

# The Drink Tank's Most Inventive Issue Yet



Issue

67

Who's the Founding Father who invented the stove and impressed all the chicks?  
Franklin. You damn right!

*That's right, Ben Franklin was the awesomest of the Founding Fathers because he was an inventor and had the slickest picks with all the chicks. He was always my favourite, though that may have had something to do with the fact that I was obsessed with 1776 as a kid. I've always loved inventors, which is part of the reason I love Science Fiction and work at a place where I get to deal with the idea and consequences of inventions from the past.*

*This issue is all about invention: old and new, funny and serious. From Kevin Roche and the story of a Patent that I couldn't believe when I first read it to Ken Patterson on old TV technology, to Mike Swan's talk of Ralph Baer to my look at Science & Invention from the 1920s, to M Lloyd and I's fiction piece to a fine bit from Judith and SaBean about what it's really like having an inventor for a Dad. It's all here in this Inventive issue.*

---

---

## Our Dad: The Inventor

By Judith and SaBean Morel

### Judith

My Dad held several patents, I think six, but none of them until he was well on his way to dying. He got his first about 1980 and his last a few weeks after he died. He made his money investing, but he spent his nights thinking about new ways to improve computers or sanitize water or make stained glass. He had every idea you could imagine and he had a little shed where he would do his work. And a den downstairs where he would lock himself in after coming home. And he had a room in the weekend house where he'd put himself away for hours and hours. I seldom saw him except for when he'd come up to my room and say goodnight. Dad was a cliché, but we loved him.

### SaBean

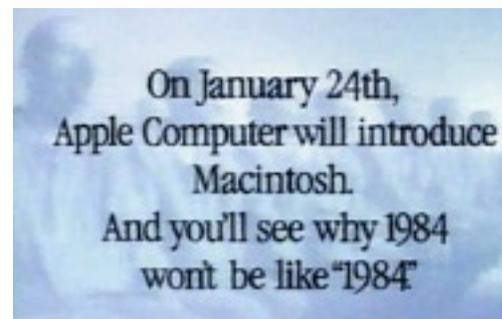
I remember seeing an episode of LA Law, probably about 1990, my worst year ever, and there was a story of a family fighting over a stamp col-

lection. He'd lock himself away in his den with his stamp collection, spending hours alone with them. Well, it turns out that he wasn't spending time with his stamps, but with his collection of classic porn.

I laughed, thinking that maybe that's what Dad was doing in there all those nights.

I got to help Dad a few times. Judith never had any interest in Dad's science, but I did...at least as a kid. He'd show me how a computer and a kind of metal detector could do a mapping of features in an metallic environment. He actually got his first patent for that, which he intended to be used in oil tankers as a way to detect damage to inner linings. It was a great idea, his first brilliant one, though completely impractical for real life use. He had bent the hell out of a cookie sheet and he'd run the system and a map would print out from the Apple ][ we had.

Dad loved computers, which is why he was so excited in 1984.



### Judith

Dad was so excited the day the Mac debuted. He brought both me and SaBean with

him to go and get it. He stayed up all night playing with it, and by the next morning he had it working with the model he built out of the cookie sheeting. He was so happy that day. I remember a few weeks later, at one of the few dinners he joined us at, he spent most of it talking about his latest invention, something about a controller that allowed a user to plug into a radio and do all sorts of weird things, including record. It didn't make much sense to me, but it was fun to have dinner with him and see him



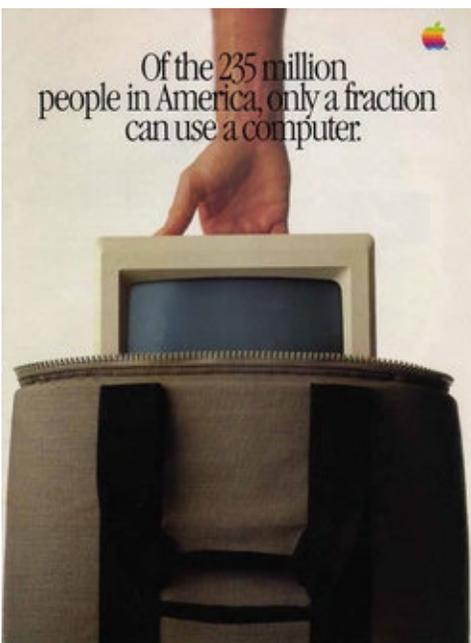
so excited. He got sick right around the time he got the patent for that radio-computer system. He was so proud of himself.



### **SaBean**

Even though Dad was dying, and we all knew he was dying from the moment he said his head hurt, he still worked on his computer. He was invited to go to Apple Headquarters and visit the Mac team. He had come up with so many little add-ons that Apple was considering hiring him. I still think they just wanted his investment capital. I remember the first time I ever went to California. Judith, Mom and I went to Great America and rode the roller coasters. Dad was at Apple. We all had the best time possible where we ended up.

Dad came up with a fast water sanitation system that was controlled by a Mac. He built a prototype, but he wouldn't live to see the patent approved. He got a couple of more, but both me and Judith started burying ourselves away from Dad as he was dying. I'd still go and watch him work sometimes, but it was too hard. Dad died slow, though he'd make progress, the tumour was slowly taking away his coordination. He started working on bigger things, like a fastener for snowshoes that he could use. He always liked going out on his snowshoes.



Where Dad finally died, Judith and I weren't talking. She wrote a long science fiction story that ended up in our school journal about an inventor who died because he refused to eat until he perfected the cure for cancer. He died, starved to death

over weeks, just a step of two away from completing his work, his note of the previous weeks unreadable because of the weakness he felt. It was such a great little story and it had me bawling because it was so obvious that she thought Dad had wasted his life, that all his effort that kept him away from her for so long all added up to nothing.

I think Dad was doing what he knew best: putting the needs of the world outside before the needs of the world that lived under his roof.

***Editor's Note: Though he had many inventions, the only one that James Kennedy Highwater Morel ever made any money off of was his snowshoe fasteners, which were used for many years by a couple of different companies. He sold the rights to them for a hundred grand in 1989. His papers for his water sanitation system and the software and connection box for the Tanker Liner Monitoring System are in the collection of the Computer History Museum, as is Mr. Morel's copy of the January 1975 issue of Popular Electronics.***

---

---



## Phonovision – a Look Back at the Future...

By Ken Patterson

For those of you who know me, it comes as no shock that I have an interest in television – as it is literally my life (9-5: schedule some television; 7-11: watch some television.) And while the modern invention of the DVR (aka TiVo) is definitely the media equivalent of sliced bread with really good jam on it, I



Baird was certainly a victim of a rapidly changing technology, but was also certainly a man ahead of his time in his achieve-

ments for this new medium that he helped to introduce.

have to take you back about four-score to the good old days for really ground breaking television...

John Logie Baird was the first to demonstrate television publicly in January of 1926. Most people think of Philo Farnsworth as the inventor of television, but his first successful demonstration of his television process was in September of 1927. Admittedly Baird's television was mechanical, and barely resembles what we think of television - it was all of 30-lines in resolution, and they were vertically scanned at that! But Baird didn't stop with just transmitting images over radio frequencies; he also devised a way of capturing them...

You're probably saying: "But Ken, video tape wasn't around until the early Fifties!" and you'd be correct. But what Baird did was essentially the low bandwidth version of the Laser Disc - the Phonovision. Baird first used this technology in 1927, and while he never demonstrated playback of his discs publicly, Cairns and Morrison Ltd of London produced the Silvatone recorder. The Silvatone was available for purchase as early as 1930 at the princely sum of £4 12/- (read "four pounds, twelve shillings - approximately \$5 at the time.)

But, you might ask, are there any recordings of early television still in existence today? Well, luckily for us, there are. There are at least 5 different discs from Baird's own studios, a commercially availability test disc, a single disc from 1933 and a series of discs that were recorded between 1932 and 1935. Low-bandwidth television enthusiasts, using modern equipment, have transferred the recordings and selections can be viewed at <http://www.tvdawn.com/>. While the images are considerably crude by today's 1080 live HDTV standards (heck, they're crude even by Britain's old 405 line system!) but to be able to view a television broadcast from nearly eighty years ago is simply amazing.

Besides his accomplishments with the first television broadcasts, and the first video recorder, Baird also had working color television in 1928, big screen television in 1930, and had even briefly worked out stereoscopic color television before his death in 1946.

ments for this new medium that he helped to introduce.

