

The Drink Tank Issue 130: Views of a Weekend
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Yes, that's an actual woman on my lap.
Yes, those are also my actual pajamas

I'S AT UR CAHN, SEAT-PROVIEDEN UR WHIMINS!



It hit me not too long ago: there was a lot of stuff going on over the Memorial Day weekend. There was BayCon, Fanime, KublaKon, WisCon, Balticon, the Star Wars thingee and more. I figured it would be nice to get a view from a couple of different events and not just the one I attended.

The photos I got were awesome. Howeird supplied BayCon photos and my buds at FanboyPlanet.com the C-IV ones. If you like Comics, wrestling or movies, go to FanboyPlanet.com right now! Go Fig. Look at it as a visual review of BayCon spread out. We've got the C-4 Star Wars Celebration. This one will be an interesting, and pretty issue featuring all sorts of images of pretty people, and of me, of course. I never could get enough of my own face, even when it's in my own zines!

Baycon Report by Bob Hole

This year's Baycon was my most favoritest convention evar. I had a terrific terrific time.

I arrived at the hotel late Friday morning. It wasn't too crowded at that point, but it sure looked like it would be. The lobby was kinda small and as it turned out it was the only public seating area.

Registration wasn't open, so I went directly to the art show, where I checked in my art. The Baycon Art Show staff is always wonderfully helpful during check-in and check-out and it was no exception this year.

Checking in was a pleasure.

I then went back out to the lobby and waited for registration to open. Shortly after noon Pre-Reg did open partially – but fortunately it was my half of the alphabet that opened. Unfortunately my badge wasn't there. After determining they didn't have the artists badges there, but would get them, I waited.

I had a box of decorations for the Further Confusion party that I was transferring to someone who could get it to Fanime downtown. Furcon was throwing parties at both cons and Fanime's was Saturday while Baycons was Sunday.

While waiting, my transfer contact phoned and I told him where I was. Right then, they came over to Pre-Reg with the rest of the badges

and told me I wasn't registered for the Con. YIKES. I knew I was, but yes, my registration had been lost.

So I had to rush around the lobby and get it sorted out and figured out and all that. After some bad grace on my part and some further discussion and an independent memory of the person who sold me the membership (Hi Chris G.!), they let me in.

Then I was able to make the decorations transfer, after which My



con was started!

Of course, I started with lunch.

Then checked into my hotel room. It only took a couple of hours trudging through the snow to find my room, which was as far from the lobby as it was possible to get and still be in San Mateo. And of course, Housekeeping had left the door open.

Eh, it was a room.

I dropped my stuff and headed off intending to go see opening ceremonies. I was intending a lot of things this convention. I didn't get to a lot of them.

I almost immediately found friends, more friends and then some more friends. I chatted, laughed, hugged, mugged for cameras, and wandered between elevators, the restaurant and other places. That took almost all of the convention.

I managed to attend a few panels – Global Warming was interesting if not enlightening to this biologist. Science and Religion was a panel I had to get out of fairly quickly. It's an issue with me and the conversation was generally polite, but there were some really stupid things being said. That's always the case. The Broad Universe Rapid Fire Reading was good – at least the second half that I caught. It always is



good, though. The panel on misuse of words was interesting. As I always do, I have my problems with both those that want language to be static as well as those who embrace rapid change.

I didn't see the masquerade, but have heard absolutely nothing negative about it. I did see ('cause I was part of) the Match Game SF that was the "half-time" entertainment for the masquerade. All I can say is – if you haven't seen this, make sure you do! (even if I'm not involved) It's great fun and loads of laughs.

Sunday night was party night for me. I spent the entire evening in the Furcon Party. I intended to spend about an hour, putting in my appearance because I'm involved in the con, but it was great fun and I sat and chatted 'til almost 1am. Lots of fun people there, and because we were on the "other" party floor, the first rather than third, we had a regular but smallish crowd. It was more like a room party than one of the big crowded sell-out parties (though I'm told the

League of Evil Genius' Party was The Party this year).

Monday was quiet. I checked out of the art show (sold a piece), checked out of the hotel, and headed for the fanzine lounge where I hung out until the BASFA meeting.

I should not, of course, have driven home Monday night. But I arrived safely and surfaced finally late Wednesday. Yes, I was at times upright during the interim, but I wasn't really all there until Wednesday.

I have, so far, not gotten con crud. This is a good thing.

