



*The Drink Tank 70 Talks About 12 Days of Cinequest and Why
Christopher J. Garcia ll Never Be The Same Again*



This Issue won't be nearly as sexy as issue 69, but it will take a long look at what I've been up to with Cinequest. I'm starting it just twelve or so hours since the end of the Closing Night Party. Enjoy.

Cinequest 2006 or Why Nothing is The Same

I want nothing more than a lot of sleep. A whole lot of sleep. It's been almost two weeks since I got myself enough rest. So, after I checked out of my hotelroom, I came home, threw on a DVD of Mr. & Mrs. Smith, started this issue and then went to bed, snuggled up warm in my own bed. Strangely, it was during that long nap that I realised exactly how much I wanted to

be back at Cinequest and exactly what CQ means to me as a person and a dreamer. It's never easy the day after the fest but this year was even harder than any other year. I've often said that Cinequest is like a twelve day Con with tonnes of programming and a decent con suite. This year is the perfect example of that. Let's start at the beginning.

Wednesday- March 1st

I show up early. I always do, and I helped Miss Stephanie Nix to set up the Hospitality Lounge.

It was a lot of carrying, and while I could have just sat around and done nothing, I helped where I could and got things all set up. In a strange twist, I had to decollate a bunch of packets. That was weird. I had to do a few little things, like picking up my paycheck and buying things to keep my car working as a base of operations while I was at the fest. When I got back from that, it was time to meet the friends.

I ran into Griffin, a guy I've talked with at Cinequest for years and who has done the video news for the festival for a number of years now. We had an exchange and he's always in that weird form of humor which is incredibly

dark. I asked him how he was doing.

"Well, I've been better. I stubbed my toe, I was fired, I found out that my dog died, that I had rickets, that I had been secretly married and then divorced and that I had AIDS."

Knowing that Griffin was kidding around, I found the only appropriate response to my man.

"Wow, bad news about the whole AIDS thing. It's tough when you get it as an adult. You really should have tried to get it when you were younger."

I know that exchange alone makes me a bad, bad man.

Natasha showed up. I don't see the girl enough anymore, so that's always a plus. We chatted and waited for the rest to show up. They were late and after an hour or so, we left and got some dinner. Of course, the folks arrived exactly at that moment. The



Natasha, Jason and Griffin taken by Anna

group we were waiting on was Jason Schachat, who you may remember as the artist of issue #2 of Claims Department, Steve Sprinkles, who did issue #1 of CD, and Kate Kelton, Canadian of Czech extraction and German birth who is the star of *The Last Woman on Earth*. I had seen Steve over Christmas, but I hadn't seen Jason since Baycon and Kate since we got back from Disneyland in October 2004. It was wonderful to get back with them and the stuff started flowing, all the good thoughts and weird ideas that drip from us like ichor. I've wanted to use ichor for a while, so I'm sorry for that.

We headed into the beautiful California Theatre. The California is a beautiful theatre that was originally the Fox, and they've restored it to the Arts & Crafts glory that it once was. I love the California even more than the Stanford which I love so much. It's gorgeous and the screen is silver, ready to glow with whatever you show on it. They chose a great film for Opening Night too.

I love Christopher Buckley. He's the son of another of my all-time faves, William F. Buckley. Now, I know that sounds weird, but if you ever saw his appearance on *Laugh-In*, you'll know that he's a funny funny man (the gag about Rowan springing springing for a plane with two right wings is one of the classic political lines) and I love Chris's



writing. His book *The White House Mess* was the first I read, but then I got ahold of the book *Thank You For Smoking* and I knew what the perfect political satire was like. I read it and then reread it about a year later...and once more after that. I've passed it around to other folks, many of whom have really enjoyed that as well. They made a movie out of it, featuring Aaron Eckhart (born and raised in Santa Clara County, just like me) Katie Holmes, William H. Macy and Robert Duvall. The film is about a lobbyist for the Tobacco industry who ends up kidnapped. The kidnappers try and kill him using nicotine patches. Funny bit. Sadly, they changed much of the ending of the book and got rid of a couple of characters, so things in the film are much more open-ended, though I do like the final outcome of the changes. It was a really good opening night film, though some complained that it was

too 'Hollywood'.