---

---

## The Most Brilliant Woman in the Whole Damn Room Has a Great Rack: A Personal Experience Shared by M Lloyd



I used to be really smart. I still am, but there's no reward for it like there was in High School. I was in smart kid classes. I could have taken classes at Uof C, but I didn't, more fun to be

had at my high school. I got to attend a lot of seminars, even got to meet President Bush (the Elder) when he came to Chicago for some conference.

The best thing was this event called The Rube Goldberg Challenge. They'd give you a task (such as lighting a candle or turning the page in a book) and a few instruments you'd have to use and then you'd go and use things to make the most convoluted machine you could to make that thing happen. It was a fun contest and it brought smart people from all over the place together in Dayton for the event. My senior year the task was making two pieces of toast.

Here's what I remember of the device: The bread would be removed from a stack and sent along a conveyor belt powered by the unwinding of a spring, when it got to the end two pieces, spaced exactly 36.6 cm apart on the belt, would fall onto a balance which had the exact weight of the two pieces minus one tenth of a gram. When the balance was thrown off weight, it would flip a switch

which would put the conveyor belt on reverse and the remover would restack the bread pieces. The bread would then slide onto a cart where a robot arm would centre it so that only the edges of the bread were resting on the cart. It would then pass over a track which were a long series of heat coils which toasted the bread on one side. At the end of the track (which could be adjusted for speed to suit your darkness tastes), it would slide down and toast the top. Then it would go through a little gate and depending on the pre-sets, would either put jam, peanut butter or butter on the toast. It would then be lifted by a robot arm and taken eight feet up and released on a tethered parachute which would land on the plate which was shot to the gripper from the start line. The drop would give it just enough time to cool so that it could be picked up and eaten. Needless to say, the plan was brilliant, and I was the one who did the layout. It didn't always work as we would have liked, but we got to Dayton with the thing completely intact and with a winning record in the local contests.

The first night there was a little gathering for all us Brains. I figured I'd come dressed to impress the little nerd boys. I wore a long black dress with a slit up the side and long gloves (recreated below with a recent picture) and I did my hair vary much different than usual, up in a sort of tight twist that showed my neck. For one week of my high school existence it seems that I had no hickeys.

I showed up with the guys (my team was four



Lisa Cera circa 1999

guys and me, which meant that I was the object of lust that kept them working) and saw that the party was kinda cool. Lots of hot geek boys in suits that were too big for them with shaggy hair and thick-framed glasses. Just my type. I wandered around a little, trying to figure out which of them I'd sink my teeth into when I saw that I wasn't the only major hotness in the room.

In the middle of a huddle of the cutest of the nerd boys was a girl in a long white dress. She was wearing a corset over the top, cinched tight to produce a wasp waist, and as soon as I got to see her front, massive twin arcs of cleavage. She was working the guys who were laughing like she was Dorothy Parker at the Round Table. The poor things didn't stand a chance.

I made my way in, rubbing up briefly against a guy, who would then look, see what was there and back away. After a minute or two, I was standing right next to her. She was tiny, I mean tiny tiny tiny. She was sitting on a stool like Judy Garland in the spotlight. She kept her body pointed forward but twisted to look at me.

"Well, there's another woman here who has some fashion sense." She said

"Unless you count Lane Bryant as fashion, then I think a couple of the girls by the food qualify." I returned.

She smiled a sweet smile that spoke of sexual violence. If I hadn't been so immune to such tricks,



I'd've had to take her down lion-gazelle style right there and then.

We chatted and then we were both ruling the roost. We played off each other well, but as the guys started to thin out, it was just me and her and another guy.

Her name was Lisa Cera and she was from Cleveland. She was 1/2 Mexican (like our editor) and 1/2 Palestinian. She was beautiful, no question, and in that corset, good God!

We started talking about our entries and she started going on about Japanese moving figures and Russian clocks and such. She had been studying them when she designed her entry. She had even looked into how the Egyptians had opened their giant stone doors. Then she went off on physics. Then computers (she loved programming in FORTRAN for some reason) and then about history. If you've ever met Chris, you know he's a smart guy who can talk about anything with at least a passing knowledge. Lisa could talk about anything with an in-depth knowledge. She was smarter than anyone I'd ever met, and the next day, I saw the fruits of her genius.

Lisa was the designer of her project. Not the team, but her. The rest of the people who came with her were the builders of Lisa's design. It was brilliant. It all started with Lisa turning over a very large bucket of sand into a funnel. As the sand dropped through, it powered the entire contraption.



Lisa at M's 2004 Halloween Party

The bread would be grabbed by a set of pinchers, which would then turn and put the bread onto a sled on a track. The falling sand would collect in a catcher that would turn a spring until both pieces of bread were on the sled, when it would shoot forward, travel eight feet and when it would stop, the bread would shot for-

ward off the plate into a side-by-side toaster. It's no joke to say that I never thought it would work, but the four times I saw it running, it never failed. After the toast was finished, it would shoot out onto the plate and then be taken to the buttering station, which was a human-like robotic arm with a knife and a butter tub. It was incredible that it was all sand powered. After the bread was buttered, another arm would cut it in half and then uses another pair of hands to place it on the table. All powered by a hundred of so pounds of falling sand.

Brilliant. She took second place, we took fifth and won Best Toasting Technique. The winners were Georgians who had a system that used miniature crawling toy robots. All flash, no substance.

We hung out the three days and then we exchanged phone numbers. She'd stop by a few times a year with her brother or her boyfriend. She went to MIT for a couple of years and ended up dropping out to start a company producing television science shows. She moved out to Hollywood and started making movies about 1998 and ended up working for Univision for a few years before she came to Australia for most of 2004 working on a movie. And in all this time, I've only kissed her once when we were both sloppy drunk, and I've only once seen those magnificent boobs while we were at the beach when she came out to make her movie.

**Editor's Note: I met Lisa a couple of times. Beautiful girl, great body, super-smart. The first thing she produced was a short film called Heart Attack with a friend of mine from Emerson named Serge. They asked me to play a guy who found someone having a heart attack on the street. I got paid with a Chicken Pam Sub. Lisa's movies have shown at Cinequest and Toronto film festival, and the movie she shot in Australia (her directorial debut called Water with Lemon) will be screening in early 2007.**

---

---

## Sometimes The Future Comes Early

by  
Christopher J. Garcia

Not so long ago, Al Gore made headlines by saying he invented the Internet. OK, he didn't say



he invented it, but he did say that he coined the phrase Information Superhighway, which may in fact be true. Every milestone along the way to the internet is fought over. I know the guy who claims to have invented the FAQ, but there are hundreds of little things that people claim were inventing the idea of the internet years before it happened.

Let's start with a guy named Bush. Vannevar Bush. He was a genius, seeing much further than most of the theorists of his time. In the 1930s and 40s, Bush designed several large differential analyzers for places like MIT. He was an important part of the scientific effort during World War II. He also ran many university departments and co-founded Raytheon. During the 1940s, he was thinking of various systems for storing information. The idea

of The Computer was out there, and Bush himself had said that he could see Empire State Building-sized computers with Niagra Falls cooling systems. He came up with a system using microfilm that he called Memex that he outlined in a 1945 issue of Atlantic Monthly.

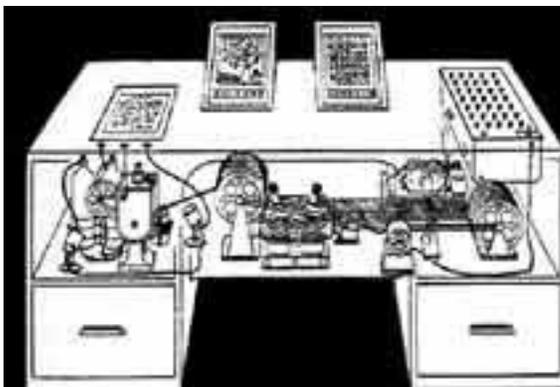
Here's the gist: a researcher would scan all of his books and papers into the Memex. Each piece would be entered and the researcher would associate each piece of information with others in his Memex system. When he did a search, he'd then find a series of microfilm tapes waiting for him to go through. Everything would be associated and the whole system would fit into a large desk.

