vegas? M, Chris wants to make friends there, not piss them off! They're just looking into the difficulties of reserving rooms for a Westercon bid. I'm to the point I'll support just about any Worldcon bid that has a good chance of winning, and is close to get to. 2008's Worldcon will be voted upon at

LAconIV, and because we tend to vote for those cities we are most familiar with, I expect Chicago to get the Worldcon once again.

There's lots of talk about that one. I'm thinking Chicago has a shot.

Hi, SaBean, think Chris will ever go for a CorFlu? There's a project for BASFA to work on. It would be great to be the beneficiary of a fan fund, but that's definitely not going to happen. CorFlu will be in Toronto this year, so I will be there; wish Chris would be, too. I can see Brad Foster doing a panel on Sex and the Fanzine, though. The latest issue of It Goes On The Shelf has a Foster backcover with interesting book titles, and Foster's famous busty lady Olivia showing off her library.

I'm trying to push SaBean to go, and she's seeming like she might. I need to read IGOTS too. I've seen the work though.

Chris Garcia for Mayor, when you're tired of voting for the lesser of two evils. And, congrats to M and Jay on finding a great place to live.

Knowing M, she's already bought a house that's far too big and way outside of town, which will lead her to renting a tiny place that's in the middle of everything but is tiny and that's where they'll spend most of their time. And using the same slogan as Cthuhlu did when he ran for Prez will probably not win me any extra votes (and it might just bring about the end of the World, we'll see!)

I hear good things about the Scandinavian countries, and they are places I'd like to see some time.

If I ever go to Europe, it'll be for a long trip through Finland, Sweden, Norway and Russia.

Enough for now. 62 is probably done by now, and you're working on 63.

Take care, Happy New Year, and set's see what mischief we can get into in 2006

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Me? Mischief? Naw, never happen. And I'm working on issue 65 right now too!



MY FAVOURITE WEBSITE: WERNER WEISS' YESTERLAND

It's not shocking that my favourite website has something to do with history. It's just the way I'm built. I stumbled across it one afternoon when I was looking for a Disneyland image. I read every single page it had, and the next day, I revisited most of them. Yesterland was the site, and I still reread it at least once a month.

I love Disneyland. I've been there dozens of times since my Mom is a Disney freak and we used to hang out in LA a lot. I have a long memory, so I can remember the 1976 American Parade that was so wonderful, as well as many attractions that were just winding down from their glory days.

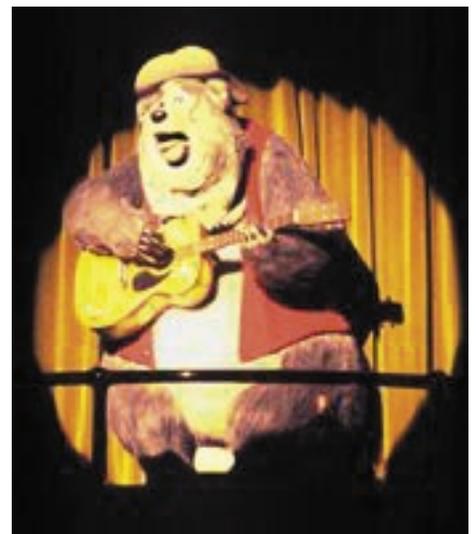
Of course, there were many things



that I just wasn't born in time to see. The Monsanto House of Tomorrow was one. One of the original Tomorrowland attractions, The House of the Future (which I believe they also used at the 1964 World's Fair) was a great attraction, but by the end of the 1960s, it was out of date. I missed it.

Yesterland takes a look at everything that makes up the Disneyland experience and not just the rides. There are parades, like the Lion King Parade that everybody loved, and there are murals listed (like the old Mary Blair murals that hung over Tomorrowland in the 1960s through the 1990s) and there are even listings for old restaurants that are gone. There's even the complete menu from the Tahitian Terrace Restaurant that I remember going to as a kid. It's a nice touch.

There are the attractions that I remember loving so much that get fine treatment. The Country Bear Jamboree has a long page that even



talks about all the different versions of the show. There's a bunch of great stuff that I just love.

As for me, my all-time favourite attractions are either still there (Pirates, The Haunted Mansion, Space Mountain and The Main Street Movie Arcade where you can watch old Mickey Mouse Cartoons) or are parts of the old Tomorrowlands. The PeopleMover, which is over there -->, has to be my all-time favourite. I used to love riding it, especially because there was seldom a line for it so you could hop on pretty quick when everything else was terribly packed. They had a section that was all about Tron. You went through the Adventures in Innerspace attraction and passed through part of Space Mountain. It was a great ride that I keep hoping they'll bring back, but no. First they try to put in RocketRods, a fast, then slow ride on the same track, then they just leave it alone and hope that no one will notice. There are rumors of it returning (which I believe would make it the second ride to leave and then return following the Davy Crockett Canoes) and I hope they come true.

