



**Claims Department**

**Art Created by Chris using MidJourney**

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## Coffees Drank While Writing Articles

**Tully's Hawaiian Blend**—*Welcome* (Forever Saroyan Office, May 5)

**Starbucks Light Roast**—*The National Video Registry Part 1* (Forever Saroyan Office, May 8)

**Jenna Sue's Sumatran Light Roast** — *I Trimmed My Beard*, *Prompt: Coffee Fashion* (Chris's bedroom, May 6)

**Dunkin Donut's Original Roast**—*Mania Week Part the Last* (Forever Saroyan Office, May 10)

**Peet's Major Dickinson's Roast**—*Writing Poetry, Convention Cancellations*, *Prompt: Coffee Fashion* (Peet's Coffee, Saratoga, CA, May 11)

**Kauai Coffee Vanilla Macadamia Nut**—*Discovering Pixx* (Forever Saroyan office, May 7) *The (Other) Haldeman Stories*, *Alright, That's Enough* (Forever Saroyan Office, May 12)







## Welcome to the third Coffee Issue!

I'm getting ready for Hawaii, which is where I'll likely be when this finally gets released. These are coming pretty fast these days, which I did not expect.

This issue has a lot of the same stuff, I'm about to wrap up Mania week coverage, and after that, I'll be writing a bit there, but probably not too much...unless I can write and hot tub at the same time.

The last few weeks have been hard as far as sleep goes. The youngest hasn't slept well, probably a reaction to their new medications, and that's meant that we don't



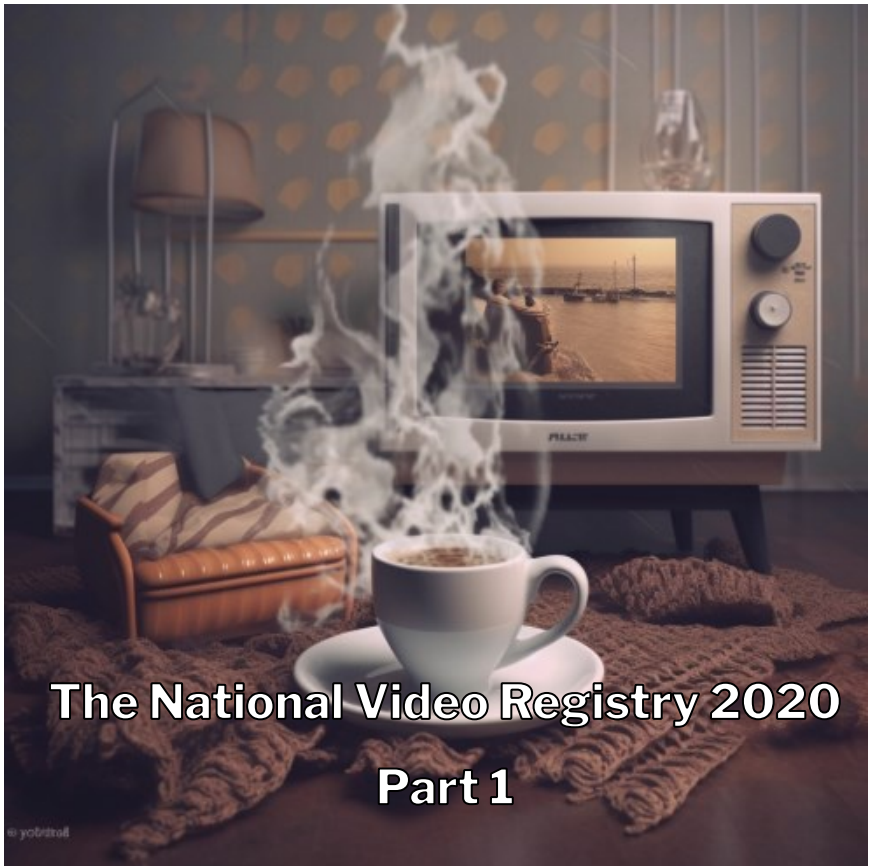
sleep well. Last night, I set us all up on the couch, and we snuggled until they fell asleep about 9pm, early when you consider the previous two nights had been 2:30 and 3am nights.

I just found out that the condo we're staying at in Maui has a Keurig coffee maker. GAME CHANGER!!!

This issue will start with a look at an idea I had ages ago, follow that up with ground I've plowed before, and then PIXX!







OK, it's back.