In honor of its 25th anniversary, here are some things I've learned at Baycon (over the years)

-Standing in traffic is an art and must be practiced (some people are REALLY good at it).

-You can't get from the second floor to the other second floor, but the third floor doesn't require an elevator.

-There are certain good panelists I don't like, and certain people I like but aren't good panelists.

-Size-queens are ubiquitous (which can be a good thing)

-No matter how good the convention there will be people who are Not Happy.

-Chris Garcia is Ghod.

-Underwear you can forget, but don't forget to pack shirts.



Living in the Fanzine Lounge: BayCon 2007

by
Barbara Haddad-Johnson

“Hi, welcome to the fanzine lounge. Would you like to become part of our fanzinista army? We are the few, the proud - those who read - and we fight tirelessly against our arch-enemies, the ‘illiterati.’”

I said this hundreds of times during Baycon this year as I gave out ribbons in our wonderful lounge and fan reactions kept me entertained. Some convention attendees smiled, others laughed and everyone wanted the ribbons. However a surprising number of fans nodded in response, agreed and began talking about how reading was becoming a subversive art.

Judging by how well-populated Baycon's fanzine lounge was this year, readers are not in short supply in fandom. Science fiction conventions

may be one of the last bastions where fans do not have to be apologetic about what they read, how much they read or that they read.

There were many excellent conversations about books in the lounge, as well as a lot of opinions on movies. All in all, I enjoyed being one of the hosts in a room we tried to make a clean, well-lighted place to come in and chat.



How to do a Fanzine in an Hour Panel

The BayCon Fanzine in an Hour wasn't perfect. First off, it wasn't done in an hour. We had to do everything in serial since we only had one computer. True, Jason, Bob, Gen and Sarah managed to pump out art in the hour (and more!), and Randy took a while to write his article (40 minutes, give or take) and Ed Green did his in about twenty. Moshe did his while the panel was going on with his laptop. Pete Sullivan mailed in his with ten minutes to spare.

Here's how to properly do a Fanzine in an Hour. First, you gotta have people. We had about 20 there throughout the panel. A few were there to learn how to make fanzines, and others were there simply to provide material. One, whose name I've totally flubbed but I know she's on my LJ, is planning on doing a Sociologically-based Fanzine. Without people, you got nothing. Yeah, I can (and often have) pumped out an ish in less than 60 minutes, but you can really see it in the results when you've got more than one person working on the zine. Plus, you might get a chance to have folks like Randy Smith and Ed Green, Bob Hole and Jason Schachat.

After that, you need computers. Last year, we had two three. If we'd had two more computers (preferably

laptops) we could have had folks typing up their articles while I worked layout and scanning. That would have gotten us done in much less than an hour. It actually would have taken us about five minutes longer than the longest of the articles took. It would have been nice, but it didn't happen.

The next thing is choosing the name. Last year, we ambushed Jean Martin and the first words out of her mouth ended up as the title. This year, we had two different people throwing



out ideas after I asked “what do you think of when you think of doing a Fanzine in an Hour?” I can’t remember who said “Poorly conceived” but I know it was Ed who said “Awkward Silence”. The two just seemed to work so well together.

Now, one might think that having only an hour you would need to stay on target the entire time. This is actually a bad idea. Yeah, you should have people working at all times, but you should also socialize. If it’s not fun, why bother? Ed told that great Schnauser story, I made an ass of myself as always, it was good stuff. We were a fun bunch.

In addition, you need snacks. Nothing brings about conversation or creativity like a good serving of snacks. Howie, Saint that he is, brought fruit and cheese. Randy’s article was fueled by cheese and pineapple. There was also mango. Mango is the fruit of artists, though I’m not a fan. That makes sense since I’m not at all a artist, so there you go.

Now, you also need that intangible element: the accident. Little things like a good trip (I stumbled at one point) or a spilled beverage (as long as it doesn’t affect the fanzines!) can provide much. Little things always make for better zining.

Also, mocking the host of the event is a time-honoured tradition. I recommend myself as a target!

The room you get is important too. It needs to be big enough to hold all the people you want to help you, but comfy enough for proper creation. We had a lovely Rotunda Suite so we had the big room in the back and a comfy living room in the front. There was plenty of space for seating and enough area for folks who needed to get some quiet time. Derek McCaw took a nap back in the bedroom, as did I at one point. It was a wonderful room, perfect for the event.

