

**Well, you may be reading this on eFanzines.com. If you're not, you should know that this isn't the perfect version of the zine. There's a cover, but I couldn't come up with a way to present it without doing some very weird things. So, this is the simple version.**

**This issue features Jason Schachat and myself and some Frank Wu. Gotta love my contributors.**

**And there's issue 100 staring down on me. I can't wait to start that one, but it'll take a while.**

Cinematocracy II: Why we watch the same old crap over and over again.

By Jason Schachat

Big Hollywood movies are about big money. Always remember that.

Whenever you see the "Coming Attractions" and ask yourself "Good God, why did they cast THAT guy in that role?" or "A sequel to THAT?" or "Who thought anyone would want to see THAT?", the answer is

people thought it'd make money.

Remember, the means of production lie in the hands of the bean counters.

In the beginning of film history, we were still trying to shake off the cobwebs of patronage, but not very successfully. We mostly just traded our wealthy patrons for wealthy entrepreneurs. Rather than commissioning art for vanity's sake, the guys in charge realized they could turn a tidy profit if they gave the public what they demanded. Even if it was boxing cats.

Then we made the quantum leap from cheap novelty acts to feature productions. The moving picture show grew from a downtrodden oddity into the greatest mass medium in known history.

But what did that hinge on? The star system. If people couldn't stop raving about how great a performance was in one film, you'd be stupid not to sign that actor up for another film. Playing the same role. Over and over until everyone got sick of them.

Only there was a problem: turned





out people didn't get sick of some of them. Some became downright iconic. Humphrey Bogart, John Wayne, Marilyn Monroe— these were American archetypes. These were the characters people just couldn't get enough of. As long as they stayed the same (Don't put Bogey in a Western. Don't cast John Wayne as Genghis Khan. Don't give Marilyn an accent.), the people would keep buying. These were the superstars.

So flash-forward to the present. Where are our superstars? Who never fails? Who appeals to the majority of Americans?

Well, when we turn to the bean counters, we get list after list of numbers, demographics, projected earnings, trend analyses, etc. They'll tell us Tara Reid is due to hit it big. John Travolta is the comeback kid. M. Night Shyamalan is the master storyteller of our age.

This is the darker side of the star system: the unending lies the PR machine forces us to wade through. You'll read TV Guide and find EVERY new show is worth tuning in for. Every Hollywood director is a genius, every producer is visionary, every actor is extraordinary, and the writers come up with stuff no one's ever thought of before. The next Spielberg! A young George Lucas! The legacy of Brando!

We all know that's not true, but they just need to convince us long enough for

the money to leave our hands.

So, how does this affect the Cinematocracy? How is the landscape of the film world chained to it? What the shrieking hell will get us out of here?

The bleak answer is “nothing”. There is no way to escape the star system, even in a future where online distribution is king and all filmmakers are true equals (\*laugh, chuckle, guffaw\*). Capitalism has proven the success of branding. Familiarity with the product will always ensure greater sales. Repackage last year’s big seller. Give the people what they want. Malibu Stacy with a new hat will sell better than Lisa Lionheart.

But take a closer look at the inner workings of the machine. Look at competing cinemas around the world. True, America is on top. Has been for decades. Look closer: It’s not America so much as Hollywood. The films of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Miami, and Austin are not the big sellers. It’s the ones that come from that tiny piece of America.

What is the world watching? Primarily movies with Hollywood stars. As long as something was crapped out of this constrained system, it has the branding to get big notice. But the star system HAS faced its share of dry spells. The last of the studio icons faded out around the 1960s and left a barren landscape.

The immediate strategy (being repeated today) is to fire up the cloning machine and push some new old personalities. Brad Pitt tries to expand his horizons in indie film; you need a new young stud. You reach back into the sack and pull out a Leonardo DiCaprio. Leo has too much trouble coping with success, you start pushing trendy new Freddie Prinze Jr. He misfires, you push Josh Hartnett. No go? Well, that Paul Walker tested well with our focus groups... Huh. Him neither? Ah, Colin Farrell looks stable--

We do have bona fide stars working today. Julia Roberts, Robin Williams, Tom Hanks, Tom Cruise, Denzel Washington—there’s a laundry list of people who define their brand, regardless of how much

money their last three films made. But can you count on them? Can they carry an otherwise dull film? Will people flock to “Death to Smoochy” like they would “Mrs. Doubtfire”.

That’s when we add in the next part of the equation: familiar stories. Known formulas (the infamous “5 stories”), sequels, popular adaptations, and copycats. A film in the Pixar mold will sell. A new Star Wars movie will sell. A Harry Potter adaptation will sell. Turning “Kimba the White Lion” into “The Lion King” sells.

Go with what works. Everything that’s old is new again. If it made money once, it’ll make money twice. Look to the past, and you’re just seeing the future in bellbottoms—but they’re IN.

How do we leave Hollywood behind? Entropy? Everything breaks down in the long run...

American copyright law could become increasingly strict. Suddenly, rights carry on indefinitely past the death of the creator. New interpretations of law kill off formula filmmaking. Hollywood’s system implodes while international productions see a



renaissance and archives become the real moneymakers.

A new batch of American stars could fail to catch on (It's happened before). During that time, maybe numerous Australian actors rise to international prominence and remain in the Aussie film system rather than emigrating to the States( No, THAT's never happened before). The Australian studios become so profitable, Americans, Canadians, and Brits emigrate there instead. Bam- the film capital of the world is no longer in America.

An increasingly Latino United States could encourage a shift in studio target demographics, just like it changed the face of radio programming. Would profits in the global market be lost while they work for greater/faster domestic revenues?

Special effects, the driving force behind the worldwide top ten, could take a giant step forward. Live action movies become a thing of the past. The last generation of motion picture actors do voice-overs until voice synthesizers become sophisticated enough to make them obsolete in even that regard. As with Pixar, branding sells the film. Location no longer matters. Hollywood dries up.

But there are machines in place to keep this from happening. Lobbyists, Lawyers, and Los Angeles County. They've dug their claws in to keep that money flowing in the right direction like any smart coalition or union would.

And, when it comes to the face of film, little will change if people keep making "Hollywood films" outside of Hollywood. As long as it sells, they'll do it. The star system. Formulas, sequels, popular adaptations, and copycats. As long as people pay to see the works of Shakespeare, you can bet actors will keep performing them. The trick is to make something people want to watch more. That is the future of entertainment, just like it is the past.

See how "art" fits into all this in ***Cinematocracy III: You All Suck/Give Me Money.***



What is my plan for Issue 100? 100 Different articles and Art Pieces. All with all of my plans, they prove to be far too big to actually work. So what? Huh? You wanna make an issue of it? I'll be happy to introduce you to my two friends: Jack Johnson and Tom O'Leary, my two friends who usually live in my gloves!

I'll be looking for articles on everything with the Number 100 and/or Meaningless Milestones being suggested themes.

In other words, I've been going to con meetings since I'm running the fanzine lounges at BayCon and Westercon. Seeing the San Mateo Marriott where Westercon will be, I'm fairly sure I'll put out a good Lounge for folks. There'll be plenty of space for chatting, enough space for the computers, it'll make for a good Fanzine in an Hour and it might even make for a good place to read a fanzine or two!

