



The Drink Tank



THE TENTH ISSUE

CELEBRATING A COMPLETELY
WORTHLESS MILESTONE WITH
COMPLETELY WORTHLESS CONTENT!



THE DRINK TANK: NOW WITH FRANK WU FAN ART!!!
INSIDE: FICTION BY JOHNNY EPONYMOUS

- □ CORFLU REPORTAGE
- □ AN LOC BY A FIVE YEAR OLD
- □ FUN AND WHIMSY
- □ X,Y REVIEWED



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ANOTHER MEANINGLESS MILESTONE CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA HAS CHOSEN TO CELEBRATE

Ten Issues...What a month!

Ten issues isn't really that big a deal. Arnie Katz even said so in his tenth issue of Vegas Fandom Weekly. I've only been at this a month or so and I'm pretty much right on target for the schedule I'd like to keep, even if I'm still lightyears away from my hopeful quality level.

All in all, I'm happy with The Drink Tank. It's had things that were really fun to write, a lot of response from good folks and a readership that seems to be at least slightly more than my group of friends scattered all over the world. This, I do like.

This issue will feature my first full fiction story, Burning Moon by Johnny Eponymous. That's a pen name that M Lloyd, myself and Jay all use at various times. This one is really a combination of M and myself and is a little more adult than most Drink Tank offerings. Also, after debuting in issue 9, Jay Crasdan is back with another 12 pt Courier New. He insists that I use that font for all his stuff, and I forgot on a couple of his LoCs and he is making me pay!

So, if you're one of those who hates fiction in your fanzines, skip to page 4.



A KINDA SHORT STORY BURNING MOON BY JOHNNY EPONYMOUS

- Maybe I've taken too much. Too many, maybe. I don't feel right. Not at all right. Even when I'd dropped too heavy when we were out on the lake I'd never felt this...
- Never really felt anything. There's a numbness, a heavy weight dropped into every one of my movements. Thank God for the lawn chair. Thank God for the tent. Thank God for the smell of patchouli and weed. Those are the only things keeping me tied down. I gotta have the scent of the Playa, the heavyweight hammering of censors and bongos and hookahs and firewood.
- I'm tied to my chair. I think I'm tied. I don't know why I would be able to stand if I weren't somehow held in place. The sounds are getting crazier, like they do every year. Millions of people dancing, the ground shaking, almost knocking me off of my chair.
- Nothing will knock me off my chair tonight. Nothing at all.
- I want to dance. I want to get up and join in the stomping. Once a year we come here, in ships and on shuttles that cater to us here for the burn, and close to five million of us sit and candle-drip in the dome-difused sun, sleep with the dust blowing across us, crusting the corner of our eyes. All the expense of biodoming a moon for a week-long party that calls all off-worlders together to the moon that once circled our now lifeless homeworld has brought us to a greater purpose...though I'm not sure what it is.
- Now I'm sinking as the first calls are made on great speakers.
- "Two minutes to burn! There are two minutes to burn!"
- The lawn chair is lucky, it can hold the millions of pounds that I must weigh at this



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moment when everything hits me. There must be years of self-abuse in my bloodstream, making every molecule of iron into lead, passing through my heart and leaving it jagged like the torn front bumper of those old cars from the photographs. They were printed on paper back then.

□ The sounds of dancing and the movements of flags and banners almost make me turn my head. The scent is still there, though I can now pick out the sweat, vomit and urine that gathers in the cisterns underneath the Playa. A half-mile down and it rises to my nose.

□ Maybe I'm the only one who can smell it.

□ Maybe I'm the only one playing attentive enough in the world of grey matter to know that we sit on a great pile of refuse. I know that over seventy generations have come here, have come and left their droppings here, and supposedly it is mined and shipped to the planets and the moons and the stations that need the fertilizer. I'm still not sure how much of that is true, as now, when I am through the ground and heavier than darkness, I can smell the leavings of my great-grandparents, can tell that they had eaten well.

□ "One minute to burn! There is only one minute until the burn!"

□ Something is collapsing. I can feel a great updraft from the falling building. Maybe it's my tent. The artificial wind here isn't strong enough to toss my tent away. Perhaps it's the Tower of Man that stands behind the Man, ready to burn any second. I don't know. I can't open my eyes anymore. They're far too heavy for a man to deal with. I can tell that a woman has just run through my area, and from her scent, she's naked and running with occasional spins. She might be wearing a sash around her waist. I'm not sure, but some itchy and fabric brushed across my six-days-in-a-lawn-chair beard. Perhaps it's green.