Way back in 2019, I did a National Video Registry. There's a National Film Registry, which covers movies of all types, and National Recording Registry, which is audio recordings of all types, but nothing for Television, VHS, Webvideos, flash, and more. So, I figured I'd start it.

The first list was published WAY BACK in 2019. It covered a wide range of shows from the 1940s through early 2000s.

In fact, they were -

The Ed Sullivan Show  
Fireside Theatre  
Laugh-In  
Wide, Wide World of Sports  
The Moon Landing  
The Exploding Whale clip  
Texaco Star Theatre  
The Tonight Show  
The Max Headroom Intrusion  
I Love Lucy  
The Cosby Show  
Philco Television Playhouse  
Ali vs. Spinks  
Game 7 of the 1960 World Series  
WrestleMania III  
The first 24 hours of MTV  
All in the Family  
The Assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald  
The Flintstones  
Star Trek  
The Twilight Zone  
Meet The Press  
Saturday Night Live  
Camera 3  
9/11 Coverage

Admittedly, that list is all over the place, but it hits a lot of the important social buttons, many artistic buttons, and certainly has a heavy dip of myself in there too.. What in this world can exist without bias???



I made lists for 2020, 2021, 2022, and 2023, and only now am going to write about them, one cup of coffee at a time, starting with the 2020 list!

### **Rodney King Beating footage**

Let's start with Cultural impact. The video taken of the beating of Rodney King set a series of events in motion that would change political and racial discourse in America pretty much forever. It affected the 1992 Presidential election. It led to the trial that led to the verdict that led to the riots that redefined race relations in LA and also helped to turn the city into a much more militant place. It

was arguably the most important home video footage ever shot. The footage was created by George Holliday, and the Feds, I believe the FBI, still has the original tapes, which I think would mean eventually they'll be turned over to the National Archives.

## **Roots**

Roots was the mini-series based on Alex Haley's book that was a massive ratings hit, one of the most watched programs of all-time, and also started a discussion in television about American history. It launched the career of LeVarr Burton, and watching it recently, the acting so was much better than typical 1970s television fare. There were follow-ons and related works, It's collected at all the major television archives.

## **The 700 Club**

The rise of modern evangelicalism in America ended up changing the way a lot of people viewed TV. Since the beginning, there's been religion on the air, but typically they were either local or rather simply produced, usually regular sermons/revivals shot and presented live. Billy Graham was big into that. The 700 Club turned the whole idea of Christian television on its head. Started by Pat Robertson, it's long-association with Robertson, but was hosted by Jim Bakker, and Robertson when it began in 1966. The show evolved, and when Cable TV took off, it was launched into new heights. It brought the magazine format to the Christian TV world, launched imitators, arguably starting with Bakker's *The PTL Club*,

## **The Honeymooners**

Jackie Gleason was a massive star, and *The Honeymooners* was an off-shoot of *Cavalcade of Stars*, and then *The*

*Jackie Gleason Show* when Gleason left The DuMont for Paley's CBS. The amazing thing, considering the cultural impact it had: it only lasted one season.

## **Sesame Street**

There is no question that this is the most important educational program in history. It's changed American television, and has been exported around the world. The characters have become a major part of American zeitgeist, and the ideas that the show has espoused the entire time have taught a generation. It's also revived interest in puppetry, and has had several major cultural touchstone moments, like the death of Mr. Hooper.





## **The ANTA Show of 1955**

CARE is a charity that gives remittances to Europe. It was founded after WWII. ANTA, American National Theatre & Academy, put on an early version of telethon, but also was shown in movie theatres as a way to raise funds. It was fairly successful, and the broadcast side, done on DuMont, was one of the best of the early telethons and had a massive influence. Perhaps most importantly, it was full of impressive performers, Barbara Bel Geddes, Lena Horne, Ben Gazzara, Helen Hayes, and others, and writers, including William Saroyan. It's held at UCLA's archives.

## **The Bones Brigade skateboarding videos**

These videos are fascinating when you look at what happened in the decades since. These videos, produced by Powell-Peralta skateboard company, the important videos in the series were released from 1984 to 1991.