There are big problems with this. There were other systems designed during the 1930s that used microfilm as the storage method and then had a series of electronic finding methods. None of them worked well, the major weakness being the handling of the microfilm itself. The ideas that Bush put forth are nothing like the current internet, but the idea of linking information would influence a lot of the early thinkers on the subject, like Doug Engelbart and Ted Nelson.

Now, I think that the Memex, since it was designed to be used by a single user, was more of a personal computer prediction, but most say it had more effect on the Internet than on PCs. No doubt.

Ted Nelson is often given credit with inventing the idea of Hypertext. Nelson's Mom is a lady named Celeste Holm, who is one of the stars of All About Eve among other films.

In 1960, he came up with an idea that he called Project Xanadu. In 1965, he wrote a paper describing a system where people would come up with 'zipped' lists that could be zipped together with other pieces. This idea is an interesting one, and Nelson came up with the idea that if someone zipped a part of a copyrighted article onto one of



Two Views of the Memex. The left one was drawn by one of Bush's students in the 1940s, the right by a computer student in 2001. Neat design, eh?





Dick to write predictions of the Internet (and in Shockwave Rider Dick actually does a good job of describing the concept of a Wiki) the last people I would have expected were The Who.

In the song The Relay (a single about 1972, or three years after the first ARPAnet transmission) the Who says the following:

*The word is getting out about control/Spies they're come and gone/The story travels on/The only quiet place is inside your soul ... From tree to tree/From you to me/Travelling twice as fast as on any freeway/Ev'ry single dream/Is wrapped up in the scheme/They all get carried on the relay/Pass it on."*

It's not 100%, but many, including Mr. Wu and myself, see a strong connection to the internet's workings and modern times in those lyrics.

Frank Wu has always been on the look-out for various things that would make great articles. Oddly, he found one such thing in a book by Michael Medved. In it, he talks to Mr. H.R. Haldeman, Nixon's Chief of Staff and Haldeman makes mention of a plan that would sound strangely familiar.

*"Through computer, you could use your television set to order up whatever you wanted. The morning paper, entertainment services, shopping services, coverage of sporting events and public events. ... Just as Eisenhower linked up the nation's cities by highways so that you could get there, the Nixon legacy would have linked them by cable communications so you wouldn't have to go there".*

That sounds exactly like the modern form of Digital Cable, but there were no cable stations yet, and the home computer was years away. The net was barely two years old.

And even that



their articles, then there'd be an automatic micro-payment. Neat idea, but it's never taken off.

Nelson never really got all of Xanadu off the ground, though he did release a small version. In Xanadu, everything is linked and managed, there are no dead ends and revision history is a required part of the structure. Nelson sees the net as having failed to implement those things. Still, many of his ideas are there in the net today...except for micro-payments, thank goodness.

Now, Bush was working twenty-five years before the ARPAnet debuted, and Nelson a few years prior. While you'd expect people like Phillip K.

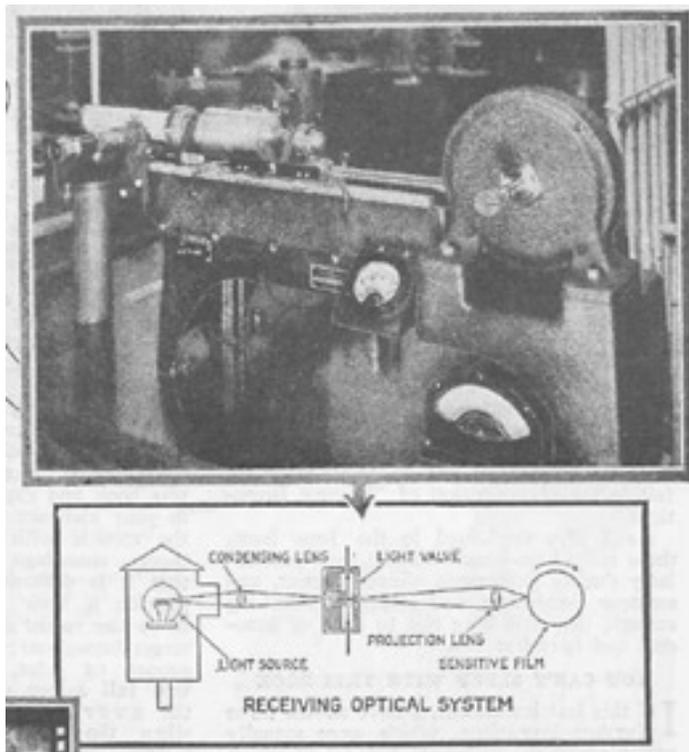
*Science and Invention for July, 1928*

## Movies via Telephone Wire

Pictures Transmitted from Chicago to New York Exhibited Within Two Hours

wouldn't be the first mention of using that technology in a way to pass entertainment. In the 1920s, an experiment was done and covered by Science & Invention. In it, they took a film, put three strips together so they could transmit it faster, and sent it over telephone lines as a series of light and dark impulses as read by a scanner of some sort. This was revolutionary, and almost unheard of. There were several attempts, but the equipment needed by the theatres that could have used it was very expensive. Another issue exists today from using a similar system. The technology to send films as digital files not only exists but is pretty standard, the only issue is that they've been having problems keeping them from being intercepted and sold as DVDs. These things happen.

So, there are no new ideas. Everything was thought of by someone else. Damn.



## Over There -->, That's the Face of The Next Great Inventor by Mike Swan

The wonderful thing about working with smart people is that, much as Chris has done with all of us, you can ride their coattails. That whacky face down there belongs to Miss Kathryn Morel (formerly Mrs. John Alexander and Mrs. Larry Caulong). She's

45 (looks good, don't she?) and she came up with something I wish I had thought of. I've been living with Kathryn the last few months after Judith told me she ran into her and that Kath was planning on moving. I called her, we had always gotten along, and we got a place.

About a week after I moved in with her, she showed me something, a little drawing.

"What's that?" I asked.

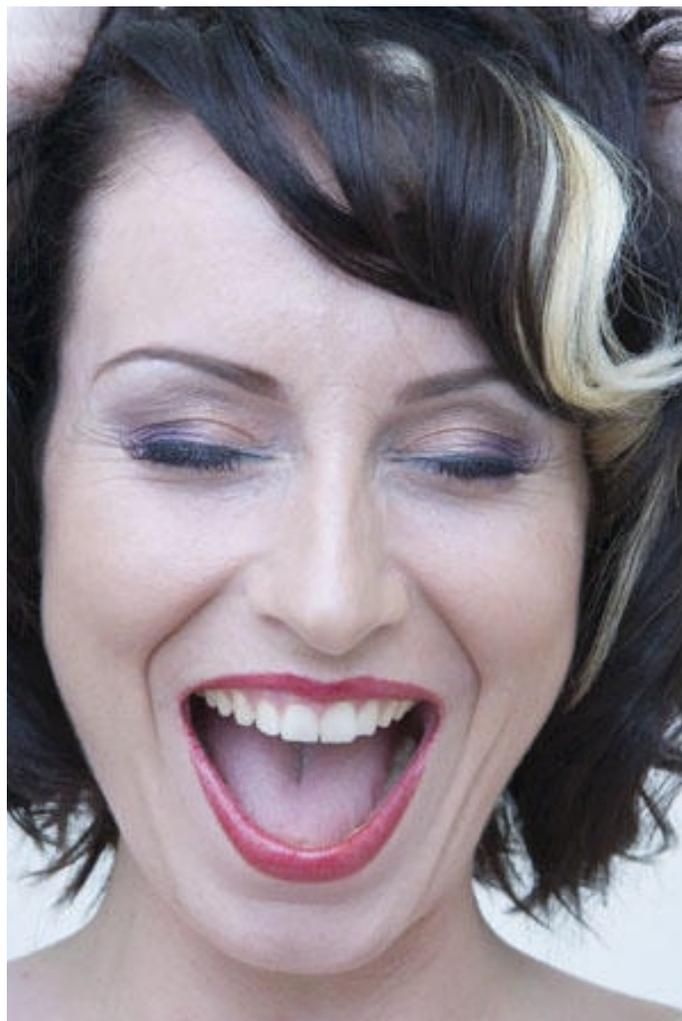
"It's a motorized keg cart." she answered.

"What?"

"You buy a full keg, you put it on the cart, there's a motor in the back. You take it to the car, load the keg, then load the cart. When you're there, you put the keg in, close the covers, add ice and some water. Then you can ride it to the picnic area and drink hard."