One thing I'll say is that it won't be a dull joint. I learned at WorldCon that a good fan lounge is made by having good folks hanging out there, and I can deliver that!



### ***What I've Been Doing Instead of FANACing.***

John Purcell wrote the LoC you'll see in this issue where he said he was worried about me. It had been two full days since he put up the lastest issue of In A Prior Lifetime and I had yet to respond. Well, I did send him an LoC about an hour or so after I got his LoC, but the fact is, even that was difficult. You see, I've been working on a project that few can say they've ever done.

About a month before WorldCon, my Boss asked me to measure some panels for the Cray-1 Supercomputer. We were planning on some sort of event and we wanted to see about putting a Cray on display where people could touch it and sit on it. Afterall, it was once called The World's Most Expensive Loveseat. I took the measurements and turned them over to my boss who had a few panels made from them for the outside. All was fine and dandy and I went to WorldCon and I came back.

The plan was this: we'd be ordering the panels and I'd take off the rails that held the panels in place and then I'd slip in the new panels. It sounds easy, no? No. The rails were held in by screws (4-40, 3/8 screws, as I would learn) and a lot of them weren't exactly in the best of shape. Even

moreso was the fact that they each had about 20 little plastic screws that pinned the fabric-covered panels to the rails from the back. There were 12 outer panels, nine inner panels. That meant that there were roughly 200 plus little, annoying, ill-fitting, cheaply made screws. Seymour Cray, famous for saving no expense, had cheaped out on these things. For every five I removed, one head would just twist right off leaving the inner part exactly where it started.

A week or two went by, mostly because I was doing trainings and there's always way to much to get done around here, so I didn't get to work on it much. I started taking off the panels, but then I discovered what I should have know in the first place: the panels would not come off unless I managed to get those plastic screws out somehow. I managed to get a couple cut out using a utility knife, but the others were of much sterner stuff. I tried to pry, rip and codge them off, but they were having none of it. So, I could only remove a few of the panels.

I had to ask the facilities department to come and drill the screws out, since I'm not allowed to use the drills (we have very strange guidelines for these things!) and I waited. And Waited. A week later, the Monday before the event, I finally had them drilling them and I managed to get all the frames off so it was time to start installing the plexiglass panels.

Well...almost.

You see, when I measured them, I was measuring them with the fabric on, and fabric has give but Plexi does not. The pieces were too big for hte frames. Well, not all of them. TAP Plastics is well-known for having a certain level of tolerance when it comes to the precision of their cuts, so some of them fit because they had been cut 1/8 of an inch too small. So, I had a few that were right that I could install with no problem. That was good.

But then there were the others.

I thought it might just be a few so I took one batch, 4 which were too wide, to TAP and had them trim them to size. These

worked beautifully and it only took a few minutes to complete the process. Now, I was hopeful that these would be the only ones I needed to go and get cut. I came back, installed those and took the rest of the day to work on more important things.

On Tuesday morning, I started again and this time I discovered that an entire colour of the outer panels was wrong. I took these in to get trimmed for length since the other colour, black, was actually shorter than the white ones. I took the white ones in and had them trimmed. I took them back and then as I started to



install these panels, I realised that several of the screws holding the frames together were munged beyond belief and I wouldn't be able to use them. There were exactly as many screws as needed, so with a few broken, I needed to get new ones. I went to Orchard Supply Hardware and started the search. They had to be the flat-head variety and they also had to be the right size and slotted or they wouldn't represent the original object. I started my search and it produced no results (like looking for a girl within 15 minles of you who shares your interests on a dating site!) so I went to the employees.

If you've been to OSH, you'll know that it's a mistake to ask for help. If you're lucky enough to be looking for things that are easy, like wood of a certain size, you'll get help. If you say 'I need a 4-40 3/8 inch flat-head slotted screw' they'll look at you like you're a freak. I tried three different people

to find the things and none were found. I finally foudn that one guy that every OSH has. He's the only one who really knows what's going on and he's unlikely to condescend to answer your question unless you have an interesting request.

"Hi, I'm looking for a 4-40, 3/8 inch flat-head slotted screw" I said.

"If you find them, let me know. We don't carry them. We stopped carrying all but the Phillips in this store about a year ago." he said with an air of huffy bitterness.

I went back and found the Phillips version and swore to only use

them on the bottom sides so it would at least look like we had tried to be accurate.

I came back adn put a few more in their frames, but that still left a number that needed to be done. I unwrapped the contact paper on one, and it turned out to be the wrong length. The issue here is that you can't shave them down after the sheets are off. I took in the rest of the similar panels and get them shaved to the right size and then tried to buy a new panel.

"Sorry, we don't have any of that size. Friday morning we can have it for you."

The event was on Thursday.

I called around and the only one that had anything was one in San Jose on Alameda. If you're familiar with the entire Christopher J. Garcia zine collection, you'll know that I've written about The Alameda a number of times, most notably in Claims Department. It's the street that I used to live

off of, it's the street where my date and I fell asleep in the statue. It's the street where I did the weekend stay during the Steampunk issue of Claims Department. It's one of the streets which is concerned with Cinequest at times. I live in Santa Clara and it was nearly 5 already, There was no way I could get to TAP in San Jose in time to get the piece cut. I headed home and wrote an email saying that I'd get it done in the morning and bring it in a little later than I'd normally get into the office. They were OK with that and I went home and actually got an extra ten minutes of sleep before heading in.

I got the piece cut and it happened to be the perfect size on the first cut, which was good since I wasn't about to go back and get it fixed. I tried the last piece and it didn't fit.

I've only once flipped out and started kicking things at work...and this was it. I had to go back to the other TAP plastics and I was not happy about it. I found myself the area where we keep all the moving blankets and packing peanuts and foam and just flipped out for about ten minutes. It really did keep me from exploding right then and there. I headed over and got it trimmed and brought it back.

Sadly, as I went to put it into the frame, I noticed that the threads on the inside porting of the frame were stripped. That meant that I couldn't get the screw in, which would mean that it would never close which would mean terrible things when people went to sit on it. I nearly needed to go and take another few moments in the soft room, but then I noticed there were enough threads under those that were stripped to probably connect with a slightly longer screw. I went to OSH again, luckily remembering where the screws were and found they had a 1/2 inch

version that I could buy...and below them on another row of hangy hooks that hadn't been there the day before were slotted forms of the same screws. To Hell with authenticity, I was going to put the things together.

I was finished with it and now I went to install the pieces on the machine. This would have been the easy part, but it presented a few problems. We had no diagramme of how things fit together, so we had to guess and try various combinations of panels in one place and then another. And when that didn't work, in invariably they didn't work on the first or second try, we slowly managed to get more and more of it into place.

But some of the rails in the frames needed work.

