

The Drink Tank Presents: Completely Forgotten

Issue 27, boy-o

Over the last six months, a lot has happened and I've written about a lot of it, but I've also missed things and just plain forgot to put the stories in some issues. Here, for your slightest of amusements, are the stories that slipped through my stubby little fingers. Enjoy.

“Some Polish Writer Guy”- Tomasz Pacynski (1958-2005)

*- Should have appeared in Issue 26

I'm not a huge reader of SF and Fantasy in translation, but I've branched out a lot over the years and read some things. Stan Lem became a personal favourite, and so did a lot of the Spanish Magical Realists, but when I came across Pacynski around 1999, I was drawn in.

And of course, now he's dead.

I came across some of his stories on a website that featured a lot of recent SF and Fantasy. The first story I read was about Robin Hood, which I seem to believe was actually an excerpt from a novel called Sherwood. It was rollicking good fun. I read a couple of other SF stories, but they weren't on the same level.

Sadly, Pacynski was also a fan and seemed very willing to write for Polish fanzines. He had several stories in Polish fanzines (both those that regularly published fiction and more traditional ones) and wrote many letters. A Polish fan, Macek, is a friend and said that he was very much saddened by the loss of his favourite Polish author. I only hope more of his work will be translated into English.

Why Should He Settle for Knighthood When He Could Probably Buy The Throne?

*- Should have appeared in issue 11

Billy, Billy, Billy, what a fool you are. You could have had it all. With a little thought and a lot of money, you probably could have forged your own kingdom, or even better, Bought the British Crown. Think of it, King William the Super-Rich. You could have named your pals Lords and Ladies. You could have said that anyone using Linux is committing a crime against the Crown, but no, you settled.

Shame.

For those of you with no clue what I'm talking about, William “The Refridgerator” Gates was made a Knight of the British Empire on Wednesday. Now, don't feel like you have to call him Sir William, since he's not Brit-born there's no need (Though I think we should all start referring to Bill Burns by just that moniker) but he does get to use KBE after his name.

Oh, the joys of post-name initials.

Honestly, I have it less in for Bill than most. I've examined his BASIC paper tape and have to say that he did a hell of a job. It's powerful good and the compactness of the code shows some strong creative flow from the programmer. Of course, having a PDP-10 to work with made things easier, but still, he didn't suck as a programmer.

As a business guy, I'm just as hard on him as the rest of the world. He's made soem very smart plays (buying into Apple right before they made a strong comeback and buying into Red Hat Linux) and some very evil moves (the Open Letter to Hobbyists reeks of greed) but overall, I'd say that he's worked the system so that he can have a legal monopoly. Can't say that I wouldn't do the same if I were in his shoes.

So, now, Bill Gates is on the list of folks who are Knights. He's on the list with Pele, Alan Greenspan, Bob Geldof, Bob Hope, Billy Graham and some guy named Spielberg.

Not some bad company.

THE TWO UNPUBLISHED HUGO ARTICLES MEANT FOR ISSUES 13 AND 15 BUT I DUMPED THEM FOR SOME REASON.

Fanzine Hugo Nominees:
Or Five Fanzines that are In-
finitely Better Than The Drink
Tank

*- Should have been in Is-
sue 13, I had it in an early lay-
out of Issue 18 as well

I'm saying it here and
now: Plokta. That's right, you
heard me. P-L-O-K-T-A. That's
the winner. No question. I say
this having only read a couple of
issues (for some reason, most of
the recent issue PDFs are trou-
blesome with my machines). I
know the Plokta Cabal is a pow-
erful force and that Sue Mason
is One of Them. I'm very inter-
ested in getting some issues, but
until then, I'll settle for knowing
that they'll win.

Why am I so certain?

Well, I think many folks are certain.
It's a Brit WorldCon, which would put Ba-
nana Wings, which is one of my new faves,
and Plokta at the top of the list. Cheryl
Morgan is a Brit, but after the stink so many
people raised over her win (and let's not get
into that again) I don't see a repeat.