"Marry me!" I said, knowing that this was the greatest idea ever and any woman who would put so much thought into a keg is my type of woman. She's putting together a prototype and I'll be the first to ride it!

YEEEE-Motherfuckin'-HAWW!



# An LoC From Eric Mayer

First I am very very very sorry I read this last Drink Tank. I would rather have never known that people would dress up like furrries to...tell me you're kidding. That photo is a gag, right? It made me gag, that's certain. I'll never again be able to hear the phrase "chasing tail" without...well...

***Well, to be honest, there's a smaller percentage who go in for the sexual than who do it for the costuming. Or so I've been told. There are weirder things, trust me, in the sub-tributaries of this mighty river fandom...***

I see people are still going on about Eric Clapton. I never cared much about his music. Not that I have any opinion on his playing, but the music just never grabbed me, except for Layla. Now that, I think, is a great song. Go figure.

***Yeah, Layla was a good song, but I find his recent solo stuff (recent as in the last decade or so) to be really annoying. That Tears in Heaven song, while I realise that it came from a place of pain, REALLY got on my nerves.***

When I was real small I had a Robert the Robot. He rolled across the floor, and his arms moved, and he had flashing lights and when you pulled the string in his back he came out with an assortment of witty phrases such as "I am Robert the Robot." There was a tiny little record in his back. Pretty cool for the time. I don't know what became of him.

I don't think he conquered the world.  
***You may want to search for him, because he's worth a fair deal of money nowadays. I think I saw one at a robot auction for about seven hundred a few years back.***

This cartoon business is troubling. You can't force others to adhere to your beliefs. We all share an undeniable physical reality and I think we've all got to get along in that reality. The other, different realities we might keep in our heads, which can't be verified, which -- unlike the "real" world can differ from person to person and religion to religion -- we can't expect everyone else to live with us in there.  
***True, but when you've got a portion of the world that holds one thing sacred and another that holds another sacred, it's not going to be easy to navigate. If there was no net, things would be much easier, but those days are gone, I'm afraid. One way is going to have to win.***

We need a lot better examples of humanity leading both sides of this whole Muslims vs the West thing. The West has got too many bombs and too much money and the Moslem world has too many people. No one can win that war. If wars worked, we'd have been done having wars thousands of years ago. They're ever popular, like diets, because they never work.

***Actually, they do work to make money, let us not forget that. The three main reasons for wars have always been 1) To secure natural resources (land, salt, women, etc) 2) to depose tyrants (whether or not they are really tyrants) and 3) to keep the population busy and productive.***

I've got it. Furrries for Mohammed.

Oh Christ. Am I on a deathlist now? Shit.

***Oh Sweet Mary Mother of Ghod! I can't believe you just said that! Now the Islamic world is going to declare a fatwa on The Drink Tank and then who knows? How am I ever going to be a guest at Ka'abaCon now?***

---

---

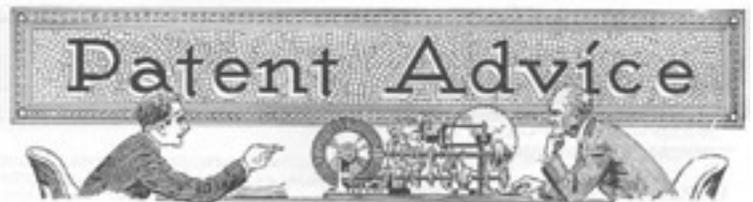
The great inventors always come up with ways to make their lives easier while making the lives of everyday people that much more complex. This is easily provable by looking at the World of Software. Every piece of software (other than games) starts out as a way for a programmer to make things easier on themselves. The perfect example of that is Dan Bricklin and VisiCalc. He wanted an easier way to do all of his MBA work and he ended up complicating the work of the rest of us. Shame on him.

There is no real point to this section, I just wanted to vent because so much of the software on my computer is evil and won't play nice with the rest of it.

Venting complete.

---

---



Here's My Advice: Don't Try to Patent It! - given to the creator of the Segway Scooter in 1999

# If My Demands Are Not Met: You'll All Get It!

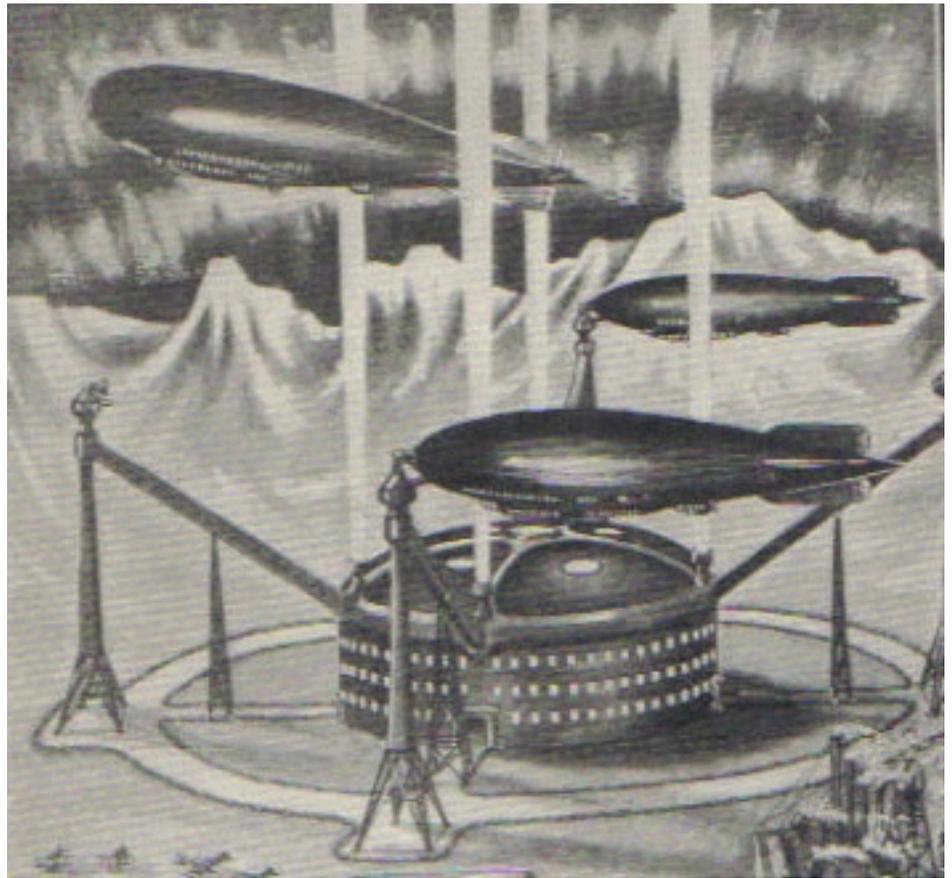
by  
M Lloyd

Listen up good, people of Earth! We, the over-signed, demand that all possible effort be put into building a fleet of dirigibles that will span out across the world! They will go forth and carry hundreds and hundreds of people on each trip around the horn, with the Grand Station at the North Pole! This must happen soon, or I will be forced to unleash the Ultimate Blow and go around the World seducing every Man and Woman in the World to do my bidding! Don't think I can do it? Watch Me!!!

When Chris ran that image of the North Pole base from that magazine (*1925 Science & Invention*) I got to thinking that it would be amazing if there were still dirigibles. I know Chris loves them, but he's never ridden in a blimp. I did a couple of times in the Goodyear Blimp, including once over the Super Bowl. It's amazing, a lot like the ride Barney gets on *The Simpsons*. Imagine if you could pay a few hundred dollars and you'd be off into the air, a 360 gondola below the rigid ballon. You would have that view for a long time. With the current price of fuel, it would make sense, as the engines would not have to get to a speed to provide lift, only to propel the ship forward. It would be a slower, more fuel-efficient and more majestic way to travel.

The North Pole base could to build easily and it would be ideal. If you were going from Helsinki to Boston, it would save you a little time to go to the Pole, then transfer to a south-bound flyer for Boston. The flight I took last week was almost 13 hours, not including a lay-over for another 3 in London. I flew Virgin Business, so I got some sleep, but those windows didn't provide the beautiful view of anything! A dirigible would be able to show you the full wonder of the ice fields.

