

The "SF/SF Issue 9
is finished!" Issue



BIG FUN IN VEGAS

The words Big Fun in Vegas used to typically mean that I had hit a 27 while I was playing roulette. Alas, this time I dropped 60 bucks playing Pai-Gow at the Palace Station and the MGM Grand. This time it wasn't the gambling, it was the fandom.

Arnie and Joyce Katz had told me that they had a bunch of computer and video game stuff that I should take to the museum. At some point, it was brought up that I should drive up to Sin City and bring the stuff back. I suggested the first weekend in October, and that turned out to be the Veg-rants gathering. I was more than happy to journey over and party like it was 1995.

I'm not gonna do a full report here (you've gotta read the October 19th issue of SFinSF for that), but I will say that Vegas fandom is a lot of fun and even better, the folks accepted me like one of their own.

I've been a loyal reader of Vegas Fandom Reader since early on, and an LoCer for a few months now. I knew the names, and even knew a couple of folks who were a part of Vegas Fandom, like the reason I'm back in Con-going fandom The Daughertys, So, I was happy to go and put personality quirks to the names and photos.

There are some great folks down there, lead by Arnie and Joyce who treated me wonderfully and who I hope to get to visit again sometime (and perhaps even bring them some of my wonderful cooking). Mer-ric Anderson proves that Frank Wu had his personality cloned and it is living in Vegas. I was most entertained by all the chatter and the wonderful discussions. I got a chance to talk with Bill Kunkle about comics, Alan White about all sorts of things, and I got to shake the hand of Ross Chamberlin, whose art work has delighted me for years. A great time was had by me.

I LOOK INTO

THE FUTURE

So, I won't be doing many, and probably no issues of The Drink Tank in November. Why, you may ask. I'm going to be working on my novel.

What, I hear you say, didn't you swear off fiction writing? Aren't I happier now that I've given up? The answer to both of those questions happen to be yes, but there's a thing called National Novel Writing Month where folks spend November writing novels of at least 50k words. Last year, when I was still thinking that I could write fiction, I came across a few friends who were doing the thing and came out with some fun results. I thought *Maybe I could do that*, and so I looked into it and I figured that I'd do it and now I'm signed up.

So yes, I'll be writing a novel for National Novel Writing Month. I'm gonna be working on a SteamPunk thing that I've been thinking about for ages. It'll be fun and doping 50K words shouldn't be that difficult, considering I write well most than that in most months. I'll still be sending LoCs, still be writing articles for FanboyPlanet.com and my livejournal fanzine reviews, SF/SF, doing a few little things, and probably no Drink Tanks. I may put it out there somewhere (since I know it'll never get published, I may as well put it out there to torture more poor souls with my weak-ass fiction). The plan is currently to turn it into a PDF and do stuff with it, but I may just end up putting it up on a Blog or somesuch. I'm not sure, but be sure that it'll bash you over the head sooner or later.

So, you'll have the 11th month to recover and catch up on all teh 50 previous issues of The Drink Tank. Of course, having said that means that I'll probably end up doing 8 or so as a way to justify my not working on the novel.



LET ME SEE YOUR BODY MOD!

I'll start by saying that I am neither pierced nor tattooed. It's just how it is, but of late, Body Modification has become a theme in my life. Gen is considering getting a tattoo (Evelyn is her first choice) and a couple of my friends have recently gotten extra pierced. It was going to CascadiaCon that showed me exactly how many folks in and around fandom have weird modifications.

There are so many tattoos that it's not even funny. I don't have anything against tats, but the fact that some people go overboard, like shaving their head and getting the epic of Gilgamesh drawn on the scalp canvas, really freaks me out. As far as piercings go, there are a lot of those too. Earrings I get. Nose rings are slightly strange, but there's that girl in Seattle at all teh cons I go to up there that has one that I find fascinating. Chin piercing: weird. Top of nose piercing: weirder. Tongue piercing: alluring bad weird. back of neck piercing: the weirdest of all. I just don't get it.

