

The Drink Tank



On the Wheel of Time

Table of Contents

[Page 2 - Editorial](#)

[by Christopher J. Garcia](#)

[Page 5 - Oh, to Be Tuckerized](#)

[by Joel Phillips](#)

[Page 6 - Fantasy and Me](#)

[by Ebony](#)

[Page 8 - My *Wheel of Time* Story: An Instant Fanzine Article](#)

[Compiled by Joel Phillips](#)

[Page 10 - The Namesake](#)

[by Rand Phillips](#)

[Page 11 - Telling a Story Through a Single Picture: My Favorite *Wheel of Time* Covers](#)

[by Christopher J. Garcia](#)

[Page 14 - *Wheel of Time* Tiara](#)

[by Sara Felix](#)

[Page 15 - Tai' shar Godecke!! True Blood Godecke!!](#)

[by Joel Phillips](#)

[Page 17 - I Once Camped Outside a Bookstore in Below Zero Temps for Twelve Nights](#)

[by Joel Phillips](#)



~Editorial~

by Christopher J. Garcia

I called him Jim.

I met James Rigney at some point in the 1990s. I was at a con, and so was Poul Anderson (you know, the writer who always called me “Rich”) and we were, as usually happened, talking about articles we’d just read in one magazine or another. I seem to remember it being about clocks, or maybe watches. A bearded gentleman walked up, and he and Poul exchanged pleasantries, quickly.

“Ah,” Poul said, “this is Rich. Rich, this is Jim.”

That’s how I met Robert Jordan. I read the first three books all the way through. I dipped into the next few, but I really found them stretching for me. I liked the character work, but it just wasn’t entirely for me. I did dive back in for the last books, those written by Brandon Sanderson, who I consider a master of the form these days. He’s really a genius at wrapping things up. There are authors who aren’t quite closers, but Brandon, he gets endings just as well as Harlan got openings. I loved them, and taking in the books again, I’ve found new subtleties in them. I’ve started relistening to the series on Audible. It’s hard because I only get one new credit a month!

Vanessa and I went to a place called Fogo de Chão for our anniversary. We’d gone to the one across the street from MoMA in New York when we’d gotten married. The San Francisco one, directly across the street from the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art (SFMOMA), was just as nice.

And we had a great waiter.

You see, this is the kind of place that my dear friend James Murray (Dr. Paisley) refers to as a “meat-faucet” restaurant. This is because they bring the traditional Brazilian meats around to your table, and you can eat until your eyes bug.

That’s a feature, by the way.

Anyhow, you also have a waiter who takes care of your drinks, bread, and any special requests. Ours was a very nice gentleman with a Southern accent. He was pleasant and cheerful, and after a while, he sat

down to talk.

“Whew, nice to get a break.”

We chatted and after a while he said, “Y’all like sci-fi?”

Vanessa kind of giggled.

“We do,” Vanessa said.

“Well, you ever heard of author named Robert Jordan?” I looked down at my lap and kind of giggled.

“Yeah,” I answered, “I really liked Jim.”

The waiter seemed taken aback by my calling him Jim.

“I used to be his assistant, take him to conventions, answer emails, and you know.”

We talked about *The Wheel of Time* and his time working for him and Harriet, and about cons and such. It was nice, and dinner at Fogo de Chão is always a happy fun-time experience with my darling wife!

Robert Jordan also wrote a lot of impressive Conan work, and when you hold them up against his *Wheel of Time* stuff, it’s fascinating how they bounced against, and often off, of one another.

The Wheel of Time has a bigger idea tank than the Conan work, but the Conan stuff is as much about portrayal of world and culture as anything you’ll ever find. In *The Wheel of Time*, Robert Jordan is expansive, a foam that fills every corner and brings it all out; in Conan he’s thoughtful, an add-on writer who knows we know what we’re there for and gives us new, higher vistas.

This issue largely exists because of one of my favorite people on Earth, and one of the biggest fans of *Wheel of Time* in the history of the history of history, co-editor for this issue Joel Phillips. I love that guy, and not just because he made me a Guest of Honor at Minicon one time!

I like the *Wheel of Time*, though it bogged down on me, but Joel’s infectious enthusiasm, and his help certainly made this issue possible, and it has largely reignited my love of Robert Jordan’s works!

Thanks Joel!

And now, on to the issue about the works of my friend, Jim.

A little about the art - I’ve taken the Darrel K. Sweet covers and run them through DeepDream to produce... well, whatever these are. Some are surrealistic, others are just weird, but I really had fun making them! All the photos are from Joel Phillips.



Oh, to Be Tuckerized by Joel Phillips

When Brandon Sanderson took over for Robert Jordan after his death there was a rather large increase in “Tuckerizing” going on. Tuckerization is defined in Wikipedia as the act of using a person’s name (and sometimes other characteristics) in an original story as an in-joke. Or to me an honoring if you will. The term is derived from Wilson Tucker, an American science-fiction writer, fan, and fanzine editor who made a practice of using his friends’ names for minor characters in his stories. I remember some contests or drawings that were happening during Brandon’s writing periods where many people were given these opportunities. Linda Taglieri who runs *The Thirteenth Depository A Wheel of Time Blog* gathered all the names. I counted 239 names on the list.

