

The Drink Tank Issue 48

88 Lines About 44 Women

In earlier times, there was a tradition of every dime store grad student writing a dissertation on the meaning of Don McClean's American Pie. American Pie perfectly summed up the 1950s and 1960s, and it's a great song, don't get me wrong, but it's not my scene. I'm a little young to have given it as much weight as my parents did. I am a child of the 1980s, as are most of my friends. There are a couple of songs that might work for the concept, Billy Joel's We Didn't Start The Fire comes to mind, as does Steveland Wonder's I Just Called (To Say I Love You), but to me, there's only one possible song that deserves a full issue. The Nails' 88 Lines About 44 Women.

This issue is all about the song...sort of. It's mini-essays, opinions, reminiscences and other weird stuff by Me, M Lloyd, Jay Crasdan, Manny Sanford, and others. This will be the weirdest issue of The Drink Tank ever.

- Deborah was a Catholic Girl She held out to the bitter end

The Catholic Church made me hate life. I started wearing an End Life shirt with a picture of foetus with a circle and a line through it when I was smoking on the edge of campus after school. The teachers and even the nuns when they were going to their dormitories.

Most of us didn't hold out very long at all on any account.

I was taken on the edge of my desk; the boy who should have had long hair falling in his eyes if the Nuns'd allowed him to. My best friend Cyn gave hers away at a party, the culprit being the lone boy who'd bothered to ask before he grabbed my chest. Stace was pregnant and vomiting an hour before mass.

I had done some nasty things with men and women in those days before I went to public school and did things there that would have made flush the priests that sometimes preyed on one or another of the girls/boys.

The Catholics I went to school with seemed to be ignorant to Billy Joel's announcement that they start much too late.

(M Lloyd)



- Carla was a different type She's the one who put it in

I admit it: I like a girl who's willing to take charge, though once I was given the full treatment and I didn't quite care for it.

Her name isn't important, I can't even pull it out of my head right now as I write this. She wasn't very much of anything, except maybe for the half of her head that was shaved as I remember it. She smiled sweetly and took my hand as she rolled me over onto my side.

"Try to exhale as I go inside." she said, and I followed her direction and started crying like a virgin on Prom Night a few seconds later. I guess I had been a virgin until that very moment

Once she was done, and I'm not sure how she determined that, she wiped my face and then slapped me.



I think she was a nice girl.

(Jay Crasdan)

-Mary was a Black Girl and I was afraid of a girl like that

I went out with a Black Girl once. Her name was Samantha. She died of AIDS in 1997. I knew where she got it from and it was a place she shouldn't have been anyways.

(Manny Sanford)



Art Credits: Page 1
Catholic Girl by Pen-
sive Mist, Painqueen
by Charles Lewis,
Black Girl by W.T.
Fewell, Page 2: Girl
with Paint Brush by
Dan Rubel



**- Susan painted pictures
Sitting down like the Buddha sat**

When I used to paint, guys would say that I was brilliant, even gallery owners. It was obvious that I wasn't that good, but they wanted me, so they came through the paintings to take aim at my lap. I think I was good. I think I had a chance, but a moment of weakness took me over, a guy I had wanted had taken residence with another, and I threw the canvases away, put the tubes of paint into the old mason jars and sealed the lid with the twisting ring. I haven't painted in a decade, maybe more, but the smell of paint still reminds me that men will compliment anything to fuck a pretty girl.

(M Lloyd)



**- Reno was an aimless girl,
A Geographic Memory**

I've always debated with myself about this set of lines. Is it about a girl or a place? I don't know. I've debated and looked for clues elsewhere in the song and debated it with others, but

I've never come to a good answer.

Here's the thing: I have women in my life story who are identified as places. The girl I met on the steps outside of the 8th grade dance I've always called Steps. The girl who I danced with at the REM concert at the Shoreline has always been Shoreline. So this leads me to the thought: is Reno a real name, or is it his shorthand for a night with a woman and the only way he can recall it is via calling her Reno? Either way seems to fill no romantic reality.

I must find the writer and ask him.

(Christopher J. Garcia)

**- Cathy was a Jesus Freak
She liked that kind of misery**



One day, a long time ago, I found God staring at me through an open window. There I was, thinking about masturbation and all the new and exciting ways that I could go about it, and the Lord poked his head in and reminded me that he was there.

It seems that only I and Phillip Roth have these sorts of problems.

