

The Drink Tank 175



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Awesumest Panda Ever!!! Frank Wu brings this one to us with retractable claw, a TommyGuitar and a little guy on his head. Who will dare try to draw a cooler cover than that!!!

It's not easy coming up with these zine things. I've been working on the Games Issue for a while and it's coming along so slowly. It's a shame as it's a fun issue with some really nice submissions from all over the place. I'm still waiting on a piece from John Coxon and one from Niall Harrison, but other than that, I'm almost 100% go.

Which brings up a point: what to do after that?

My first thought is to put together a giant cross-over event. I've even come up with a name and a theme: Fandom On Infinite Earths. It'll span The Drink Tank, SF/SF, Claims Department and a couple of other places. Just think of the possibilities! It would be strange and fun and weird to do a cross-over, but hey, if Marvel can estimate a 40% increase in readership, I can at least hope to raise the Drink Tank's profile from 10 to 12 readers! Heck, I might even give it a chance myself!

And so this issue is just a small little one to get some more words out there to buy some time before the Games issue!



***Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my gentle readers***

And now- Lee Lavell!

Loc -Drink Tank 174
Greetings,

First let me explain. I recently haven't been reading *The Drink Tank* for a very good reason. In the past

couple of years I have had three different eye surgeries (one for a macular hole, and two for cataracts) and it has taken a bit for my eyes to settle down from all this. Thus I reserve my reading for things that really interest me since my eyes wear out very quickly. *Drink Tank* is heavily into con reports, not high on my priority list so I usually just skim the issue. However in 174 I noticed



the John Purcell article and that did interest me.

We're heavy on Con Reports? I didn't think I went to enough cons to be heavy on Con Reports. Then again, I do tend to dwell on cons for a couple of issues each, so that's probably right.

Now, snakes are not my phobia. I reserve that, not for things without legs, but for things with too many legs, especially spindly ones. However, I do have a couple of snake stories of my own to tell.

I hate bugs other than spiders,

actually. Spiders are OK, so long as they stay out of my face. I have one that's been living beside my medicine cabinet for a few weeks. I haven't named him, but we're tight. I go in to get my toothbrush, it sorta scurries to the side. I leave him alone, he leaves me alone.

Before I retired I was teaching a first grade. One day I suddenly heard shrieks coming from the back of the room. "What?" I asked. A panicked small voice replied tremblingly, "A snake just came out of the closet!" Oh, surely not, I thought as I trudged back

to investigate. But sure enough, there was a small garter snake. I turned around to see my class standing on their chairs (a few had made it to the top of their desks). The screaming was deafening. I retrieved a jar I kept for trapping spiders so I could dump them out the window. ("Spiders are our friends. Spiders are our friends," I would say in a trembling voice as I did so.) I scooped the snake into the jar and then held it up to the children. "Look at this poor little thing," I said. "Who do you think more afraid?" The eeks metamorphed into ohs and ahs as the children returned to their seats. Later I had one of the loudest shriekers carry the jar around to different rooms where it was eventually claimed by the room where it had escaped from its terrarium.

I love snakes, pretty much all snakes. My Dad had a rattlesnake as a pet. I always found that weird, but I've always liked them. A few of my classrooms growing up had snakes in them. At least all the ones where the class was taught by former Hippies.

The second incident occurred at my house which is in a semi-rural area. Snakes are common around here and often I will see them slithering near the foundation of my home. One day I came home to discover a package which I had ordered placed some distance away from my door, not at

all where UPS usually left them. On approaching it I discovered a note taped to the package. It simply read, "You have a snake on your porch." Cheers.....Lee Anne Lavell
Wow, a cowardly delivery guy. With all the stories you hear about them flipping out when they drop stuff off, I'm guessing this is a rarity. Thanks for writing in!

And now...Eric Mayer!!!
Chris,

Thanks for DT 174.

I enjoyed John's reptilian tale and I hope he and his family are scared out of their wits again soon for my entertainment.
I have a motto: I only pray for troubles that lead to good stories. That explains many of my relationships of the 1990s.

When I think of snakes I think of my dad. And, no, I didn't mean it that way. He was always concerned about rattlers. He spent huge amounts of time tramping around the woods hunting and looking for watercolor subjects and taking photos but he always figured there was a rattler

with his name on it. No matter what forest he planned to hike he remarked that it was likely to harbor deadly reptiles. And, in fact there are rattlers all over the woods in the northeast. I've never spent the time in the woods my dad did, but for years I plunged off the beaten paths and picked my way around boulders and cliffs at orienteering meets and never did see a rattler, thank goodness. And I'm not

sure my dad spotted many either. In the end he got through his whole life without ever having a dangerous run-in with one, despite how many times he mentioned the peril.

In their wild environment, I've only seen a couple of rattlers. One was a very small and young one sunning itself on a rock in Big Basin. The group of us schoolkids stopped and stood about 10 feet away staring at it. The second was at

my Grandparents back when they had a ranch. There was a full-grown Western Diamondback Rattler less than five feet from my feet. The weird thing is I wouldn't even have seen it if I hadn't been looking at the ground to make sure I didn't step in anything steaming from dog, cow or horse. It didn't rattle and was just making its way through the grass. I watched it and it found a hole spot under a rock.