I personally happen to be on this list. One day while Brandon was writing *A Memory of Light*, he texted me as he needed a small favor of the lost-and-found numbers in the airport I work at. A relative had transferred planes and lost something important. Brandon said thanks and asked if he could use my name for a character he needed. Of course, I said “Absolutely.” He said thanks and I had to wait for the book to come out to discover I was Lan’s bannerman. Lan was thinking about his bannerman, the fifth one of the days, a bald man named Jophil. Some may even remember as his army makes what he thinks will be his final charge towards Tarwin’s Gap some One power doorways of enormous size open around the army (one might think say of *Avengers: Endgame* except of course this was written well before that) and Lan shouts, “Jophil, Raise my banner high! Malkier lives on this day!” that’s page 186 if anyone wants to know ;-)

My death is presumed of course and never happens “onscreen” if you will, and later in the story Andere happens to be holding the banner. Andere was named for a guy I happily call my friend Andrej Gadzo.

But for all time I will ever be Lan’s bannerman and for me really there is nowhere and no one else I’d rather be!



Fantasy and Me by Ebony

I have loved dragons ever since I was a kid.

Now on the surface, that doesn't seem like that unusual of a statement. Some kids like dragons. But I was a little girl (I am a big girl now) that liked dragons. So yeah, that is a little more unusual. Most little girls want to be the princess being saved by the dragon, but not me. I wanted to hang out with the dragon. On top of that, I was a little black (or African American if you prefer) girl who like dragons.

Now in the year 2022, while still rare that is not unheard of, but in the 1980s I was somewhat of a unicorn (or dragon) myself.

Fast forward to middle school: a friend introduced me to David Eddings, and I fell in love with the fantasy genre, but it was a complicated relationship. The majority of fantasy at the time was written by and for white men. I am neither. So while I loved the stories and worlds that were being built, there was no one that looked like me in these worlds. Oh, there were women, but most of them were side characters, love interests, or evil. Don't get me wrong -- there were some strong women characters, but they were the exception, not the rule. And as far as anyone with a little melanin, well they were usually represented as less civilized.

So, let's fast forward to the twenty-first century. Things were changing on many fronts, and I discovered *The Wheel of Time* by Robert Jordan. I entered an amazing new world where not only were men and women looked at as equals but often the women were in charge. On top of that, there was such a diversity of cultures and skin colors it reflected the actual world. I was enthralled.

Now I came to the series ten years after it started, and before the Internet was a big deal (yes, I am that old) so I knew no one who was reading the series. But I held out hope that there had to be a fan base as diverse as the characters the Robert Jordan had created.

Then the internet exploded, and I found my people! People all over the world loved the series as much as I did (some more). Of course, there were those that were a disappointment because they did not see the beauty of the diversity and mixing of cultures. And those that took issue with a black woman that loved fantasy and, in some cases, knew more about the story than they did.

However, I didn't let that deter me. Most people that I interacted with online were warm and welcoming and they felt like home.

Then I discovered JordanCon. It was a gathering of the *Wheel of Time* family that took place in Atlanta. Six years ago, I went to my first JordanCon. It was everything I had hoped for and more. You will not find a more accepting group of people. And while I was one of the few black women in attendance it wasn't a big deal. I was appreciated for my love of the series and the knowledge I had about it.

After my first JordanCon I returned as a panelist, then a track manager and for the past three years I have been the New Member Services Director. That is right, I am now in charge of welcoming the new members to the JordanCon family. I have watched the number of POC grow in the fandom and online.

I have been able to offer insights not only into the story but the fantasy genre from the point of view of a black woman. I have made other fans think about things that they hadn't considered before. And I like to think that I have had some influence on how some people (fans and writers) look at POC as fans and characters.

Of course, there are still those in the fandom that have some issues with recognizing the diversity and beauty of the story and the fandom. And that is fine, those people don't come to JordanCon.

But my JordanCon family and the *Wheel of Time* fandom that has accepted me as one of their own is one of the best things that has ever happened to me. I have made life-long friends that have supported me through many things in life.

No fandom is perfect, but I think mine is pretty close.





My *Wheel of Time* Story: An Instant Fanzine Article

When my husband and I first got together in August of 2006 he recommended I read the *Wheel of Time*. I read it, and Nynaeve was my favorite character. My husband's favorite character was Lan. For our first wedding anniversary in 2009, I managed to find a copy of *A Crown of Swords* signed by RJ to someone with my husband's name, spelled the same and everything.

-- Tiffany Benson

**“Surprising what you can dig out of books if
you read long enough, isn't it?”
Robert Jordan**

When I was young, I always looked at the small bookshelf in my grandmothers bedroom. She had these books that had amazing artwork on the front, including the *Wheel of Time*, *The Sword of Truth*, and *Outlander*. I remember thinking that these books must be amazing since my grandmother spent a lot of time reading and I always wanted to be like her. When I was still a young teenager, I decided that I wanted to actually read one of her books. The first one I grabbed was I of the world, and when I open the cover I couldn't believe the detailed map that was inside. So naturally to my young self it meant that great books had to have maps in it. Sidenote: for many years I would only buy books that had maps in it!

Because of my grandmother I started reading the *Wheel of Time* and we always discussed it. When she was leaving this earth, and can no longer read herself, I would get the new books and read them to her so that we could experience the journey together.

As for so many others these books provided a great escape from my fraught young years.

-- Leah



This is my cat Davram Bashere! Our whole family is *Wheel of Time* fans, and Captain Bashere is one of my favorite characters.

-- Josie Sianez



The Namesake by Rand Phillips

Originally, I was really annoyed by growing up named after a book character.