So, it might not seem practical, but DO IT NOW!!! I'm serious about the seducing the World until I get my dirigibles (and I'll probably start with Scarlett Johansson, because it can't be all work)



## **My Response by Christopher J. Garcia**

While I'd love nothing more than a dirigible, I believe that I would want to fly in one even less than a plane (The image of the Hindenbergh would be playing too strong in my mind), but I'd just love to look up and see that they were flying in the sky.

Here's an interesting point: the Empire State Building had a Docking Station for dirigibles. When they shot *Sky Captain & The World of Tomorrow*, they had a dirigible pull up to the ESB and dock, unloading passengers. I'm not sure if it was ever used (I'm almost certain that it wasn't, but I could be wrong) but that was just a sign of how much faith we put in dirigibles in those long-gone days. All that changed when the Hindenbergh happened, and after the Akron crashed off of Big Sur. The reason that these crashes were so much more impactful than the early plane crashes is because they put a larger number of people at risk. A dirigible held many times as many people as the largest commercial planes at the time and that meant that more lives were risked. That, and that footage of the Hindenbergh's crash, along with the famous 'Oh, the Humanity!' call really took the air out of the sails...or something like that.

So, I doubt we'll see dirigibles, which means M's gonna seduce us all. No...Don't...Stop...

## An LoC from The Grammarian: John Purcell!

Christopher, you bad boy, you. Shame, shame, shame! You wrote in reponse to Peter Sullivan the following comment: "I didn't get FAFIA for some reason. I think there was some email issues goin' on."

That sound you are hearing are my back molars grinding. Your second sentence should maintain plural agreement between subject and verb: "I think there WERE some e-mail issues goin' on." I shall forgive the deliberate colloquial spelling of "going", but never, EVER, fuck up subject-verb plural agreement when you have a college English teacher in your reading audience.

Dumb fuck.

***Of all the sins I've committed against the English Language (creating new adjectives, changing plurals, just plain shitty spelling) you choose Subject-verb Agreement of know me on? Well if that just don't beat all I ain't right.***

HHOK

***Hell's Hinges Oklahoma? Hank Hills Original Karate? He's Had Orange Koffee?***

Anyway...

I still enjoy the Daily Show. Funny thing, too, I have never really cared for Craig Kilborn, and I don't recall any of the other "reporters" except for Stephen Colbert and Michael Showalter. Of course, this is all a matter of personal taste in comedy and such, but Jon Stewart can be extremely funny at times. Like you said, he's "loveable" and comes across on camera well. Now, Colbert is a genuinely funny man. I really think his show out-classes the Daily Show now, although the DS writers have had a field day with Cheney's hunting accident. Truly funny shit.

***Even I must admit that Cheney shootin' a guy is funny, not to mention completely in character.***

Awesome pictures and write-ups about the babes from Ontario. Estella Warren makes me drool. I took my son to see Kangaroo Jack, which was a cute flick; not meant for Hollywood award fodder, obviously, but Dan and I both enjoyed it for the silliness.

***I went to see Planet of the Apes and***

***came out saying "Well, that was a piece of crap, but at least that Warren chick was hot."***

Your Wondercon report made me want to hop on a flight to the Bay Area. Man, there's a lot going on up in your neck of the woods. I will definitely have to wend my way out there to enjoy the sights and the smells and the stfnal activity. ***You should read SF/SF just to be more jealous of the amount of FANAC available in the BArea.***

Finally, your comment about Bush getting "confused as to what was real and what was fiction" should not be surprising. I agree that this comment of his was a real eyebrow raiser, but quite frankly, I can't stand watching or listening to Prez W. It's too painful. Can't stand that beady-eyed, lying, pretzel-choking son of an oil-man. I hate to say it, but even Nixon wasn't as annoying as W. In any event, I completely agree with your closing comment about "Those Damn Dirty Apes." Gotta get rid of 'em! ***We must stand together and stop them...or at least make sure that the Chimps rule and not the Gorillas.***

A fine ish, me laddie. See you next time.

All the best,

John Purcell

---

---

Here's a Patent that was sent to me by Kevin Roche.

## Visual heat sink for computers and method of use- U.S. Patent 6,515,857

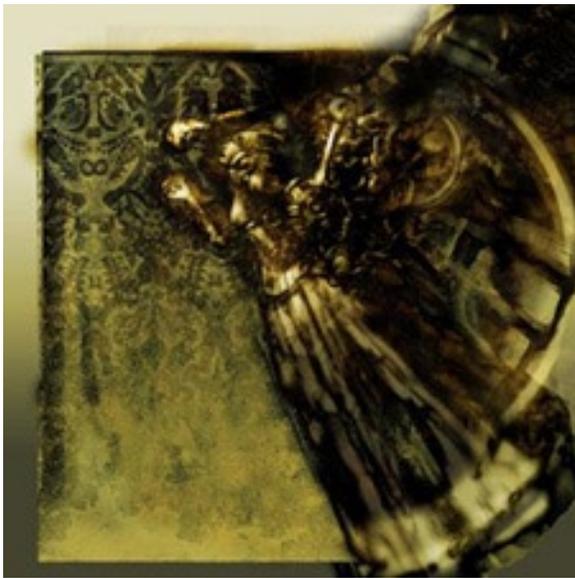
Abstract

***Attractive heat sinks are used to cool the central processing unit and other solid state electronic components in electronic devices such as computers. In preferred embodiments, heat sinks snap onto one or both sides of a laptop computer to provide cooling. The heat sinks may consist of one or more sealed tubes of various cross sections containing a fluid mixture or solution. Preferred embodiments of the heat sinks rely on the principle of***

*Rayleigh-Benard convection to provide a visually attractive “bubble lamp” display, “glitter lamp” display, or other convective fluid lamp display.*

**Inventors:** Ford; Daniel A. (Los Gatos, CA); Kaufman; James H. (San Jose, CA); Melroy; Owen R. (Morgan Hill, CA); Miner; Cameron S. (San Jose, CA); Roche; Kevin P. (San Jose, CA)  
**Assignee:** International Business Machines Corporation (Armonk, NY)  
**Appl. No.:** 858751  
**Filed:** May 15, 2001

***That’s right, Kevin shares a patent for a Lava Lamp Heat Sink. I’ve gotta ask him the physics behind it, which I’m sure are pretty impressively simple, but it’s a great concept!***



***There’s a fair amount of Johnny Eponymous fiction floating out there. This one’s a piece I rather liked that started as me and M working together. IT’s a fun little piece that I hope you don’t fin too annoying. It first appeared in Nth Degree back in 2003.***

***The Shadowcatcher  
by  
Johnny Eponymous***

Kiely Van Der Rotte walked the streets of San Jose in her riding clothes on Thursday night,

June the 13th, 1916. She could hear the fights, the loud crashes from bars that closed when the last man passed out. Kiely rarely came into town, preferring her small barn and instruments among the orchards in Santa Clara to the bustle and brawls. For her plan, she needed the downtown emotions: energies that all could feel, but only she understood. The nearly full moon provided her safety as she continued, passing more drinkers and theatres, to the area surrounding the University where she could set her tripod looking down San Fernando Street. She could see a bloody fistfight in front of an Irish pub, just the sort of negative energies that would bring the images forward. She removed the Magic Lantern from her carpetbag, gently placed it atop the tripod. Kiely pointed it toward the square where fights and knifings were the rule and order came from the blunt swing of a truncheon. Kiely installed the small metal box, full of Audion tubes and wires, forming the machine she called the Shadowcatcher. Her hair fell into her eyes, causing her to pause and take a gathering of those on the street; no one paying any attention to her at all. She took the Comptometer from the bag and put the wire into the small metal box, turning it to complete the connection. Kiely turned the handle on the side of the controller for nearly thirty seconds, her arm hurting as it strained against the stiff handle’s movement. Kiely paused, thinking she had turned it long enough so the machine would have a full charge when she hit the proper keys.

Kiely looked down the street once more as she flipped the bar on the side of the Comptometer and pressed the nine numbers to bring the machine to its slow whirl. She took a long step back, before flipping the bar once again, resetting the numbers to zeros and bringing the machine to life. A loud whistle began to echo on the inside of the wooden projector box. As the whistle built, she could see the gathering of light twelve feet in front of her, a faint but solid gathering lit from within. The glow gained form, took shape: a man’s shape. The man had a distant stare that Kiely could note, even though she could still see through it to the moonlit buildings on the other side of the street. The figure took more form, the torso dressed in the styles of twenty years earlier; the hat on the head a stiff bowler with a small feather, the pants long-striped and tattered at the top of expensive shoes. On his sleeve she could see a rip, and beneath that, dark runs of liquid.