Banana Wings (which I'm grateful that
Mark Plummer handed me issue 21 at Cor-
Flu) is a great zine. No question. I've heard
others say the very same thing. It may be
the best written zine in the UK, as Claire,
Tanya Brown and Greg Pickersgill prove in
Ish 21. It's a wonderful fanzine and it could
easily win, but Plokta has something that
Banana Wings doesn't: That Damned Cabal.

You see, it's a force of personality that
those good people have, a sway that seems
to run into all aspects of British fandom.
You can't look into Brit Fandom without
coming across the names Alison Scott and
Steve Davies or Sue Mason. The force of



personalities, combined with
the fact that folks LOVE Plokta
and add the fact that it's being
voted on by Brits and you've
got all the makings for a win.

Still, my choice is Chal-
lenger. I love Challenger,
always have, and I'd love Guy
Lillian 3 to have a Rocket on
his mantel. The fact that he
also printed one of my articles
doesn't hurt his chances for
my vote either. Cheryl Morgan
would also get my vote, as I
love Emerald City.

Hugo Weaving- The Things I Just Don't Get *- almost in Issue 15

Some years, you have all the previ-
ous nominees repeat nomination, often
with tremendously different final voting
results. Look at this year's Best Fan Artist.
Not a change in who got the nod, though
I'm actually kinda thinking that Sue Mason
might take it in an All-Brits Sweep of the
Fan categories.

Best Fan Writer has some folks who
will almost always be there, like Steven Sil-
ver, Bob Devny and some guy named Lang-
ford, but other sneak in, like Claire Brialey,
Jeff Berkwitz, and now Cheryl Morgan. It's
a good bunch, but there are folks I don't
understand being absent.

Like Arnie Katz.

Flicker and VFW are both worthy
fanzines that are wonderfully written. Why
no nod to The Kingfish?

Or for that matter Greg Pickersgill.
My Dad calls him The Voice of Truth and
his stuff in Banana Wings and elsewhere
has been great.

Then again, it all comes down to
taste and you can't tell fen what they like.



The Tomb of James Lick
at the Lick Observatory

and in 1887, the first set of buildings were completed and he was buried underneath the area intended for the largest telescope in the world. It remained the largest for nine years, though it still does important work.

Several of Jupiter's moons were discovered using the near-one metre telescope, including Amalthea and Sinope. Several Near-Earth Asteroids and a few Extra-solar planets have been found using the newer scopes in the place.

Now, in 1888, San Jose was the boonies. They had a giant light tower and as far as light pollution goes, that was about it. The site was chosen because the area gave off very little light to distract from viewing, but as the area changed, the amount of light did too. San Jose took early action and switched to low pressure sodium lamps, which kept things dark enough for the good work to go on.

I went there several times as a kid. It gets soem snow, so that's a place where Silicon Valley kids can go to play around in the parking lot.

James Lick made a point to require a "Good" road to be put in so that the Observatory could be accessed. The road is still there, though it's been paved and improved, slightly, and it's a windy drive and a lot of fun. There are a lot of bikers who love the road.

The Lick Observatory: or 'What the Hell is a Giant Telescope doing in San Jose?'

*- Supposed to be a part of the Guide to The Bay Area CorFlu Visitors Issue that I thought of doing instead of issue 8.

It has a dumb name. That's one thing we all learned as kids. We think of it as Look Observatory because it sounds better, but it's actually Lick, named after James Lick, who's actually buried there, who gifted the money to build the thing. What I didn't know was that as much as I identify it as a place where school kids go to take a tour when they are studying stars, it's actually an important place of research!

James Lick was a rich guy, the richest in California at the time of his death, and after a stroke suffered at his home in Santa Clara, the City of my Birth, he spent his time figuring out ways to spread his money around. The Head of the California Academy of Science got him to agree to funding an observatory on top of Mt. Hamilton where they would put up the World's Largest Telescope. He died in 1886



It's a neat place with telescopes everywhere and varous exhibits. The place has a tonne of great old photos of comets, planets and moons they've discovered over the years. If you plan on visiting, you can go during the day, as they don't want folks coming up disturbing the researchers who are there at night.

The Other Very Short Stories

These are a bunch of the Very Short Stories I wrote since January that I never felt like adding. Some were bumped for space, but most just never saw the light of day (And one's a poem and not too Short, either and features dirty words!)