There was tape residue from the last time it had been used, so I had to get that off. I figured it would come right off with Windex, like most tape on machines does when we give it a spray. This was made of stronger stuff. I moved up the severity chain. After Windex is undiluted Simple Green (this got 20 percent more off when we started scraping) and then Goo Gone (which managed to get all but the three toughest ones clean). It was nearly 6:30 and I'd been there since 9 on the nose working on this damn project and I'd been working with the

worst of the chemicals we're allowed to try and clean with. I was light-headed so I went home, ate dinner, took a bath and watched Grey's Anatomy on DVD as I tried to go to sleep. it finally happened around 10, which was OK since that's still an hour earlier than usual. I woke up with a good, perky feeling. I took my morning cleaning and there was good water pressure. I drove to work, light traffic. I got to my computer, there was an issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly



for me to LoC. I spent an hour just sitting around and busying myself with various little tasks. I went downstairs and I moved a few things around Deep Storage and then drank some water. It was actually a relaxing morning. I got up and headed down. Ken Sumerall, the guy who had been helping me (and had actually worked on the hard part, the moving of the several thousand pound middle) brought some Goof Off and a wide razor blade. I took apart the panels, since Goof Off will eat through Plexy like me through a piece of Cheesecake, and as soon as I applied it, the stuff just started to fall off.

It was glorious.

I installed them and I was finished. I'd managed to put a Cray back together in a form that was pleasing to the public with a few hours before the event. I was tired. No, I was Judy Garland at the end of her days tired. I took a couple of photos with my handiwork and then went back to my desk...where the Registrar came in and told me that we have a Semi-Trailer full of Mainframe coming on Friday morning and we need to reconjigger everything in storage!

### ***There is No Such Thing As Impossible to Find!***

So, I used to watch John Stanley when he hosted Creature Features on Channel 2. It was on late, and I was 4 or 5 when I'd watch it, so my memory isn't the best when it comes to what I saw. I can remember a bunch of films I saw in the later years, but mostly, I remember snippets of things. I remember an interview with Vincent Price who was my favourite actor at the time. I remember John Stanley's film showing. I totally remember a film about a big ole invasion of evil rabbits called Night of the Lepis.

And I remember a giant brine shrimp surrounded by terrible water splashy effects emerging from Salt Lake in the film Attack of the Giant Brine Shrimp.

Kevin Roche remembers that too. At BASFA he told me to find it so that Frank Wu could see it. Frank doesn't believe it exists, and from the description he's not a fool for that thought. A film where a Giant Brine Shrimp emerges from Salt Lake and climbs the Mormon Temple? No way that could exist!

But it does Frank. It does. In Utah's State Library there's a copy on Videotape that I'm desperately trying to get a copy of. There's also one at the Uni of Utah's Film Department and apparently one in the Utah Film and Video Society's Archive. I'm gonna get it and see if I can get permission for Mr. Lobo to show it! I can find anything!!!





Letter-Graded Mail  
sent to [garda@computerhistory.org](mailto:garda@computerhistory.org)  
by My Gentle Readers

**John Purcell will take us to the limit,  
one more time!**

Dang, Chris! In a couple weeks you're gonna hit the century mark for your zine. How does it feel to become a centenarian faneditor? It seems that your energy level is still up there. Congratulations in advance. Mebbe if I dash something off this week I can give you a quick two or three paragraph congratulatory contribution. Let me know if there's time for that.

**Two or three paragraphs would be wonderful, even if they're just in the form of an LoC. It's going to be an interesting one, trust me on that count.**

Suzle has mentioned that there is a second TAFF candidate, but has not released the name yet. At the end of this month, or the first week of October, I am assuming she will be making the announcement of who's actually running. She's hoping for a third to make it a real competition, but that may not happen. We shall see what transpires.

**Lloyd mentioned something about a third on his LJ. I'm not sure who it is, but I wanna find out.**

Man, Andy Porter sent you a very interesting letter.

I totally love his information about the hotel names, the phone number, the music, and the fannish connections. This is awesome stuff. Thank you, Andy.

And I have to admit that Andy is right; there are a lot of fine fannish folks in New York City. I understand that you weren't intending to insult NYC Fandom; that's fine. Personally, until the last year I

have been very out of the fannish loop and so I have no real information as to who is still there (although thanks to Andy, now I recognize some old fannish names from my first go-round in fanac), or what's going on in NYC Fandom right now. Seems to me that there's an article lurking herein. If anybody is willing to write something up about the current state of New York City Fandom, I can guarantee a home for it in my zine. Any takers out there?

**See, that's a good idea. I think that there needs to be some more focus on NYC fandom. It wouldn't hurt if someone put together a zine or even a fannish news site that had New York City as its focus. That would be a good thing indeed!**

Jason Schachat's article on "Cinematocracy" was very interesting. Popular media in any form has shaped our culture in many, many ways, and will always do so. If he hasn't read it already, I suggest Jason read *The Space Merchants* by Frederik Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth. It's pretty darned close to barking up the same tree that Jason is trying to chop down.

**Ah, Kornbluth. Another author I've never read and have often referenced.**

Jason should also be aware that Hitler was another dictator who understood the power of cinema to influence the

masses. In fact, Leni Riefenstahl filmed some of the most remarkable documentaries of Nazi mass rallies that are still quite powerful today. Hitler's propaganda ministry utilized film just as much as, maybe more than, Stalin's people did. But I'm getting away from Jason's argument; the main thing is, we're all products of our cultural media.

**I love Leni**



**Riefenstahl's work. She was a hell of a filmmaker and had an eye that was far beyond anything that had been done in documentary at the time. Yes, she showed off all of the attributes that the Nazis thought were admirable, a theme that continued into her work in Africa in the 1970s (as strange as that sounds), but she advanced filmmaking and certainly perfected the idea of the Propaganda film. Triumph of the Will is a magnificent piece of filmmaking. A terrible record of the darkest period and the most dispicable movement of the Twentieth Century, but magnificent filmmaking. Olympiad, her documentary of the 1936 Olympic games, is even more remarkable. You can see the number of filmmakers that were influenced by it, including Orson Welles' classic Citizen Kane. The divind segment was classic. Her last film was an underwater doc and it was OK.**

Let me finish off this cup of Starbuck's cappuccino before I finish this loc...  
***I'm a White Chocolate Mocha kinda guy myself.***

\*Aaahhh\*

Good stuff, Maynard.

***Don't call me Maynard...unless you mean it!***

Hey! How come you haven't locced my zine yet? It's been posted on efanzines for two whole days, and you have YET to send me a loc!!! Mighod, Chris.... Are you feeling alright? Busy at work? Or even -- dare I say it -- busy with a certain member of the feminine persuasion???

***I don't think Cray's are feminine...but they sure are sexy!***

I'm worried about you, man. Better take it easy. In the meantime, I'm reading page 10 and see that I have a little time to write something up for your centennial issue.

***You better send somethin' in!***

Take care, and don't let the bed bugs bite your butt.

All the best,  
John



## **THE 13TH STEP: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO FALLING OFF THE WAGON AND HAVING A BENDER THAT DARRYL STRAWBERRY WOULD FIND EXCESSIVE**

**BY JAY CRASDAN**



Have you ever wondered where it all ends? Have you ever thought that maybe, after the Spiritual Awakening there is something more? There must be a thirteenth step. You've made your moral inventory, you've made amends, you've even found yourself announcing that you're powerless over alcohol. You've given it up, you're free of the shakes, the need for a nine am Eye Opener, the taste of cheap beer no longer chasing cheaper whisky. You've made it, but you know there's something else.