As my name is unique, it made me feel sort of important in a way. You really don't hear the name Rand very often. Then I'd meet someone and say my name and some people would feel the need to mention The Wheel of Time series. A lot of people like to mention Ayn Rand too. Personally, I found this harder to read the series as I felt a sort of pressure to like it. There was a sort of expectation that I'd have to read this series which for the first fourteen years of my life wasn't finished. Then I tried to read it. Couldn't do it. I put it down and The Eye of the World wasted away. I thought I'd be reading about knights and monsters. But it just kept going on about this horse and a path. So, I put it down again.

Eventually, I picked it up. It was too simple to connect with Rand as a character. It was easy to project his emotions on to myself. I mean I absolutely love the color red. Everything I own is red. And if you know the character, you'd realize how much that's his look. It's hard to explain, but if in the book he likes a character I tend to as well. If he is annoyed by a character, I tend to be. It's really easy for his lines to read as thoughts in my own head for how much I project to his character. He's an erratic, temperamental young man who feels he's got the weight of the world on his shoulders. It was a great way for me to connect my anxiety and stress to the struggles he faces. While I don't face anywhere near the same issues Rand does, I think I get his anger and frustration with how he feels stuck in a world that others are pulling the strings for.

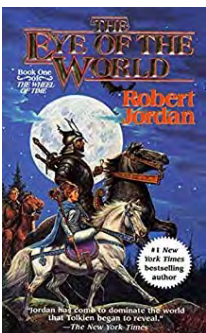
Growing up with my name, I hated that I was named after a book series I didn't care about. I always loved my first name, it made me feel important, but now I feel I wear it as a badge. My grandpa, father, and brothers have all read the series, it makes me feel more connected with a side of the family I felt disconnected from.



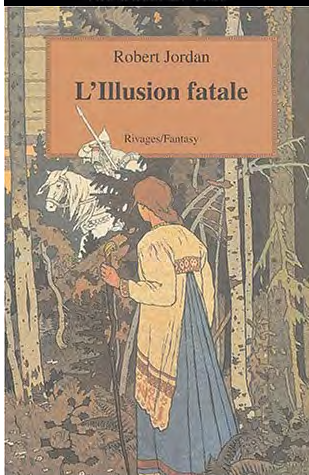
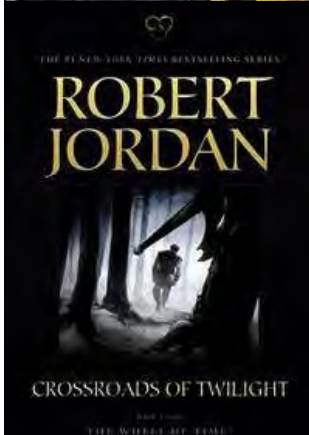
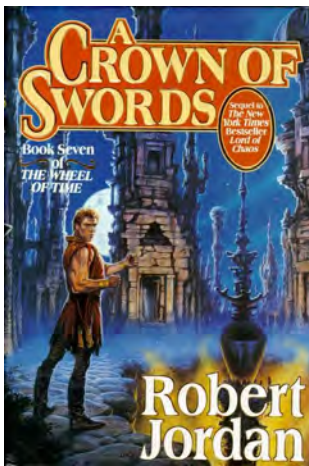
Telling a Story Through a Single Picture: My Favorite *Wheel of Time* Covers by Christopher J. Garcia

While *The Wheel of Time* has about 30,000,004 ideas floating throughout it, each container for those ideas requires a wrapper, and those wrappers have roles to play, and those roles are difficult to untangle from one another. Covers for books in a series are difficult, because you not only have to deal with the book you're covering, but also the entire series, and at the same time, the genre, and the mode that attracts buyers who are new to the series, the genre, and perhaps even the format. This makes the cover artist the greatest tightrope walker not named Wallenda.

Let me start with an incredible gimmick. Juniper Books released all fifteen books (the fourteen main novels and the prequel) with rather simple, I'd almost go uninspired, covers. Simple until you put them all together, in order, on your bookshelf. The image they present is amazingly beautiful, a stunning dragon and the Wheel of Time in that familiar font blazing across them. It's one of the most amazing spine designs I've ever experienced, and I'm seriously considering buying the entire series from Juniper, even though I have no room for such a thing. This one is an artifact . . . well, fifteen artifacts as one artifact.



The most iconic image for me is the cover for *The Eye of the World*, 1990, by Darrell Sweet. I met him in 2007, and he was a wonderful man. Sadly, he passed a few years later. The image that most of us know is only the front cover, which is a strong image. It is dark, with Moraine and Lan starkly silhouetted against a full moon, the very model of a hero and his squire. It's a beautifully constructed image, though it's not the entire image. The back portion includes the rest of the party at their hooves and more of a, if not exactly lush, a verdant set of hills and valley, a set of fir-like trees piercing up into the sky. Overall, it is an image that feels precisely weighted: humans and nobility on the right; darker permanence on the left. I



love it. A lot of countries version use the original Sweet art and just put their localized language for the titles and such. Bulgaria does this, with a frame to each, and somehow, it's elevating some of the weaker covers for me.

A *Crown of Swords* is a cover that speaks very much to the flow of the series. Rand, standing there waiting, isn't the attraction of this cover. It is Shadar Logoth in the background, sadly covered over by the large number of graphic elements in the version I have. This is easily the most gothic cover I've ever seen. I happened to post about the series on Facebook and a friend from my museum days noted that she went to high school with the son of Darrell K. Sweet, who happened to also be Darrell Sweet, and who also happened to be the model for Rand in this one!