Kiely set the controller down, walking to the vision, her hair again falling, though she did not even blink.

“Can you hear me? Are you here?”



The image turned to her, the same stare going beyond her, beyond the small patch of grass behind, beyond the tower at the far end of the quad. Slowly, the image nodded, focused more, with a stronger glow coming from within his coat. Kiely took a step back, giving the stare full view of the battle of San Fernando.

“You’ll walk to the end of the street, turn around and come back to me.”

Without acknowledgement, the image moved, his expensive shoes disturbing the dust as he walked, but only in small traces that the wind would clear in moments. The figure took seven steps, began to fade, and went transparent. Kiely walked his path, noting the slight impressions on the street. She reached the point where the impressions stopped, the point where the image returned to cold chills and whispers in unbelieving ears. Kiely paced off the distance: seventy-seven feet across, more or less. The distance was far less important than the fact that she had done it, done what mystics and philosophers had failed to realize: she had touched the plane of the past and brought it to the present.

# # #

Kiely gathered the pieces, looked over the schematics on the table, and went about connecting the Audion tube to the innards of the camera she had traded for with Dr. Warburton. The system worked on incredibly simple premises: the wires create a field of energy captured from the environment around it and the Audion amplifies that energy before sending it through the projector, creating a field approximately one hundred feet across, though this test delivered a far smaller field than the design should have supported. The whole thing just needed the proper amount of energies from the environment to gain the power to bring those Away to the field.

Kiely heard the wheels of an automobile grinding walnuts into the packed dirt that led to the barn. Kiely walked to the window, looked out into the rainy night on Jason, the driver, and her

youngest sister, Marcy. She had seen neither in several weeks, mostly because they chose to sleep during the night; the time when Kiely could get days worth of work done in hours. She wiped her hands and shouldered open the swinging door, allowing Jason to drive the car in, leaving only a foot between the table and the front bumper. Kiely steeled herself up to deliver the final sell.

“You know, you could try living in the house again, sis.”

Kiely tossed the rag into the bucket at the far end of the bar, waiting to be washed. She hadn’t slept in the house for almost a year, preferring to use her small cot or just pass out at the table in the barn. The large bags under each eye spoke to this tradition. Jason stepped down from the driver’s side, walked behind, and opened Marcy’s door. Kiely and Marcy could be no more different: Marcy’s eyes glowed green from under the red hair she spent an hour perfecting each morning, while Kiely’s simple brown hair fell about her shoulders and nearly constantly needed to be moved from in front of her grey eyes. Kiely stood a fair five inches taller as well, a fact that became apparent with the great bend whenever the two of them embraced in hellos.

“You know I can’t stand the quiet up there, much more texture out in the barn. Besides, the house has other problems.”

Marcy smiled lightly in dismissal, small runs of water dripping off the curls that framed her face. Marcy went to the table, looking at the boxes her sister had created.

“Are these them? The machines you told me about?”

Kiely pulled the nearest Shadowcatcher to her, turning it around so Marcy could see the tubes and coils. Kiely knew her amazement with things scientific and she knew the machine would confuse her. Marcy leaned in, as if in a museum of oddities where the barkers will send their cane to any foot over the line. She studied every wire line, every tube connection, every component, though she knew nothing of their operation. Kiely would have explained them all, though she did not, since she wanted the mystery to remain. Jason spoke first, after drying his head with the towel on the hook next to Kiely’s hanging saws and hammers.

“So, you’ve completed it, but why such urgency to get us to see it?”

Kiely opened the lid of the projector and



pushed it toward Marcy while she spoke.

“Remember when you and Jason would bring people over to the house for séances? You’d invite the wealthy folks over and Jason would shill and then you’d bring out the gigs. Well, I think we should start it up again, only this time these will bring the greatest gigs of all time.”

Jason shrugged unhappily and Marcy pulled herself back upright. The look on Marcy’s face had touches of theatre and future money. Jason had a look of last resort in his eyes. Jason had been short of funds for nearly two years and the Shadowcatcher Project represented the only option for cash that he could see.

“Don’t worry, the Shadowcatcher is like that old Magic Lantern Papa had. I can control the picture with the box over there and I can make the images turn and even walk. All you have to do is provide the scene, I’ll take care of the rest.”

Marcy smiled. She had wanted to get back into the game as Madame Van Der Rotte, but Jason didn’t have the money to buy their way back in with the traditional oohs and ahhs. Marcy spoke as if signing on to the project.

“Who will we invite, Kiely? When?”

Two more successful tests would follow. The men trapped in a mine walked past Kiely’s view on a small hill marked with seven weathered crosses. A young boy looking for his ball paused for a moment in front of the Shadowcatcher, turned and ran away out of the field. The tests brought her closer, allowed her to tune the specificity, clean the images brought out, widen the field. She had not yet tried the three in union but knew the result: each tuned to the same frequency, stronger coverage. Each machine bringing more energy forward, allowing for the perfect vision she had promised herself. Marcy could know nothing

of the reality of the device. She had played the Spiritualist too long to find truth in the Unknown.

The day had come quickly for Kiely, though Jason and Marcy were always milling around, waiting as if the hours were days spent on a rack. Kiely made all the alterations in slow turns and gentle pulls, all adding up to time running away from her. As Marcy returned to the house to dress and Jason swept clean the path for the visiting autos, Kiely finished her adjustments, placed the Shadowcatchers on a small cart. One last look at her barn and Kiely wheeled the machines out the back of the building, onto the small packed path leading to the house. Marcy took a small fright as Kiely threw open the door. The house had been distant for the week spent in cleaning and preparations, lulling Marcy into expectations of fluid silence.

Kiely set the Shadowcatchers in an equilateral triangle, the table in the exact center of the machines, the focus of three energy projectors. While each was fully capable of bringing the Away forward to the field, combined the once translucent images would gain form, strength from the focusing. Kiely could hear the first auto pulling up the drive, crushing walnuts and throwing dirt. She went up the stairs to where her mother would sit and watch them play between cooking and cleaning and picking fruits. Kiely took a concealed seat, watching in a mirror, where all the guests and Shadowcatchers could be seen and the cord to the Comptometer would not pull taught as it ran up the stairs. The first footsteps fell on the front porch and Marcy opened the door on Ken Cooler and his wife, Narla. Sweet old folks who had lived in the valley, on the orchards, since birth. Each walked with a simple cane, his of hand-carved oak, hers of white fir, stained dark with painted bird’s-eye grain.

“Welcome, Mr. Cooler, Mrs. Cooler. Please, give me your coats and have a seat.

“You’ll find a few small treats and a bottle of red wine in the front parlor. Please, help yourself.”

The small pair made their way into the parlor as the thin couple called Barcells walked in, receiving the same greeting. Others arrived, invitees to make the marks feel comfortable. Kiely recognized a couple of them, dressed well but obviously in borrowed suits. Jason entered and closed the door, his hair full of kicked up dust. Marcy made her way to the chair closest to the stairs.

“Welcome to the séance, my friends. Each of you were invited for the purpose of contact, a contact you wish to make with a world beyond. I am surrounded by a great energy, the concentrators are increasing my awareness of the Away, the other side of our world. If you will all take hands, we can begin.”

Kiely turned the handle on the controller until the charge had been achieved. She then flipped the bar and held the keys. Instantly, those holding hands could feel something that Kiely had never experienced in her tests: the breeze. A stiff breeze, not of air, but energy: colder than any wind off an icy lake. The cold kept each of the séance participants in their seat. Marcy had been through this, typically a window would be opened, sending the chill through those in the room. This time, no shill had opened a window, the energies bringing the cold were real.

“Feel them enter, the powers flowing from the coldest realm. Close your eyes, feel the surge, resist the cold and find your inner strength.”

Madame Van Der Rotte’s experiences on the road came into play. The eye-closing usually allowed Jason to put ectoplasmic cheesecloth on her, or brush a kerchief across a ladies neck for a cheap shiver. But now, a real image began to take form on the table. All the eyes were closed, save for Kiely’s, who saw the dream reflected. The woman stood tall and proud but all she could see was a back with an apron tied, a familiar double bow holding the strings. She had none of the gauziness the other visions had shown. Just a solid light giving birth to something far.