*The Bones Brigade Video Show* (1984)

*Future Primitive* (1985)

*The Search for Animal Chin* (1987)

*Public Domain* (1988)

*Axe Rated* (1988)

*Ban This* (1989)

*Propaganda* (1990)

*Eight* (1991)

*Celebrity Tropical Fish* (1991)

These videos changed the world of skating, and made stars out of the skaters that appeared, including Steve Caballero, Mike McGill, Lance Mountain, and more than anyone else, an incredibly young Tony Hawk. These were not simply straight ahead documenting of skating, but they had music, skits, and some animation. *Future Primitive* is easily the best of the them as far as antics goes. *The Search for Animal Chin* has a storyline exactly as thin but present as any porn video. The connection between skating and punk rock was already established when these came out, but they were forever cemented. The initial video was only expected to sell about 300 copies - more than 30,000 were sold in the first year.







## **I trimmed my beard.**

I used to go to the barber around the corner from Evelyn's Gramma's house, but it's been yeas. Now, I trim myself.

Using office scissors.

It should be no surprise that there are costs involved with going to a barber. Even if you get what you pay for, some of us can't afford to get what you would have to pay for, so we gotta do it ourself.

I have a trimmer at home, but there are two prob-

lems. The first is that using a mirror at home means being over the sink, and our sinks are not hair friendly if we want them to drain at all. Our plumbing, somehow, is at least a century older than the century-old house we inhabit. The other problem is that this beard is thick, dense, tangled, and unmanageable. I would seriously stress out the trimmers giving it a go.

So, the last couple of years, I've had to trim at work, using the scissors in the drawer of my desk.

The odd thing is, since I can watch in the mirror in the bathroom that only I use.

I've gotten pretty good at it, and what's really strange isn't that I do it, but when. It's never a *Summer is coming up, I better get shorn scenario, but more a Huh, it's been a while...* thing.

And often, neither the wife nor kids will notice for days, and sometimes weeks!







## **Mania Week— Part the Last**

**I got to snuggle Vanessa.**

I got to my Mom's about Midnight, belly still full of Zankou. The Chicken Tarna really is glorious, and even with the extreme amount of garlic I ate, I was in heaven as I pulled in, and headed into the bedroom. Mom always sleeps on the couch when we visit (and I'm told a fair chunk of the time we don't) so Vanessa, who had flown



down with the kids a few hours before, was in bed. I spooned my sweet darling who I hadn't seen since I left, since I watched 6 wrestling shows, since I ate at Bob's, Anderson's, Zankou, House of Pies, all of it. The kids were actually largely awake when I got there, but they settled down and fell asleep pretty quick.

In the morning, Vanessa had an early flight back, but I still managed to wake up about 5, make her coffee, and kiss her goodbye. The kids woke up about an hour before I left, so I made them breakfast, yogurt and fruit, and then went to Starbucks and got Bella a coffee.

My seven year old loves coffee, and only gets any about three times a year.

I ate left over chicken from the night before, and then drove back to the Ukrainian Culture Centre for the final show I'd be seeing—Effy's Big Gay Brunch.

Now, the is kinda misleading. No, not the Effy part, he's a popular wrestler on the indy scene who incorporated an out-and-tough act that drew major attention. No, not the gay part, almost every performer was some variety of queer. No, not the big, I believe this was the show that had the most individual performers on it.

The lie was the Brunch. There was no brunch, but a show that starts at 10am deserves to be called a brunch, I guess.

The show was great. A few of the stars from earlier shows were on it, notably Sawyer and Dark Sheik, and a guy who I loved named Mike Parrow.



Now, Mike is a giant human being, kinda scary lookin', but he's just about the nicest guy I've ever met. I talked to him for about twenty minutes the night before. He's a super-talent, and even did a brief with spot with the Yoshhiko. the doll who is also a wrestling champion. He and Effy

were two of the driving forces for the current queer wrestling explosion, and showed up in my buddy Ry's movie *Out in the Ring*. He was in the main event with Effy, who ended up so bloody by the finish that I don't think I've ever seen anyone as geeked as that in person. It was a fun show, and I'm glad I made the trip for this single show, driving three hours round trip for a two hour show.



Because WrestleMania Night one was coming!

WrestleMania itself was in LA, but I had promised JP that I would watch Mania with him at Gramma's house. I used to love watching wrestling with my dad, so I said OK. Besides, WrestleMania tickets were super-expensive. I drove back, NOT stopping at Zankou! I did buy a bag of nuts when I stopped to buy gas, though.