Make sure you have realistic printing facilities. This year we had two minor problems. First, we didn’t have a working printer. We used the sign shop so they printed each page on a 11 by 17 page and we had to trim it. I sneezed while I was cutting, and since we didn’t have a paper cutter I was using scissors. That’s a bad combination. Then, when we went to use the copier, it was out of toner. Such things happen. Luckily I’ve printed a few for folks at work and they look great. There are always little problems and you gotta work through them. I still think that fanzine in an hour was a wonderful project and I’m happy

And finally, don’t sweat it. If you don’t make it in an hour, finish it and put it out. If you do a good job, it won’t matter how long it took ya. Even with a terrible technology set-up, you can do a good zine.



Speaking of Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence, here’s an LoC from John Purcell!

Chris and conspirators:

Even though I understand this is a one-shot and the chances of seeing this loc ever appearing in print are extremely rare, I just wanted to let you folks you that I enjoyed reading Poorly Conceived Awkward Silence on efanzines yesterday. I even went so far

as to print out a hard copy, giving it a nice orange cover, which made Jason Schachat's art look really nice.

You didn't think I'd jump on this for The Drink Tank? Fool! I could imagine Jason's cover looking good on Orange.

Speaking of which, for a one-shot, the artwork was very good. Usually stuff cranked out for a zippy little zine like this is of lesser quality, but Jason, Derek, Genevieve, and Bob did a good job on short notice. Well done, troops. Remind me sometime to get Derek McCaw's and Jason Schachat's e-mail addresses from you to ask them for artistic contributions.

If you read this and I haven't sent you the addresses, remind me and I'll get it to ya right off. They're both fun artists and good writers too. I was lucky, I had a great set of artists. Bob does a lot of my art, and Jason can be made to do a lot in spurts. Gen was a shock and I expected Derek to write but the cartoon is even better.

I liked Ed Green's faaan fiction; this I could actually see and hear happening, mainly because it sounds so much like how you (Chris) act and talk: maniacally. Also, Randy Smith's torturous windings through the Winchester Mystery Hotel was fun. I have been at conventions that sprawled over a large hotel and it was easy to get lost at on the first day of



the con. After a while, though, you get used to the lay of the land and then the con is much more enjoyable. ***It's one of those weird hotels that was built and then rebuilt with strange lay-outs. There's a hotel in Seattle where you can walk from the first to the third floor without ever going onto the second floor, which is actually above the third floor, which is only over half of the third floor and has a street entrance. Yeah, the Marriott is weird but not that weird.***