That's right, there's always falling off the wagon; the oft-forgotten thirteenth step.

Now, it's not enough to simply trade your twenty year chip to slosh down a bottle of Grey Goose or drop acid in a run-down motel room. It has to be spectacular, something that would make Robert Downey Jr.. worry about your consumption level. There

are so many things that must be considered when you're planning your fall from grace. And let's face, you really do have to plan it to make the most of it all.

## FIRST: THE LOCATION

No, it will not do to simply sit at home and drink yourself unconscious... unless you happen to be on one of those reality shows where it'll be broadcast around the world. It has to be a public location. There are a few good options.

The best place is a bar, of course. Find the skankiest, most bug-ridden place you can and make sure you tip the bartender to ignore the little problems that will arise. Start off small, maybe a light beer. Stare at the glass for a while, at least until the person sitting next to you or the bartender asks 'What's the deal?'. Answer with something like 'this'll be my first drink since my Wife and I started dating.' Remember, it doesn't have to be true, but it must make for a good story. You'll sip the beer then and set the glass down. Whatever you do, don't move. Just sit there and try to make sure you have as dead a look as you can on your face. Take a bigger sip after a minute. Make your face even deader, and if you can, wipe away a tear before downing the rest of your drink in one single, fluid motion. That's the way to do it. The bartender will say something like 'Hey man, you're gonna wanna take it easy



on that stuff.' You'll want to respond by putting a twenty on the table and saying 'Another beer, and the rest to keep your nose out of my God-damned business.' That'll win you points.

That's hardly the only way, but it's a tried and true place where they almost expect it. Another is the Party. The company Christmas Party has always had the distinction of being the site of most Wagon-Drops, so much so that a lot of companies have started doing No-Booze parties, or as I refer to them, regular work days. There, you start drinking early, before the party if possible,

and just keep going. Be the life of the party for an hour or so, then become quiet and withdrawn and at last become tearful and repentant. The other option is to be the life of the party, then make inappropriate advances at anything with feet...and maybe the double amputee who works with you too while you're at it. If it costs you your job, well would you really want to work at a place which won't accept you as you really are?

If you absolutely can't face the idea of dropping it all in a place where you know no one, you can always do it at a family event. That's another classic, especially during the holiday. There's a difference between planning your self-destruction and just getting drunk and yelling at the family. What's the difference? Well, here's a brief guide. If you've just yelled at your mother about smoking in the house, that's just a fam-

ily spat. If you threw a lit firecracker at her while yelling at her to get that fucking cigarette out of the fucking house, that's a brutal self-destructive moment that you should savor. Yelling at the dog for barking, that's just regular family unease. Yelling at the dog for breathing, that's self-destruction. I'd recommend the use of a prop in a situation like this, though we'll cover that in a later chapter.

There are of course others. In a public park has a certain charm, as does using a period of a camping or boating trip. Both of these can have extremely long-term effects which are an added bonus. Nothing says 'I messed up really big' like a mauling from a bear or a near- or complete- drowning.

## **NEXT: THE COSTUME**

You can't just dress in your everyday outfit when you're redefining your entire sobriety. The best choices are ones that play with the environment. That's not to say that you should wear sailing attire to the Yacht Club when you have a sea-going shakedown, but topsiders and a smart sweater are perfect for ending the night with your head in the toilet at Beefy's Cabin. A three-piece suit is a smart choice for dive bars and even better for drinking in the park. I'm a big fan of shorts, an open Hawaiian shirt and Flip-flops to funerals. Anytime is right for Zubaz pants and muscle shirts.

Slutty dress and Church works on one level, and the same can be said of wearing fishnets and a sweet halter top while getting sauced at the dinner party with your hus-



band's boss. The same dress can work if you want to go to a Back-to-School night with a flask. That's a classic that never gets old.

Here are a few more general tips. Dry Clean only is a bad tag to see on your clothes for the Fall. You want something that's easily cleaned since they will probably gather a few different bodily fluids on them over the course of the debauchery. Something with a strong weave or at least slightly water-proof. Avoid silk and stick with the smooth fake alternatives. I suggest Rayon.

Another note: you'll need something that's vaguely fire-proof and black is probably not the best idea: Invisible Pedestrian is bad.

## **Follow-On: Your Accomplice**

You can't do this alone. You're gonna need a little help. Just like you learned to accept a Higher Power, you have to accept that you're gonna need someone riding shotgun. Now, there are all sorts of people who you can bring along, and there are those you can just meet up with at the site. The Bartender is a pretty trusty sidekick, though you'll get a guy once-in-a-while who feels like a hero for keeping you off the juice for a bit, but they can almost always be tipped into not caring anymore. It's a bit non-personal, but they'll usually make for interesting conversation as things go on.

The best friend is a tougher call. On one hand, if they were the one that kept drinking, they'll be happy to have their drinkin' buddy back and they'll probably even pay for your massive amounts of booze. On the other hand, if you got clean together, you're in a bit of a crap shoot. They could be the one who decides to join you and go deep into the destruction or they could be the one who lets you go a step or two down the path and then pulls you back. It's easier with the guy who isn't clean anymore.

Then there's the woman. It's a classic story: a guy goes back on the sauce and hooks up with a broad and that ends up costing him his family and fortune. On the other hand, it's one of those great stories to tell. There'll be more on the possibilities in the After-Math section.

A dog can actually make an excellent addition to the fun. It does limit your choices of location a bit, but it also adds something to the story if you bring the dog into the bar or even into the Bar Mitzvah. Inevitably you'll try and make the dog drink, and you'll also watch it torture some poor guy by backing him into a corner and flashing those teeth at him for an hour. The image itself is really worth the difficulty in getting the beast into the place.

Hunter S. Thompson made the most famous example of bringing along the help. He brought his lawyer with him to Las Vegas and the two of them were insane at a whole



new level. If you don't have a lawyer, you can bring your gardener, especially if they don't have a Green Card. Housekeepers are good options too, but they might also have that love for Master that'll keep them from letting you go all the way.

Kids aren't the best idea, though several films have been done with that theme. They're funny, no question, but they can cause all sorts of major issues and limit the places you'll be allowed into. It will help with the big After-Math that you have to think about.

Then there's the classic: the hooker with the heart of gold. This scenario, played out in films such as the mad cap comedy romp *Leaving Las Vegas*, is basically the ultimate in self-destruction. You pay a woman to come with you and drink yourself to death. She's less likely to narc on you because you could easily turn her in, and if you've been saving up for just this event, you can probably afford to pay her what her time's worth. It's a win-win situation with the prostitute, though again, post-bender



complications will arise.

## WHICH LEADS TO THE PROP

You've gotta have a prop. It's not an option. You need to have something that you can identify your lowest point with. It can be anything. Imagine that you've walked into a bar with a potted plant. It's a simple thing, but it's weird, it makes for a good symbol of your time and it's easily used as weapon when a fight breaks out. Plus, what could be better symbolism than the fragile plant dropping to the ground and the pot shattering when you try to get up and go home. Another living thing destroyed by your failure as a human being.