Getting back to Mom's, the kids were actually gone, headed off to Palm Springs for a bit. I enjoyed some rest, made myself a small lunch, then watched the NXT show that ran in the morning. NXT is the development league for WWE and it's had some of the greatest matches in wrestling history. In recent months, it hadn't been at that level, but there's still a whole lot of talent there. The show was really good, and I'm glad I took the time.



Just as the show ended, the kids came home and they were happy to see their Papa! We cuddled up on the couch and watched some cooking shows (we love *Guy's Grocery Games!*) and waited for Mania to start.

JP wanted his secret stew.

I'm about to spill the beans on that.

JP's secret stew is, as he tells it 'Steak with onions, carrots, potatoes, and delicious seasonings.'

That's a pretty basic stew, and I've made it for him five or six times, never the same way twice, but always he says "perfect like always, Pops!"

This is roughly the recipe for this one.

Brown two pounds of stew meat in a little bit of oil, adding a touch of salt and pepper. When it's all brown, add carrots and celery and cook that together for a few minutes. Then add a box of beef bone broth, and squeeze in those tubes of crushed garlic, onion, add some Worcestershire sauce, add Italian seasoning, thyme, and lemon pepper. Bring to a boil briefly, then turn to medium-low heat for an hour or so, then add 1 1/2 cubed potatoes. Cook it all until the potatoes are tender.



Here's the real trick—using a slotted spoon, take out the chunky stuff and set it into a large bowl for a bit. Bring the remaining liquid to a boil, then add a cup of good red wine (we tend towards a sweet red, in this case a decent Syrah) and then make a slurry with a tablespoon of cornstarch and the hot liquid. Add it to the liquid and stir until it's thickened. It shouldn't be THICK but certainly less thin. Add a mess load of pepper, and a little more garlic paste. Add the chunky stuff back in and let it come down to a reasonable temperature before serving.

JP said "Perfect, like always, Pops!"

We watched Mania, enjoying the stew.

The show itself was really good, with an amazing main event where Sami Zayn and Kevin Owens won the World Tag Team Championship. There was a woman's match between my favorite, Rhea Ripley, and Charlotte Flair, that was really good too, told a great story, and showed that they were able to clearly headline with this feud on a show like this if they were given the chance. The show was really good, with lots of spectacle, though JP mostly just played with his tablet.

We then went to bed. I was pooped. There was a Lucha show at the UCC, but I was way too tired to make the round trip.

The next morning, we all woke up, I drank three things of coffee. Mom made bacon for us all, pancakes for the kids, and cashews, raspberries, and bacon for me. That's a great breakfast as far as I'm concerned. We then headed to the San Bernadino County Museum. It's a real-





ly good science/local history museum. They have a lot of fossils found in the area, so they had skeletons! They also had a nice exhibit on oranges and the business that grew up around them.

After that, we went and grabbed lunch. There are a lot of places in Beau-

mont, in the middle of the SoCal mountainside desert region, but the best are almost all Mexican places. We grabbed tacos, and boy were they good! Maybe not Zankou good, but good enough that I was happy to eat 'em!

WrestleMania night 2 was on later, but I spent the time in-between taking a long bath with Epsom salts, watching *Bob's Burgers*, our family's favorite grown-up cartoon, working on *Journey Planet*, because when am I not?, and planning dinner. This time, dinner was a massive chicken, mashed sweet potatoes, cauliflower (which I skipped) and a really nice quesadilla that Bella asked for but only ate half of. It wasn't a bad meal at all.

The second night was better than the first when it came to wrestling action. The three-way Intercontinental championship match between Gunther, the 6'4 massive wall of a man who had been champ for nearly a year, Drew McIntyre, 6'4 or so and made of muscle, and Sheamus, a 6'6 or so pasty white Irish feller who is also buff beyond all reason. The match was hard-hitting and perfectly placed on the show. These guys can all go, and go they did.

The woman's title match between Bianca Belair and Asuka was really good too.



The main event was good, but really, it ended with Cody Rhodes losing to the long-term champ Roman Reigns, which was unexpected, but also not at all unexpected. The crowd kinda felt deflated by the ending, though the match was really good.

After that, bed. It was a good day.

