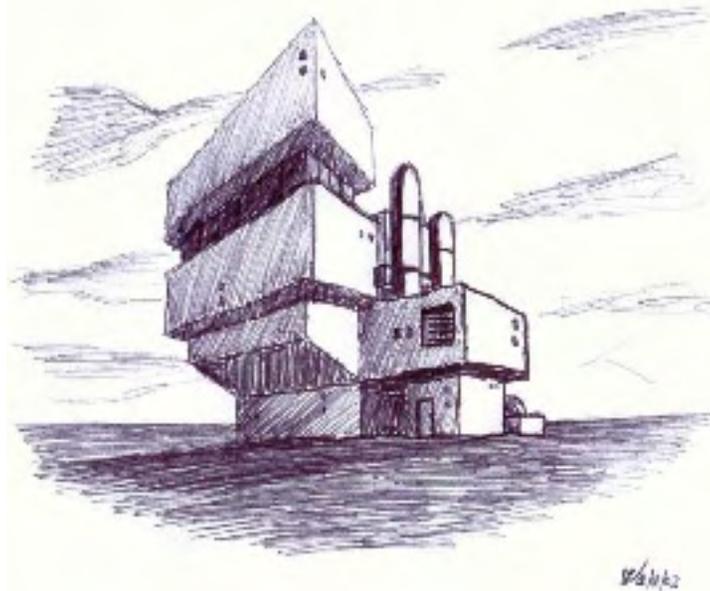




The Drink Tank

Issue 97

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Letter Graded Mail
Sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers

Let's start with Marty Cantor of No Award (on eFanzines.com) with a correction

Chris:

I am running up against some APA deadlines; and, considering that I run both of them, methinks that I should give them some priority.

Thanks for taking a little time-out to get my more correct

However, I took the time to look at Drink Tank #96, and I feel that I should point out an error you consistently made in that zine. To wit: there was **NO** TAFF Auction (as you refer to it) at L.A.Con IV. What

there was was a Fan Funds Auction. I know this as I was the one who set it up at the behest of the TAFF and DUFF Administrators. Now, if "Fan Fund Auction" does not seem quite the right mouthful for you, please call it the TAFF/DUFF Auction. (In fact, there were more former DUFF winners present than there were former TAFF winners, and most of the auctioneers were DUFFers. Well, TAFF did have a current winner ...)

Good point. There was Guy, Joe, Janice and you who had won DUFF, unless I missed someone, and only Suzle, Randy and Bug from TAFF. I don't think that would be a fair fight.

The above nit-pick was not written because I am a former DUFF winner. As Fan Fund Liaison for L.A.Con IV, I would have been remiss in my duties if I had shown favouritism and set up an auction just for TAFF. Both TAFF and DUFF are the major funds which impact this area, but it has been my experience that auctioning items for other funds at these auctions is well received by any TAFF and DUFF people in attendance. **Very good point. I guess I just have TAFF on the brain at the moment. That'll clear up in a few weeks, I'm sure.**

-
Marty Cantor

--
Thanks Marty.

And now., back with another one of them Block-rockin' beats...Leigh Ann Hildebrand!

My Dear Mr. Garcia,

I'm delighted that my letter concerning your chronic misspelling of my name appeared so quickly within the virtual pages of Drink Tank #96. Goodness, but it must be hard to keep up that twice-daily publishing schedule! I'd ask when you make time for it, but I'm under the impression you manage such frequent mmm releases by skimping on social life. Tsk, tsk.

I don't skimp on my social life! Why, I had a date just last month.

Sadly, my note appears to have been too late. I note that the misspelling meme has propogated, as evidenced by the LoC from Mr. Purcell, who has taken to calling me Leigh Anne, too. I **do** sympathize on the sexual frustration front he mentions, though. Empathize, no. Sympathize, yes.

And I'll leave that one alone...

In reference to your comments to my LoC, I'm a bit dubious about that strop you've been oiling. Oh, and the Vatican may well have relaxed

the rules on morning corsetry, but we Southerners aren't a very Catholic lot and mostly view popery with great suspicion. After all, Catholic Californians are allowed to wear white shoes after Labor Day!

Let us all take a drink to the relaxed social atmosphere of California! Bottoms up!

I find myself tsk-tsking again at the very thought of it. Given your continued misspellings, I *will* be employing the tilde. Unfortunately for you, a friend reminds me there is no Unicode support for an r-tilde, so mine is a strap-on. I promise I'll be gentle, too.