The prop can be anything. I like the image of a guy walking into a bar with a stuffed bear, perhaps with a slightly bit of blood on one of the paws. It doesn't have to be real blood since it's simply for dramatic effect. Props that have been successfully used include a box of human ashes, a large calculator, an effigy of Guy Fawkes, a boom box and more.

There are some dangers. The dangerous image of a drunk with a gun is probably best to be avoided in public and certainly at home. A baseball bat also conjures up bad images and is probably only for use if you're doing your damage at a tailgate party before a baseball game, which could be a very impressive time to do it.

One popular prop is the hockey stick.

Equally as violent as the baseball bat, the association with Canada somehow makes it less dangerous-looking. It's a smart choice for the participant who wishes to use sporting equipment.

## WIDEN YOUR VIEW

You're going all out here. This is no time to stick with what you know. You've gotta try new things in the search for that perfect Nick Nolte-level triumph. If you're a drinker, you might wanna smoke a little dube, maybe do a line of coke off a dirty knife with the Panamanian busboy at club. Maybe you're a meth head and you decide to shoot a little heroin to complete the evening. It doesn't really matter as long as you go further down the chain.

## THE AFTERWARDS

Now, just drinking yourself into a stupor isn't really enough. Yes, I understand that that's the main goal of the exercise, but it needs more to really be the event that you're hoping for. What happens after the initial reapproach is almost as important as the drunkening itself.

Let's start with the ride home. It's utterly important that you try to drive home, or even just try and drive to a drive-thru window at your local fast food joint. The more erratic your driving the better. One of the goals should be to get pulled over, but there's not always a cop around when you need one. Your next best bet to get one is to attack the location you arrive at with your prop.

Let's say you get to the drive-up window of a local Burger King only to discover that it's closed. This will not do. You've chosen your daughter's jump rope as your prop. You yell and scream for them to open, and when they don't, you get out of the car and start trying to whip the building with the rope. It still won't open so you find anything near-by that might make for a good throwable weapon, like a concrete planter. If this

doesn't get you those mini-pancakes, nothing will. It will also almost certainly get you arrested as Ken Patera and Masa Saito will both attest.

The arrest isn't really so that you can feel like you were punished for your crimes against yourself. No, it's for the mug shot. Every tragic fall needs that lasting image, and as The Smoking Gun website has proven, there's nothing more indelible than a mugshot. There are some guidelines for these shots as well. If you can, blink right as the camera goes off (like the Big Show when he was arrested in 1998) and you have to make sure that your hair is standing up at impossible angles. A goofy smile or leering scowl will also add to the image. If you're wearing sunglasses, that's a plus too. Claim that the lights are blinding you and they may well let you keep them on. Also, if you can throw up during the photo session, that'd be epic.

If that doesn't really tickle your fancy, since the pokey can be kinda hard on guys who are drunk, you may want to get in touch with your drinkosexual side. The Hooker with a Heart of Gold idea plays right into this. You get drunk, you try to nail her but it doesn't work. She thinks no less of you, as long as you still pay. If you really want to alienate everybody, stiff her and stagger drunkenly out into the night. Or let her rob you of everything you've got on you. Either way makes for a great cautionary tale especially because if you don't pay her, she will either take care of you herself or call someone to break you for her. It really does add a certain something to the time spent.

On the other hand, there's another grand tradition that you can lean on. If you're really good, you can seduce a sweet young thing and take her home with you, perhaps by cab, or if you're Ted Kennedy, you can try and drive her over the bridge to varying degrees of success. Once you're there, you have all sorts of options. You can start in on the sexual goings-on and then fall asleep. You can start the entertainment and then puke on her. You can even actually manage to get her done only to realise that



you never managed penetration into anything other than the bedspread. Trust me, that one sucks.

Of course, you're honor-bound to make all the mistakes you can in this event. You can attempt to use a condom, so long as you remember to puncture it in some fashion to render it useless. A slightly better option is to forget contraception altogether. That way you're sure that all the wrong that can go wrong has a reasonable chance of going wrong.

Of course, selection of your partner in this endeavor is most important. First off, you can go the easy way and select the ugliest, most nasty, crustiest human stain of a woman in the joint. That's a good starting point. If you notice that she's ugly even through the booze-haze that covers your eyes, she's perfect.

The next type that could be very advantageous is the married woman. It's easier to find them than it is to land them, but if you're one of those drunks who gets seriously charming with a few in him, than this might be a real option. Try and find a woman whose husband is in the bar, perhaps playing in the pool tourney. You move in, pour on the olive oil and the two of you make your way to the nearest hotel...only after asking the bartender what the nearest hotel is so that he can rat the two of you out. Make sure to leave some sort of trail...or at least drop a headband or something that the jealous husband can follow to his lady-bridge. After he has found you and performed

the last verse of Bad Bad Leroy Brown on you, you'll want to crawl back to the bar you came from and buy another one. You've earned it.

The other option, and it requires a joint other than a bar, is the underaged girl. The best ones of those are the ones who look 14 goin' on 40. If you can manage to find one, she'll make a fine addition to your downfall.

## THE ENTERTAINMENT

There's nothing that provides more hours of fun than the classic drinking tricks. Whether it's playing quarters or simply taking an entire beer down faster than Little Oral Annie on John Holmes, you've got a skill that can only be used while drunk and you must use it here as a reminder of exactly how much fun you are when you're drinking and how those twelve other steps have made Jack a dull boy.

Here are a couple of things that you can try. If you're in a place where there are swords and champagne, you MUST try and cut open the bottle with the sword. It's not as hard as it looks, really. Some folks may try and stop you, but you shouldn't let them, I mean, you're the one with the sword. A popular variation is cutting a beer bottle with

a meat cleaver. They did that in Big Trouble in Little China and you can make it happen too!

There are various cigarette tricks, though if you're in a bar in California, you'll have to do them outside. Here's a fun one: see how many cigarettes you can smoke at once. If you've got ten going at once, start adding other ones to the bottom outer edges and not to the center. A good drunk can get fifty or sixty going at once. There's also inverse smoking which requires a lot more talent. You have to turn the cigarette around and with the lit portion in your mouth, you inhale. There are difficulties with this one, including inhaling ash. That's no fun.

A good one comes from lighting a cigarette off of a flaming drink. It's not easy, but it is doable. The best way is to order a Flaming something or other and light your cig off of it before you slam it down. You should

probably try and blow it out so you don't get internal burns before you drink it.

There are many others that you can astound your friends with. Drinking upside down? No problem! What about balancing a wine bottle on your nose? Not even hard! Maybe you wanna try to changing the channel on the tv by throwing a beer bottle at it. No difficulty there!

Of course, there are more mundane activities. You could always bust into song. A nice drunken version of





Marty Robbins' El Paso can often get a bar singing, and if you really want to get thrown out, try belting It's A Small World as an Irish Dirge. These are simple methods and might even help you gather a few followers to witness your destruction.