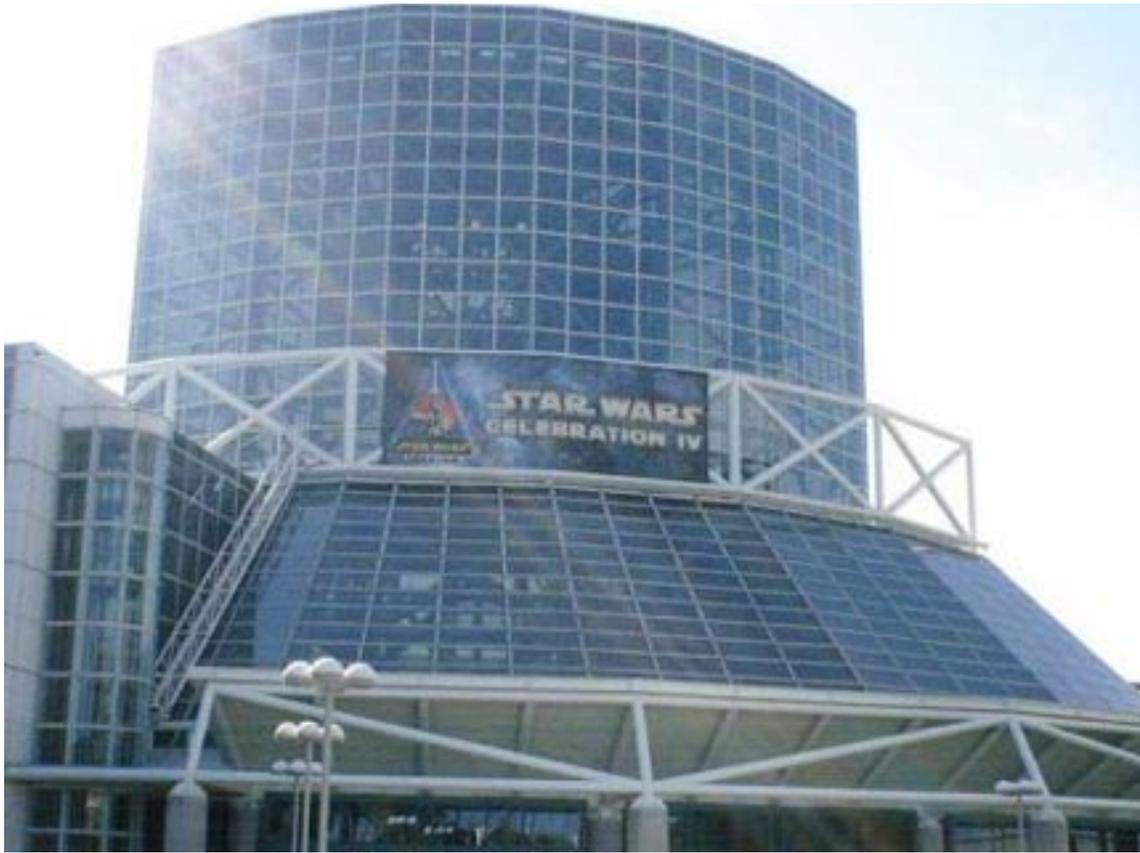
And a nice touch to have Peter

Sullivan send you guys a fanzine review, making this almost like a regularly scheduled fanzine. Now I can't wait to see the Baycon photos in Drink Tank and Science Fiction in San Francisco.

Well, you're getting all sorts of photos here, Padre! Pete wrote in and asked what zines we had and I told him and he wrote it. Nice review too!

Thanks for the one-shot, bud.
Take care.

All the best,
John Purcell



Fat Man Running – One Fan’s Perspective of Celebration IV by Neil Baker

I was ten years old in the summer of 1977, and I was running breathlessly from my Junior School in Romford, Essex, all the way to the Odeon Cinema downtown to see the film that everyone was talking about. Fast forward 30 years, and I am running breathlessly through the corridors of the LA Staples Convention Center in a futile attempt to get to

the Ralph McQuarrie table before the scalpers – to no avail. I might be older, fatter and balder than that little kid all those years ago, but the excitement is equally exhilarating, an all-consuming wave of giddy joy and anticipation.

Star Wars does this to a person.

Celebration IV was to be my first Star Wars convention, having moved to America in 2005. I was looking forward to it for many reasons, but mostly to relish the opportunity to surround

myself with like-minded fans in an environment purely devoted to the films that have shaped my life for three decades.

Waiting in line to get in each day was never a chore. There were always costumed fans walking the lines, stopping for photos and chatting with us, and often it took just one word or phrase to initiate an engaging conversation with the stranger in the ‘Han shot first’ tee shirt behind me. I soon learned to wait a while before getting in line, as it would snake around and beneath an overpass, which would afford us some shade, and prevent me entering the halls looking like an over-boiled Mon Calamari.

Once inside the convention center, I was blown away by the scale of everything; the hanging banners, an enormous inflatable Death Star looming ominously overhead, Vader’s surgical table emanating painful memories of a young man’s transformation. Fellow fans milled about, some looking around in awe, others rushing straight for the buyer’s room.

And what a buyer’s room.

The chaos was at once nerve-wracking and enticing. Everywhere I looked there would be a huge display of merchandise that seemed even

more desirable under the glare of the overhead lights. Gentle Giant rubbed shoulders with Sideshow Collectables, who faced Hasbro who jostled for space with Lego who funneled us towards LucasArts, and the list goes on. Everywhere I looked there were nervous collectors joining lines that spiraled around company displays, teasing them with glimpses of the exclusive items that would be sold out before they reached the front of the queue.

Occasionally it was necessary to come up for air, and it was a relief to squeeze out from between the concept figures and glowing Yodas and enter the artists' alley. More than two dozen artists from all arms of the galaxy spread their creations on their booth tables and pinned them to the walls, creating a kaleidoscope of colors and familiar faces. It was a joy to wander around, checking out the imagination and skills of these folks, chatting to one or two, and buying several prints that simply could not be ignored. Thankfully I was prepared and had the foresight to bring a large poster tube; all those years of dubious leg slapping in the boy scouts finally paid off.