□ The sound of an old-timey brass band plays. Not sure of the song, but their uniforms are beyond this place. They smell of Earth. I think they smell of Earth. What does malice smell like? I guess that would be the scent they carry.

□ "Thirty second until the burn!"

I open my eyes.

Pain.

Orgasm.

Fear.

□ I'm shaking. I hadn't noticed that I had been shivering. The air is constant: 70 degrees. I'm shaking. I'm shivering like an ice planet bound explorer praying to discover more gold or bacteria-eating microbes.

□ I'm sweating.

□ There's another woman running through my camp. She's not naked though. I see her. I really see her. Her hair is dripping like Old Oil down her back. I can't smell her. I can't smell anything. All I can do is see and hear.

□ And I hear the dancing.

□ I hear the drums.

□ So much movement and color.

□ "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1!"

□ The Playa comes back to day for a moment of heavy bliss-rage. Every stitch in the canopy above me is obvious. I turn my head, tilt it forward and see the flames and embers falling as thousands dance around the Man.

□ My head falls back, exhausted and heavy again, while the first of the final screams of the hundreds of sacrifices begin the rise above the dancing monsters, their voices confusing the gods they were tied to the wood in hopes of appeasing.



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X,Y Reviewed

There is a certain brand of science fiction that arose from the tradition begun by folks like Phillip Jose Farmer, and later, Dangerous Visions. These are science fiction and fantasy works that are sexually charged, sometime violent, and can be difficult to watch. X,Y, originally a novel by San Francisco-based author Michael Blumlein, is one of those that came out of that tradition. It's a bio-heavy book that explores the issues surrounding sexuality and identity while forcing gender confusion on it's main character, an act that seems rather unfair, if you ask me. The film steps through the novel and goes beyond.



My first thought on the opening few minutes of X,Y all tended towards the obvious attitude the film was going to take. The film opens in a strip club, intercutting with shots of Terry, the boyfriend, walking through town at night. There is a fair amount of flesh and no big deal is made of it. Some of it is the centre of the attention of the frame, some is a mere sidenote in a composition. While dancing her set, Frankie, Melissa Murphy, locks eyes with a businessman and faints. There's lots of drugs and nudity and there is no question that this will only be the beginning.

When Frankie gets home, she is surprised to discover that she is a woman. She has to convince Terry that she isn't really Frankie, though she has no idea who she is. This leads to a search for the other guy, which leads to an amount of despair after she...I mean he...whatever...realises that there's no going back. After a confrontation, Frankie is raped by Terry, and after that, Frankie begins a lot of S+M type behaviour, going as far as to sew charms onto his chest and his lips together, all shown in painful detail.

The film at times is wonderful and constrictive. It feels difficult to breathe and you hope that there will be a moment of release, but there is none coming. This helps the film's message, but leaves a viewer wondering where to find an escape. The plot is a little too convenient, or at least easy. Everything sort of slips in and out with director Vladimir Vitkin substituting brutality for tension at points. This doesn't help us get to the characters, who are obviously putting up walls. As a prof of mine once said 'A character's wall should only exist if you get some peeks at the other side.' In X,Y, you really don't.

I won't say that X,Y is a bad film, in fact, if you can handle the more graphic elements, it's pretty decent. I will say that I expected more from it.

12 pt Courier New by Jay Crasdan

There is a thing in science fiction called sex. It's a strong force that seems to compell writers to great prolix. I'm not complaining, though I feel that there is too much sex in modern science fiction, it would be odd if it were gone.

While Phil Farmer certainly started the wave, I'd say that it wasn't until Bobby H's books like Stranger in a Strange Land that the pot started to boil over. Theodore Sturgeon was the other guy who took the ball early (I doubt the ink was dry on The Lovers) and did some amazing sex-based SF.



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Corflu Titanium: When Dinosaurs Fight Penguins...

Corflu is more than just one thing. Not shockingly, it's comprised of a planned events, a series of conversations, and a series of publications. This three-headed beast came through San Francisco and I happened to be there, enjoying the hell out of the con.

Bill Burns, the first person I managed to meet when I entered the hotel, said 'this is what those early conventions must have been like'. I think he's right, except that now there's seventy-odd years of history to add to flavour of things. The small crowd, I believe there were about 100 folks in attendance, featured the cream of the crop of faneds, fan writers and fan artists...with a few notable absences. Some of the guys I had really hoped to meet, Arnie and Joyce Katz and Ed Meskys for example, didn't come, and I actually didn't get to meet the Bushyagers, Robert Lichtman, nor The Lupoffs. Still, the folks I did get to meet were some of the folks I've felt most privileged to chat with. Folks like Marty Cantor, Peter Weston, Victor Gonzalez, and Jerry Kaufman, all of whom Bill Burns went out of his way to introduce to me. I had a chance to exchange a few words with Earl Kemp, who complimented me on my shoes. I sat at brunch (MMMMmmmm...brunch) with Andy Hooper, Tracy Benton and Bill Bodden and we exchanged a series of Simpsons lines. I got to talk to Gordon Eklund briefly. And Ted White. And Suzle. And Chaz Boston Baden. And so on, and so on.