There's a tradition after the opening night film where I go and get a little sloppy for an evening. This year, I didn't get sloppy at all, I just had a glass or two of free wine and talked. The place they held the party, Paragon in the Hotel Montgomery, was smallish, so after 250 people were let in, they had to stop allowing folks to enter. Me and Natasha and Kate had made it in, so we brought stuff out to our comrades in line. That was nice of us.

The party went on and I reconnected with friends from previous years and then met a few folks, like Wayland and Holly from *The Marionette*, Ryan from a *Colombia* and the folks from *Chalk*. Nice people one and all. I was there until one-ish and then headed home for sleep.

Thursday The Second

Woke up, got out of bed, lost a brush inside my hair. OK, that's not true, but I was up and smellin' sweet by ten am. I headed over and spent some time at the Hospitality Suite. That's where filmmakers hang and the highest level of passes can go there too. I hung out and met folks and we ended up heading off to see *The Big Question*. Mike Flores (who Invented The Cheese Grater and was the First to Climb Mt. Killamánjaro) joined me. I'd already seen it at Cinema Epicuria in Sonoma twice last year, announcing it both

Mike Flores!



times. It's a good little documentary, but I only made it through 1/2 of it because I was late for picking up Evelyn. I watched her until 9ish and then came back. I saw a short but I didn't actually watch a full movie. For the first time since I started with Cinequest, I hadn't watched at least two movies on the first full day. Wow.

Friday the 3rd

The third day featured my first announcing duties. I've been thought of as the best Theatre Announcer for a few years now. The guy who I always thought of as the Big Guy in Theatre Announcement hasn't been back to CQ in a couple of years. I miss Mr. Ed Soohoo, the guy who taught me every-

thing I know about how to sell a movie to a crowd that's already bought tickets. On that first Friday, I announced three shorts programmes, but first, I had lunch.

Jason and I have a tradition of going for Mongolian BBQ, so we gathered everyone we could to go and get some fine food. Wayland and Holly of *The Marionette* along with Jason, Kate Natasha and Steve. We were loud and dirty and strange and had a good time. Holly, the director of *The Marionette* and a lovely lass, was a lot of fun and actually managed to match me on the 'Holy Jesus that was Wrong' scale.

The first one was a massively sold-out programme of Comedies called *Hit The Ground Laughing*. I did the write-up in the programme guide and it included a lot of wonderfully funny shorts. Scott Allen Perry, who directed *Side Effects* a few years ago, had a short in competition too, so we had a chance to catch up. The movies were really funny too. *The Method*, which Scott was in, was a film that Cinequest made possible because the star and the director all met at Cinequest. It's the story of a guy getting the biggest audition of his life and going to Master Kowalski to get training in *The Method*. That was my fave, though *The Racist Brick*, about a guy making a video for the funeral of his best friend, and *K-7*, about an interview for a new CIA killer, were both great too.

After that, I got a few minutes to prepare and ended up announcing a series called *In Combination*. The tone of the programme was darker than most, with a few real heartbreakers in there, but there was a great comedy and a really strong experimental piece. The two best pieces are *Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been*, a short based on the story by Joyce Carol Oates (one of my Profs from back in the Day) and *The Method* (not the same as the one in Comedies) which was long but with all the darkness around it, it got big laughs. My fave was *The Lookaway Life*, which told the tale of a man who has to pay a hooker to have arguments with him since he can't fight with his wife. I'm glad my relationship with my whore is far simpler.

The final programme, which started after Midnight, was called *Mindbenders*. This was a combination of all different sorts of mindfucks. There was an animation called *Keep It Real, Dawg* which was bizarre. It did introduce the *PCP-Upgrade* and the *Eye of the Bear-Tiger* which became running gags. This was where *The Marionette* showed and also the only real SF short called *A Through M*, all about futuristic torture. It was a strong programme with a lot of good old fashioned films you could either love or hate.