Next to the artwork was the autograph area, filled to the brim with celebrities from all six films; all of them friendly and approachable. I took this opportunity to add more names to my beaten up copy of Star Wars, a first



edition that has been with me through thick and thin, and I scored many that I thought I would never get. Curiously, I was most in awe of Julian Glover, and he was the only actor I didn't call by his first name. I was also particularly stoked to get Paul Blake's (Greedo) siggy in the book – I have a bit of a thing for Rodian underdogs I guess. As a side note, how cool is it to get home to an email from Mary Oyaya (Luminara Unduli) thanking me for coming to see her?

That's what I'm talking about – the feeling of belonging to one, enormous, family.

Next to the central buyers' hall was the fan activities hall, a quiet oasis of tranquility in comparison to its noisy neighbour. Here I found many fine, fan-run groups peddling their wares and inviting new members. A full-scale x-wing sat front and center; perpetually smothered with eager children and enthusiastically plump adults in orange jumpsuits. The 501st legion patrolled around their own booth, gently recruiting rather than forcibly conscribing, and in the middle of the hall, a giant Forest Moon of Endor diorama slowly took shape as fans young and old built trees complete with huts and walkways. At fifteen-minute intervals, a bunch of tiny speeder bikes would race through the giant paper redwoods, complete with screaming sound effects and Luke shouting at everyone – wonderful stuff! Every so often, the atmosphere in the hall would be pierced by the sounds of scores of tiny lightsabers as padawan learners squared off against Vader and his troops, while beautifully constructed astromechs navigated a tricky course and stormtroopers fell over each other in the Imperial Olympics.

A trip to the west wing of the center took me to the Celebration Store, and with careful planning I didn't wait for one second to get in. It was huge, and full of more desirable stuff, some of it selling out on the first



day (badges anyone?). It was a bit of a pain when I saw everything I had purchased being sold on the last day at 50% off – but that was a lesson I shall remember for future Celebrations...

There were so many events and panels going on that it was a foregone conclusion that I would miss many of the things I wanted to see, but I did manage to get to many great events, including:

Slave Leia Belly Dancing Lessons – with respect for my fellow man I chose not to get up on stage, but

Amira was fabulous and it was an entertaining hour. I was also lucky enough to interview Amira as part of an up and coming documentary I am shooting in the summer called *A Place in the Galaxy*.

Date with a Princess – Carrie Fisher lit up the stage with her good nature and hysterical anecdotes, what a treat. Later I managed to get several items autographed – hello ebay! (I kid)

A Hour with Jay Laga'aia – Jay is the consummate presenter and entertainer, and he kept us all

enthralled with his stories and singing – man, he can belt out a tune with the best of them!

Opening Ceremonies – Free stamps! Cake! Bomb scares! Eardrum popping, rocket pack launched Boba Fett! Steve Sansweet in an ewok costume! Lots of adverts for stuff we already knew about! The lack of any Georges, Ricks or anyone else... meh.

A conversation with Robert Watts, Richard Edlund, Ken Raylston, Ben Burtt, Norman Reynolds and Phil Tippet – These are some of the visionaries that helped create the saga in the first place. Imagine what would have happened if the visual effects had been sub-par, if the sound effects sounded, well, dodgy... Robert Watts stole the show – what a character. Possibly alcohol fueled – but a character all the same.

The Clone Wars – Oh my giddy aunt. I was in the first group to see this preview of the new animated TV show, and they teased us like kittens with a feather on a thread. Dave Filoni is quite possibly the nicest guy I have ever met, and the fact that he is the supervising director of the series gives cause for celebration. Of course, by now you might know that they did indeed show us a giant, high def, thunderously loud preview of the show, and then promptly rewound it and showed it again. What you don't know is how extraordinary the reception

was from the fans. The cheers, the applause, the standing ovations were all well deserved, and I left the auditorium with tears in my eyes. In one fell swoop; Dave, Catherine (the producer) and the crew had shaved thirty years off my life.

One Man Star Wars Trilogy – Charlie Ross is a genius that much is already known, and his show had me rolling around with laughter. What I was not expecting however was the way his final words, “Celebrate the Love”, turned on my waterworks once again... what an emotional day.

As I reflected upon my spontaneous bursts of blubbing, I

began to realize how important Star Wars really was to me. Indeed, the first trilogy shaped my early career choices, prompting me to attend art school so that I might emulate Joe Johnston, Harrison Ellenshaw and Ralph McQuarrie. Later, the saga would lead me to a kindred spirit in my beautiful wife, Kuldip, and now I am a filmmaker, nestled in a group of hills just one hour south of Skywalker Ranch.