Sweet's original *Crossroads of Twilight* was one of my least faves of all the *Wheel of Time* covers, but the Macmillan eBook edition has a striking cover by the amazing Greg Ruth. He nailed the image of Perrin walking away from his axe, now lodged in a tree. It's a powerful image, and one that so eclipses the original cover in subject and tone. They got fourteen different artists to do covers for the audiobooks, and this and Sam Weber's *The Shadow Rising* are easily my two faves.

L'illusion Fatale, the French version of *Lord of Chaos*, features an amazing cover by Ivan Bilibin. It's got that old world, old fantasy charm, and it says something about the ways of the book. It is decidedly motioning towards *Lord of the Rings*-style imagery, but adding this even older feel, an almost Nouveau sensation. I love it. The French Payot editions actually have some really neat stuff going on, and one of the best of them is *L'oeil du Monde*, which is *The Eye of the World*, of course. It's got a wicked Bilibin cover again, but this one isn't so much a Nouveau feel as it is a Peter Max, psychedelic freak-out with a Medieval knight, which both does and doesn't fit. It fits a feeling, but certainly not the story. I love this cover, though, so hard. I know nothing of Russian Nouveau artists, and Bilibin apparently was the best of them. These were basically yanked from his oeuvre and used as covers, and they feel right, even if they're not quite right.

The recent Tor version, where there is a single base image, the Great Serpent eating its tail and The Wheel, under a single-color wash, are kinda dull to me, though I understand what they are going for. They sorta took an interesting twist. Instead of the covers having to do the work of saying what the books are about or present anything other than the fact that they're *The Wheel of Time*, they just made sure ya knew that these were *Wheel of Time* books and that's all. On one hand, it's lazy, on the other is really all that matters.

There's a 2021 paperback version from Orbit that I think does a little of what Tor did with their take, but much smarter. It's The Great Serpent and Wheel, but instead of being a close-up and color wash, it's over a mist-shrouded mountain and valley area. I can see why some would give this one low marks, but I think it's beautiful, and allows the story to tell itself, but at the same time, it puts you in the proper frame. I'm all for that. The Dutch versions do the same thing and it's fantastic. Those might be my favorite covers for the series.

If the French covers are awesome, the German covers are awful. They have this *Choose-Your-Own-Adventure* vibe that just doesn't play. The one exception? *Die Heimkehr*, which is the second part of the US versions third book, I think. It's a lovely cover, I think from about 2015, and it's the only one that pops out. The recent Piper eBook editions of *Das Rad der Zeit* have covers that give hints as to the content, while not battering you over the head with that. At the same time, they use beautiful mid-2000s fantasy graphic design to impressive effect. The Finnish covers are incredibly stiff, save for one, *Tornin Salaisuus* (*The Secret of Tower*) which is so out of place with the others, but sure does give the proper sensation. The Japanese covers are also

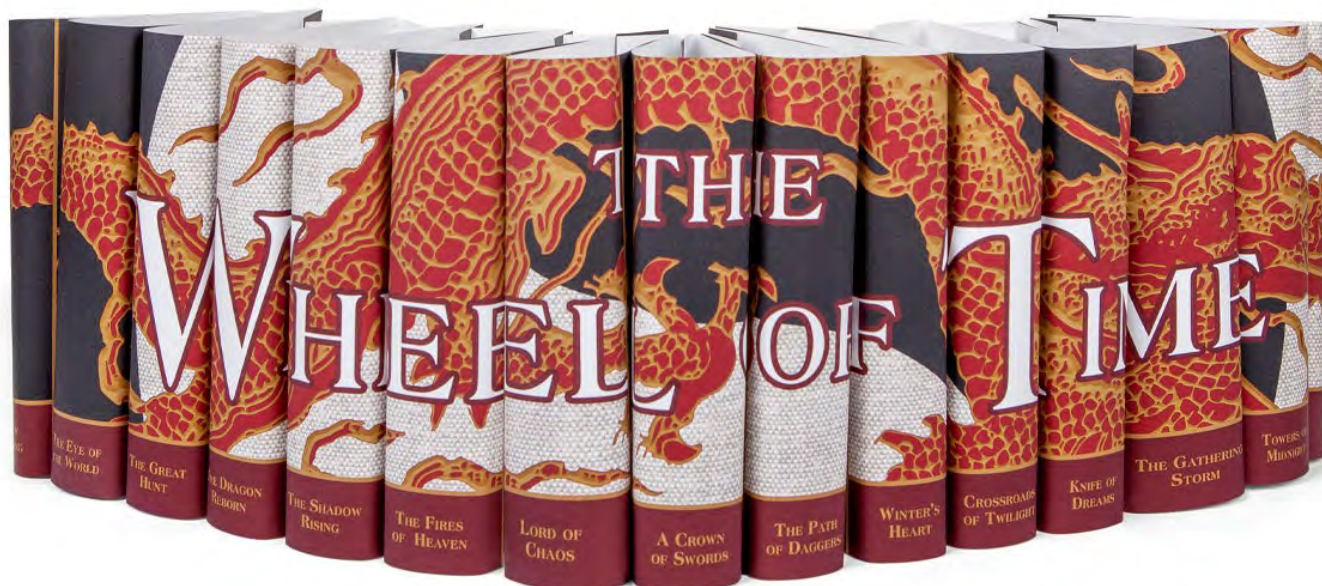
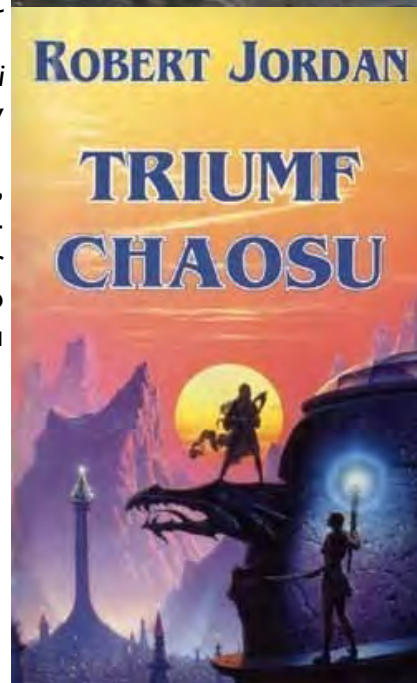
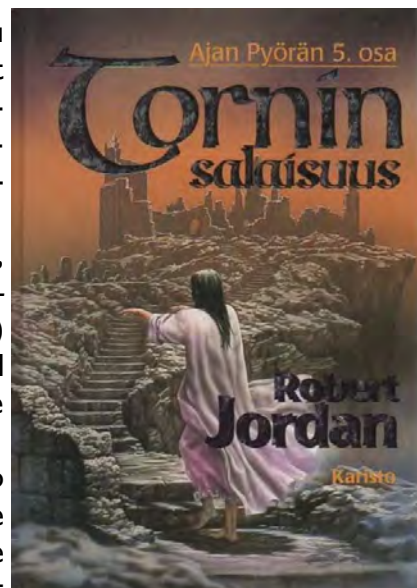
fairly stiff, but at the same time, they fit in well with the kinds of covers you find on both Japanese print books and manga. One of the things I like about the Japanese covers is the care to establish a Japanese sense to the characters, each book having one character presented in that classic Japanese stationary movement form that has made their cheap-side animation so awesome.