However, his fears might have arisen from an incident during his childhood when he was pursued by an enormous black racer, which sounds similar to John's reptilian





horror.

Now, if I'd ever been pursued by a snake (or a robot, giant mechanical spider, Shiite Muslim or racing greyhound, for that matter) I'd grew a terror of them. In fact, I was once chased by a large blonde kid in a flight jacket when I was really little, and thus I've always been kinda afraid of them.

My experience with snakes has been confined pretty much to sightings of benign garter snakes and grass snakes. Occasionally we see a small snake curled up in the sun on the flat rock on the slope leading down to the house. Small, recognizable snakes don't bother me. I don't know how I would react to a big snake and I'd prefer not to find out.

I stepped on a garter on the beach

on the Delta when I was in High School. It just sunk into the sand so it wasn't hurt, but the foot print was really cool looking!

I am glad at least that John thought to put down the papers he was grading before doing battle. Imagine if he had had to tell his students -- I'm sorry I don't have your papers, a snake ate them.

That would be an awesome excuse...I mean true reason.

Best,

Eric

Light my fire motherfuckers. -- Joan of Arc

Go and sin no more. --Dirty Harry
Oh, those are funny!

Sometimes, I have a lot to write about. It's a rare moment when I have to sit around and try to come up with some topic that is interesting enough for me to put electrons to work over. This weekend, I wrote a Falls Count Anywhere and two pieces for Matt Appleton and Some Fantastic. I then started in on my Chess article for the games issue.

And then I just stopped.

I couldn't figure out where anything should be going. I didn't know what the next step in the Chess article was, so I moved on to an article I'm working on for SF/SF. That stalled even harder. Then, as I often do when I'm stuck, I went to work on a fiction outline. Even that, the best mind-grease I've got, wouldn't budge.

These things are annoying.

I put everything down and watched Sideways. It's a great film and it features the kind of character that I fear I may become someday. Usually it helps, and I managed to squeak out a little bit of writing for my LJ, but that was it.

One thing that's been on my mind is Silicon, and it just so happened that we had a meeting on Sunday. I gave Johanna a ride to the meeting and she's doing the Masquerade Director thing, which is never easy. The meeting was longer than usual, which is kinda understandable. The first couple were small affairs and now

as the group grows to fill the other spaces, the meetings get longer. I'm just doing the Fanzine Lounge, which is getting a big new shiny space called The Silicon Valley Room. It's not on the party floor, but we can work around that. It's a big room on the second floor and we're sorta on our own so we can do a bit more than usual. One of the best things will be the fact that I think we can pull off The Entire Con in the Lounge. This is easily the best room we've had for the Lounge as far as size, but we won't get as many wander-ins. I'm planning on starting the great Cross-Over event at Silicon. I've got ideas.