Saturday the 4th

I made a mistake. I agreed to do more Theatre Announcing on Saturday starting at 9am. Mindbenders ended around 2:30, so sleep did not happen much. The first film was a feature romantic comedy from Brazil, which I watched a fair amount of but had to leave because I was about to fall asleep. The second film was a documentary about a guy who moves into an old folks home called Andrew Jenks: Room 335. I didn't see all of it, but what I saw I really enjoyed.

That night we all hung out and here I introduce you to the good people with the film Dancing. They were VJ,



Dashiel, Oscar and others. We had wild fun all week. We had met on Thursday, it would seem, but I don't remember when. We chatted and drank and had a wonderful time.

Sunday the 5th

This was the day of our World Premiere. Kate and Steve and Jason and I were all revved up and we got the word out more. A lot of folks we knew were there. All in all, we, along with the other movies showing with us, managed to sell out the San Jose Rep and we were the first short shown. We got a great reaction, but more importantly, I got a good laugh for my one silent gag. That was enough to make me smile. Gen, Evelyn, My Mom, and just about everyone else I know, came and saw and laughed. Good stuff.



Next was Oscar night. We all watched a movie or two (nothing exciting) and then the Oscars happened. I arrived at Paragon to join the crew there. We were in the expensive seats, which somehow Dashiel had secured without question. After a period of complaints, mostly about noise, we were booted. Yeah, we're a boisterous bunch. We then headed out to the Camera 12 where they were showing it on the big screen. I got to see my hero Robert Altman receive his Honorary Oscar and then we fled there because we were again just too darn loud. I did answer a trivia question (who won the very first Oscar, the answer being Emile Jennings) and we wandered to the bar called The San Jose Bar & Grill.

The place was dead, but we got them to put on the Oscars and we

watched it there being loud, drunken and boisterous. Anna, who did most of the photos you'll be seeing in this article, joined us and we had a great time. After the Oscars ended, the lot of us headed back to the Paragon and sat in the bar portion and chatted and drank. I had a Mint Julep that was really good. The bar specializes in Mojitos, which others enjoyed. We were witty, filthy and if the Algonquin Round Table still existed, they'd have been proud to invite us as members...or at least I'd like to think that.

The night ended late again, and after I sobered up enough, I drove home for a night's sleep.

Monday The 6th

I only spent a few hours at the fest since I had to watch Evelyn. I came and I hung around the Hospitality Suite, went to lunch with folks and then went and watched Evelyn. After that, I returned for the party. I stayed a couple of hours, had a couple of drinks and then headed home.

Tuesday the 7th

For the last few years, I've been doing a programme for Cinequest where a group of fourth graders come and we discuss how to watch movies. We picked out three shorts, all of which had a little violence in them. We watched them and then we discussed. IT was a good showing and the kids



actually paid attention. I managed to get them to understand the concept of Genre. That's right, there are about 300 kids in San Jose who could, if you asked them, explain what makes a genre film. They even got the concept of Trope. I barely get it and I managed to pass it on. The kids liked the film Ringo, an experimental film using pieces of Roy Rogers and John Wayne footage to illustrate the song by Lorne

Greene. It's also my personal favourite.

After that, I had to watch Evelyn for a while and then came back to see my pal Ryan's film at Colombia. Not a bad movie, and I announced it so that it would get a good vibe going in. The only issue: the screening ran almost 45 minutes late. Still, fun stuff.

That night, I hung out for a little bit and went home for some real sleep. I managed 7 hours, a rarity, and that

morning finished the lay-out for The Drink Tank Issue 69. M did a good job, though not good enough that I didn't have to scoot one of the articles out for being altogether too pornographic.