****spit* whatwhatWHAT???*** Right, ***let's get it right from now on. L-e-i-g-h-space-a-n-n***

Finally, I certainly count any company that includes Samuel Delany to be good company. By the way, you misspelled his name. He, like me, has but two e's.

There are several Double-E jokes that want to be made, but alas the previous paragraph has turned me away from humor...

Let's see, what else did I want to mention? Oh, yes! In another LoC, Mr. Porter mentions what should properly be called the Hotel Pennsylvania (HP), which hosted NyCon 3. Sadly, that hotel has seen far better days. In '95-96 I was working as a travel agent in an office in the Empire State Building.



A corporate customer we had liked to save money when booking out of town trainers by having us put them in at the HP. The trainers were all wise to this and would beg us not to. At the time, entire *floors* of the HP had been condemned by the city as unfit for habitation or something similar. Rooms on other floors supposedly had a catalogue of nightmarish problems -- vermin, leaks, inadequate heating. Not a place you'd ever want to hold a con. Even now, the HP's website touts their location and price but is silent on amenities or room condition. Eeee! My own taste in con hotels runs towards glass high rises like the Greenville Hyatt or old-fashioned grand dames like the Boston Park Plaza. (Oh, and like so many Bayareans, I am partial to the San Jose Doubletree.)

Ah, the Park Plaza. I used to go there a lot when I lived around the corner. They had a very nice hotel bar and a very, how shall we say, connected concierge. You could get Cuban cigars and just about

anything else you wanted from the guy.

In turning to the pictorials in #96, I enjoyed the badge ribbon breakdown. I did feel you glossed over my personal favorite, the Eric in the Elevator ribbon. Eric Zuckerman (zyxwvut on Livejournal) records an impromptu talk show in the leftmost elevator at Baycon every year. It's a completely improvised thing; on Friday evenings, while the elevator takes the usual congoers to and from parties, unsuspecting 'guests' take a seat on the show's 'set' and are interviewed. On Sunday, Eric hosts a party to screen footage from the past year and highlights from previous years. LACon IV was the first Eric in the Elevator screening party at a WorldCon EVAR -- a source of great pride and pleasure for Eric himself.

I must admit, I've not experienced Eric in the Elevator as much as I should. I wish I had made the LACon party, but I was at the TAFF party and Match Game and Anticipation chatting with Rene Walling.

As you may remember, I pimped the screening party rather heavily at Match Game PM; it was scheduled after the Hugos, too. Sadly, I missed most of the party because I was busy trading bon mots with you and the rest of the celebrity panelists. (To complete the LJ tie-in, I'd like to point out

there's an LJ fan community for the show, [Eric_in_Elevatr](#) .

Oh, and that I'm hoping there will be another screening party at SiliCon next month. *pimpity pimp* (Did I mention I am Eric-in-the-Elevator's unofficial handler and PR lackey?)

I'll have to join it. I'm a sucker for an LJ community (and at this point I should make a plug for Hugo_recommend started by Andy Trembley mere moments after Cheryl Morgan said she wasn't going to do her annual list anymore)

I also love the pictures of things you purchased. The only thing I bought for myself at/near WorldCon was a set of 50th Anniversary golden Minnie Ears. I did it in part because of Harlan, and in part because they just look so *natural* on me. Really.

Interestingly, I went over the box of things that stayed in their box from Con Jose the other day. There were well over forty of them not counting the four dozen or so pieces that I'd removed over the years.

(As an aside, I am completely embarrassed now remembering how I went on about having "the typical pre-teen fangirl crush on Harlan" to Andy Trembley *and Len Wein* during the Match Game AM edition. Not just because I realize in retrospect exactly how freakish the very phrase "typical pre-teen fangirl crush on Harlan" *sounds* to anyone else, but also



because geezus, it was *Len Wein*. I'm of an era where we didn't keep track much of the names behind comics (though I can remember when it became All About Claremont), but I am secretly a huge EC comics fan and see Swamp Thing as transitional between that childhood love and the Marvel titles that were so important during my college years.)

You're talking to the original Swamp Thing mark right here. I love that character and the Alan Moore run is great, but the old school stuff was even better. I've got so much Swamp Thing now it's not even funny. Len's a great guy too. Now, this Harlan crush...that'll cost you.