The Polish covers are clearly influenced by Darrel Sweet's originals, but they sort of go in a different, most distant direction. The covers for *Triumf Chaosu* (*Triumph of Chaos*, part one of the translation of *Lord of Chaos*) and *Wichry Cienia* (part two of *Crossroads of Twilight*) are both well done, and they both clearly hit on elements that the original covers did, but with a style that better reflects how the stories are read by Polish readers.

The Swedish covers are interesting because you could almost swap them out for *Star Wars* Episodes 1 through 3 novelization covers. They're well rendered, but they're not *Wheel of Time* covers in feeling. There's one that looks exactly like a poster for *Revenge of the Sith*, and another that looks like the start of a lightsaber battle. Odd choices, those.

The Italian ones are dull, save for the final three, and especially *Presagi di Tempeste*. That one's gorgeous in every possible dimension. I think it's in my top five.

Having dug so thoroughly into the covers from all over the place, what have I learned? Well, localization will often lead to choices I don't understand, and putting it into a form that clearly is drawing on other popular franchises is highly helpful, though produces covers that those of us who know the source material won't get. Then again, the cover ain't for us, you know; it's for the uninitiated.



Sara Felix's Wheel of Time Tiara!!!!





**Tai' shar Godecke!! True Blood Godecke!!
by Joel Phillips**

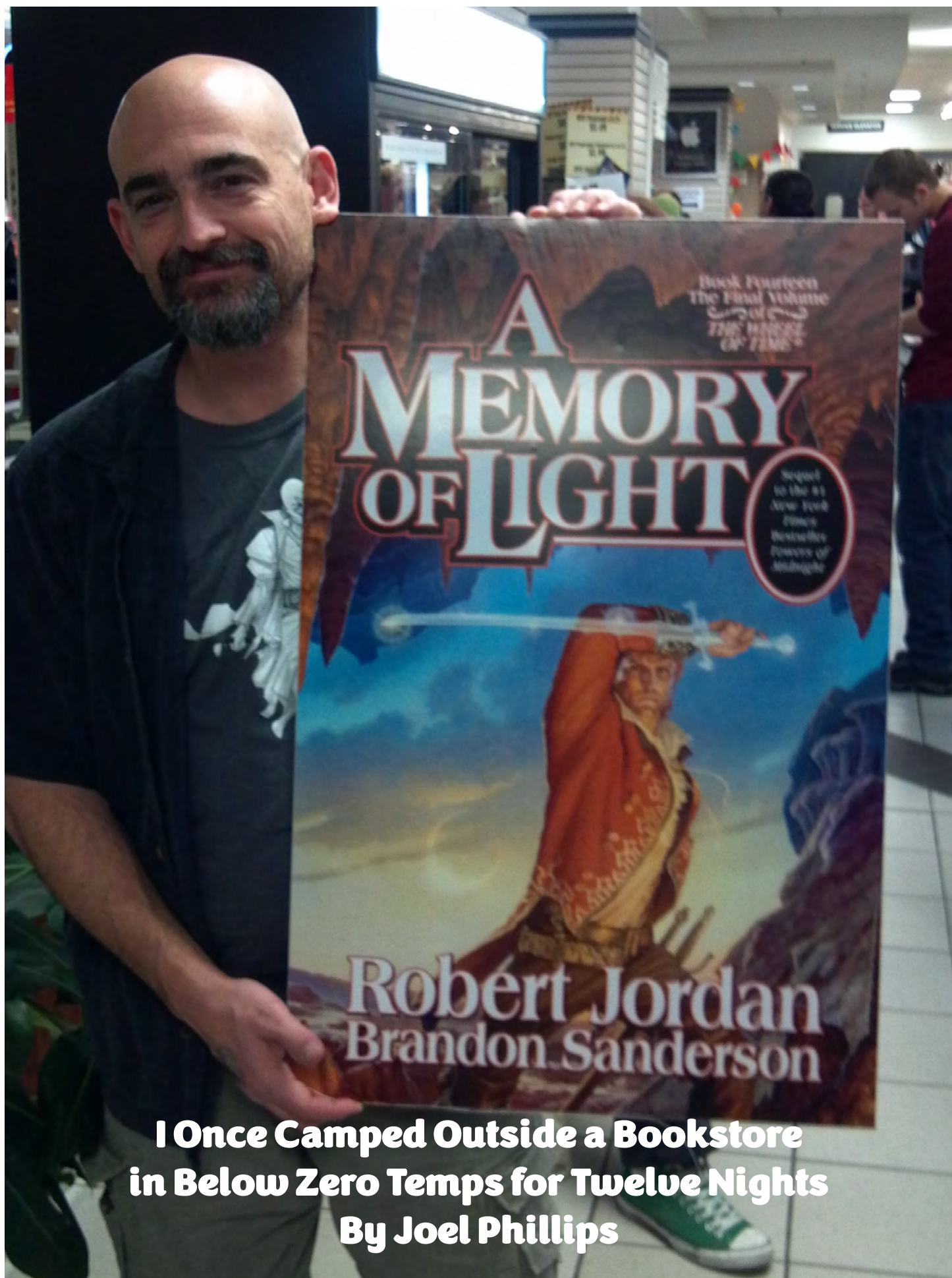
I personally cannot speak on *The Wheel of Time* (WoT) fandom