The programme itself kept me interested. The choosing of the Guest of Honour is done much the same way as Hogwart's Sorting...only without the magic nor whimsy. Murray Moore's name was chosen from the hat, though I had to leave on Sunday before his speech. The first panel was a show case of accents. Bruce Gillespie and Peter Weston talked and Bill Burns moderated as they told us of Life, The Universe & Fanzines. They told a few good stories, including a bunch about the British Rat Fans that included stories of Greg Pickersgill. Few things entertain me more than Pickersgill stories. The smallness of the convention made this more of a chat in front of an audience instead of a real panel, and even though that's the case, it was still the best panel I'd seen in years.

I had to run along home on the BART following a brief pass through the ConSuite. Luckily I had been handed issues of Banana Wings, Littlebrook, and Wabe to keep me entertained. There were two articles, one in Banana Wings by Tracy Brown about why she doesn't write science fiction and one in Littlebrook by Andi Shechter about being a country music fan in Fandom. I re-read both of these articles at least twice on the trip home.

Coming back the next morning, I engaged in a little conversation before the programme started with a strange little comedy panel featuring Ian Sorenson, Tracy Benton and Bill Bodden. This was an entertaining little piece of work, especially with Tracy doing an excellent bit wearing an Egyptian-themed outfit and talking about staples requiring an odd number to keep human energies up. She also claimed that research has shown that Stonehenge is formed of early forms of giant staples. I agree and further believe that England is nothing more than a Mega-sized fanzine that has been left open. Soon, someone will destroy the Isle of Legend when they try to read it, leading to the Great Turning of the Page. Hilarity ensued.

During a brief break, I got to talk with my pal Frank Wu as he created the first piece of fan art that will run in this issue. Frank is a talented guy and a good friend. I'm more than ecstatic that he has decided to let me run a couple of his pieces. This was followed by a great talk called E Pluribus Fandom. It was supposed to be a look at how folks in Bay Area fandom came together to form the first Corflu, but it was really just about fandom in the Bay Area of the past. I liked this quite a bit better than the same panel that took place at Con Jose. Good stories and nice commentary from folks like David Bratman, Kevin Standlee and Jeanne Bowman. Lunch followed at a little Turkish joint where I got a delightful Kofte kebab.



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After lunch came the panel that I was most looking forward to: Xero Hour. Xero, a legendary fanzine of the 1960s, had been edited by the Lupoffs and had featured articles by guys like Harlan Ellison. The collection they released last year featured an intro by Roger Ebert. This was a fun panel with Ted White keeping things moving. They told a lot of stories of the old days in New York and Frank Robinson gave a couple of really good Hugh Hefner stories. This sorta broke down in a panel of Harlan Stories. I still wanna do a fanzine called Harlan Stories someday.

This took us up to the auction for DUFF and TAFF. There is something about auctions that I love, and this one was no exception. Mostly fanzines were on the block, though I got a great mini-printing press for 46 bucks. I also got three issues of Seamonster and a issue of Film Fan Quarterly, which I had no clue about, but I love old film zines. When I checked the editor's page, I found that film critic Leonard Maltin had been the editor and that his good buddy, Louis Black, had been a contributor. I'd say it was a good buy for two bucks.

We headed for dinner at a vegetarian place. I'd never have chosen a Veg joint, but it turned out to be really good. We had a fine series of conversations, ending up with Marie asking Frank to draw a picture on her badge.

- Frank: What should I draw? I've been drawing dinosaurs lately, so I wanna do something
- with Dinosaurs.
- Chris: It's obvious, isn't it? Dinosaurs fighting penguins.

Frank went to work and produced three penguins taking on some bipedal dinosaur. After a few minutes.

- Frank: Hey Chris, who wins?
- Chris: When Penguins fight Dinosaurs, we all win, Frank. We all win.