The serious body mod people are the ones that I am slightly afraid of. The snipping of that little cord that holds the tongue down is understandable, I mean, who wouldn't want a longer tongue, especially if one wants to use it to grab leaves off of branches. I The folks who get their tongues cross-sectioned, forming two more independent tongues, kinda freak me out. In the Zombie Mob that happened in SF not too long ago, one of the girls who was done up as a zombie has one of those split tongues that creeped me the hell out. The folks who get the wild stuff done to

the dangly bits are less freaky to me since I can't see them unless I really want to make the effort. Light under a bushel, I guess.

The King of Body Modification has to be a guy I actually really like. His name was Dennis Avner.

I believe he's now had it legally changed to Stalking Cat. Cat is a guy who has been spending the better part of the last 20 years getting made over so that he'll look like a Tiger. He's got stripes, a split lip, claws, whiskers, you name it. He's undergone all of this without a regular medical professional, since they won't do things like that, so he can't go under anesthetic. That's right, he's awake, at least mildly, when they go in and do the work. That's dedication.

I first met Cat at Conjecture #1 in San Diego. We stopped and chatted about computers for a while. He worked on a lot of old machines that we have here at the museum. Univacs and Burroughs and old PDP machines. The guy's a flippin' genius. I got to chat with him a bit while I was in Seattle and he's wicked smart. Sadly, Evelyn caught sight of him from across the lobby earlier in the day and was flipped out, so I didn't get as much time to chat with him, which is a shame. Still, I don't get it, though I guess that's the point sometimes.





M LLOYD AND JAY CRASDAN PRESENT A GOTHIC LOVE SONG JAY

This is a story that takes place long ago, in the 1990s, in a place that most would find very strange, a Boston warehouse. It's there that we both had something of a flip-out that ultimately made Chris a good friend and that made us realise that there was nothing we could do to stay together.

The year is 1994, or so it would seem. I swear it was late 1993, and Chris seems to think that it was 1995, but 1994 seems right. M and I were at Boston University, both studying English and Art. Chris was at Emerson, "studying" creative writing and Art History. We had been around Beantown enough to know what was going on in the Underground scene. Chris was too square to get in on it, though he showed up with us once or twice. M and I had been giving our relationship a second chance for nearly a year as I recall, and we were very happy. The night in question was out trip to a warehouse where a full night of the Gothic Arts awaited.

Chris had said that he would come along and keep a couple of our friends company since they were planning some heavy-duty drug use. Chris makes an excellent den mother. We got there early in the afternoon, a live DJ already mixing hits, and M and I started dancing like we always did, high and tight. Chris took SaBean and Morris off to where they'd drop and he'd watch over them. The first four hours were us dancing, Chris watching the two of them

for signs of freak-out, and as the night came on, more and more Goth kids started piling in. It was a typical night, with maybe 500 total people crammed into the space. They played all sorts of wild trance stuff to start, but switched to gothic and industrial music as the light outside flitted away.

By 8, I had come to the wall and went to check out how Chris was going with the others. M, always at the crank, stayed on the dance floor. This is where things started to fall apart.

M

I love dancing. I've always loved dancing, especially after I've enjoyed a bit of chemical fun, which in those days was always right before we left for a club. It's hard to understand how much I love to go out and enjoy the world of rhythm and beat and blaring speakers and flashing lights. The warehouse had all of that. Jay left the dance floor as I was getting heated. He knew I had a lot going on in my head. Our relationship had been working, to a degree. He had always been very open with me, but not so open that I'd be able to go the directions I wanted to. I cheated on him. A lot. I had always been pretty open, but especially with Jay, I kept things hidden. A Goth Club for me is not the place to go if I wanted to keep things under wraps.