WorldCon: 1896

Daphne Rogers stood, waiting for a paddleboat to arrive to take her home, hoping to avoid the fans who would come to her and discuss this or that about her books, or more accurately, the books of Miles O'Brannigan, the pseudonym she preferred.

Sacramento was backwater, but no harm ever came to anyone who entered. Certainly it was a much better choice than Oakland in 1887, when incompetance ran wild. As she stood there at the riverside dock, an airship, longer than the boat she waited for, flew overhead. It turned, banking steep, and the voices of men yelling instructions came across to her.

The beauty of 19th Century Newspapers had to be in their willingness to believe all the humbuggery.

The Last Words Heard By Human Ears on The Ship Castellan On The Twenty-third Day of March, 2009 Translated into English from the Language Soe'Naskie

“Are you gonna finish that?”

His Options were worthless, but then again, so were everyone else's. He had made his fortune and someone had lost them for him. How kind of them to save him his precious time.

“Everything's a gamble” he said to himself as he reached into the bag, setting the McNuggets on top of the McDLT.

Robert Pinsky once said that the Simpsons was his favourite show on television, and for some reason he thought that it legitimized them, gave them meaning beyond the slapstick and stupidity..

And then ten seasons into the run, Pinsky himself showed up to read the opening of *Impossible to Tell*, and hoping that the masses would accept Basho, banana tree, by associating it with the D'oh. By then the family had become a work in history, fermenting among the wise and savvy crowd that sniffs pop culture like the last remnants of a week-old forty bag.

Fuck Robert Pinsky, and Gary Soto too for that matter, the men who slide their Maker hooks into Shia Halud to ride the sands of American Cultural interest. They make themselves over, redoubling their ersatz admiration daily so they might move in to plant a slow drip of arsenic into the well.

Fuck Robert Pinsky. His dreary vision, semi-humorless as the cancer the drips into our consciousness. There is something there, or so he'd say, laughing at the moment when he knows he should respond.

Pinsky loves the art that he finds in The Simpsons, but fails to see that the art of the Simpsons lies in the fact that it knows what it is, and what it is is nothing. No meaning, no reality, no philosophy, no Jehovah, Raa, Bol-Morah, Hecate, or Pluto, no Allegiance to any state save that of insignificance.

The Simpsons are the Simpsons, not a gathering of archetypes. It is but a series that gives Americans what they need: the injection of laughter that changes no life, but makes it worth waiting for the next dose. It's not a symbol: it's just a bunch of stuff that happens.

Fuck Robert Pinsky and his slow dulcimer, gavotte and bow, in autumn and the right that being named Poet Laureate gave him to make The Simpsons into significance to the sad low tones that echo off of university corridors as debate over Itchy and Scratchy comes to a fever pitch.

All I ask is that my children's grandchildren get to watch the Monorail episode on a Friday night at 6 or 7:30, long after the gasoline rainbow in the gutter has washed away, the one man renga is forgotten, and the books of Pinsky's poems clutter up the bookshelves of upperclassmen trying to bed Radcliffe girls using a depth of Pinsky pretense impossible to tell.

“What About Dave Kyle?”

***- Should have been in issue 2, I wrote it for another zine back about 2003**

If you asked me who my favourite all-time fan names were, I'd say Harry Warner, Jr., Forry, and Dave Kyle. Of those three, I've met only Forry, and that was years ago (though we were supposed to be on a panel together at LosCon 2001). So, why Dave Kyle? What is it that makes Dave Kyle one of my all-time faves?