I told my girlfriend of that age the story and she freaked out. A Portuguese Catholic girl of massive bangs and solid calves. She left me a week later and I'm sure she never stopped praying the rosary for me.

(Jay Crasdan)

**- Vicki had a special way
of turning sex into a song**

I had a Vicki.

Young. Spoiled. A Chicago rich bitch society girl who knew everyone's business and would let you know that she did, whether explicitly or through subtle glances and worrying stares.

She could turn sex into a song too...if that song was the Misfits' Last Caress.

There was no tenderness from Vicki, it was always a battle, a war of who could hurt their partner more. I guess that's why I liked being with her so, since I could dish it



fast and hard and she would return every volley. When we were finished, she'd whisper in my ear the secrets of those people around me who she thought I judged.

I guess sharing her hard won info was her way of showing love

(Mike Swan)

**-Kamela who couldn't sing
Kept the beat and kept it strong**

There are different schools of thought on this lyric. I think it's Kamela, while others say Kamala (who was a 1980s WWF wrestler) or Pamela. Either way the thing is the same: she's Phil Collins.

Phil Collins was the drummer for Genesis after answering a 1970 ad when they were on the hunt. Sadly, after a while, they made him the lead singer, which meant a solo career was near. Too bad for us.

(Christopher J. Garcia)

**- Zilla was an archetype
The voodoo Queen, the
Queen of Wrath**

I once bothered with trying to learn the secrets of life and death from a voodoo women in a old grass shack. She stood tall, dark, a weather-beaten look about her that seemed to have been transfered through ancestors that must have worked long hours in the fields. I came to her one night, my eyes adjusting slowly to the light, my nose never coming to grips with the smell of dried chicken blood and candle wax.

"What questions do you have, little white girl?" she asked.

"I just want to know how to inflict pain on my enemies."

"You know of the rule of three?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She studied a smaller table to the left of the one she sat at. She walked to it and opened a box.

"If you've got that much hate, take this and that'll be a better cause for your desired effect."

I left the gun on the table that night.

(Christopher J. Garcia)



**- Joan thought
men were
second best to
masturbating
in the bath**

Some girls seem to have a thing about Masturbation. Some claim that they've never even tried. Others that they've only done it once or twice, and some say they've brought themselves off every day since middle school after discovering it one day in the bath or on the saddlehorn or some other ridiculous story. The difference is a guy will choose to keep masturbating while he has a woman to satisfy his sexual needs, but a woman will only do so when she no longer has the real thing.

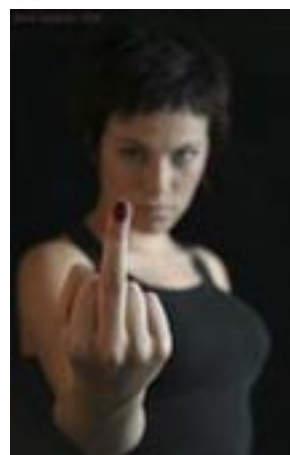
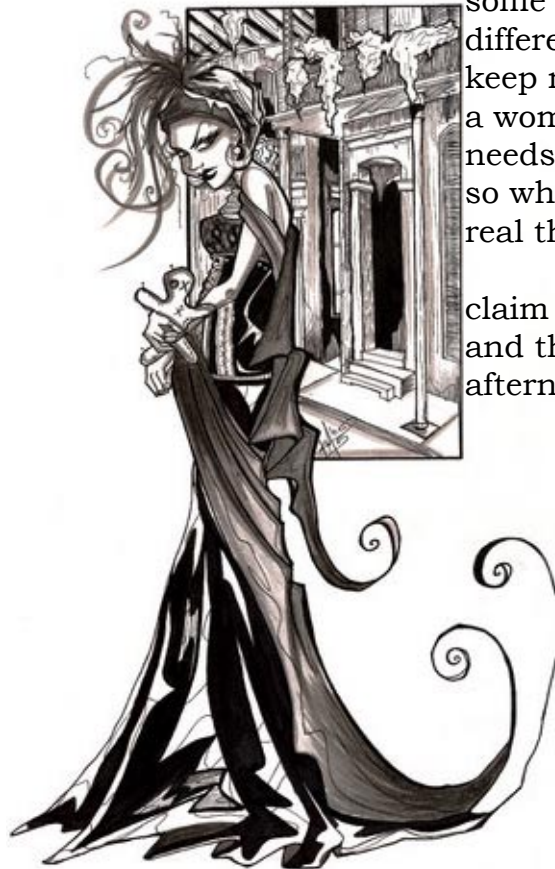
Or at least that's what they claim when you've got them naked and the business portion of the afternoon is done.