Not ten minutes after Jay scurried off to tend to Chris and SaBean, a beautiful girl came up to me. She had long hair, longer than mine that ended just below the start of my skirt. She had powdered herself and shoved every curve she held into a Victorian mourning dress. She was beautiful and she started dancing next to me. I looked at her

closely, studied her, and I found her eyes were slightly out and away. I used to get that look a lot. E does that to you after an hour or so. Psychologically, she was far away. Gone, Daddy, Gone, but to me, she came ever closer, dancing to me as if she wanted to be in my skin. I gave her all I could, fit my arms around her and pulled her in. I could feel her hands roaming over me, searching for entry. She found her way into my skirt and I didn't care. I turned and kissed her. Hard. Dark. I didn't know what else to do. This woman had come onto me and I pulled her in in public.

The only thing I remember from the next few minutes was Chris wiping the blood from the corner of my mouth.

JAY

SaBean had come and gone, as Chris was apt to say. He took her to the open air, sat there with a wet paper towel, trying to cool her off. We needed to go and get SaBean into a bed.

I went back in and saw M dancing with a girl. It's hard to know M and not be aware that she likes girls, at times far more than men. I had arrived just in time to see the girl running her hands over M's body. Yeah, it was hot, but there was something different. This didn't seem like the friendly play she would put on with most girls, this was something different. When she snaked her six foot plus frame around and locked her lips on the other girl's, I don't know what happened. This time seemed to be M getting what she wanted for herself, not for the amusement of the rest of us. I know it's a cliché, but M used to be Lez for her Fanz, but this was something utterly selfish. I

walked over to her and held her arm.

"M, SaBean's gotta go." I said.

She ignored me and kissed her deeper.

"M, we've gotta get SaBean out of here."

She broke and looked at the girl.

There was something lustful, but beyond simple lust in those eyes.

"You wait here, OK?" She said, the girl slowly pulling away.

We walked towards the door together.

"What the fuck was that?"

M fished in the pockets of her long coat. She found the keys and put them gently in my hand.

"Take the car. I'm gonna stay. Pick me up later."

I stared at the keys, hoping she was joking.

"There's no fucking way I'm coming back to get you after..." I didn't want to say what I knew she was going to do. I walked away, tossing her keys back at her. I'm told they hit her in square in the mouth. I didn't look. I did hear M let out a scream, but that was all.

Once I was outside, I found SaBean and Chris and Mike all together with SaBean propped against a tree. She looked bad.

"How far is the T from here?" I asked.

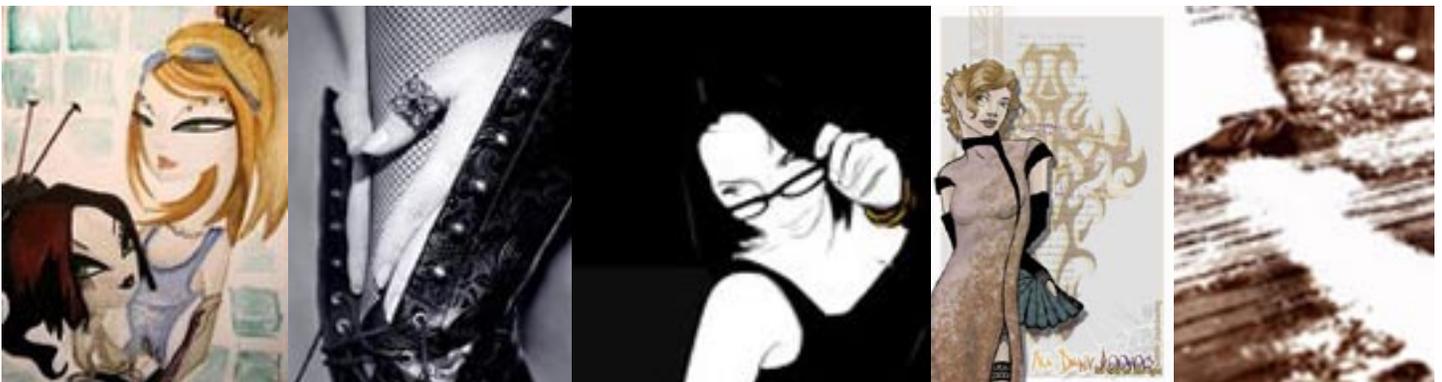
"Maybe a mile, but let's just get M's car and go."