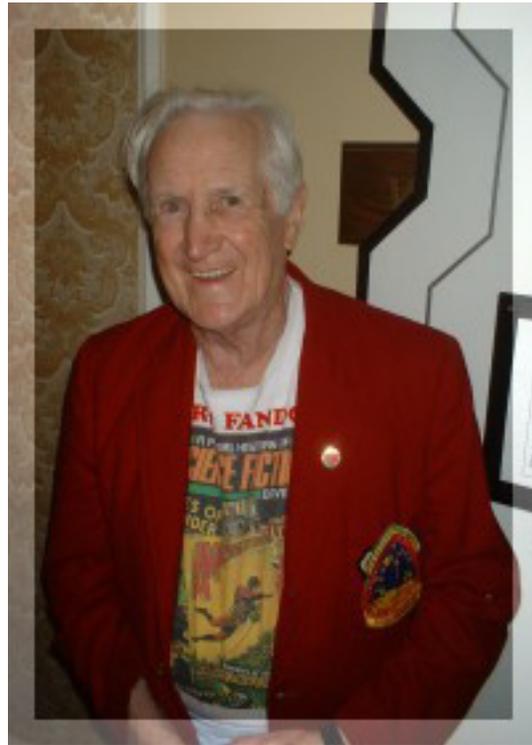
Because he got away with it.

You see, the 1939 World's Science Fiction Convention was taking place in the town so nice, they named it twice: New York, New York. The site was Caravan Hall, and if anyone knows where it is/was, please tell me so I can visit. The whole of fandom had been waiting, especially David Kyle.

Dave was from Monticello, NY, and had been writing letters and reading the mags for years. He was a member of The Futurians, that amazing New York fan group. Dave printed a thing called A Warning, a yellow pamphlet that talked about 'New Fandom' taking over. He came to the con and hid the box behind a radiator. Dave, along with a few other Futurians like Isaac Asimov, had wondered about into the building, but when Don Woldheim, Fred Pohl and others rolled up, they were barred. None of those folks knew about the pamphlet that Kyle had printed, were barred from entry. They had located Kyle's stash and that was enough for SaM and his two cronies to keep the Futurian rabble out, especially since they were already involved in a feud.

And it was David Kyle who really had done the dirty deed, and he was inside, enjoying himself greatly.

That is why I openly admire David Kyle, because the first great exclusion was all his fault (OK, partly his fault) and he got to hang around NyCon and let the others take the fall for him. It's his combination of luck and cunning that I admire.



Dave Kyle in August of 2003, photo by Chaz Baden-Boston which can be viewed in the Fan Gallery at <http://scifinc.net/scifinc/gallery/list/>



I had wanted to use this piece by Nancy O, but never found a story where it would work and I've had it around for ages and she said I could use it as is. Sweet of her.

Here's a piece my dear M Lloyd wrote for an issue a while back, before she came back to the States. It's a sad tale of love gone wrong. I've also included a somewhat edited version of Jay's response. I took the liberty of changing a couple of names.

"Janey, I gotta let you go."

By M Lloyd

***- Should have been in the first issue of Crass Dandy or TDT Issue 7**

When the time came to give it all up, I did. I knew I had to drop it, drop her, drop them. I had been playing at something I had been able to handle when I was younger, and there I was, twenty-seven and too old for this anymore.

Her name was Jane and I loved her, or at least I wanted to love her.

I was married on June the seventh and by July the fifth, I had kissed Jane. She lived in the house across the road

with her boyfriend and their baby boy, Elliot. Her hair always shined when she would go outside to get the mail or walk her Puli or gather the cans that stupid Eric would leave outside when his buddies would come over to drink and watch footy and cook on that ridiculous hibachi.

From the first day we moved in, a full year before we got married, I watched her, I admired her. Who am I kidding, I lusted after her. She seemed perfect, or at least suitable for my first affair.

I am the villain in this story.

One evening the sun hit low enough to make me shade my eyes as I stared at her sitting on lawnchair, baby in her lap. I don't know why, but I went outside carrying two cans of pop and a chocolate bar. It wasn't rare that the two of us would sit and chat, but it was late in the day, right before she usually put Elliot down, and Eric wouldn't be home until well after midnight.

"You want one?" I asked, offering it to her.

"Of course." she replied.

She went inside and I followed. She put Elliot in his crib and we sat on the couch, chatting. She made some tea after we finished our Cokes.

"I've seen you watching me." she said, coming back with her tray.

"Should I apologize?" I asked.

"No, you should kiss me." she said, and I did. And that night was the single most exhilarating night of passion I've ever experienced. At ten to midnight, I kissed her one last time and made my

way home, the baby crying just as I opened the door from the bedroom to the hall.