Goodness, how I *do* go on! I would hate to ruin my image as bimbo-about-

town, so on that note, I'll close.

Cordially yours,

Leigh Ann Hildebrand

(Chris for TAFF!)

Thank you muchly Leigh Ann. What LoColumn would be complete without Lloyd Penney?

September 6, 2006

Dear Chris:

Well, it's been about 10 days since we got back from LA and LAcon IV, and we are still marveling about the great time we had. And, a lot of that good time was with you, so many thanks for your company. Chris for TAFF! I now have three issues of The Drink Tank to respond to, so here goes with the usual multi-issue letter of comment.

Well, when you get recharged like I did at LACon, you start to put out faster issues!

94...Met Forry at LAcon IV, and got an autograph from him. I shook his hand, and thanked him sincerely. If he's close to 90, I figured that would be the last time I would see him. I hope I'm wrong. What a life he's had, and he truly is a role model for the fannish life.

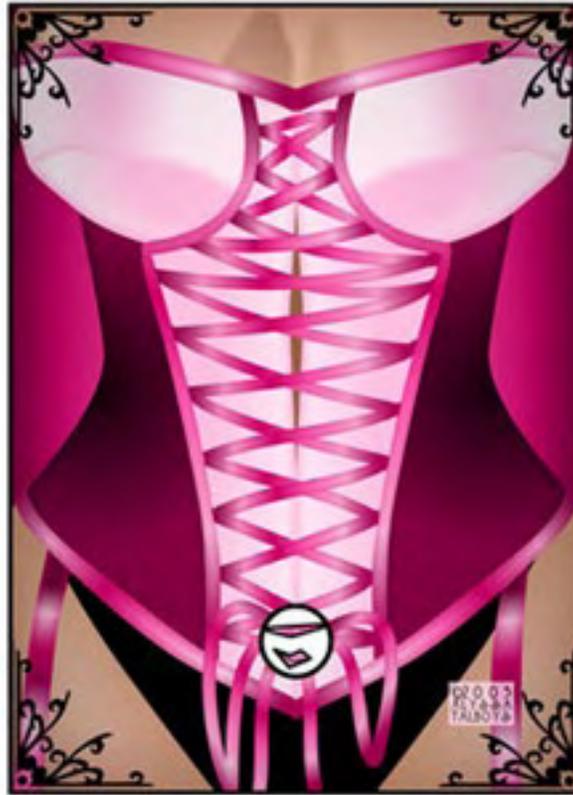
I caught him at the Hilton Buffet.

It made the entire meal worth the over-pricedness.

The factionalism in NYC fandom holds over to today. Bridget Bradshaw, when she was in Toronto for his TAFF trip, told me that she'd been hosted by two NYC fannish groups, and both took great pains to tell her how bad the other group was. I also remember two Worldcon bids coming out of NYC at the same time, one for 1986, and the other for 1989. Different groups, different year, same result...both lost.

And the funny thing is that NYC fandom doesn't even appear on the radar. There are a couple of great cons outside of NYC, but I couldn't name one NYC fan.

In the 60s, based on Ted White's description, there were far fewer interests to cater to at a Worldcon. A single track of programming would have satisfied the vast majority of those in attendance. Today, tracks don't seem to have a formal division from one another, but there are now dozens of fandoms to satisfy. One complaint I did hear about LAcon IV was the lack of GLBT programming, but I did hear that the person in charge of coming up with such programming fumbled the job, and he presented no ideas at all. Also, interesting to see that the idea of separate Hugos for movies and



television shows might have come from Gene Roddenberry. I might be stretching a point here...

I noticed the lack of GLBT programming, which is weird as there's usually a fair amount of it at Los Angeles cons. I remember hearing that Gene had lobbied for the split at one time.

MidAmeriCon was a little before my time, but I remember the first time I saw the programme book...it was at the home of two local fans (they now live in Vancouver). They presented the book to me for my perusal, and I

marveled at it. Where did you get this? The Big MAC programme book was before all our times. They said they bought it at a yard sale, and no they didn't remember who it belonged to, or who sold it to them. They've never been to a Worldcon, and given their interests, they wouldn't have been interested in going, anyway. Why they purchased the book is a mystery, but at least it allowed me a good, long look at a bit of fannish history in a place I'd never have expected to see it.

I found my copy at a used bookstore. Mine belonged to some random fan who lived in Palo Alto at the time.