(Manny Sanford)

**- Sherry was a feminist
She really had that gift
of gab**

I once walked up on the stage at a rally and said my piece, a persona poem about a girl who had troubles in the halls of her school. She had grown large before any of the other girls and they grabbed her in the halls. They all seemed to like the poem and really understand it. I didn't have the heart to tell that the girl was me and I wore my uniform that way so the guys would try and touch them. I didn't think they'd understand that I wanted it.

(M Lloyd)





Art: Page 2- Jesus Christ Superstar by Bloodwashed, Biggest Little City by Desiree Witl, Prom Song Sung by shananagin, Page 3- Feminist by Manifest, In The Bath Tub by Tetsuo211, Marie Laveau by Morcielaga. Page 4- Grab by crzywild, tied by Karmaxed, Page 5- Walk by Diabolvs, Mother and Son by Luna Katsuna Blu



**- Kathleen's Point of View Was This:
Take whatever you can grab**

Every guy has that ex who took him for everything he had. I did. Her name was Shaima and if all thieves were that beautiful, I'd be glad to be stolen from.

The first time she came around, I took her to a party, a rave really, and we sweated on each other and then went home and sweated on each other some more. That night, I think she stole the lighter I gave her to light the joint we shared.

The second date was much nicer. Dinner. Television. The kind of things done to one another when the cameras are supposed to be rolling. She certainly walked off with my leather jacket the next morning.

She called a few days later and came over. Chris was there. He's more charming than I am, but she hung her arm around me and later that night she made the sound of a jet engine taking off and then walked away with whatever I had in my wallet.

The next date was July Fourth and we stayed in and ate Crab Rangoon and listened to the explosions over the water. She liked my forehead to wake me up in the morning. She said she was going to LA for three months. I think that's when she got my signed copy of Abby Road.

I saw her two weeks later at a club promoted by my friend the Rave organizer. She had picked a new fool to bleed, another guy of low self-esteem and a bulgy wallet that poked out of his back pocket. I didn't talk to her, I just sat at the bar and drank and watched the way a real worker made her payday.

(Jay Crasdan)

**- Seattle was another girl
Who left her mark upon the map**

Here's is another interesting use of a city name as a woman's name, or so it would seem. This one has personal meaning to me as there was a girl once that I saw in Seattle that I had a crush on.

She was a tall girl, moderately cute. Red hair curly as mine. She had a septum piercing and it didn't even both me, a rarity in these dark times of body modification. She sat there, listening to BloodHag wail and scream on the stage, and she seemed to rock successfully. It isn't often that a girl like that, one so thoroughly out of my regular realm of possibility, would turn my head, but she did.

I really should have tried to talk to her.

(Christopher J. Garcia)



**-Karen liked to tie me up
And left me hanging by a strap**

There's something rewarding about tying a guy up. I was once hit on by a guy at a dance club, a goth kid who kept razors in his pockets. He tried to pick me up and the girls told me what he had done to them, the scars they had seen and felt. They all announced the he was a good screw, some even said that he'd have been perfect if not for the fact that he liked a little blood on

the sheets which he kept and marvelled at when women were in short supply. I wandered back to him and said that I'd take him home. He said no, he'd rather go to his place. I gave in, so long as I could go first.

Once there, I tied him up to the centerpost that the scatter of his apartment seemed to rally around. I used strong nylon rope, the type that'll never chafe. I made sure the knots were loose enough so that he could struggle and tight enough so he couldn't get away.

And I walked out after I kneed him in the crotch and took his collection of blood spattered sheets to the cleaners, which I had sent back to him after they were given a good dry cleaning.

(SaBean MoreL)



**- Jennie has this nightclub walk
The made grown men feel underage**

Michelle DuPont. That's the name of the first girl I ever kissed in public.

Michelle DuPont...yes, of THOSE DuPonts. I was twenty-four, she couldn't have been any older than 17. Probably younger though you wouldn't know if from the way she walked.

Christ, that girl almost got me killed, but damn the way she could move around a table. I grabbed her by the arm as she walked by and asked her to dance. She best down and kissed me like she meant it.