There's also dancing to go along. If you're walking through a crowded area, try taking a turn with every woman you come in contact with. If she plays along with your ill-advised foxtrot, you've got the open door for future feeling-up. If she slaps you, stand back and say 'what'd you do that for? I didn't mean no harm' And then walk away holding your cheek.

If you've ever even thought of playing a guitar, there's no better time to try and get into it again! If you can find a guitar, or if it's your prop, just pull it out and start trying to play. You might even be pleased with the results...which won't be hard, i mean, you'll be seriously drunk by the time you give it a shot after all.

You'll probably be far funnier than you've ever been while you're drinking, so you may want to make jokes at every point of your deadening. I recommend saving all your cop jokes for the ride to the station and any lawyer jokes only be told when you're at trial.

## THE ALTERNATIVES

There are an almost endless string of alternative methods to truly screwing yourself over by taking it back up. Here are a few well-known methods for falling off in public.

The first technique is to find a fu-

neral. Peter Finch and Peter O'Toole made a famous trip to a funeral for a friend. Well, they tried to go to a friend's funeral, but they ended up at another man's memorial. They were drunk out of their gourds, this after Finch had spent some six weeks sober, which was saying something for that guy. They managed to hit on the widow and, as they were being escorted out of the place, Finch knocked over the casket. There's a story that he also puked in the casket, though that may just be a legend.

Another great alternative is what's called the Michaels method. Popularized by Shawn Michaels, it involves going to a townie bar and drinking heavily, maybe doing a few lines and then talking trash about the locals. That leads to a fight outside that may or may not leave you doomed for a period up to months. This one is a good choice for those who want a little more publicity and is especially good for those who are looking for coverage in the local media. If you're a celebrity, and not just a reality TV star, this may be your best bet

Perhaps you want to break into a zoo and drink among the animals. That'd be a lark. There was a German guy who did that and ended up in a Bear Den and that led to him getting destroyed. What could be better.

So, with all of that in your mind, look towards the future and try to realise that you're doom is in your control. You gotta make it through the first twelve before you can get to the thirteenth, but there's nothing sweeter than the fall.





### ***More Letter-Graded Mail***

***We've got a debut LoC from BASFA's Tall Kevin: Mr. Kevin Standlee!***

Chris:

It's hard to keep up with someone who prints issues of his fanzine more often than a lot of people update their LiveJournals.

***And I only update my LJ about twice between issues of TDT.***

DT95: I loved hearing your description of *Match Game* from the announcer/panelist's point of view. I'm flattered at being described as having *gravitas*. That was indeed the effect for which I was aiming, which was also why I was in a suit and tie. Of course, since I've never developed a taste for alcohol, it's that much easier for me to stay sober while the rest of you are going nuts. I did also think that your insanity would go over better in contrast to my relatively straight-laced act.

***Even sober the contrast between your fabulous hosting and our nutsy wildness is pretty obvious. I wouldn't make half as good a host as you would, though I'm willing to try with one at some point. I did run one of Con Jose's game shows. That was fun.***

On the other hand, people who don't

know me that well or only see my online writing -- which I admit is probably a bit stiff and pedantic at times -- may get the idea that all I am is a straight-laced, stiff-necked sort. It's amusing the number of times that people have come up to me to express surprise when I've shown flexibility while presiding over the Business Meeting, for instance. There is more to me than meets the eye. And there's less of me meeting the eye after I lost those sixty pounds last year, too. ***Yeah, you've done real good gettin' the weight off. I wish I could drop twenty more pounds (I'm about ten pounds down from Spring). I've never witnessed your Business Meeting running skills. I should make a point to go...maybe propose splitting the best Novella into Best Novella and Best Slightly Shorter Novella***

DT96: In response to Andy Porter, you said you remembered ConJosé "did a fair bit more than a million." Not so. The final numbers were just a tiny bit higher, but (See <<http://www.fanac.org/conjose/wsfs/CJ03WSFSBM.html>>) in our 2003 Report to WSFS, we showed ConJosé with a gross income from all sources of \$980,165. (The final figure, after some very late income, was \$984,115.) But this does include Art Show gross sales of \$116,030. Many people



wouldn't count that toward the total because nearly all of it turns immediately around as payments to the artists, and instead would only count the convention's commission on the sales as income. So while ConJosé grossed nearly \$1 Million, and both Noreascon Four and Interaction exceeded \$1 Million (the latter's income converted from GBP, of course), Worldcon income is not "in the millions" as Andy speculated.

***I remembered that wrong. I see the day coming when a WorldCon might be in the few million range. I wonder what the number is of impact on the local economy.***

It's not like this information is even secret. Worldcons have to file financial statements with WSFS annually, and nowadays, those results (eventually) make their way onto the archive web sites.

***I should see what the numbers are and make graphs. There's nothing I love more than a good fannish graph.***

You say that you get "upset with cons that refuse to look into getting reasonable rates for rooms." Well, this is a fair complaint, but look at it from the convention's point of view. If they put in their official information "Oh, there's a bunch of really cheap rooms right next door," then most of their members will book there instead of the convention hotel and the convention will be on the hook for the unsold rooms -- this is a concept known as "attrition" in hotel speak, and the consequences for a convention that doesn't make its room block can be catastrophic. So a convention is only likely to

offer these cheap options "officially" (that is, through convention publications, web sites, housing bureaus, etc.) if it's the only way they can scare up enough rooms to house all of the members at all. Interaction, for instance, had to take rooms all over Glasgow, including the very-good-value dorm housing (GBP20/person/day) where I stayed during the 1995 and 2005 Worldcons. (You had to be willing to walk about 2 km between your room and the convention facility, or take a taxi.) If that isn't a consideration, they'll leave the budget-minded traveler to find cheap rooms on their own.

***Maybe it's just me, but are we soon to have large chunks of fandom priced-out of WorldCon? I know I barely managed to afford WorldCon this year, and Denver will be even tougher (unless I get the TV show). I wish there was a way to cheapen WorldCons, but I don't really think it's possible with the needs that a WorldCon today has. I don't think we can come up with a way to make not only the convention itself cheaper, but finding cheaper hotels and such. I don't think it's possible with the ideas that current fandom expects. Now, redefining WorldCons probably isn't an option, but we could probably have a bid for Westercon that was smaller and cheaper on all levels. It could work.***

Good luck on TAFF. I hope we can mobilize the Dreaded BASFA Bloc Vote. Alas for the administrators; every one of the BASFA members can give not one, but two Worldcon chairs as references!

***That's very true. Gotta love the fact that BASFA is so full of Hugo Winners, WorldCon Chairs and other unsavory characters!***

Kevin Standlee





“Live, from the Olon F. Wiggins Theatre at Denvention III, it’s a Praerie Home Convention.”

That’s my dream. I’d love to do that at the con and make it something that people would remember. I really think doing a live radio-ish broadcast of an SF-fandom themed PHC would bring the house down, if done correctly. I mean, you’ve got all those great people there.

“Tonight on the programme, Mr. Jeff Van derMeer will be reading some of his poetry. We’ll have music from Mr. Stephen Brust and Uffington Horse, and much more.”