Great to see references to Beeblebears. Toronto is home to one of the largest Doctor Who clubs in the world, and sometimes, when I am at the homes of some of the members, a Beeblebear is sitting on the couch, waiting to give three-armed hugs. Not sure where they got them, but a couple of people would buy two identical teddy bears, and make their own.

You gotta love anything with three arms. At Conjecture, there were a bunch of mutant stuffed animals that were hybrids of two stuffies that were creepy.

Great photo on page 13. There's John Sapienza, and Peggy Rae, and Rusty Hevelin, whose appearance at

LAcon IV we'd been able to engineer.

I met Rusty and we talked TAFF for a moment. He was a really nice guy. That means I've met most of the really cool old-timers, almost all on this trip.

Chicon 2000 was memorable for me, mostly because of our mission there...to run three parties for the Toronto in 2003 bid, decided at that Worldcon. Yvonne and I have thrown a lot of parties, but that was our oeuvre, our best ever. We had great food and great times, but we also had great beer, a mountain of beer to serve up, and after three parties that lasted well into the night, we still had 10 cases to give to the con suite.

I was around fandom, but I didn't go to Chicon. I remember hearing folks say that Chicon had some great parties going on.

Hey, I know Neil Rest, too! Neil was in Toronto a couple of years ago to see the Dalai Lama, who was in Toronto for a large conference. We hit Bloor St., and dove into a good Ethiopian restaurant for dinner.

He was the first Mid-West fan I ever met when he toured the museum. I've never managed to reconnect with him since, which is a shame. He seems like a fun guy.



It is always the people at a Worldcon that makes it for me. The panels, the dealers' room, the parties, the displays, all are great, but if I was there to only see those things, I wouldn't have nearly the good time.

No question on that front. My Dad had the right idea.

I spoke to Cheryl Morgan in LA...looks like she's put a much more positive spin on the fate of Emerald City. The publication is gone, but she may keep the blog, and archives of

book reviews will be kept by others.

Sadly, reading her blog lately has shown that that's probably not the case anymore. That's a shame.

95...I'll be working on that article for John Purcell shortly. I could detail my own Worldcon, but I'd probably need my own zine for that. Our trip had multiple fuckups, courtesy of our apartment building (neither elevator was working, which meant we had to carry our luggage down 17 flights of stairs), the Anaheim Hilton (we asked for a room by the elevator, and it was as far away from the elevators as possible), Enterprise Rent-A-Car (we rushed to return it on the hour it was due, only to be told we could have kept it until 9am the next morning – not what we were told 2 days previously) and FedEx (the National Space Society shipped a package from Washington to Anaheim to a Kinko's/FedEx that said it would accept packages – only it didn't). The convention made all those fuckups a dim memory.

Ouch! Luggage down 17 flights! I'd have used the call down technique. 'Anyone down there?' if no answer, then toss 'em and repeat.

In many ways, even after nearly 30 years in fandom, I still feel like an outsider looking in. I haven't been able to get to the gathering that would make me feel more of an insider. LAcon

IV made me feel like an insider, just needed to get to the regular gatherings. Milt Steven's fanzine lounge was comfortable and most welcoming, and I finally got to meet folks like Ulrika O'Brien and Jerry Kaufman and Suzle and more.

I never did meet Ulrika. I loved the lounge and hope that St. Louis has such a nice one next year...maybe with slightly better placement!

Can't believe you said that to Lori Forbes!

It was the Match Game! The set-up was just hanging there! I had to hit it out of the park!

Didn't know if you knew that you and I and Joe Major tied for ninth with 14 nominations for the Best Fan Writer Hugo. I know there's lots of discussion online about how bad the fan Hugos are, but still, if you've won some fannish awards, and I have, the feelgood that comes from them is great, if transitory. Still, we all want to feel that good again.

I was shocked! I figured I'd manage to get more than I did last year, but that much more was interesting. I was more taken aback that The Drink Tank got 7th.

Met James Bacon that week, too. Why did I get the impression he was



on speed? He did lots of weird and rude things, and performed unspeakably rude acts with an inflatable kangaroo and the fly of his pants. I will let your imagination dive into the gutter now...

He's not on speed, he's just Irish. You never know what this world holds for you until you've been humped by an inflatable kangaroo. It really opens your eyes...