"Fuck M."

"What."

"Mike, get her up, I'll take the other side. Let's just get her to the T and go..."

"Jay," Chris had that voice on "if we take the T, it'll be 90 minutes, maybe more before we get her back. By car, it's maybe twenty. Why didn't you get the keys from..."





“If you want the keys so fucking bad, you go and get them from her!” I don’t think Chris had ever heard me yell before, but I was in that part of my mind. Chris stared at me for a minute and walked into the warehouse.

M

The keys hit me on the side of my mouth. That’s where the cut was. I must not have moved because that’s where I came back together, right as Chris came up to me.

“M, what the hell happened?”

I didn’t answer. He used the back of his hand to get the blood off the side of my mouth.

“Did Jay hit you?” he asked, though I only heard him like the faint echo of a voice at the end of a long tube.

“Keys” I said, and I fell against the wall. I can remember Chris looking on the floor and finding them.

“We have to get SaBean home. I don’t think you should be near Jay right now. I’ll take care of this.”

Chris left with the keys. I slowly moved away and found my girl again. And another who wore a Dragon Lady dress and chopsticks in her hair. And I found whiskey and uppers and coke and more E. I don’t remember much until the morning.

JAY

Chris came back and gave me the keys. He didn’t say anything, but he put them in my hands and walked back into the warehouse. I knew exactly what he wanted me to do. I got Mike to help me get her to the car, even as the effects were starting to become apparent across his face. I drove us

home, got SaBean into bed, and went over to Johnny’s to see what he could give me.

M

Chris found me that morning. That’s how I always remember it. I was there on a small couch, alone and fucked up beyond belief and Chris found me and got me to the T and brought me home. Chris’ story is different. He watched me, more than once prying me away from men who wanted more than I should be giving. He didn’t stop me from the drugs, though he said he had to pull me away from a guy who was about to shoot up with H, and he didn’t stop me from drinking. He just made sure I made it through the night. I remember someone watching me as I started to undress the Dragon Lady, but I don’t remember what that led to. There was a lot of that night that no longer exists for me, a lot, but there are flashes of recklessness and stupidity. Chris just watched and kept me on the edge, but never allowed me to go over.

That may be why I fell in love with him.

Jay

The next morning...well, afternoon, I came back to the apartment and found SaBean OK, resting on the couch, watching wrestling. Chris wasn’t there. Usually Chris would be the one making us watch, but this time he was nowhere to be seen. M wasn’t home either. A phone call around six was the first I heard from them.

“Hello?”

“I can’t stay there, Jay.”

“What?”

“I’m sending Chris over to grab my things.”

“Listen, I know I...”

“Goodbye, Jeremiah.” She said, using my full name for the first time that I can remember.

Chris came over and grabbed a lot of her stuff. Somehow, she already had a place. I guess when you’ve got enough money, you can move on a whim. Chris came over that night and we had a drink and watched James Bond movies while Chris told me the story of the night before.

“Why’d you have to hit her?” Chris asked.

“I just threw blind. I didn’t know that I hit her at all.”

We sunk into quiet again.

M

The first time Chris and I talked after he brought me my things was at my new apartment. I kissed him that night, but he held back, sent me to think by leaving the house, going home and calling me later that night to tell me that he’d come over and help me fix the place up. He told me that he wasn’t going to choose sides, that he had hung out with Jay the night before and that it hadn’t been a purposeful throw. He also told me that he had feelings for me and that we’d have to wait. He wouldn’t step into this while the ground was still quaking. To this day I thank him for that, though at the time, I could have killed him.