As the doors finally closed on Celebration IV, and I hugged my new friends goodbye, I was a raging maelstrom of emotions, of sadness, of exhilaration and ultimately, of

optimism.

It was then that Kuldip chose to wave a pair of tickets to Celebration Europe in my face. We certainly can't afford it, the airfare alone will financially cripple us, and I can't wait to see everyone there...

If you attend, you won't be able to miss me. I'll be the overweight guy in the Slave Leia tee shirt, running breathlessly from hall to hall, with the biggest grin in the galaxy on my face.

Neil is a filmmaker and writer who lives in a house where one of the ways to get in involves walking across a board over a gully. No kidding! Photos are from Fanboylanet.com.





These are my fave costumes from the BayCon Masq. There was Project L-11, which featured Jean Martin and won Best of Everything! There was The Doctor and Lady Pompadour, where the guy who played The Doctor was just incredible and had every mannerism of David Tennant down cold. Then there was Little Pink Vader, shown here with another great fannish Photog: JohnO!

What's not to love...

I don't always go to the Masquerade. I like them, but sometimes I'm just so much into everything else that I don't make it and don't work very hard to be sure that I do get there. This time, I saw it and was really impressed. The whole thing was really well done and there were

no guffs like the time I Toastmastered BayCon. I watched the groups and had a strange realization: I needed costumes.

You see, since I agreed to work CostumeCon, I'd need at least one costume to not be completely along for the ride. I was thinking that a Philken Seben costume from Harvey Birdman would be easy enough: a black suit,

a white suit, an eyepatch. Then I realised that it require me to either find or make some sort of weird, two-way pointing string tie. How the hell do I make one of those?

On the other hand, I also thought that I'd do a Mankind outfit, but that's a lot more work.

What have I gotten myself into with this?



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Two of my favourite of Howeird's Photos!

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

**Let's start with 127 comments
from the British Correction
Machine...Mark Plummer!**

Chris,

I am of course tempted to defer to Ted White's undoubted greater knowledge of fan history about the origins of 'the usual'. However, if the citation is indeed inaccurate it's not alone in its inaccuracy.

In mentioning the not-at-all-imaginary Derek Pickles I went instinctively to add something along the lines 'the man credited with inventing "the usual"' but I then paused for thought. It was certainly one of those fanhistorical snippets that I 'knew' to be true, but I had no idea from where I'd picked up this knowledge and I began to wonder if I was lurching into what we refer to 'round these parts as a critical assertion: something that you think is probably true but which you don't really know to be true, and yet you can't be bothered to check it because it wouldn't suit your argument if it turned out to be wrong. I therefore did a quick google and turned up the Spirits of Things Past 'fanzine of progress' for Ditto 11 (April 2001) by Leah Zeldes and cited that to back up my otherwise unsourced belief.

As to how accurate it is...? Well,



Ted clearly has the first hand knowledge of the times, but this contention about Derek and 'the usual' does seem to be widespread. Rob Hansen mentions it in Then (volume 2, chapter 2: The Mid 1950s: Man and Superman-con), quoting a letter from Derek and then adding 'This appears to be the first time that the usual -- contribution, letter of comment, fanzine in trade -- were explicitly given in preference to money as the price of receiving a fanzine.' (http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Then/then_2-2.html).

Interestingly, Harry Warner has a slightly different take in Wealth of Fable (p110): 'Phantasmagoria ... was apparently the first fanzine to state in print that locs were amongst the ways to stay on the mailing list' which isn't quite the same thing.

As luck would have it, I've just remembered that there is a (very ropey) copy of that first issue/second series Phantasmagoria sitting on the floor about three feet behind my chair so I've taken the chance to have a look at

what it actually says. In 'The Editors Squeaks' (I think that's what it's called -- there are bits of the page missing) it's explained that there have been some changes since the original run in 1950-2, including editorial personnel. And then:

The other alterations are listed below and we believe the first is unique.

1. No subscriptions are requested, if you send money we won't refuse it, but there is no sub rate.

2. You can make sure of receiving future issues, which will appear when we feel like it, by

- 'a. Writing a letter of comment.
- 'b. A contribution.
- 'c. Your magazines.'