Wednesday the 8th

The first full week was over and we were heading into the final weekend. Wednesday was kinda slow. I brought Evelyn out to watch the short Animations and she liked them. The best of them was The Geographical Expeditions of Jasper Morello, which was nominated for the Oscar. Evelyn liked the film called The Flooded Playground more than any of the others.



I dropped her off with her Mom and then headed back, but only for an hour or so. I was starting to notice how tired I was and that meant that I had to rest. Home by 11, I slept well, though not enough to make me feel truly awake the next morning.

Thursday the 9th

Second screening of The Last Woman on Earth and it goes well. People laughed, and unlike last year when The Chick Magnet crashed and burned the second showing, here it played well. Steve and Kate seemed pleased, though the two of them had been having a rough week. My pal Bob Mussett from Boston came and saw

the short. It was great to finally see him since it had been a little over two years since we last met. I took Evelyn home and put her to bed, then when Gen got back, I went to the big Metro VIP party.

The VIP party is a big deal with everyone you could possibly want to hang with there. I hung with VJ and the crew, including a couple of people

I'd never met before. I did spend much of the evening chatting up a lovely young thing named Amy. She was just wonderful and we very much got along. After she left, I hung around with Ali (nice girl, good hair) and then Lon Lopez (director of The Cactus Club Film) and I went for late food at Denny's. I love Denny's and a Grand Slam really hit the spot (and helped me sober up)

Friday the 10th

I love hotels. So, as a treat to myself I got a hotel room for the last weekend. The place I stayed was the Arena Hotel (see Claims Department issue 6) and I had a wonderful time. Whirlpool Tub. I stayed for three nights and had 5 different soaks. So pleasing.

There was a giant Shoot Fighting show at the Arena on Friday night, so there were a lot of folks about town. Jason Alexander and Chuck Norris were both there, but more importantly, I ran into Mike Tyson. No, he didn't bite my ear off, but I said hello and he said hello back. Nice guy.

We enjoyed the day and had lunch at Burrito Factory. Jason and Dashiell and I were on and that meant more evil and wrong comments. That night we watched the Buster Keaton silents at the California and this led to one of the truly great ideas in history.

As the Wurlitzer player was doing his intro, he said that Buster



pair of brothers who find a guy in their corn field. It was a good programme.

That night we saw *Next Door*, a feature from Norway that was great and that I wrote up in Issue 69. Lot's of fun there.

After that, I sorta bummed around a bit and then headed back to the hotel...Saturday Night Live and another Whirlpool Tubbing session followed.

Keaton's film *Seven Chances* had been remade about ten years ago. I leaned over to Jason and said "yeah, they remade it as *Seven*". That was a brilliant statement as we thought that we should remake the final scene of *Seven* with actors playing Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. The title card for 'What's in the !@#\$\$%^E& box' would make it all too perfect.

That night we partied a little, but I went back to hang out in my hotel room. Whirlpool tub? check. Good TV? check. All was wonderful and I slept a bit before waking up for Saturday fun.

Saturday the 11th

I was working on Saturday so I announced a couple of movies. One was really good. The other kinda weak. I did get to announce a shorts programme called *Seens*, which had a short about Chess and one about a

Sunday The 12th

The last day of the fest and I started to realise that I really didn't want it to be over. I'd made some good friends and I started thinking that I'm not at the point where I can go off and do nothing but make movies, but I'm also not at the point where I could just keep goin' on. I really love the filmmakers that I meet and the process of making films is great, but the money's not there either. such is the problem with the modern world.

The day was movies. I watched *Busgirl* which featured my friend Jessie. She was really good, though the film was a little uneven and oddly paced. After that, it was all about shorts. *Cineverses* was the programme and I loved it.

The two that we saw were *Usu Justo* (meaning Fair Use) and *Five Minutes, Mister Welles*. *Usu Justo*

was an experimental film where a filmmaker took an existing Spanish Hospital film and gave it subtitles that told the story of a bunch of people starring in an experimental film. It was freakin' funny. *FMMW* was about Orson Welles not being able to remember his lines as Harry Lime in *The Third Man*. It was a fun little short, but the projection was off. That sucked. Vincent D'onofrio was great as Welles. Kate Kelton, who had auditioned for the female part, was in the audience and was very impressed.