I never thought I’d talk to Jay again, but like some lame 80’s movie, we had to see each other again in the hospital. SaBean Oded, this time even worse, and when Chris called me, even telling me that he was going to the hospital with Jay, I ran over from Brookline. I got there and as soon as I saw

Jay, I pulled him in for a giant hug.

We all stayed the night at that hospital, crying and waiting for her to regain consciousness. Jay and I fought for a while in an empty room that we found, and by the end, we were at peace. I had already started dating a guy who would later go on to be my husband, and Chris had squared things with Jay, so we started dating shortly thereafter. The group was OK, we had weathered the worst of it, and with the exception of those two weeks, we’ve been friends ever since.

SaBean came out of it around 9 in the morning on Sunday, almost three full days after she fell under the weight of everything. Jay and I took her home to my place, and Jay and SaBean started living with me. Chris was over a lot, but once we started going out, he liked to keep away when we were being a couple to stay outside of Jay’s anger. Within a year, we had all gelled again and there was something brand new. We were all friends, bosom friends they’d have called us in the days of yore, and we loved one another deeply.

After my divorce began, I sought out Jay and we talked about everything. I had ruined the us of the 90s and wanted to start again. He agreed, as being best friends with the woman who is your definition of beauty is not easy. We started dating again when he came to visit. It’s been beautiful and I’m ready for another crack at it.

- Editor’s Note: There’s a reason I’m running this now (it was written a long while ago). Last week, while on vacation in London, M asked Jay to marry her. Jay said yes. I’m going to preside.



LETTER GRADED MAIL
SENT TO GARCIA@COMPUTERHISTORY.ORG
BY MY GENTLE READERS

First Off, an Apology from Frank Wu

Ya know, I really have to proof my articles better before, in my excitement, I fire them off to you.

I misspelled modelmaker Martin Bower's name wrong as Bowers. This is a crime, because, well, making a living making models is one of the coolest things a person on this planet can do. And now Mr. Bower (who also worked on the first "Alien" movie) can charge six thousand dollars (or more) to make you a really big, camera-ready repro of just about any spaceship you can think of. That's cool.

I also must apologize for forgetting to mention the master Derek Meddings, who actually designed the Thunderbird vehicles. He also invented this special effects system wherein the models were suspended on wires, while the environment (road and sky) rolled past them on really, really long rollers. This, with added puffs of smoke to simulate clouds, was much more convincing than the alternative system, which would be to use models that actually moved (herky-jerky) with tiny motors. Meddings went on to work on the first Christopher Reeve "Superman" movie (for which he shared a Special Oscar) and several James Bond movies, including "The Spy Who Loved Me." I apologize to all those who like good special effects, for my inexcusable omission.

Frank, it is not you as a writer who has failed our readers, it is I as an editor. I take full responsibility for this failure and will fall upon my sword to make up for this dishonour. Not on the tip, but along the dull side.

The effects for *The Spy Who Loved Me* were really good, even among the Bond films of that era, which had great effects up through at least *Moonraker*. His work on *Superman* can not be overstated, as he was one of the people that DC insisted work on the film.

Next, we cross the mighty Atlantic to hear from Peter Sullivan!

Ed talks about the Zaphod Beeblebrox teddy bears at Worldcon. There appears to be a web page for these at <http://www.zz9.org/merchandise/beeblebears.html>
Aren't they adorable! I want one...but not at those prices!

From what I remember, the B.B.C. T.V. series from the early 1980s was pretty much as he suggested. It was a fairly obvious puppet head, with the ability to swivel and move its lips, but not much else. The extra arm was also a pretty cheesy fake. I seem to remember Douglas Adams saying that the extra head and arm had been a gimmick they put into the original radio series, where of course it cost them nothing. (As in the old line about "the pictures are always better on the radio.") Not expecting at that time that a television series would ever come along.