“Open your eyes, my friends, see what our energies have brought forth.”

The eyes opened and all were pushed harder into their seats. No one heard a breath escape from the circle. Marcy could feel the effect of whatever Kiely projected, the grip on either side too fear-frozen to break. She kept her eyes closed as she spoke, adding to the image of her power over other worlds.

“Now, spirit, turn to me. Show me the face you wore in life. Show the circle who you are.”

The spirit turned counter-clockwise and Mrs. Barcells gave a slow, low gasp when it faced her. As soon as the spirit had gone fully to Marcy, Kiely could make out the vision she had wished to call. Many times had Kiely seen it, seen it

from the corner of her eye in the days when she still lived in the house. Kiely had confirmed what she had always believed: the spirit of her mother still watched over them.

Marcy opened her eyes, took a moment to focus them on the solid light on the table. Her mother, dead nine years, stood there in front of her, the stare going beyond her, her once warm eyes lost. Marcy could not move, always having dismissed Kiely’s stories of ghosts and feeling mother’s presence. These eyes were not warm, these eyes were cold, beyond the world. Marcy spoke, an airy note coming from her throat.

“Mother?”

The image of their mother looked down. Kiely had lied: this was no Magic Lantern show. Her eyes lost all appearances of Madame Van Der Rotte, instead becoming the young girl scared of thunder. Marcy stood, shock belting her to her feet. A scream came to her lips, but no voice could be given. This image was not a faded photograph in time, but a spirit she would never wish to see again.

She reached back, the Shadowcatcher whistling under the padding Kiely had added to silence it. Marcy took it by the tripod and pushed it down, the crash of glass and splintering of wood echoing through the house. Kiely stood, pushing tears and hair from her eyes. She ran down the stairs as the others were gripped down by what they had witnessed. Marcy ran across, breaking the circle. She reached the second Shadowcatcher as Kiely made the bottom of the stairs, noticing the fading of the image. Marcy pushed it hard into the wall, the crash even more damaging than the first.

“Marcy, don’t! It’s all I have left of mother! How can you...”



Marcy had already set herself upon the final device, pulling the tubes and projector apart and throwing the metal to the ground as Kiely reached her. Kiely turned and looked at where her mother had been.

Nothing.

Not a trace of the once solid glow of the woman Kiely had needed to contact. Marcy fell to the ground, tears now flowing from her eyes. The chill wind rushed away as suddenly as it had appeared. Jason had thrown open the curtains, the sound tearing through each viewer. Kiely went to the first machine Marcy had attacked.

Destroyed. The tubes shattered, the projector unrepairable.

She quickly pushed her way through the lot, scrambling for the door.

The second, destroyed though the coils were probably still useable.

Marcy had thrown herself on the floor, tearing at the remaining pieces of the third Shadowcatcher. Her eyes throwing water down on the dark wood, sizzling on the tubes.

Kiely fell back against the wall. After less than a minute, only the three of them remained; Marcy still breaking the pieces with now bloody hands and Jason holding the stairpost for support. No one said anything. Each had been destroyed. Jason's dreams of money, broken with crying fists. Marcy's hopes of respect, dead by suicide. Kiely's wish for her mother to return, in broken glass and wood around the parlor. No one would speak for almost an hour, though the silent tears were soon replaced with heavy sobs. Jason helped Marcy up, took her to the auto in the barn and then away, away from Kiely. As soon as she could stand on her own, Kiely gathered the pieces, tried to reassemble what she could, stayed up all night, rebuilding and failing, and trying again.

That year, Kiely only saw the outside once every day, when picking nuts or fruits. She stopped trading for milk, instead drinking water. She spent most of her days on the step, staring at the makeshift Shadowcatcher standing in front of

the door. Sitting next to her, the faint image of her mother, staring beyond the hallway, looking back on days when she would watch her daughters play on the porch.

***And Now you See why I don't write Fiction anymore***



***LoC from Judith Morel (Kinda)***

***I got this from Judith not too long ago. Most of the Drink Tank Regulars don't LoC much anymore, but this was one that I liked, so here it is.***

Chris, your hatred of Eric Clapton aside, I must say that I enjoyed the short throw-back issue. I didn't get to read the first dozen issues until a few weeks ago and compared to the ones you've been putting out for a few weeks, they're all crap, but the article on Buckethead, the look at Nolan was what I'd expect from a guy who won't shut up about them and the article on M was just an excuse to show a picture of her all corsetted up. I don't blame you for that: it must be one of the things that keep people reading. Scantly clad nymphets, as Frank called them, always draw.

I'd hope you do more issues like that again, since I thought it was fun and cute and there was less to work through than in your other issues.

But for Christ's sake, get a spell-checker!  
Judith

---

## Some Seriously Messed Up Thoughts From Usually Smart People

There are a lot of quotes that are famous for being lame, and I figured you'd all like to have a laugh at a few of the hair-brained thoughts of some usually very smart and forward-looking people.

- I went to see Professor Douglas Hartree, who had built the first differential analyzers in England and had more experience in using these very specialized computers than anyone else. He told me that, in

his opinion, all the calculations that would ever be needed in this country could be done on the three digital computers which were then being built — one in Cambridge, one in Teddington, and one in Manchester. No one else, he said, would ever need machines of their own, or would be able to afford to buy them.

***This is often confused with Tom Watson Sr. Sayign that there was a market for Maybe 5 Computers. As far as the three differential analyzers, with three you could pretty much do all you'd ever need, but computers have so many more possibilities that you COULD use more than a few.***

“Fred, why would anyone in their right mind do this when they can use the U.S. mail to deliver packages?”- A Professor at Yale to Fredrick Smith ***Fred Smith outlined his plans for Federal Express in a paper for a class. The Story goes that he got a C (or a D) and that the prof thought the idea was good, but that he'd have to come up with something that would WORK if he wanted a good grade. Still, the USPS had a much better reputation back in the early 1970s.***



“There is no reason for any individual to have a computer in his home.” -Ken Olsen, Founder of Digital Equipment to Mr. David Ahl.

***There were a few folks who said similar things to people like Steve Wozniak, but this one was from a guy who usually saw things right.***



**Santa Clara's Own Porn Star Shanna McCullough** means Writing About Prostitutes, or at least it did back in the glorious days of Greece. It would be fair to say that the basic concept of porn dates back to that period, but porn as we know it is much younger.

About the time film was invented, the porno film was invented. Some of Edison's original films were of nude women frolicing. There were several French films made before the turn-of-the-Century that were nude women bathing and such. These might be better considered erotica, along with Nude Women Wrestling on the Beach from 1899. The first porn titles that most people cotton are from 1907 and 1908. Ther's a French film from 1908 which has a very typical scene from the history of French porn: A soldier stops at an inn and nails a servant girl. By 1910 the standard forms had been set, including a German film called Am Abent which had the Guy Walks In On Girl In Self-Love thing already dead-centered. That's the most important porn tradition and the basis for most porn-referencing comedy.

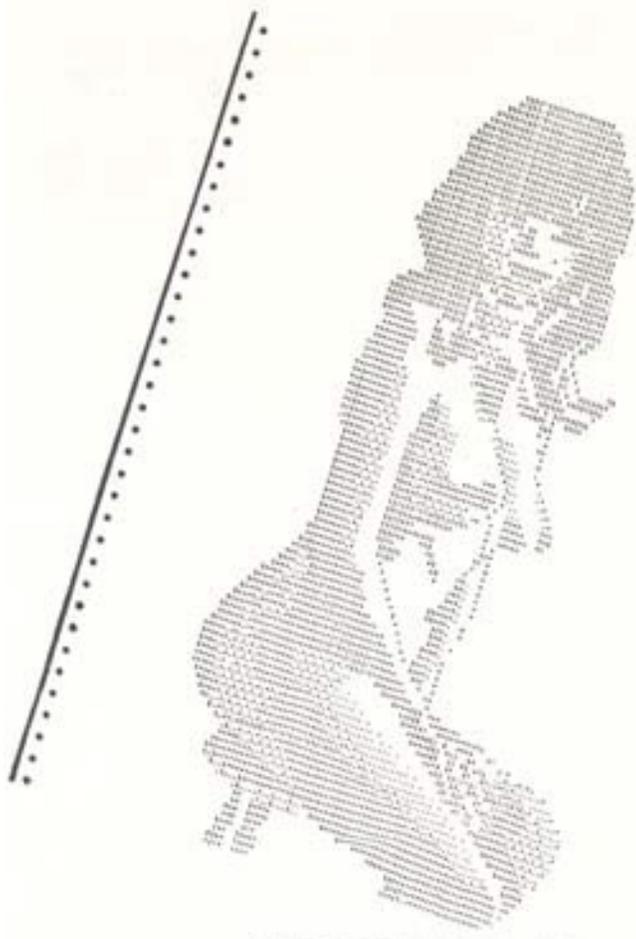
In the 1920s, the Tiajuana Bible came to be. These are pocket-sized porn books which depicted anything from Mickey and Minnie Mouse goin' at it to Joe DiMaggio hittin' a home run, if you know what I mean. These were big through the 1950s, when they were replaced with the men's magazine. Playboy and other magazines became the biggest sellers, but there were always nudie mags if you went lookin' for 'em. Hard Core Magazines started popping up more and more, though always undercover.