Who else did I meet? Jason Schachat, Alan White, James Taylor and Teresa Cochran, David Gordon, lots more...

Yeah, I'm glad folks got to meet Jason. I didn't know that I'd be getting a guest membership so I asked him at the last minute. He had a good time, like we all did.

96...The hotel Andy Porter is talking about, the Pennsylvania Hotel, was at one point the Statler-Waldorf Hotel. I

remember going there for some of the latter Strektaculars in the late 70s. That's where I met Isaac Asimov for the first time. And yup, the phone number was Pennsylvania 6-5000.

Hmmm...I thought Statler and Waldorf were those two old dudes from the Muppet Show?

Who's the young lady on page 10? More inquiries, open up to all of us, Chris, you know ya waaaaaanna... like John Purcell says, we're all sexually frustrated, usually because we're not getting it, or possibly not getting enough. Or, not getting it from someone we'd like to get it from.

She was the one who took over slinging booze at the Evil Geniuses party for me. I know her name starts with a Kim...kimba? And I'm not sexually frustrated!!! I'm simply saving myself for marriage.

Fandom is accepting, definitely. When you get called weird, it's a compliment, not an insult. In fandom, weird can be an artform, just the background behavior that even weirder stuff can shine and be noticed. Jack Speer was definitely at LAcon, and I saw him several times, in t-shirt and shorts, much like the rest of us. Hey, Chris, with the help of Baycon, of course, go for a Corflu. It's fun, and as long as you have help from knowledgeable people, you can't go

wrong.

Not yet. If I do a CorFlu, it'll either be after 2010 in San Jose or somesuch or I'll try and find some LA folks who would do one at the Hollywood Roosevelt.

Yvonne and I had 20 ribbons on each badge. I had...a blank one we brought from home to hold our party stickers and pins, Committee, Speaker, Fan Lounge, DrGafia: The Doctor is OUT rich brown 1942-2006, Chris for TAFF, ¡Fanzinista!, Burning Fan, Worldcon Bid Columbus 2008, Star Trek 40th Anniversary, Press, Tea Snob, Will Work For Ribbons!, CanFan, Chaos Space Pirate, 2006 Bid Veteran LA/KC 2000-2003, Friend of Kim/SIG.Cons, Menace to Fandom, The Wrong People, Alternate Surrealities. Yvonne had all the same, except for the Speaker ribbon. Chas Boston Baden gave her a ribbon to equal us up...it said Help! Get me a can of Goth-Away!

The blank one is a great idea! I wish I'd thought of that.

What did I bring home zinewise?
Hmmm...

A Science Fiction Collector by Howard Devore
Howard Devore Collector by LAconIV
Fanzine Primer by Max (this was for the two fanzine panels for kids in the Chaos Space Pirate track)



Picofarad 5 and 6 (must look up the editor...didn't put it in her own zine)
Petrea Mitchell!

Twilight Zine 46 by MITSFS

PrintZine 1 by Chris Garcia (Chris for TAFF!)

Why You Got This Zine #4 by ManxCat
(That's what her badge said...she is better known as Kathleen Moore-Freeman)

DeProfundis 400, 401, 402 by LASFS
DASFAX Vol. 38 #4 by Rose Beetem
e-APA Summer 2006

Bento 18 by David Levine and Kate Yule

ConNotations Vol. 16 #2 by CASFS

The Enchanted Village by A.E. van Vogt (published in chapbook form by Howard Devore)

WorldConNomicon by James Bacon
Employee Times by the Boeing Corporation (handed out by Apogee Books)

several copies of *Skeletons in the Closet* (from the gift shop at the LA County Coroner's Department)

Wrath of the Fanglord, Dave Langford, ed.

APA-L 2154, Marty Cantor, OE (we got a copy because Yvonne and I performed collation in the fanzine lounge)

Science Fiction Review 16 by Richard Geis and *Science Fiction Five-Yearly*, November 1966 by Lee Hoffman (both purchased at the Fan Fund Auction, right after telling Murray Moore that I wasn't going to buy anything)

...and, plenty of newsletters, con flyers, Pittcon membership cards, and much more I've yet to classify and put away for the ages.

Ah, all done. I'm on page 4, so there must have been lots of stuff to talk about. Great to finally meet you, Chris, and we gotta do this again some time. It's getting so expensive to travel just about anywhere now, but we've got to keep doing this. Any word on LAcon V yet? Take it easy, and see you next issue.