It's amazing just how different Disneyland was in the 1950s, 60s, and even the 1970s. There was a lot of live-action, like an Indian Camp in Adventureland



where they had, presumably, real Indian doing real Indian-y stuff. They had live Pack Mules that took you through a fake Desert Landscape (shown below). They had more performers, not just critter costumes and the Disney Princesses, but astronauts in Tomorrowland, and pirates in New Orleans Square. There was more of an air of false reality, instead of fantasy, if that makes any sense. That fantasy concept came about in the 1970s, when they got rid of the Indian Village, the Pack Mules, and it seems, most of the other non-Disney characters. I think I would have liked it the other way, if I had ever really seen it.

The first time I can remember Disneyland is at the age of 4. There are about two dozen things that I remember going to that are now in Yesterland. That makes me feel so old.



We used to do this thing when we'd go out for big dinners. Someone, typically me, would come up with an idea and we'd all tell a story around the same subject. One of the first of these was the Blonde Girl Story. We all had one and here are three, shortened from the original versions in Stacked Decks.

My Blonde Girl Story By *M Lloyd*

The girl was named Barb and she had eyes the size of dinner plates and a waist that almost begged you to try and fit your hands around it. I almost could, but then again, I've got hands like a sailor.

I met her in LA on a Wednesday night at a club that specializes in pretty, top-heavy girls in short skirts. She nibbled my ear before I'd even spoken to her. My kind of girl.

We went back to her place and had several different courses of sex, each ending with her screaming in a language I didn't understand. I called her twice a week for the next few months, and she called me once, to say good-bye.



My Blonde Girl Story by *Jay Crasdan*

She took me down like a wrestler who was fighting to make up points in the final seconds. She pinned me, that she did, and when I came up for air, she was already bored.

"I'm gonna go and get a coke." she said, almost filing her nails in unequalable boredom.

I sat there in bad, knowing that if she came back, she'd just make it look honest, then take off to find a guy who would give her a good toe curling. I, on the other hand, would sit in bed and glow, the roles reversed.

When she came back, she had a Coke for me too.

And a small bag of pot.
"You wanna spark this while we get ready to erase that last one?"

My Blonde Girl Story By *SaBean Morel*

The story is typical and it goes something like this: I went to college, my roommate was cute, we used to stay up all night and the one night that we got around to drinking led to the moment that ruined everything. I don't have one of those, I never lived in a real dorm, but I messed around with a blonde girl during college, and ruined everything.

Heather McNamara was her name and she had an ass like an upside-down heart. She was beautiful, but sad, like all the women I've found myself with. She was in my study group for Latin, and one night, the two of us got together to study for the final. She brought wine, I brought vodka. We studied and drank everytime we got a conjugation right. I kissed following 'ocupare': to occupy. We didn't study much after that. Heather said she'd wanted to taste me from the first day of class. I didn't say anything, I simply buried my head into her and let everything run wild. Her blonde hair whipped when she was excited.

Did I say it ruined everything? I meant it ruled beyond belief.

That's all for another issue of The Drink Tank. The next issue will be something a little different...actually it'll be a lot the same to some issues of The Drink Tank and that's all I'm gonna say about that. After that is the big issue of Drabbles, or the 100 Worder issue. It should be a blast.

In other Christopher J. Garcia news, I'll be having a film in Cinequest for the second year in a row. The Last Woman on Earth, a comedy starring the Magnificent Kate Kelton, will premiere at the fest in early March. Keep watching The Drink Tank for more details.

Judith, currently in the process of relocating from MYC to a more reasonable area, the Southern Nevada City of Laughlin. She's only staying on the contract for a year, then she's going to be moving back to LA for the third or fourth time. She's a wild one, that Judith.

The photos in the Yesterland article are, in fact, from the Yesterland website (www.yesterland.com). I'm not sure who did the graffiti piece of the blonde girl, but I know it was on an overpass in LA.

I just made my reservations for LACon, so there's no chance that I'll miss it. I'm staying a block away at the Super 8 that I've stayed at a couple of times. Clean and cheap (54.00 a night) means I can stay all four nights.

I'll be working like a madman the next few days to finish off some writing for the Cinequest programme and a few actual work things (see, I do WORK sometimes) and I'll be writing a regular comedy article for Lon Lopez's Moron Life (www.moronlife.com). The first one is about Hoaxes and the second one will be all about getting a girl drunk. The second one is far funnier.

garcia@computerhistory.org!