So Derek and Stan believed that they were unique in not even quoting a cover price or subscription rate, for all that everybody else was only really doing so as a 'default method'. Harry Warner thinks they were the first to make it explicit that a letter of comment 'bought' the next issue.

And looking back at what I said in my letter to Drink Tank #121 (the letter that provoked Ted's comment) I think I could more clearly have expressed the point by saying 'Derek's often credited with starting the idea of making fanzines available for "the usual" *in preference to cash*'

Ted's letter suggests that many fan editors were effectively taking this stance before 1954, so maybe real-and-not-at-all-made-up Derek and Stan were the first to say that that was what they were doing. Unless anybody knows differently...?

--

Best etc.

--Mark
Mark Plummer
Croydon, UK

Interesting. I looked into it a little and found the Warner note you mentioned and one about the I'm-still-not-sure-he's-real Mr. Pickles that gave them credit for changing the ways in which fanzine were available. Of course, I gotta go with Ted too because I'm pretty sure that he'd be the one who'd know for sure...unless Robert Lichtman weighs in on the matter!

Thanks Mark! You're the man!

And now, on issue 128...My good pal and nominator John Purcell!

Whoops! When I started typing in the subject for this e-loc, it said "loc on Drink Tank #1328." Now, you and I and the rest of fandom know how prolific you are, but not *that* prolific! I mean, that would be like producing zines at a pace similar to that of tribble breeding. (Now *there's* a topic for a faaan article:



faneds born to pub. I can dig it.)

I like that idea! I'm going to have to steal...I mean borrow it.

BayCon - no matter what year you or Janice Gelb are writing about - always sounds like a lot of fun. Judging by the photos of you and the GoH crew at the 2005 version and the 2003 con report by Janice (with pics), it certainly seems to be populated by a batch of nutty and enjoyable people. Some year I really have to try to get out to one of these BayCons. Maybe as a fan GoH; that might help....

Well, if I could be Toastmaster, I guess ANYONE could

be a GoH!

It has been a long time since I have corresponded with Janice Gelb. Back in the day, she used to occasionally loc the zines I pubbed in the late 70s and through the 80s, and I even think we were in LASFAPA together right around 1980, but I'm not really positive about that. It is also a possibility that Janice and I met at either IguanaCon or some other con (Minicon/Windycon/Byobcon/Wiscon, etc.) during that time stretch. Memory fails. Maybe she can jump-start the recall nodes in my brain. It has simply been A Long Time.



She would have been SoCal in 1980 or so. You can look at her website for her complete con history (smofbabe.org, I think)

Sure sounds like Janice had a good time as the Fan GoH in 2003. Thanks to her report, now I have a better idea of what one of those critters goes through during a con. Some year such an honor may fall on me. When it does, I just hope I'm not crushed under the load.

It'll happen, and the odds

increase with every CorFlu you attend!

Excellent piece about Vonnegut and *Slaughterhouse 5* from James Bacon. The way James blends his perceptions about reality and philosophy with those of Billy Pilgrim is very interesting, and James makes a good point about how our lives (or his, at least) parallel Pilgrim's. *Slaughterhouse 5* is a powerful book, and I enjoyed it a great deal too when I read it sometime back in the late 70s. Good stuff.

James is getting me that Kilgore Trout article soon, likely for the next ish!

And a hawt chick on page 9. She looks like a nice young lass. Hope the date went well. Personally, I want to have a date with Bonnie Delight, of whom you have so delightfully laid out her photo underneath my loc. Your graphics are mightily appreciated, Chris.

She was a lovely lass and we had a fine time. Sadly, she's an Aussie...

By the time you're getting the 129th issue ready for release, I should be meeting Lloyd & Yvonne Penney up in Dallas. I am really looking forward to that. What always strikes me as so totally amazing and wonderful about fandom is how people can seem to know each other so damn well without ever really meeting each

other face to face thanks to fanzines and correspondence. It really is astonishing, thrilling, wondrous, analogous, etc. Penney and Purcell: together again for the first time. Needless to say, I'm bringing my digital camera. Provided, that is, I can wrest it from the grasp of my 16-year old daughter...

I've had word from ya since that everything on your trip was great. I love me some Lloyd and Yvonne! They're good people!



Many thanks for a fine zine, roomie, and I hope to see you again at a con near you. Or something like that.

All the best,

John

Always good to hear from John, so let's hear his roar on issue 129!