I love traveling, but I can barely afford rent, no less heading across the freakin' country. This might change soon, so you can never be sure I won't show up and knock on your door. I had a blast and hope we'll run into each other again. The only think I know about LACon V is that it needs to be called the V!

DUELING EASELS

**SEE TWO HUGO-WINNERS
WHIP EACH OTHERS' BUTTS**

THE BIG WU

—VERSUS—

**THE MIGHTY MIGHTY
EGGLETON**

**ART SHOW
SAT. HIGH NOON**

ONLY ONE WILL WALK OUT ALIVE

**DUELING EASELS: EGGLETON V. WU,
OR CLASH OF THE EGOS
BY FRANK WU**

“BOB, YOU'RE GOING DOWN!”

declareth my T-shirt. As my name was announced to the thronging masses, I whipped off my glittering outer shirt, turning to proclaim these fightin' words to the audience, as they howled in delight.

Thus it began, the Rumpus at Arisia, the first dueling easels competition between Bob Eggleton and me.

We each had an easel, and we'd brought our own art supplies. Dr. Karen Purcell, Art Show Director and Fight Promoter, chose a paragraph from a book by Allen Steele, Author Guest of Honor, and we'd have an hour - and only an hour! - to illustrate it. She picked a passage about a spaceship launch.

And WE were off!

As hundreds and hundreds of people watched, we smashed pigment into paper. Bob had brought a soundtrack for us, full of rawkuss music: Led Zeppelin, Kiss, and some bizarre songs from Shatner's "Has-Been" album. As the crowd roared and clapped, we painted - then interrupted ourselves to play air guitar AT each other, and to fling our hair around. Bob's long hair is, of course, known galaxy-wide, and the reason I'd grown mine out. I knew years and years ago that I would never win a Hugo until my hair was as long as Bob's, which finally happened at Noreascon in 2004. Not long after that, I had an unfortunate



Photo by Lisa Hertzell

run-in with a pair of scissors and One Crazy Woman, but my hair had since recovered some, but not nearly enough to overcome the blows against my empire landed by Bob's magnificent mane of hairiness.

But I upstaged Bob's daring feats of "hair fu" by dramatically throwing out my shoulder! This was an ability I perfected one fateful day in 1982 when I had an unfortunate run-in with a "safety bar" during the one and only time I ever accepted "The Roller Skating Challenge." That accident hyper-extended my rotator cuff, allowing me, very painfully, to pop my shoulder out at unexpected (to me) occasions, resulting in extreme agony and my arm flailing around like it's not attached to my body. Note: flailing arm not conducive to precision painting as hundreds look on. But... every battle worth winning must include a physical challenge.



Photo by Lisa Spencer

So I forced my shoulder back in, and we continued painting and playing air guitar.

Because we are artists, I reminded the audience, “We don’t believe in rules.” I called out, “There was a laser cannon in that passage, wasn’t there? I could have sworn there was.” Of course there wasn’t, but I needed a laser cannon to perfect the composition, so I drew one in, arguing that it was at the base of the launch platform, defending the spaceship against an oncoming horde or invaders. But, for some bizarre and inexplicable reason, Bob added to his painting flying saucers and Godzilla himself, which were clearly NOT in the text! He’s such a cheater.

Then, as the audience, counted down, time was up, and Karen declared us both winners. Both of us! Until...



Photo by Lisa Spencer

The Walloping at Worldcon!

Thousands upon thousands cheered and cried in delight as Bob and I continued our titanic struggle. Teenage girls squealed and passed out. Electrical bolts from our fingers and paintbrushes exploded the overhead lights, showering death unto audience members foolishly not expecting carnage and destruction!

This time, we were not given only one theme to draw, but idea after idea were thrown like machine gun fire at us, and, unphased, Bob and I captured them mid-air and smashed them down

onto the paper, beating them down like so many whack-a-moles or pressed fairies. Our version of dinotopia? Dinosaurs mining asteroids? Sci-fi armadillos? Child’s play before our awesome-ness. Then we were told to illustrate spaceships exploding, so I drew a fleet of Klingon battlecruisers. Then I was reminded that they were supposed to explode, so I lead the audience in a chant of “AN EARTH-SHATTERING KABOOM!” and squeezed



Photo by Lisa Spencer

red pigment from directly a paint tube onto the paper and smashed and smeared it into the paper with my open-handed fist. Wham! That paper is going down! Whack! Pow! Ka-blam!