Pornographic books and erotica had been

## Who Invented Porn?

That's a question that I've had for years. Who would have thought that images and sounds of people having sex would be good for what ails ya? I did some digging and here's what little I have to show for my research.

Pornography means Writing About Prostitutes, or at least



around forever, just ask Earl Kemp, but there was an explosion following the advent of the paperback. A lot of my early porn was non-illustrated.

The first internet porn was actually ARPAnet porn. ASCII art was a popular way of making pictures that could be printed on line printers back in those days. While The Mona Lisa, Snoopy and other popular characters were standards, nothing was more popular than the naked lady. People would post them to time-sharing services or to sites on the ARPAnet, and they'd always get taken down. There were two kinds of people who accessed them: those that made sure they got them sent off to a printer before they were removed and those that sent them to the card punches so they could run the deck and print them at their leisure.

So, who invented pornography? The stuff that most folks today tend to think of as porn was probably invented in the early part of last Century. The porn film as we know it and the dirty magazine both popped up sometime around then and grew up in the 1960s and 70s, exploded in the 80s and became staples of the internet in the 1990s. Sadly, there's still no answer as to who invented it!



That picture up there is of UCLA in 1969, September something or another. That's Leonard Kleinrock and Vint Cerf sending the first message on what would become the ARPAnet, which would become the internet, which would become the Universal Time Sink. It's one of the images in the collection of the Museum that I like to have on my personal machine. That's a great moment in history! There's only one known photo of it (and a few staged photos from a few hours later) and it's almost never seen! When we get requests for images of the ARPAnet, I always send it with an explanation and I always get the same response: 'Do you have something that shows more of the machine/code'.

People just don't know what's important.

---

---

## That Thing Geniuses Do

The smartest person I've ever met is probably Mr. Daniel Hillis. If that name means nothin' to you...well, it's not surprising. He's a big figure in the world of Massively-parallel Supercomputing, but not really well-known outside of it. Well, except that he's had a couple of Scientific American articles about him and his latest work, The Clock of the Long-Now that is designed to keep 100% accurate time for ten thousand years so that people of the future will know all about us. He wasn't always a guy working on pointless projects like that though.

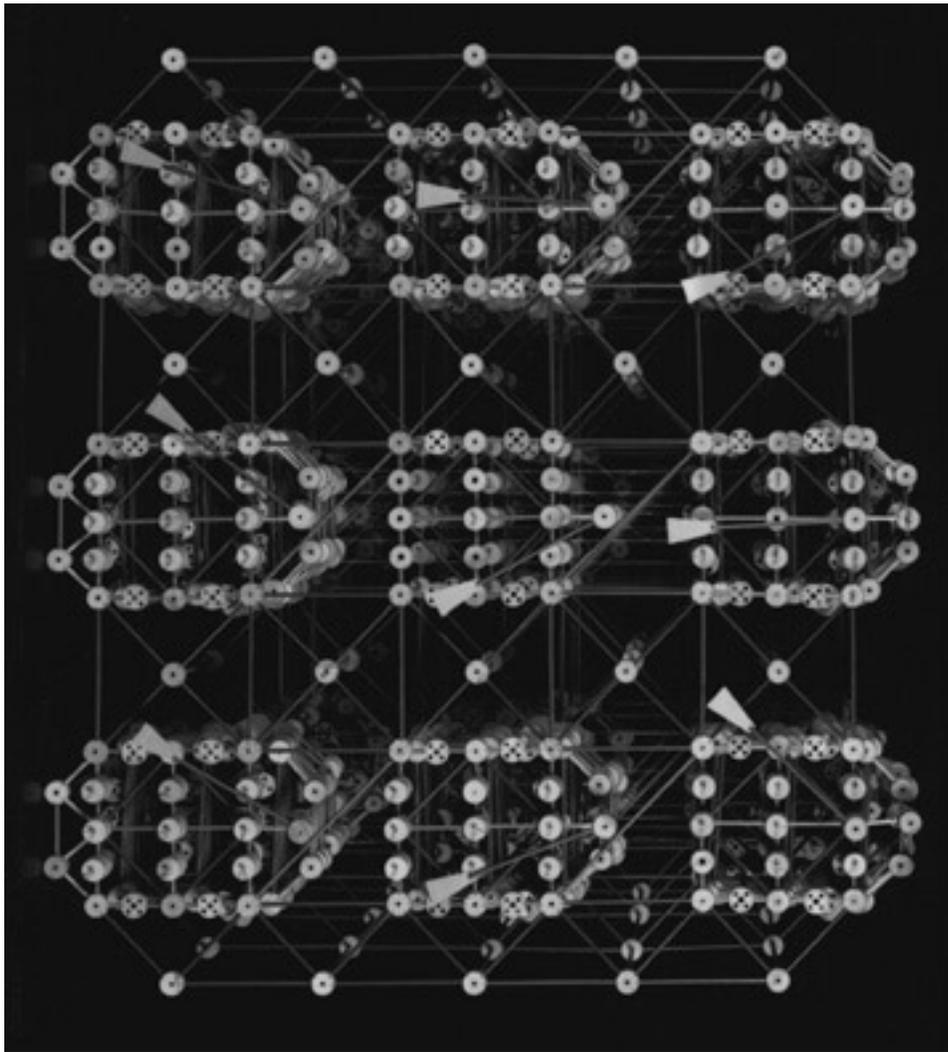


He designed one of the most innovative computers of the 1980s, the famed Connection Machine with its 64k 1-Bit processors. He also designed the Datavault mass storage system. True, he did very little of this alone (he worked with a guy name of Guy Steele) but he was a driving force behind Thinking Machines Corp. and all sorts of computers.

But before that, he had another idea.

You see, in the 1970s, a good idea was all the rage, and a bad idea that could be turned into something fun was even better. Hillis, along with a couple of friends, designed a Tic-Tac-Toe machine that would never lose. They built it out of Tinkertoys. That's right, the greatest tic-tac-toe machine ever created was made out of Tinkertoys.

Here's how it worked. There were levers with flags on them. If the flag was pointed to the direct left, it was an empty space. If the flag was tipped upwards, it was an X. Downwards and it



was an O. (For the Brits in the Audience, Down = Naughts, Up = Crosses). The machine had a series of gates that moving a particular flag would trip,, These were all powered by fishing line connected to the various Tinkertoy parts. It would immediately make a move and then you'd have to make your move. It was so very simple, but it would never lose.

It might jam, the fishing line might break and it might be almost impossible to move the levers, but it would always either win or tie.

This piece was in the collection of The Computer Museum when I worked there in Boston from 1998 through 1999. When it was taken over by the Museum of Science, I am led to believe that it went with the delivery and that it might even be on display currently there. I played it only once.

We tied.

---

So there's another issue of The Drink Tank. I hope you enjoyed the Inventive goings-on as much as I did. The next issue will be far more normal with sex and drugs and music and...well, this issue had all of those too, but the next one will be a regular version of all that stuff.

In other news, I'm now President of the N3F. Cinequest starts next Wednesday and I'm psyched. I'm recruiting a new fan artists who I think will make The Drink Tank, SF/SF, Claims Department and my Everlasting Club sub The Thing Just Off-Screen into better-looking pieces of work.

Next issue will feature a Frank Wu cover, articles by Judith and M and all sorts of stuff from me. Kisses!