After that, it was off to the Edward James Olmos event. I've been a fan of his since *Zoot Suit*, and he was a great speaker. They showed his newest film first called *Walkout*.

The film told the story of the 1968 walkouts by Mexican American students in East LA. It wasn't a bad little movie, a little preachy but you kinda have to be with the subject, and the performance of Alexa Vega as the leader of the Walkouts was fantastic and believable.

Eddie then talked and he was good. He talked about *Battlestar Galactica*, which I hadn't expected, and he did some political stuff, which was expected. All in all, it was worth my time, and though I rarely attend *Maverick Spirit* events like that, it was good.

The closing night is always about the party. Blake's at 9. We got



there and the food was really good and the wine and cheese was free. I had a bit much, but I was there all night and I ate well, so it wasn't that bad. I had a lovely conversation with Ali and then another with Amy that really entertained. I like parties, and this was one of the better ones.

So ended my experience. I went back to my hotel, slept, had another whirlpool tub soak and then headed home to sleep again.

Twelve days which will lead to at least one new movie and who knows how many new friendships. I can't wait until Sonoma in April and then Con season will arrive and I'll be moping about because I want to do more cons.

Such is the way of my life.

A through M

If you're looking for straight Science Fiction, you should try and find A through M. If you're squeamish, you should avoid A through M. It's a tale of the future and the story is told in sections with the dividers being the various tortures that a guy is forced to

perform on the woman in order to keep from being murdered. Yeah, it's pretty dark.

While it was beautifully shot, it was hard to watch.

Judith Morel on Chris Garcia's Film The Last Woman on Earth.

If you're the type of person who likes to see sexy ladies parade around in their bras, then this is just the movie for you.

I'm a White Devil by SaBean MoreL

I hate to do it, but reading various pieces of literature lately, I've come up with something that I'm fairly sure most of the readers here have no idea about. The concept is that of Yakub The Scientist.

In the 1900s, a guy named Wallace Fard Muhammad was one of the original founders of the Nation of Islam. He came up with an idea that he pitched to various Nation of Islam members. He said that the White Race was not naturally occurring and had been created by a scientist named Yakub. The story goes that Yakub wanted to create a race of devils to unleash on the good black people of the world.

The premise is that Yakub spent six hundred years grafting various black folk parts together to form a new race. The reason? Well, that's a

good question. The experiment was undertaken on the island of Patmos, where an evil dictatorship ruled. After the six-hundred years, the White Devils were unleashed on the world and quickly took over. They were destined to reign for six thousand years until the rightful rulers would send them packing.

Now, this sounds as weird as anything that Scientologists or Mormons believe, but it's even stranger in my eyes because it's based in the truth that white folks evolved from darker-skinned peoples. Mormonism and especially Scientology are both created from whole cloth.

Most Nation of Islamists no longer subscribe to the Doctrine of Yakub, which raises them somewhat in my eyes, but it's strange that it ever caught on at all. When Malcolm X brought the tale with him while he was on Haj in the 1950s, people reacted with combinations of horror and humor. It couldn't be true, which led to laughter, but NoI members believed, which left people gasping.

This tiny issue of The Drink Tank was written by Christopher J. Garcia, Judith Morel and SaBean MoreL. Chris did layout and Anna Sofia provided us with most of the great photos you see in the long article. Bill Burns did the posting, which makes him Awesomer

Letter Graded Mail Sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org by my gentle readers

Let us open with Mr. Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

It's catch-up time. It's ALWAYS catch-up time! I turn around, catch my breath, and there's three more issues of The Drink Tank. Here are comments on issues 66, 67 and 68.