I woke up, called Vanessa to let her know that I would be home about 7. I Played

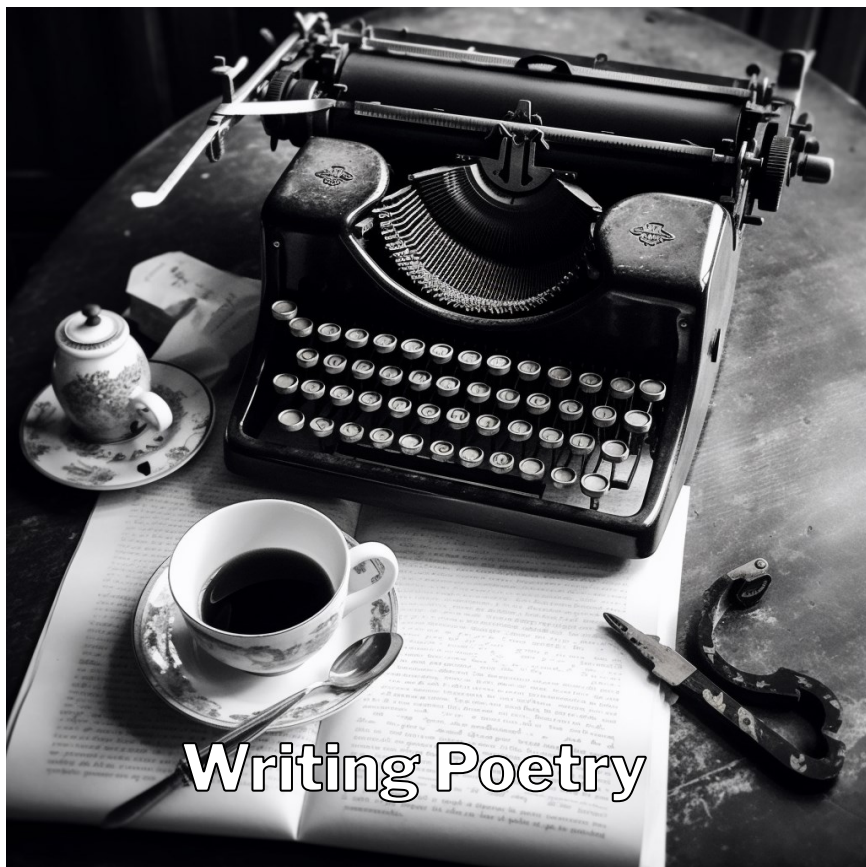
with the kids a little, made them breakfast, and packed up the car. I'd be flying down in a few days to pick the kids up and fly back with 'em, but they had Gramma and Auntie Susie all to themselves for a few days.



The trip was great. LA means something special to me, it always has, since I was a kid. The places I went all had ties to important things in my life. Bob's with my Dad, House of Pies with Forry and the Harrys, Zankou with my book, and of course, my kids, waiting for me to share the things I loved to do with my Dad.

They're a wonderful pair of beastlings, but after waiting 40 years to have 'em, and being told I'd never have my own for about 20 of those years, I can't imagine life without 'em.

I drove home, up 101. I stopped at a Golden Corral. I've only ever eaten at one once, and it was a short trip. I ate well, my only meal between Beaumont and Boulder Creek, 8 hours of driving. I stopped for gas once. I stopped for a bottle of water once. I stopped to download a new audiobook, a great one by famed criminal profiler John Douglas about the famous cases like Jack the Ripper, JonBenet Ramsey, The Zodiac, and Black Dahlia. It wasn't light listening, but it was enlightening.



## Writing Poetry

### **We did a *Drink Tank* about poetry.**

I've written poetry for decades, and I've only had a few of them published. I'm also a fan of gimmick literary zines. In the 1990s, there was *From Parts Unknown* that published work about masked wrestling that included some incredible writers writing very different work that you'd never see anywhere else.

Now, there is *Taco Bell Quarterly*.

*TBQ* is an online magazine that actually pays for poetry – 100 bucks a poem. Reading it the first time, I

was struck by the seriousness that was all over it, as well as the humor. These were writers who somehow discussed things like the consistency of a taco shell and how it related to the death of their father, or the importance of a drive-thru. I've loved every issue they've put out, with both heavy thought and heavy irony. It's that amazing middle-brow sweetspot that I wish I could live in.

So, I wrote some stuff and submitted it.

While I've tended towards appropriation poetry in recent years, this time I wrote a poem about me and JP and him asking questions about my dad. It's a 100% true story, even happened in a Taco Bell. It's the kind of thing that I'd put in here, it took me far less than a single cup of coffee, but at the same time, I think it's got something bigger to say if it were to appear among pieces that explore the cultural phenomena that is Taco Bell.