Think of that! It’d be exceptional. There are so many things that we could do with the concept. True, Guy Noir wouldn’t much play, but Johnny Genre: Space Detective could be a lot of fun. The various bits they do can easily be adapted to SF fandom themes. The Ketchup (or is it Catsup) Advisory Council and the Union of College English Majors can be made to work too.

The rough part, finding people. You’d need a band to make it work, and finding the kind of band that would work in the setting wouldn’t be easy. There are a lot of folks in fandom with musical skill, but there’s a specific kind of skill you’d need. Plus, a LOT of rehearsal which wouldn’t be easy. The music is a big part of what makes A Praerie Home Companion work so very well.

The other part of the equation is finding the other performers. The voice actors that they have on PHC are all amazing. Finding a group of them in fandom isn’t a hard thing. Hell, Frank Wu’s got a top team doing the voices for Guidolon and you can probably find a few more folks. I can remember Read and Enjoy, No Comment at CorFlu 2005 and thinking that there’s a lot that could be done with that. I’d make a good rep player, and so would folks like Frank and

Kevin Roche, and a bunch of others who I’ve hung out with over the years.

The one key part is a host. I’d never be able to do it, I can’t sing and I don’t have the gravitas. Kevin Standlee, now there’s a guy who could pull it off. Remember: with great gravitas comes great responsibility! You also kinda have to have a certain down-homesy quality that I certainly don’t possess and is really essential to the thing.

And of course, there’s the news from WobeCon, the Mid-Western Convention that features a long history of colorful characters and goings-ons. It would have so many options to be played with. I’d have so much fun writing something like this. It’d give me a chance to slip all those little gags I’ve been holding onto into something that not only I would get.

So, I’d love to do it, but it’s probably more than I could ever make happen



**Yet another piece of Letter-Graded Mail  
This time, it's the Beast from the Canadian East...Lloyd Penney!**

Dear Chris:

Time to get caught up with yet another two-issue loc! Here's assorted bletherings on Drink Tanks 97 and 98.

**Always good to have a Lloyd Penney-style LoC from the master of the art!**

97...True, that Fan Fund Auction was a fine time. Some say I bought everything in sight, but not so. I think I won the auction three times, and furious bidding pushed me out of the race a few more time. It was a good time, and I was happy to bring home a few choice items.

**I bought three things. If I'd had more money, I would have gotten those Rot-slers. I'm pretty well known as an aggressive bidder at auctions for BASFA, but on the bigger stage, I just don't have the cake to make the run for most of the lots.**

Greetings to Leigh Ann Hildebrand! (See, I got it right, Kris, whatzyerproblem...) Sounds like she has some imaginative ways to make sure you remember her name. Keep on writing, Leigh Ann, I would say you've got our attention.

**Yeah, she's great, isn't she? I must make sure I spell her name right from now on. Every time I mess it up, I'll put a dollar in a jar. After the jar is full, I'll use it to buy enough booze to make me forget hwo to spell it again!**

My loc? You couldn't name one NYC fan? Andy Porter, Arthur Hlavaty, Peter Dougherty, Arwen Rosebaum, Ben Yalow, Moshe Feder...I'd have to do a little more research to think of some more. There's lots, but there's a long history of antagonism between various NYC groups, and we may never see another NYC Worldcon bid. (That's a cue for NYC fandom to prove me wrong...) **I always thought that Ben Yalow was a Bostonian. I don't know why, but I never would have figured him for New York. I had no idea that Arthur or Andy were New Yorkers either. I've never met Moshe Feder. I must make sure to do that some-**

**time, maybe at the next CorFlu.**

I finally had the opportunity to talk to Rusty Hevelin for a while at a private party in Toronto. He said he had wanted to get to LAcon IV, but didn't have a membership, and wasn't sure he could afford it at this time. Now just earlier in the day, I had talked to an East Coast fan, Bruce Burdick, at the same party who said he had his LAcon IV membership, but now wouldn't be able to go. I told Rusty that Bruce had a membership to sell, I got the two of them together, they negotiated a price, we drew up a quick contract between the two, and I informed Elayne Pelz at LAcon of the transfer of membership, and mailed her the contract. Sounds like Rusty enjoyed a Worldcon he almost didn't get to.

**Rusty's a guy I'd love to have a chance to sit down with and just go over his fan-nish life story. I'm sure it's one of those fascinating tales.**

Cheryl Morgan sent me the regular link for issue 133 of Emerald City, one more



issue than I expected. There might be an issue 134 to clean up the last of the book reviews, and that will be it.

***I read it this morning. I'll miss EmCit quite a bit.***

Andy Porter has already taken me to task over my faulty memory about what I thought had been the Statler-Waldorf Hotel. He says it was the Statler-Hilton Hotel, and not having been there for 25 years or so, my memories are less than reliable. Statler and Waldorf were indeed the two harassing Muppets in the balcony seats.

***I love Muppets, and if Jim Henson had been smart, he'd have bought the Pennsylvania and turned it into the Statler-Waldorf in a fit of brilliant cross-branding!***

Sounds like you were in the same boat as me at school. You saw me at Worldcon, I am not the tall, thin, athletic type. Never a date did I have in high school; it wasn't until my second year of community college in Victoria, BC did I hook up with a young lady who was also in the Trek club I helped to start. All I needed was a fresh start somewhere else. We all get caught up in the imagery of what turns us on, but as we get a little older, we find that while the packaging (smooth skin, full bust, slender hips, etc.) is neat, the person inside that packaging is what we truly desire. If you can get both, bonus! Yvonne and I will be married for 24 years in May, and I am a lucky guy.

***You got that right! Since the New Girl and I aren't really seeing each other anymore (nothing major happened, just an agreed upon 'let's go a different direction'), I'm back looking.***

98...It seems somehow appropriate that the font in which CHRIS FOR TAFF appears is also the font for MAD Magazine. Coincidence? I think not! (By the way, Chris, how do you get your fonts to stay in the .pdf? I've tried, and the fonts just won't embed. Must be something wrong, probably with what I'm doing. Maybe this is a question I should ask Bill Burns.)

***Is it the same font? I knew it was kinda close, but I didn't think it was the same***



***one. I create all my zines strictly in Adobe products (InDesign and Acrobat, and if needed, Illustrator) so things tend to stick when you lay them in starting with Adobe. The only things I've done not in Adobe are the first issue of The Drink Tank and The Fan issue I edited. I like InDesign so much better than Publisher.***

Me for TAFF? Nope, I'd never win. I am too much the outsider for the majority of voters to consider. If Marty Cantor needed another title for another fanzine, I'd go with the site selection equivalent of NO AWARD, and call it NO PREFERENCE. Maybe with the fan fund equivalent, and call it HOLD OVER FUNDS?

***I was considering changing my name to H. Oldover Funds, but I'm doubting that would go as an unnoticed trick***

I can't get YouTube! I have the latest versions of Flash and Java, but YouTube continually tells me that I don't. Something wrong here...I could access YouTube before my computer refit, but not any more.