66...Do Not Disturb? C'mon, folks, we're disturbed enough as it is! Peter Sullivan is right about the FANS of some particular writers. The origin of the word "fan" is short form for "fanatic", and that long form is probably more accurate. For some, not all. Covering my ass, I am...

Kevin Standlee got the doorhanger from the Seattle Radison when he was there for Last Guest Con in February. I wish I could have gone, but this was my tribute.

I've seen The Daily Show, and I've not been impressed. (Oops, gotta watch out for its "fans".) Perhaps I just find comedy shows a little dull. Same old jokes, a few chuckles, but not enough to warrant spending 30 or 60 minutes of my time. I work evenings anyway, so I miss all of this programming anyway. Cartoons have a faster pace than comedies, the scripts are partially for adults anyway, with in-jokes the kids won't get, and I'm

home in the daytime anyway. So, a little time goes to watching The Fairly Odd Parents and Atomic Betty.

I like Atomic Betty, and Evelyn likes Fairly Odd Parents. I like Comedy, which would explain my lame attempts at such in zines like this.

Congrats to SaBean on the ballet position! It's surprising how much ballet there is in Toronto, with the National Ballet School not far from where I work. There's a lot of opera here, too. A new opera house is being built in the downtown area, but there is a major opera house in the neighbouring municipality of Mississauga, and an opera school down the highway in Hamilton, which is better known as a steel town.

She thought of trying to move to Canada to see about getting a gig in the dance community, but then the break-up and the Boston position really settled her out there. I love Opera. I don't know why as it certainly isn't Middle Brow enough for me.

Robots in everyday life, especially the humanoid type (I'm thinking of Asimo, as an example), still seems very Jetsons to me. Perhaps we'd all want an android like Data, but even

the most complex mechanism will still need guidance to know exactly what you really mean. It would be good to have a companion of that sort, but there is still the idea that he could be there to monitor you, and you might feel a little watched after a while. I think terabyte servers are now available, so terabyte hard drives for your computer are just a logical step away.

There's a project that is trying to come up with a list of all needed knowledge that an AI device would need to make it in the world. My only addition: in any movie starring Joe Pantilano, DO NOT TRUST HIS CHARACTER!

A cartoon series called Johnny, Johnny, Johnny and Pony Boy. Well, I think there was a cartoon called Ed, Edd and Eddie, so they might think it's been done. Go ahead and do it; I get the feeling there's lots of folks who think you're an animated cartoon, anyway.

Actually, it's called The Falcons (after the gang they'd like to be) but I remember Ed, Edd and Eddie. Decent show. I'm not a cartoon...am I?

Ontario is a sexy province, hm?

Well, I sure agree. I worked registration at an Interior Design conference recently, and I had to deal with literally hundreds of female Interior Design students, all pretty and smiling, and most were dressed in, shall we say, an entertaining fashion. And I got paid for this? Bonus! Most of the actresses you list do get some local attention through the entertainment papers here, but Sandra Oh got lots of press over her Golden Globe. It's tough for Canadian actors and actresses to get to Hollywood because Customs officials are always suspicious if you are going to Los Angeles one way. They will ask if you have b&w glossies, and if you do, they will probably refuse you entry and send you back. You've got to find a less direct route to get to Hollywood, and that's true in so many ways.

The hoops we had to jump through to get Kate out here prove the statement that getting Hollywood work isn't easy.

I've got CD Stomper as well, and I've used it on my CD burner to make voice sample disks. I still have a few disks left, so I might have to invest. Later today, I have a voice audition to go to, so wish me luck!

Let me know more about that voice work. I'm always looking for voice actors for my various projects.

They'd probably take me as

some kind of pervert, but hugs to the Morel sisters. Can't help but love 'em when they bare their souls. If some of M's writing is making you blush, I can hardly wait to read it. We'll see if it makes the rest of us blush. Hockey... well, the Leafs are failing right on schedule, and Eric Lindros is injured again. All we can do is hope for some luck in the entry draft next year.