I say, straight-out, that Taco Bell is more than a little responsible for the increase in acceptance of Chicanos in America, in much the same way Italian restaurants and especially pizza joints were responsible partly for turning around views on Italians in America. I'd love to write a piece about that, but honestly it probably would require better research than I'm willing to give it.

Still, I hope they accept my poem. If they don't, I can crap out another one before their deadline I bet.







## **Two cons gone.**

In a single week, two cons announced they were cancelling: SiliCon and Westercon. These were both coming later in the year, though WesterCon was imminent with a July 4th weekend date. These are both sad, Gail Carriger was going to be the WesterCon Guest of Honor and Vanessa and I had planned on going, and I hoped to do a book giveaway at SiliCon. The best laid plans, as it were.

The reasons for both aren't exactly clear at the moment, but there are clues in both cases. Immediately after the announcement, SiliCon changed all its branding to remove references to Adam Savage, Mythbuster and their spiritual leader the last couple of years. This has been read as Adam jumping ship when it became obvious that the convention was not financially solvent, but there's no proof of that out there. Same time, it could be that the tail wagged the dog and Adam leaving for some other reason led to the group cancelling, which could also be the case.

WesterCon is a different, and more recent, story.



Kevin Standlee mentioned that it was a money thing, and that makes sense. I love WesterCons, though it's been ages since I've been to one. I think it's time to come up with a Westercon thing that differentiates it from anything else and can be combined with an existing event. Like what, you say? Well, easy ideas WesterCon awards of some sort, a large-scale event of the kind that other cons typically don't do (I'm thinking like a symposium or festival or something that is 'WesterCon' even if it's a part of another convention) or maybe even just plant it in LA (or anywhere, really) on July 4th weekend and have different teams come in and run it there. That



last idea is good because it shows that the difference between teams running a con can mean more than the location of that con.

Three of my all-time favorite cons were WesterCons, including what I consider to be the one that really defined what a Garcia Fanzine Lounge would look like (that would be the one at the San Mateo Marriott in 2007) and the one that I think represented the peak of those Lounges (the WesterCon in Sacramento.) I was also a Guest of Honor at one, one of my all-time favorite honors because if you look at the list of other WesterCon GoHs, it reads like a list of folks I love and respect. I do hope that we figure out something, though turning into an annual party at my place might be fun!







## Discovering PIXX

### **Road trips are for listening.**

When I was a teenager, driving down with friends to see The Ackermansion or just to walk around Hollywood, I'd make mixtapes for the drive. When I started making that drive, or up to Seattle, or over to Vegas to see the Veggrants, I'd make a CD or two full of songs I'd ripped from my collection or downloaded from Napster or LimeWire. In recent years, it's been Spotify playlists, though I do tend to lean more heavily on podcasts (to LA, it's often Karina Longworth's *You Must Remember This*

series on Charles Manson's Hollywood or Last Podcast on the Left talking about Norwegian Black Metal) and audiobooks (my Cozy Mysteries article in The Drink Tank was largely listened to on my four drives to and from Beaumont over the last few months) but there's always been a playlist for every trip.

Except for one...

I was driving to LA the week after I'd been laid-off from the Museum. I was hurting bad, I basically lost the job that I had become identified with for so long and really wanted to be the one I retired from (well, basically wanted it until the day I die because I know as well as anyone else that I'll never be able to retire). I drove down, my new iPhone, less than a month old, on the seat next to me, USB cabled to the stereo system.

I hadn't had a chance to make a playlist.

Now, Spotify has a ton of pre-made playlists, and a bunch of radio station-like thingees. I chose a playlist, Random Electronic Women, which sounded very cool. It had La Roux, who I've written about, and it had a few other groups that I had certainly heard of, so I figured I'd download the list and give it a listen.

About six songs in, everything changed.

The song was *Everything's Weird in America*.

"To the outside world, we must look so small, because down here, we think our towers are tall."

That line alone brought them to the deep, poetry loving portion of my mind. I actually pulled over and

looked into the songs metadata.

Pixx, the album, *Age of Anxiety*.

Truly, not since hearing La Roux blaring from the neighbor's party had my musical life been so changed.

Pixx is Hannah Rogers, a singer-songwriter who is somewhat steeped in the folksy world of the late 1980s, but firmly in the electronic world of the early 1990s. The sound is incredibly fresh while also feeling like a flashback. The way Arcade Fire works with synths in their later work has a similar feeling. The lyrics are so strong, and she 100% has the Harlan Ellison tendency to open so strong that you're still kinda reeling when you get to where they want the story to go.