I loved Douglas Adams, and getting to meet him was one of the highlights (it was about two weeks before he died, too) He was always coming up with things that worked perfectly well until you tried to adapt them. I rather liked the TV show, and the stage play, which I've seen once, was also very funny. BY the way, I used to do a bit with a con friend where he would talk about Douglas Adams and I'd say "Wasn't he Maxwell Smart?" and he'd respond with "No, that guy's still alive". Sadly, that is no longer the case.

I suspect that, even within the constraints of special effects of the time (and equally the limitations of B.B.C. budgets) they deliberately made the head and arm even more cheesy than they could have done. On the grounds that if you can't make it look good, you may as well make it look bad enough to be funny.

Of course, Douglas Adams was also involved in several Doctor Who stories, and that series was likewise notorious for its on-the-cheap special effects. There was a gravel pit (in Norfolk I believe) that served as the location of almost a dozen different alien worlds - all strangely similar in their gravelly-ness. My mother once said that TV science fiction in the black-and-white days was much more scary than in colour - not just the b/w Doctor Whos, but also things like Quatermass.

Who was always doing the cheap effects. I miss Quatermass. The one video store around here that carried them is now gone.

I guess that working in black and white makes it easier to hide some of the dodgyness of cheap special effects.

That's certainly true, but Abel Edwards proved that B+W can also enhance effects.

And Now...Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

Yeah, I decided to clean up all the Garciazines I had lying in my Zines To Loc folder, so here some comments on Drink Tanks 44 and 45. I've also got the SteamPunk issue on paper here, and I'll comment on that, too.

44...Jack Avery's SF/SF was a very good newszine for the Bay Area...too bad few fans in the Bay Area actually saw it. I'd like to see how you deal with it, Chris, and if you post it on eFanzines.com, or actually send it directly to everyone, and let them say yay or nay. I really do think you've got to plant this kind of thing in the faces of your readers. It may be the only way to get their attention.

That's part of the plan, with this weekend being Silicon where I'm going to promote the hell out of it. It's more than 100 pages though, so printing out whole issues won't be easy, but I've got an idea...

The series Greg the Bunny...have to wonder if it came from the diseased mind of Dan Redican? He's the guy who came up with

the series Puppets Who Kill, a fun and really sick little show about homicidal puppets in rehab. It's shown on the Comedy Metwork up here, not sure if you can get it where you are.

I know they mention him in the commentary, but I don't think he was on the team.

Good to see your Dad is up and about. Maybe you could interview him about some of what he remembers of early fandom, and the novels and pulps he enjoyed.

Dad's starting on his fanzine, though at the rate he's going, it'll be at least 6 months before he's finished.

45...Never heard of Half Moon Bay before, but it looks like a Lovers' Leap kind of place to take your girl on a good date. You're 1/8th Ohlone? Yvonne is about 1/8th Abenaki, which is one of the tribes native to the Maritime provinces.

Yep, my grandmother, if you were to say you were Native American or First Nations would smack you upside the head and say 'You're an Indian, got that!' She was very particular about that.

A bodega...is that a variety store? English doesn't seem to have a term for that, but I know the term for it in Quebec...a depanneur. The first experience I had with a depanneur, Yvonne and I were running a con suite for friends in Ottawa, and we ran out of beer Saturday night. Where could we possibly go to get more? Across the river to Hull, Quebec, where we drive about until we find a depanneur. We walk in early Sunday morning, the place has just opened, we walk to the walk-in cooler at the back, and we purchase \$200 of Quebec beers. Not bad for the first purchase of the day. We drive back, people drink us dry again, and it's the end of the con.

A Bodega is usually used to mean any small grocery store. Sounds like the exact same concept.

Thunderbirds has quite a following, especially people who enjoy British SF shows, like Space:1999, and other shows produced by Gerry Anderson. UFO was one

of Yvonne's favorite shows for a long time, and the two lead actors died recently, and just a few days apart, too. The less said about the recent Thunderbirds movie, the better.

Even with Bill Pullman...or was it Paxton?, it was so very very bad.