The Morels are the best sisters on Earth, even when they are actively plotting each other's demise. As you've seen, the 69 issue is a tad bit heavy on the sex, especially the sex of those friends of M in the lesbian arena. Still, I enjoyed it.

The Danish cartoons...yes, they were offensive to Muslims. Those who reprinted them in the interests of free speech were usually idiots. But, the deed is done, and the demonstrations keep keeping on. Enough already. Militants keep fannish the flames. Apologies are issued, and the riots keep going. It is time to stop the rioting, or they will be stopped if you won't stop yourself.

They've calmed down mostly, but I'm waiting for the next flare up. Most of the papers that did run them (including the Philly Enquirer) showed marked sales advancement.

I know some of the local furies here. I don't know of any of them with

a fursuit, but who knows, perhaps they do. I know that they gather in Algonquin Park once a year for a furry campout. I also know about plushies, which just reinforces my idea that everyone needs someone to look down on, and the furies look down on the plushies. I don't know who the plushies look down on, and I don't want to know.

Good Ghod that's a scary idea.

67...I wish there was some way to reconcile the Morels. If only Dad had been around a little more, Judith and SaBean might not hate each other the way they do. That doctored photo of M.... I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way.

The reconciliation of the sisters has been happening for years. They're much better now than in recent years (or ten years ago). The two spent the better part of a week together and are on much better terms than I've ever heard of them being on. M says she talked to SaBean about Judith and at not time did she refer to her as 'That Stupid Slut'. I've talked to Judith and she didn't say anything resembling 'My Fucking Junkie sister!'. Things are improving

The Xanadu programme...it reminds me of SAP, where one gigantic programme controls every aspect of a

company, from accounting to supplies, and even when to shut the office lights off.

Sorry, Eric Meyer, the photo of the furies is no joke. I've done my research, and I've seen many photos of people in fursuits (fursuited characters have appeared in several recent television shows, I'm told), and I've also seen some of the hand-dawn furryporn. Some parts of fandom, well, I just know too much already, and do not at all wish to know more.

I don't mind Furry Culture, but the Sexual Furry world creeps me out. Furry Porn is weird, but I did see one layout of a girl in a hot corset with all of Ghod gave her hangin' out and little furry racoon ears and a tail that I must admit was really hot.

Hey, M, seduce away. With reading your writing, I'm halfway there. I have seen working dirigibles; the one I'm thinking of is spherical, has an attached platform, moves by rotating the actual helium balloon, and can move many tons fairly quickly. And, I think there's a new German Zeppelin company doing this kind of thing, too.

I'm afraid of what M might do to me now that she's pregnant and has announced that she's at 'M Level 5' of horniness. I really want to hear more about the Zeppelins

that are coming up.

68...And on the cover, there's Chris Garcia, the old crank. I expect that the contents of any bankrupt wax museum will go on the auction block, and be snapped up by other museums. I think there's a Movieland Wax Museum in Niagara Falls.

Yep, they bought some of it, but the largest portion was bought by private collections. I'm hoping that they'll end up back on the block eventually.

Kath Morel in a pretty young lady, too. (I can say that because I'm older than she is, by a couple of years.)

The Morel women age gracefully (SaBean got carded the last time we hung out) and Kath might be the prettiest (according to Judith she is by far, and Judith is a fox herself).

Short issue, but I get the feel you (and the rest of us) are looking forward to issue 69. Let it come, and let's see what we can do with it. (Must...resist...smartass...remarks) Take care, and I hope this letter can make it in.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

And Now, a brief word from Ken Patterson!

Sex Tank 69

...oops... Sorry. Drink Tank! (69,

dude)

OK. You wanted a story about a circus acrobat that wouldn't come down off the wire. Well, you had the short "Up on the Rope" in the Cineverses selections. Except this was a tight-rope obsessed boy who won't come down, or let the girl come up...

-Ken

Good point. I enjoyed that one, and it served as a basis for my brief bit, but really, turned around with it presented as truth and it's a knock-out article!