Her songs are tinged with science fiction, but morose, they're incredibly in-touch with the moment and the potential of the world to collapse at any given moment. The title *The Age of Anxiety* is apt considering that there is a general sense of someone screaming into the oncoming storm. The songs are dancey, they have a Roland-808 feel to them, and her voice is silky at times, and at others plays with a staccato rhythm that feels as if it is as influenced by the drum machine and synths as the words she's communicating.

I downloaded both Pixx albums and put them into heavy rotation. It was the kind of music that speaks to me because there's an abstractness to the core message that is purely emotional. Not romantic, or intellectual, or really about anything other than feeling things. It's non-specific, and heavy at times, but powerful. That anxiety



you can feel in much of it isn't directed as much as it is experienced wholly. That's a tough thing to go through, I should know, but it's an even harder thing to communicate. Pixx does that.





**Prompt: Coffee Fashion**





















## The (Other) Haldeman Stories The Tale of Two Cities

**This is a story is a condemnation.**

That may seem a bit of a big statement, but it's 100% true. It's a condemnation of the role that sports have taken in American society, about the dangerous conditions of these sports and the bloodlust of the fanbases, about loyalty and enforcement of same, and most of all, it's about the Baltimore Colts.

So, let's come back to the Colts a little later.

The story features a feller who is on the run. The entire population of 150,000 (exactly) is being relocated

from their home planet to another. The reason? The Deathball League has traded the teams for two cities on two different planets because the economics are better with the switch. Now, it's Rigel-IV and their Rangers that are the Champions of the Deathball League three years running. Our 'hero' Tad has decided that his team, his champions, and won't leave. He'll run to the Wastelands and hang out. Anything to not leave his beloved team behind and be shipped (well, *Star Trek*-style transported) to Sirius III and their cellar-dwelling team.

The League is presented as the over-arching controllers of the worlds, and can basically do whatever they want. This has to be a commentary on the role that Football, in particular, had taken in American life at the time. The NFL, and in the south College Football, was a way of life and permeated every interaction a lot of people had. This has changed, but I can remember when what defined you was whether you were a Raiders or a '9ers fan.

Now, one of the things that Jay is talking about here is that in this culture, everyone is given everything, but only so long as they're using it. It's a Socialist (possibly communist?) semi-utopia. It's entirely based around post-scarcity, though the basis of the story is the uneven economics, which is something that the NFL had been talking about for about a decade at the point the story was written in 1980.

The Commissioner, who is clearly modeled on the legendary Pete Rozelle, holds massive power, and deals with things himself. He even comes to take care of Tad

himself.

In the end, well, you can't fight city hall, or the Commish's Office, I guess. Tad is sent and there's an ending that is somewhat unsatisfying.

OK, back to the Baltimore Colts.

The Colts wanted to move, and Indianapolis really wanted them to move there. The city of Baltimore wanted them to stay, and made some court maneuvers to keep 'em. In the dead of night, March 29th, 1984, the team up and vanished. The offices were emptied, and within days they were up and running in Indy.

Now, this story is really important because it's 100% about that event, demonstrating every key point by reversing it and laying it bare.

Of course, that would be true if it had been written BEFORE the Colts made their move.

Much like the Salary Cap theme in *The Thrill of Victory*, Haldeman saw these issues coming and wrote about them. He certainly didn't know the Colts were gonna move like they did, but he could see the league and teams moving in those directions.

This is a wonderful story, and with these years of look-back available to us, it tells many stories about things that wouldn't happen until well after Jay was gone from the world. That's the sign of a great, and observant writer. Not only timelessness, but forward timefulness.



## Alright, that's enough.

This issue was a lot of fun, and since I'm working on an anthology at work, and we're in a holding pattern on it, I've got lots of time.

The kids' sleep schedule is also helping.

To get them to sleep at a reasonable hour, I put them in my and Vanessa's bed, tuck 'em in, and play 'em music while I work on the laying out of the stuff I've written throughout the day. They fall asleep in about an hour, and I carrying the sleeping child up to their bed, or to the couch, depending on how much stuff they've tossed on to their floor. It gives me plenty of time to get this done.

Comments? [JohnnyEponymous@gmail.com](mailto:JohnnyEponymous@gmail.com)