Just as I overcame a balky shoulder during the Rumpus at Arisia, I overcame another obstacle at the Walloping at Worldcon! As Bob and I jumped up and down, playing ferociously fiery licks of air guitar, the



Photo by Lisa Spencer

ever-longer hair swirled around me as I shook my head violently from side to side, until my glasses flew off my face, and Bob stomped on them, crashing down with both Godzilla-sized feet! Smash!

But I would not be undone! I continued to paint, without losing a beat, blind as a bat - I have 20/200 vision in one eye, and 20/400 vision in the other - thus I see an object at



Photo by Gigi Gridley



Photo by Alan White

20 feet as clearly as someone with perfect vision sees it at 400 feet. I squinted and proceeded to smear and slash pigment into paper, while a couple volunteers from the audience reassembled my glasses.

And, then, just like heavy-laden cargo plane exploding in delight or a truck full of milk bursting into flames, before you knew what happened, it was over.

We were done. Time was up.

Paramedics came and carried away the passed-out girls and the smoke from our fingers slowly dissipated. The sweat from our aching limbs boiled off, and flecks of pigment reluctantly settled from the air.

Again, Doctor Karen declared us both winners.

Until...

next time, when Bob's going down!



How To Achieve Rock Stardom by Disregarding The Mainstream

How many times have I written about the Dresden Dolls? At least once or twice in The Drink Tank and in the coming issue of Claims Department for a start. They're probably my favourite band, and Evelyn has fallen in love with their song Missed Me. She's always requesting it when we're driving around. It's not exactly the best song for a seven year old, but it's one that caught her ear and now I'll have to pay for it once it ends up getting sung at home.

The strange thing is for all their success, the Dolls aren't exactly lighting up with glee about being rock



You See That Photo Up There...That had a Profound Effect on My Sexual Awakening

For me, it's not hard to figure out where all of my personal preferences for female body type and the like come from. I can pinpoint it to a time, a place and a reason. How many people can do that?

It was July 23rd, 1982. I was out of school and as was tradition in my family, we were heading for the Drive-In. You see, my Pops loved us

to go to the movies, but I was a pain and the Drive-In provided the most movie with the least possible bother to other patrons. We had a camper and thus could bring all of us in and have a comfy time watching the movie. I saw a lot of movies in the Drive-In in those days. The Pirate Movie, 9-to-5, so many others that it's hard to count them all. But on that hot July evening (and I remember it being just boiling outside) I got to see the new Burt Reynolds-Dolly Parton picture.

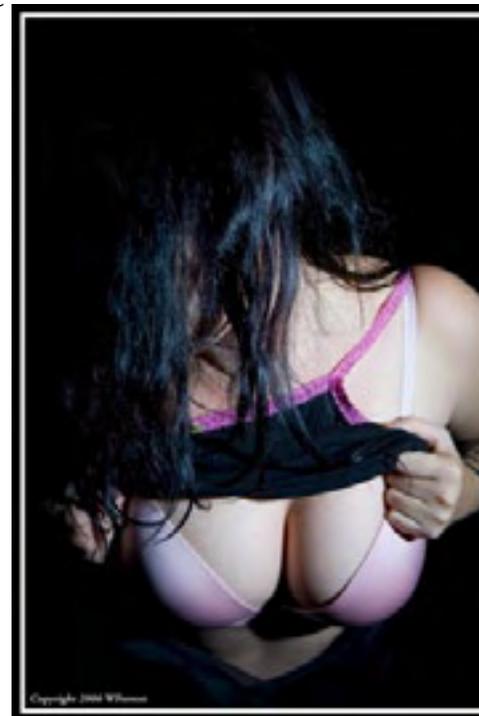
I've always loved Burt. He was the star of some of the greatest car chase pictures ever! There was Smokey and the Bandit and...well there was...and wasn't he...OK, Smokey and the Bandit was the most awesome film, and the sequels were equally awesome. I had no idea what a Whorehouse was, so I wasn't expecting anything. My parents, while nice and loving, didn't exactly understand the concept of Age-Appropriate viewing. Since it was so hot, I asked if I could climb up on the top of the camper and take the small radio to tune into the station with the soundtrack. They said OK and I climbed up.



After the first musical number, there's a scene with Burt Reynolds and Dolly where Dolly's wearing the outfit you saw at the opening.