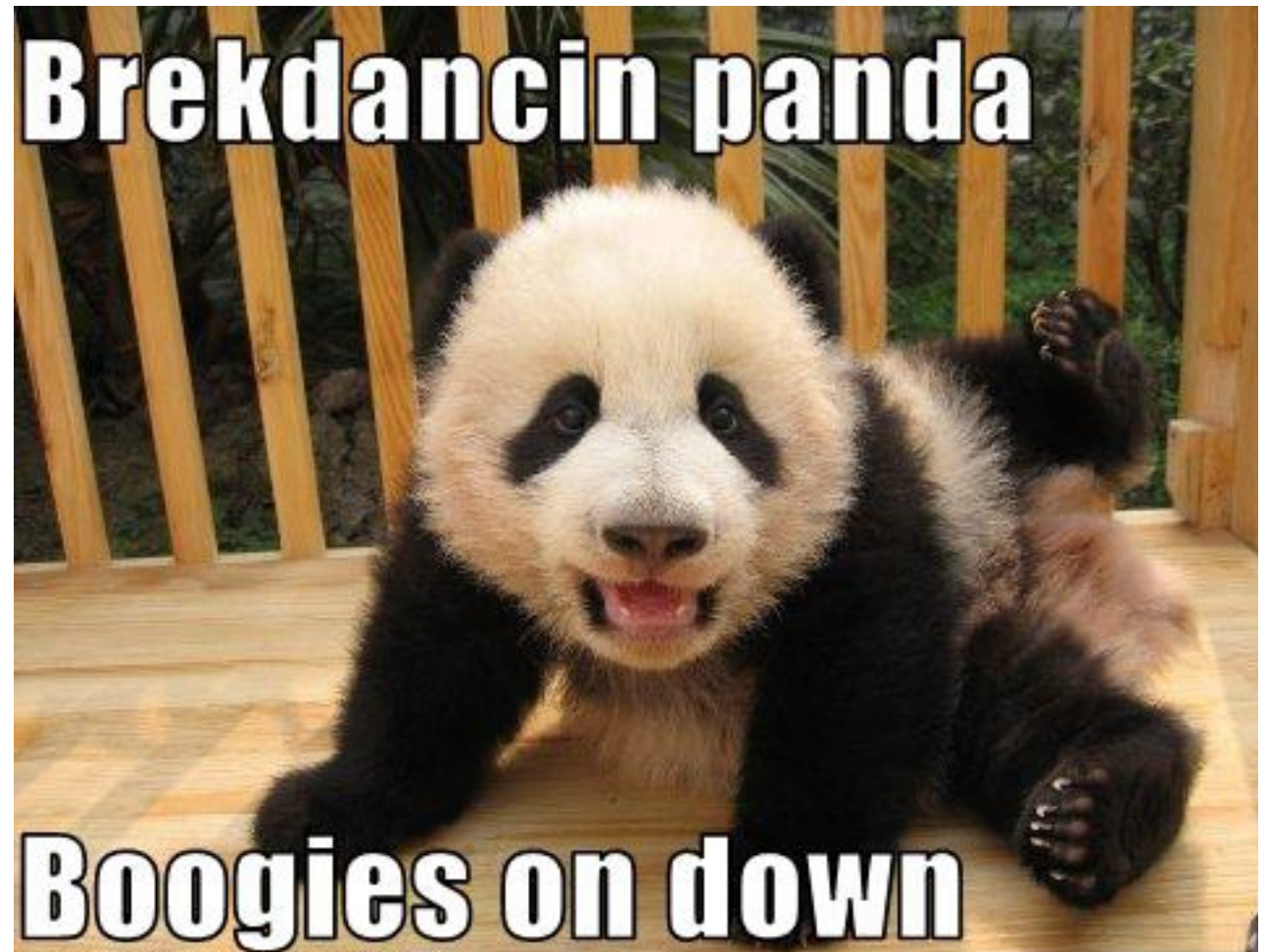
And the Con itself should be a lot of fun. They've got some good guests, including Larry Niven, who is a somewhat controversial guest for some (like Espana) for some of his comments about a year ago. There's also my man Phil Yeh, who can talk and talk!. They're also planning on Taiko Drumming, perhaps as the half-time for the Masquerade. That'd be neat. They also want a lot of Belly Dancing. Combine the two and you're talking about a trans-cultural event 2000 years in the making!

And all of this was written as a way to say that if I don't manage the same amount of output as always, it's because I'm thinking.

Yeah...I'm thinking!

There was a lot of wrestling this weekend. I went to the Big Time Wrestling show in Newark with my friend Alana from work and her boyfriend and a bunch of other folks and had a blast. The best part was that there was Lady wrestling between two of Total Non-Stop Action's (TNA's) best ladies: Gail Kim and Traci Brooks. Traci is lovely and when viewed from the side resembles a lowercase p. She's got some wicked large implants, but that's

expected in wrestling these days. The show was fun, and I was most pleased with the guy named Oliver John, who had a great match with some annoying Canadian. He was the only one who had Big League appeal. That's the thing about Independent Wrestling. You almost never see anyone who has star quality unless they bring in big names. This guy sold well, moved well and have bad guy heel charisma in the extreme. It was really refreshing.



One of the things that's weird is that you have guys who are really slow, or have Third Row Charisma (that's they can get heat or applause only so far as the third row, and it has nothing to do with English Third Row Fandom, who are much more charismatic than that). The guys who are going to end up with their entire wrestling career being held in high school gyms and national guard armories. It's kinda a shame, as you could call that wasting their time, but you could also say that they're the last form of pure wrestling: wrestling because they love it and not for barrels of cash that you have to make worth it by becoming more than

human, often through the use of steroids, implants or what have you. It's interesting to see.

I'll be going back in September to see the next show, which will feature a couple of TNA wrestlers (including Frankie Kazarian, the Armenian Dream, and the Minis from Mexico who put on a heck of a show. I'll always love wrestling, and there's something about being in a crowd.

We also managed to catch Traci when she was thrown outside the ring and just happened to pop from her top! It was only visible to about 10 people, and I was dead center in the middle of the thing.

Art this issue was from Frank Wu with that cover, and then there was all the Panda stuff from icanhazcheezburger.com. I love that place. Dave Locke used OMG Iz Ful-la Stars in Time & Again and I was hooked all over again. The Lovely and Talented Linda loves LolCats, and I have to go along with her on that one because hey, captions are awesum!!!

Below is the debut of Dann Lopez in The Drink Tank! He'll be a regular with his strip Tales of the Dork Knight!

Also, here's out to Ann Green, Steve Green's wife, who is ailing but getting better!

Tales of the DORK KNIGHT



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oooooh! I'm scary baby panda

oooooooooooooh

Pandas are nothing but painted Polar Bears
- Chairman Mao



Family portrait becomenez Pandamonium



romantic panda

cares about yr feelings

Of all the animals I've screwed, the Panda was the most generous lover.
- Bishop Desmond Tutu