Eric worked until midnight three nights a week. My husband would travel a lot, usually spending at least two days a week in Sydney or out at the Western Oval. That's no excuse, I wasn't forgotten, a lonely housewife left behind, I was simply too stupid to ignore Jane. Maybe not stupid, but certainly weak. My husband, good man that he is, never knew, never asked why I



sometimes stayed over at Jane's house far later than I should have, why I left so many movies over there. He never knew, and if he ever reads this, I'm sure he'll be angry.

Jane and I became closer every visit. She told me she loved me. I told her I loved her. Again, I was stupid. We went on a short vacation together, flew away for two nights in Auckland with Elliot at his grandmother's. Our husbands went to see Geelong and Collingwood battle it out on the pitch. Neither of us left the hotel room the entire weekend, but I stepped out onto the balcony and realised that I was twenty-seven, acting the same way I did when I was seventeen. I've always had money enough to play with anyone's emotions and here, after leaving the guy I wronged the most for the man who I had cheated on more than once and had always been forgiven. I was doing wrong, and worse, I was getting away with it.

We made it home and there, in the living room where it had all started, I kissed her one last time.

"Jane, I gotta let you go." I said softly into her neck as I hugged our farewell.

"No, you don't."

"Yes, I do."

She stared into my eyes. I looked away as quickly as I could. She lifted my chin, or at least that's how I remember it.

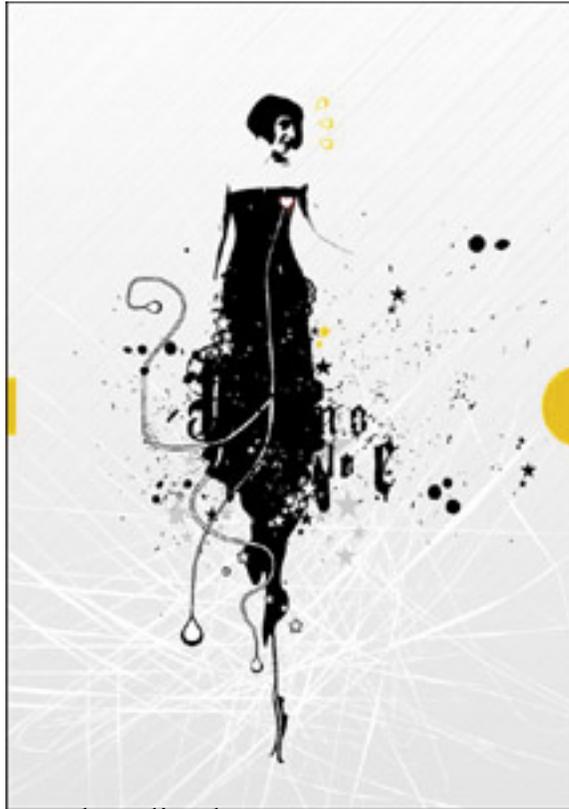
"I love you."

"We can't"

She paused, looked away for a moment and fast as lightning brought her hand across my cheek stinging it red.

"Take that with you, M. It's a parting gift."

I didn't cry. I simply walked home, across the street and got into bed. I made four phone calls that night, waking up



people in three different states. I always wondered how far I could go and still be forgiven by those people I had wronged previously. Apparently much further than all of this. One offered me words of courage, another to come and visit. One asked for the entire thing in lurid detail. One made me laugh and told me to write it all out, look at it, at the ways I behaved. I wrote the entire story, practically a novel that would almost have made a perfect lesbian pulp. I sent it to him and when he finished it, he called me.

"I read it, babe." he said.

"And?"

"Someday, I want to run it in something. Not the whole thing, but your basic story. I don't know what I'll do with it, but I wanna put it out there."

And now he has.

12pt Courier New by Jay Crasdan

M and I have a past. A long past. We met in high school and we dated a while. We reconnected in college and we dated for a while. We met up after her separation and we dated for a while. M Lloyd is that girl you'll never get out of your system, but you'll try until the moment she wanders back in again.