That's where it all started.

I didn't know why and I didn't know what it meant, but that moment,



seeing her like that in that outfit, that really turned my thinking. I have an unnatural idea of what beauty should be, a nearly-impossible idea of what is attractive, and it's all due to watching that damn movie.

Now, understanding this, I can change it, right? I can have a more realistic idea of the feminine form? Nope, because that concrete has set long ago, too hard to mold again. Has

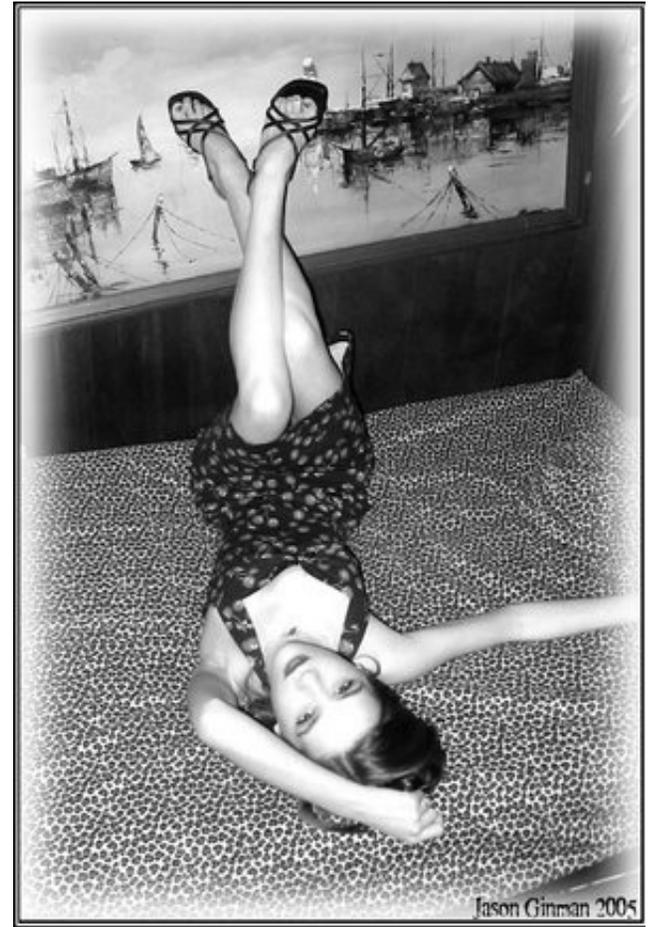
this caused me nothing but heartache when I've failed to achieve that perfection of beauty? No, almost never in fact. Yes, I've dated a few women who were ridiculously gorgeous and far away from the body proportions that are possible for 99% of the women of the world, but more often than not, I've dated lasses who were smart or cute or funny or sexy voiced or an overall combination of all of those things. I don't buy into the fact that though you would love to have one thing instantly means that you can not appreciate any



other beauty. In fact, physical beauty is most often secondary to emotional beauty in my book. That's a fact that takes a while to accept for me.

So yes, the Media did install an unreasonable lot of women with giant breasts and slim waists. It happens and it's real. Is there anything wrong with that? Probably not as long as that's not the only thing that matters. No, women shouldn't make it their life goal to achieve those impossible dimensions, but there's no way to stop making those the desired thing. Men are always going to want their women, or women in general, to achieve a difficult standard of beauty. It's just the way we're built. Is it fair that good lasses who are smart and funny and kind are often passed over for a girl with a better rack? Well, it's just as fair as those of us pudgy guys with good senses of humor who are passed over for the guys with the good asses and visible abs. It is, in fact, a two-way street, and it's fully appropriate. In one sense, it does make things nicer when you do find that one person you click with who wasn't what you expected. That happens to me a lot.

So, why bring all of this up? Well, I did rewatch Best Little Whorehouse the other day, but that's coincidental. Really, I was just going over things that M had written about me in the past and wanted to respond with an explanation/apology/rant.



That's another Dangerous Drink Tank. I hope you enjoyed it. Thanks to Lian Wilderbrand, Marty Cantor, Lloyd Penney, Frank Wu and everyone else who made the issue possible. I'll be back in a couple of weeks with another Drink Tank and there'll probably be one or two more zines between now and then from me (PrintZine or Claims Department) and probably Harlan Stories will come out in the soonish. We'll have to see!!!