After dinner was a reader's theatre work by Andy Hooper called Read & Enjoyed, But No Content. This told the twenty-plus year story of the Bag of Doughnuts APA (BoDAPA). This was a lot of fun and made me almost wish I had been in an APA during the 1970s. It was hilarious, though I had never been a part of an APA to get some of the gags. They made it into a contest to see who could figure out who was going to be tossed due to minac requirements not being met. The cast rotated through various characters and everyone did a great job. My personal fave had to be Aileen Forman as the long-serving Linda Song whose Brainiac's Daughter was the longest running zine of the APA. Moshe Feder, Bill Bodden, Ken Forman and a couple of others that I've forgotten, did a great job. It also has provided me with some great titles (I totally want to do something called Up Against the Wall, Tinman).

I thought that would be the end for me, since I was supposed to be shooting all day in San Jose on Sunday, but they pushed things back long enough for me to get to come back for the morning portion of the event. This was the brunch and it was your typical convention hotel-catered options, though they put the juices first, which was not the right way to go. This led to the Faan Awards. Lloyd Penney, who I voted number 1, won the Harry Warner Jr. Award. The only other finisher who appeared on my finished ballot was Arnie Katz, who took third in the Best Fan Writer. Chunga won a couple of awards, including Best Fanzine, Steve Stiles got himself another Best Fan Artist, and Claire Brialey took first in Best Fan Writer. Fan Writers of America elected their most recent past-president and Bruce Gillespie was chosen. Also, for Past-president for 1960, the late FM Busby was selected. Both excellent choices in my eyes.

After that, immediately before the Guest of Honour Speech, I had to run back to BART and then head to my shoot. I can easily say that Corflu was the best con I've been to in ages. Perhaps only the first Conjecture and my trip to Philcon in 2002 were as much fun, and neither came as close to being as important. There I was, in a sea of incredibly talented people, chatting and feeling right at home. This was the highlight of my fannish year to date.



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COMMENTS AND COMPLAINTS
SENT TO GARCIA@COMPUTERHISTORY.ORG
BY MY GENTLE READERS

Helen Spiral- UK

Hi Chris,

I enjoyed the ultra short fic "Programming" in DT9. Victor Gonzalez's trufen netrevoov of "The Drink Tank", your calm response, and rich brown's entirely reasonable LOC were very disappointing as they failed to conform to fanzine fandom's archetypal "Enchanted Duplicator" behaviour models (although Jan Stinson's impression of a Fair One is very convincing). Reread chapters 16-17 and try harder next time...

Have fun at Corflu,

Helen

You know, I hadn't read The Enchanted Duplicator in about 10 years, but I went and looked it up and read the chapters and remembered why I loved it so much when I was younger.

Honestly, I think that the whole issue was quite well-handled by all involved.

It seems that the Very Short Stories seem to get the most attention of everything that shows up in The Drink Tank.

Manny Sanford- Santa Clara, CA

I've been waiting for you to start to write longer articles, even if it's M as often as it is you. I'm hoping that you'll keep writing longer pieces as I really feel you could do far more with your writing if you had more words to do it in.

You'll notice that of late, most articles are much longer and some even go beyond one page. Jay has started writing his very short pieces and I'm going to try and keep M writing a long article every other issue or so.

Evelyn Aurora Nelson- Campbell, CA

Dear Chris

Mommy said that I should write you a letter to put in your fanzine. Mommy is helping me type it. I like the pictures and the story about the doggies. Mommy won't help me read a couple of the stories. She says they're not for kids.

Bye

Evelyn

I usually refer to Evelyn as The Little One, as she's only 5 and already LoCing a few zines that we go over while I help to teach her to read. She's a smart little girl and will probably edit her own zine shortly.

The Coming Weeks...

Cinequest starts right about...NOW!, so I won't be inundating poor Bill Burns into ishes as usual. I'll likely get an issue out on next Wednesday, hopefully with the debut of Jason Schachat as my cover artist.

Future special issues include the Chess Issue in late May/early June and the Baseball Issue in September. I'd love to include a bunch of stories and art from folks who would be new to the pages of The Drink Tank. If you're interested, send something along.

Also wanted to give a great big thank you to all the folks at Corflu who took the time to read this dark beast The Drink Tank and let me know what they thought. I thank you all!

The Drink Tank's Tenth Issue was Produced and Directed by Christopher J. Garcia and posted to efanazines.com by the Inimitable Bill Burns. If you're into that sort of thing, drop Chris a line at garcia@computerhistory.org. If you're not into the whole e-thing, you can mail Christopher J. Garcia, 1401 N. Shoreline Blvd, Mountain View, CA 94043. Chris liked Corflu a lot, and if you were there, he'd appreciate a little note from you so that he can run it to prove that he didn't just go, hide in the corner and not talk to anyone. There is a certain Australian with a One Letter Name that doesn't know he attended. Also, this is dedicated to Earl Kemp, who liked my shoes.