The whole Jane thing was her greatest mistake and it was what ruined her marriage. She couldn't let it go that she had done that to him. When I heard about it, I told her that I'd be glad to help her however I could, but she'd be paying for it in her own head for a long time. It turns out that I was right.

rich brown sent this one after I announced my intentions to do a Ditto and a Hecto zine.

Hi, Chris:

See by your latest that you're looking toward purchasing a hekto "machine." Not possible; it's not a machine.

Or, that is, to the extent they are or may be, they're largely self-made. And very cheap. Here's how:

Go out and purchase a large cookie sheet/baking pan -- shallow is fine, the bigger the better. Then purchase yourself some unflavored Knox gelatin (or some other brand, it doesn't really matter). Follow the instructions on the pack for making gelatin and make it in your cookie sheet/baking pan. When the gelatin is "set," viola, you have yourself a hektograph.

And here's how to use it:

Buy yourself some ditto masters. Since you're talking about purchasing a mimeo first and a ditto second, you will already know where to get these. Now, with the ditto, you type/draw directly on the master; the carbon sheet behind it faces the master, so once you remove it you have a "mirror image" of what you've typed/drawn on the back, and that's the side that goes face up on the ditto drum. When it hits the ditto paper going under the drum which has a thin film of ditto fluid on it to activate the carbon on the master, the image again reverses itself on the sheet.

But with hekto, you're not going to do that. You're going to use it more like regular carbon paper, with the attached "master" being the backing sheet. You'll put a piece of typing paper on top of the carbon and roll them all into your typewriter, so that what you type and draw on the paper will produce a "true" non-mirror image on the master.

Once done, you take that master and place it slowly, gently and firmly on the gelatin in your cookie sheet/baking pan, and "smooth" it down.

The important thing, in all this process, is to **not** tear the surface of the gelatin by treating it too roughly. Let it sit for 20-30 seconds, then **very gently** remove the master. It should leave an image in the gelatin. You then take your ditto paper, one sheet at a time, and gently smooth **it** down on the same spot. Let it sit for a few seconds, then **very gently** remove it. Should reproduce your page. Repeat for as many copies as you can; somewhere after between 20 to 25 copies have been made the copies will begin to degrade in that the letters will become blurrier and blurrier, so that somewhere (most often) around 50 or so copies they become virtually unreadable. So you've got that kind of built-in limit going for you. Oh, some people have had somewhat better luck using yellow "second sheets," increasing copy count by 10-15 copies.

You are now reading for your second page (or the back of your first).

You have several options here.

(1) Wait a day. The rest of the carbon from that first page will "sink"

deeper beneath the "surface" of the gelatin where even a hint of it cannot be transferred (try putting ditto paper on the spot and see if it does; if it does, wait longer). Once it is deep enough into the gelatin not to transfer an image, you can put the master for the second page on the same spot and repeat the instructions above.

(2) If your cookie sheet/baking pan is large enough, you can use another non-overlapping spot to run off the back of your first sheet with a new master.

(3) If (1) and/or (2) are not practical, with a sponge and dishwashing detergent & water, very **very** very gently wash the spot until all traces of carbon are removed. Let it dry for a few minutes, test it with a sheet to be sure there are no after-images per the above, then proceed to use your second master in that spot and proceed.

Repeat the above until you're done. Or exhausted. Or both.

Good luck!

Regards,

--

rich brown (DrGafia)

Thanks rich!

Well, that's that! Next week, back to stuff that is new and fresh and ready for prime time! There's not a lot to report otherwise. Next time will probably feature a couple of short looks at BayCon (I swear it will be the last of them) and a lot of the usual. Expect wackiness to abound now that I'm Vice-President of BASFA.

And don't worry, there are hundreds of other stories that I've written that aren't yet used, so there'll be another of these in a few more months.

In other news, you might want to mosey over and give Earl Kemp's eI #20 a read. It's a solid piece of work and there's a lot of talk about 1960s and 70s rock and Wonder Woman!

The Drink Tank: Completely Forgotten, the 27th Issue, was written by Christopher J. Garcia, Jay Crasdan and M Lloyd, and laid out by Chris using inDesign, and posted to eFanzines.com by future Hugo-Winner Bill Burns. The next issue will probably be next Friday. This is a ladies skate!