***Hmmm...that sucks. It happens to me with some sites too, but then I switched from Explorer to Firefox and Netscape (both of which do a remarkable job).***

Yeah, my articles are rare, but John, all of a sudden, has two of them. And, I have plans for the future, bwahahahahaha! When I get this project done, I'll be able to spread things around (much like a good fertilizer).

And we did perform collatio in the fanzine lounge, but Marty was supervising (though he just called it watching)...

***I'm both terrified and intrigued...like when you see a tiger with a monkey bearing down on you.***

Great illo on page 10...okay, who's noticed the Yogi Bearskin? It's wearing Yogi's trademark hat and tie. And I don't want to know what happened to BooBoo, unless he's the new assistant district attorney in Harvey Birdman...

***Well, if Yogi's a rug, wouldn't it make sense if Booboo was a foot rest?***

Okay, whaddya want for issue 100? Any ideas? You want it, you gotta be the assignment editor. I'll see what I can do for you if you can slip me an idea or several. Take it easy, don't overwork yourself, and see you with issue 99.

***Well, anything will do, but I'd love something about your first LoC ever or perhaps some meaningless milestone.***

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



You know, for the first time in years, I've been thinking about The Rocky Horror Picture Show. I can't really explain why, it's always been around, my Dad used to go when I was a kid and I'd ask to go and Dad would say no. I did see part of it when they showed it on TV in the 1980s which led to a lot of the dubbed copies you saw around in the heyday of the San Diego ComiCon dealer's room tape vendors. It wasn't until I was in High School that I started going.

And it was so much fun.

I wouldn't dress up, but I'd always do the calling out of the screen. I still remember about 2/3 of the things that I'd always yell at the top of my lungs. I guess it was my Rocky experience that led me to take to MST3K so strongly in the later 1990s.

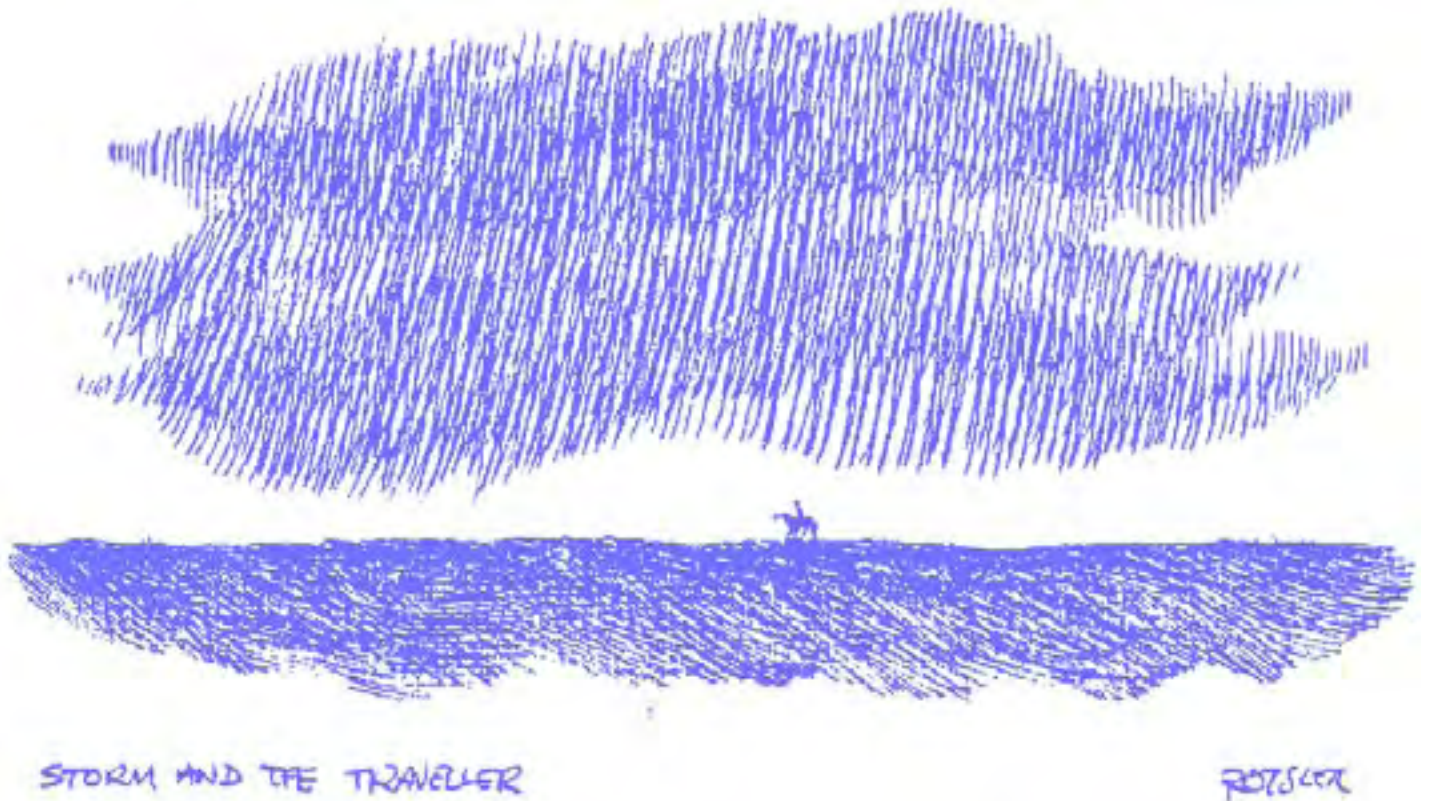
I'm thinking I may take a trip to see one of the casts around here. Dr. Noe, who writes for SF/SF, is in a cast with a girl I knew in High School who does an excellent Criminologist (which is the only part in the entire damned show I could potentially do!). Maybe at BayCon...



***I'm outta here for at least a full week, maybe two. I'll be back with issue 100 when I've got everything in and laid-out. I've got my cover (which will be interesting) and I've even started laying a few things in to the layout. I'm still hoping that you, yes YOU, will send something***

***in. It can be an LoC or even better an article on things like Meaningless Milestones or the number 100, but y'all know I'll take anything. It'll be a lot of fun.***

***And now...the rest that happens between issues where I end up doing two or three other zines!***



Art Credits for Issue 99- The Cover was done by Nene Thomas and Me in a Robert Rauschenberg-Willem DeKoonig sorta thing. I bought a batch of them at a BASFA auction and the idea for this issue just blasted forth. I love the cover and it's so different from thing I've put out.

Matropolis is by Steelfinger. I really love the image and I'm glad I got to put it with a Jason Schachat article because it seems to fit so very well. The dude hanging upside down with the camera was done by Louis Carter. He's a good guy. The chick with the awesome rack was done by Ralphieboy.

The reclining naked girl was done by Breezee. I like that piece. The photos are from SharkPony, Pink Macabre and Igloos. They were very nice about lettin' me use the stuff.

SaAaB did the Blue Crying Girl

The Approach was done by an artist whose name I can not find right now. I'm sorry.

Bullsik did the Rocky Horror picture that I showed.

The Rotsler above is from issue 2 of KTEIC. I love that zine.