and the people within it without mentioning Steve Godecke. When I met Steve at JordanCon I saw this scrawny little person who introduced himself to me in the hotel lobby. He was with someone, but I don't recall who. He was a little shy but was readily willing to discuss anything WoT related. What impressed me most about WoT fandom is the ready acceptance of anyone. WoT fans are excited to meet other WoT fans. Who you are or what you do matters not to anyone really, and as I got to know Steve I was impressed with his knowledge of WoT. Steve kind of had a presence about him. Everyone genuinely cared for and enjoyed their time with him. He readily participated in trivia contests and conversations with people he knew. He was respected so much that the Blademasters of the convention voted him into being one (to my knowledge this had not happened before in this manner).

Steve was very active in WoT. He was very smart and extremely knowledgeable of WoT. He joined the Brandon Sanderson beta readers and participated in a number of those books in the Cosmere fandom as well. He knew what he was talking about. He was respected and loved and the WoT fandom lost him, and we were very sad. His battle with cancer among other things was finally lost. I didn't know him as well as I would have liked but we shared any number of fannish conversations over the time I'd known him. WoT fandom misses him greatly; of that I am certain. The WoT fan group is welcoming, supportive and in general fun to be a part of and I am a lesser person had I not met Steve!

I should add I didn't realize until having a brief conversation with my son Jory that today April 5th is the third anniversary of his death. Steve you will always be missed.

TAI' SHAR GODECKE!!!



**I Once Camped Outside a Bookstore
in Below Zero Temps for Twelve Nights
By Joel Phillips**

Hey, if you ever really want some “Fannish Street Cred”

I highly recommend you do this. Or not! If you try it, I hope you have some clue as to proper planning for something like this. When and why, do you say? Because Brandon Sanderson had made a habit of numbering his books. This sounds a little absurd I suppose as it's not like they are the number as they come off the press, true. But who cares? All fans should know, put a number on something and someone will likely want it. Well I knew for a fact there were a number of people wanting *A Memory of Light: Book One*. I also knew there were at least a half dozen local Salt Lake City fans that I was friends with on Facebook who were watching for posts from me about leaving from Minneapolis for SLC. The release day was Tuesday, January 8, or rather midnight of the 7th.

I arrived at the BYU bookstore at maybe 3 PM (I really don't remember the exact time; it may have been much earlier) on the 27th of December. Yes, the 27th. I put up my tent which had an extension alcove. I had planned quite well. I brought a cot. I also brought a couple yoga mats, about five blankets, two different types of sleeping bags, three chairs, plenty of clothes, a cooler (mostly so I didn't attract animals) various food that would not create too much garbage, 4 propane tanks (yes 4) a small propane heater I kept in the alcove pointed inward for daytime usage with a couple mylar blankets butterfly clipped to the ceiling for heat retention. The tent flap was always open for safety purposes along with a zipper window ajar on the opposite end of the tent.

Once my tent was up, I took pics and posted on Facebook. Because I now had claim to *Book One* there really wasn't much reason for people to come for a while, so I ended up spending the first 5 nights there alone. Um, yeeeah didn't think about the possibility that the community building would close New Year's Eve at 6 PM and be closed of course all day on New Year's Day and not open again until like 7 AM or 8 AM on the 2nd of January. HAHAHAHAHAHA! Thank heavens there wasn't a bathroom emergency. There was a gas station about a mile away that was open, and, yes, I did end up driving there once (TMI? Too bad. It's my story. Lol.)