Ah, Ed Meskys saw a Beeblebear, supposedly a teddybear with two heads, along the lines of the Zaphod Beeblebrox character in Hitchhikers. Several local fans have Beeblebears, but they're a little too grotesque for me.

Quebeckers have no sense of humour? Where'd you find this out? Got lots of friends there, Anglo and Franco alike, and every year, there's the Juste Pour Rire/Just For Laughs comedy festival. Lots of laughs to be had in Quebec, and I don't mean just the politics, either.

Yeah, I always make Quebecois have no sense of humour jokes to get a rise out of my friends up there.

The Steampunk Issue...I've read some of the books you list, like Perdido Street Station, and a couple of books by Bruce Sterling, but nothing really caught my fancy. I've always been in love with trains, and not far from where we live is a radial railway museum, and a hobby railway. I've traveled from Vancouver to Toronto and back several times on the transcontinental trains VIA Rail runs, and Yvonne and I have also traveled to about a dozen cons over the years on trains, to Ottawa, Montreal, Rochester and Lansing, Michigan. Amtrak needs lots of renovations, but VIA is bright and airy, with large windows. Still to this day, the work steampunk conjures up old episodes of The Wild, Wild West; Artemis Gordon and James West taking on ingenious villains with lots of money and infernal devices for criminal intent. That was one of my favorite shows back then.

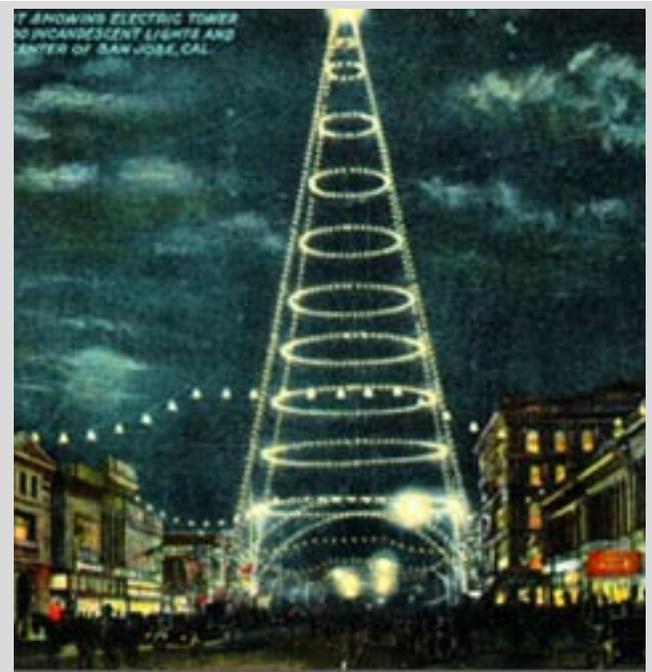
I really wish they'd issue WWW on DVD. I wrote a lot about it in my next issue of Claims Department (issue 6 for FAPA, but I'll be sending a few other copies out). I'm a train guy too, as is Kevin Standlee. I always ride the train at Disneyland.

I remember being at Disneyland in 1984 during the second LAcon... We saw Tomorrowland, and dubbed it Yesterdayland. We figured it was a vision of how the 50s thought the distant 70s would look.

Exactly. It gets harder and harder to predict the future when you've already started living in it!

All done, and caught up with both you and Arnie, no mean feat. I can just imagine the mischief you'll get up to while in Vegas, so don't call me for the bail money! Let us know your adventures in Siegelville, and this should be a great read. See you then!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



BRING IT BACK!- GARCIA IN 2006!

Let this serve as a preview of my diabolical plan to launch a Hoax bid for the Mayorship of San Jose on a platform of bringing back the light tower that stood more than 200 feet tall over the intersection of Market and Santa Clara Streets! More to come!

The Drink Tank is written by Christopher J. Garcia, M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan, Peter Sullivan, Lloyd Penney and Frank Wu. It's put up on eFanzines.com by Bill Burns, the man most deserving of a Best Website Hugo!