And the hits just keep on coming.

Well, I do what I can...

It looks like you were putting this issue together in the fanzine lounge last weekend at BayCon. Now that's what I call Garcia-speed in getting a zine out. Not only that, it sounds like BayCon was a lot of fun. I am glad that I vicariously attended through my text messages and phone calls. While you were at the con, I was up in Dallas (that Friday, May 25th) meeting with Lloyd and Yvonne Penney. We had a lovely time chatting about zines, cons, fans, and so on, continuing the conversation at a Buffalo Wild Wings restaurant. Good food, good conversation, good friends. A good night was had by all. Geez, this sounds like a beer commercial, doesn't it?

I put it together half in the Lounge and half in the days right after the con. All the art was done in the Lounge. I really liked the issue. I wish I could have joined y'all out there.

That one section about your world getting smaller reminds me of



my Dallas day trip. The Penneys were attending/working at the International Space Development Conference, and Lloyd pointed out that there is a big cross-over from science fiction fans at the ISDC. He wasn't kidding, either. Their art show - small by comparison to even AggieCon - had work by Don Maitz and Kelly Freas displayed, and other fine work by artists I've never heard of, but I expected that. Maitz and Freas were surprises to me. So were their prices, but I digress. Lloyd introduced me to Bill Ledbetter, a name I have known from fandom and who attends conventions in this region; plus, there were numerous members of Dallas-Ft. Worth fandom working the ISDC. Lots of con-running experience in that group, definitely. An added bonus was briefly talking with Ben Bova, who was an ISDC guest lecturer, and he remembered the three of us. He looked great, and winced when I told him that we hadn't seen each other since Minicons of the mid-1980s. Ben

is moving a bit slower nowadays, but his mind is as sharp as ever. I love the novels he's been writing over the last decade and a half; good stuff.

I would have figured there'd be a lot of crossover, almost as much as when I go to Vintage Computer Faire and run into all sorts of BayCon types.

I love to hear and swap stories at conventions. This is inevitable when fen gather, and it's a lot of fun. With any kind of luck - and additional income would help, too - I'll be at ArmadilloCon over the August 10-12, 2007 weekend, which will help re-stock my convention story banks.

I've got Westercon and then NASFiC to go through, and then it's nothing until Silicon, which is a relaxicon compared to what I did for BayCon!

Whow! Twenty-five BayCons now. Like I've said before, there will come a time when I can make it out there. Let's just hope it doesn't take 25 years for that to happen!

We'll get you here soon enough, I swear!

Take care of yourself, and - though I don't need to say this to you - keep on pubbing!

All the best,

John

You say it as if there's a possibility of me stopping! Not gonna happen, bro!

And now, on 129's mention of the Farrah Fawcett poster...Robert Hole!

Chris,
Good ish. You forgot to mention the best part of your Match Game Farah answer - that you MATCHED on that one.

Bob
I can't believe I forgot that, but I also didn't remember it at the time since I forgot to turn my circle over!

Thanks Bob! And now, wrapping things up, is Mr. Eric Mayer!!!

Chris,
Scatter-brained? Small snippets? Dude, that's me!
What kind of grandmother did you have? Her house smelled of whiskey? My grandmother's house was

permeated with the smell of the cheap cuts of meat she boiled to make them palatable. Actually I realized years later, as an impoverished young fellow, before I turned vegetarian, that slowly boiling otherwise unchewable beef works pretty well.

What can I say, my Gramma didn't like to cook, but loved her some booze!

All that filth inside computer keyboards is bound to evolve into a new life form which will ooze out and devour the world, using the computer chip for a brain.

There's a story in there somewhere!

You don't rewrite? go on....Actually I do very little rewriting. I will fiddle about with something while I'm writing but generally I want to be *done* when I get to the end. I might

glance over a piece and knock out a few repetitive words or something but never, never a full rewrite unless under total editorial duress. (Then I'll fake it) And I am talking about the stuff Mary and I sell. I read people bragging about rewriting things 25 times and I have to shake my head. I couldn't stand it. Get it right next time is my motto.

I can't stand to change a single word. It just hurts too much. No, wait...I'm just lazy. I knew it was something like that!

Hey, what is this? Either you're weekly and then some or I'm running slow. Maybe both!

These are both realistic hypothesises s..hypotheses? Hyposaurus?

Best,
Eric

Thanks, Eric!