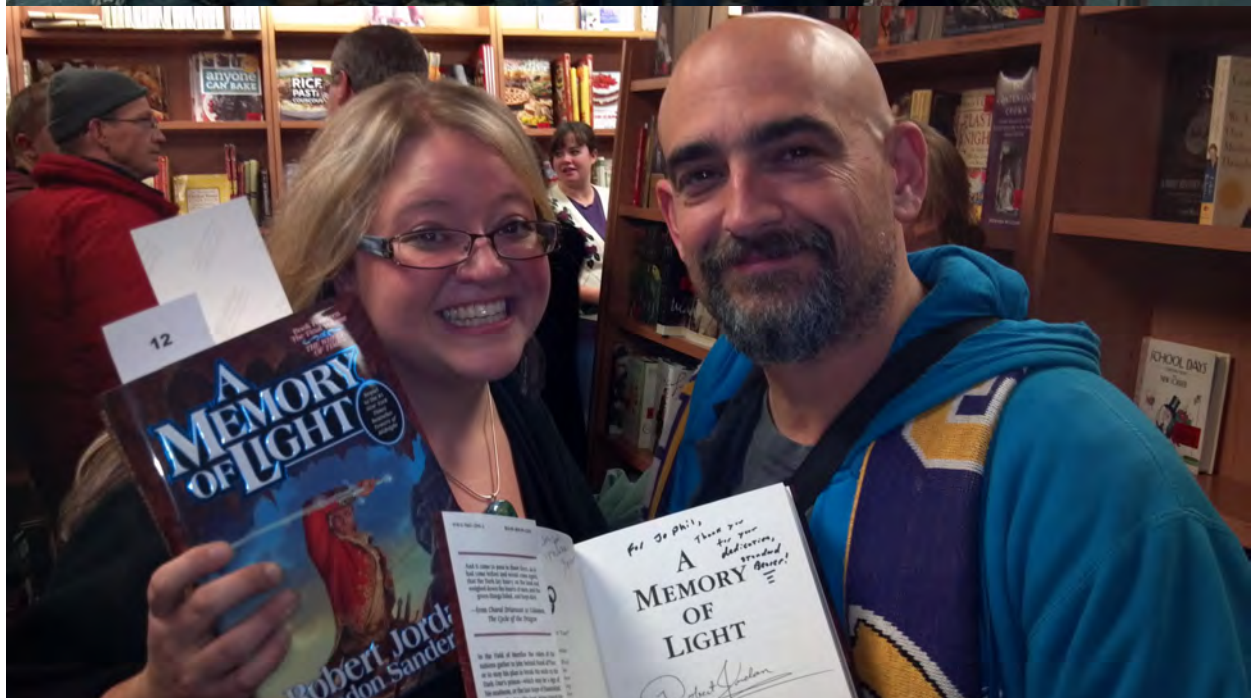
I did get a few visitors and of course lots of students stopped and had questions like “What's going on?,” “Is this for a Sanderson book?,” and “Are you Crazy?” There was one truly lovely young freshman who stopped by several times, and we had some nice chats. She'd check on me to make sure there wasn't anything I needed. She was really sweet! Everyone was. Everyone I've met over the years in Utah are truly excellent friendly people.















A Letter of Comment from Heath Row!!!!

Sent to DrinkTankEditorial@gmail.com

It feels a little lame to admit it, but I love music. I've played music: the alto, soprano, and tenor saxophones; and singing in a punk rock band called the Anchormen; we put out three CDs and were part of an arts collective in the Boston area. (I was also in another band called the Trylons, but we never got out of the rehearsal room.) I've volunteered as a DJ for WNUR-FM and WMFO-FM. I listen to music almost daily and make near-weekly playlists

(<https://tinyurl.com/HR-playlists>). Sometimes it's challenging to find dedicated listening time given my work and family responsibilities, but I gather every week with friends for a two-hour shared DJ session using JQBX ("Conference of the Birds"), and I just started hanging out with friends in Turntable.fm ("WTAF").

I've even published music fanzines—specifically, punk rock fanzines, dating back to 1988 when I first came across *Maximum Rocknroll* and published my first music zine, *No Drama*, while still in high school. I've reviewed records for *Bad Transfer* and *Tail Spins*. I reviewed shows for *SonicNet* back in the day. And I contribute book and magazine reviews to *Ugly Things* magazine. So I love it—*adore it*—when my interest and pleasure in music intersects with sf and other fandom activities. (Even though I've yet to dip toe into the filk scene yet.) *Drink Tank* #438 was a pleasant surprise. (Nic Farey's "Radio Winston" pieces in *This Here...* are another welcome overlap, to be sure.)

All that to say, good work, you—and your contributors—on an issue that was surprisingly fun to read. Why surprisingly? I mean, I enjoy the Beatles. But I'm far from the biggest fan; they're not even a band I'm that interested in. (Though I am more so now, thanks to you lot.) My folks, though they were in their 20s during the band's heyday, largely missed the Beatles during college in the Midwest, believe it or not, so

I grew up listening to Abba, bluegrass, and Frankie Laine.) Yet I found the appreciation, enthusiasm, and nostalgia for the Fab Four infectious and found myself reading with attention riveted. Not only is the ish rich fodder for playlist making (Your “My Top Nine Beatles Songs,” John Purcell’s “Playing Song Games with the Beatles,” and Julian West’s in-depth analysis “You’ve Got to Hide Your Love Away”), I thrilled to the memories contributors shared about how they first discovered and listened to the Beatles, be it on television, on the radio, or on Beatles 45s and albums themselves.

In Los Angeles alone, there are two weekly Beatles programs on the radio. *Saturday with the Beatles* airs Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. PT on KCSN-FM, and *Breakfast with the Beatles* airs Sunday from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. PT on KLOS-FM. That’s at least five hours of Beatles music broadcast weekly! And if you throw in the *Dylan Hours* program Sundays from

9-11 a.m. PT on KCSN-FM, fen of that era of music can veritably plotz with listening pleasure. The media geek in me also enjoyed your consideration of tape music in ““Revolution 9’:

The Best of the Beatles,” as well as Chuck Surface’s “Recent Comics Inspired by the Beatles.” But Tassoula Kokkoris’s “For the Benefit of Mr. Fanque” might be my favorite piece in the issue because of its historical exploration of what might have otherwise been lyrical minutiae.

The issue included plenty of fannish interest related to the band. If there was anything missing—which I’m not *really* daring to speculate—it would’ve been more close-knit parallels with sf fandom: science-fictional mentions of or references to the band; Beatles fanzines such as *The 910*, *Beatles Unlimited*, *Good Day Sunshine*, and *The Write Thing*; even Merseybeat fan fiction, if any such exists, similar to Haruki Murakami’s speculative jazz fiction “Charlie Parker Plays Bossa Nova,” which imagines the track list and personnel for a recording that doesn’t exist.

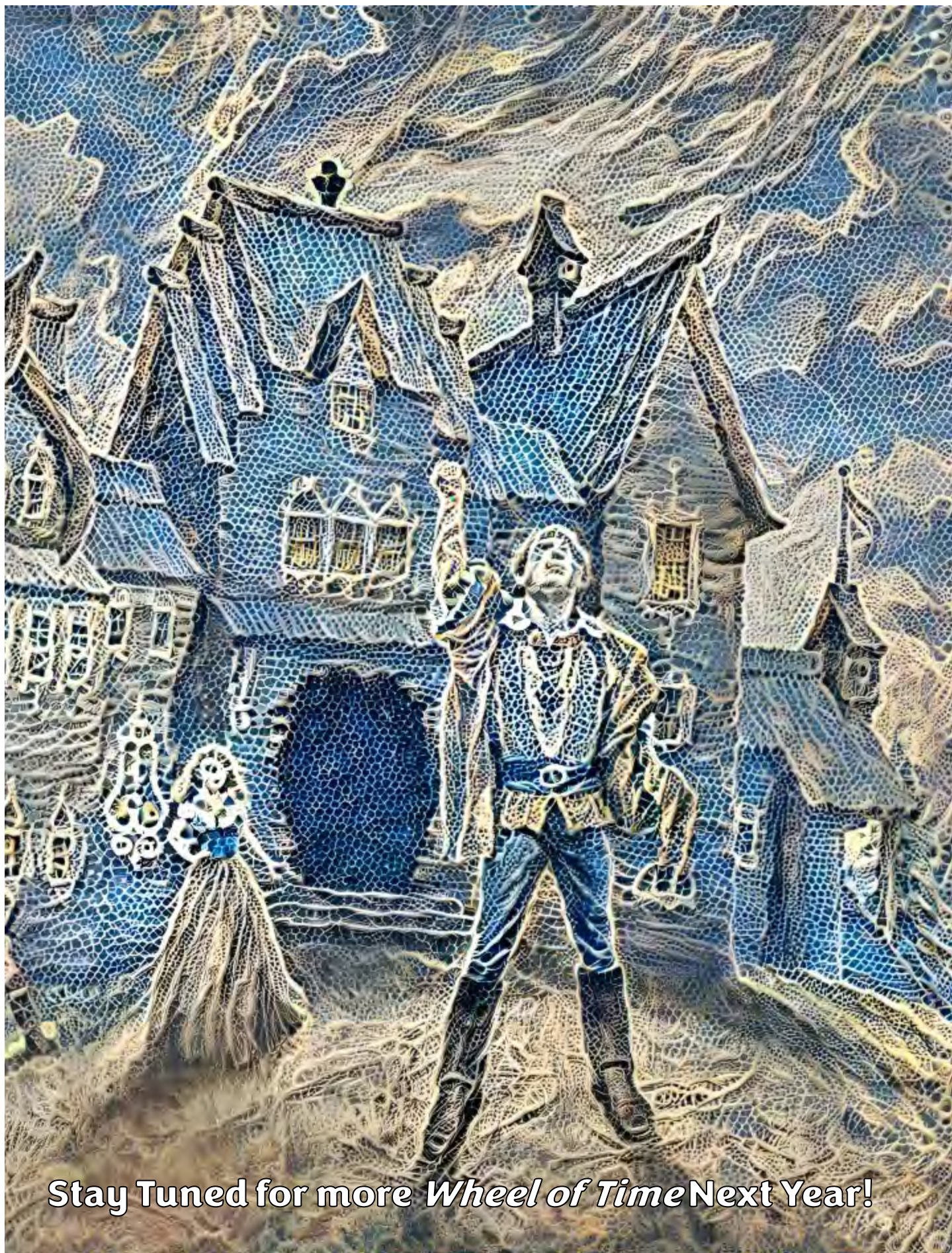
It was a rare fanzine that I finished reading with several article ideas that I would have liked to contribute to that very issue of the zine I just read. It was kind of a fun sensation, almost an incipient retroactive slush pile. Time travel of a sort while reading, with the music of the past asserting itself strongly in the present, and then me wanting to go back in time *just a little bit* so I could have been part of it. While listening to the Beatles, no less. And me saying I’m not much of a Beatles fan.

I’ve been *hypmotized*.

Hope you and yours are doing well. Looking forward to future issues.

Putting it on a tight beam, Heath Row





Stay Tuned for more *Wheel of Time* Next Year!