"Just remember that." she said, and I trailed her ass with my eyes as she walked through the crowd and out to the point where she was greeted by a dozen men waiting for their turn.

(Manny Sanford)

**- Mary-Ellen, who had a son,
Said 'I must go' but finally stayed**



My first date with Gen was wonderful. We had a long dinner at Flames (the Gayest Place in Town!) and then watched Pirates of the Caribbean on the biggest screen in San Jose that wasn't IMAX. We headed out to the beach, and sat there, watching the tide and a crab that walked on the beach. We did all of this and at no time did we kiss, hold hands or anything else. We

just sat there in each other's company and had a wonderful time. She got scared that I didn't like her, so she started babbling about her time giving birth to Evelyn.

I kissed her to stop her babbling and it's be up and down for the two of us every since.

OK, she has a daughter, but I had to work Gen into this issue some how!

(Christopher J. Garcia)

**- Gloria the Last
Taboo
was shattered by
her tongue one
night**

Man, I've luckily been able to avoid that one up to now.

(Jay Crasdan)



**- Mimi brought the Taboo back
and held it up before the light**

What the hell is he talking about? If I got the point of that last line, then this line makes no damn sense!

(Jay Crasdan)



**- Marilyn who knew no shame
was never ever satisfied**

If there is one girl in 88 Lines that I connect with, it's Marilyn. She knows no shame, and that I've been accused of by my strongest supporters and greatest detractors. As far as the satisfaction syndrome that I seem to suffer from, I'll pass on comment.

Marilyn knows that there is too much: too much drugs, too much dick, too much booze, too much fun, too much music, too much night, too much women, too much everything. It's obvious from this one line that Marilyn is the one who seems to have been based on me. I lived so fast, nearly died so young, and went back for more and more and more and more. I was never afraid to ask for it, no matter what or who it was. It cost me, sometimes I paid a higher price for my candor than I did for the things I concealed.

Sadly, I wonder if Marilyn turned out like me, sitting alone looking through photo albums wondering if her youth was her stupidity or if she's simply fallen so far down the ladder that a night at home is enough to fulfill her where once only Night would do.

(SeBean MoreL)

**- Julie went and came so fast
She didn't even say goodbye**

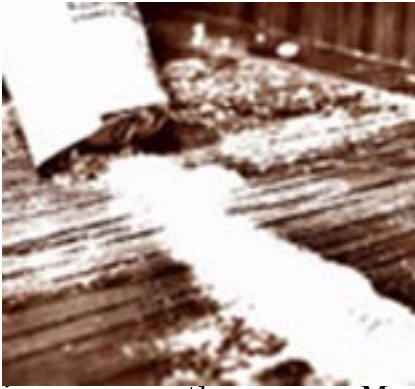
There's a girl out there, I don't even know her name, who changed my life with a single afternoon. I never thought it could happen to me, but it did in a way that I can never really be sure if it was real.

It was a morning hour, four or maybe five, and the party was going strong. The Party Girl in me was going strong as the last DJ began his set. She walked up to me and started dancing expectantly next to me. Maybe she could feel the swell of the E in me, or maybe it was just the fact that the whole warehouse was starting to thin and I was the only hot girl left. Didn't matter, she was there, slipping against me until I noticed what was welling up and took her by the hand to the chill room, where we, nowhere near alone, did explore each other.

She was my first woman. I kissed her long and in varied places, and she left before my senses returned. The party had long since cleared. I still want her...I think.

(M Lloyd)





- Rhonda had a house in Venice Lived on Brown Rice and Cocaine

OK, I'll say it: the entire Boston Common Party (as we once called ourselves) has had drug

issues over the years. Me and SaBean more than M and Chris and Manny or Dave or Doug, or even Dwight Gooden for that matter, but we've all cleaned up over the years, with M leading the way to Sobriety. In fact, if anyone was Rhonda, it was M.

We met when she left St.

Whatshisname's and she sat next to me in Public art class. She wore hundred dollar jeans that she wrote on in Sharpie. We started hanging out, going to the beach house on the weekends. We did a lot of everything on those long afternoons. M would dine on soda crackers and glass-bottled waters. We had a lot of dangerous fun in those days.

I always blamed our first break-up on timing. Then, once I got clean, I knew the real reason: I was an idiot and she was a heiress. The time for those types to get together is not high school, but after both have failed at every other relationship that makes sense, and that's just how it's gone down.

(Jay Crasdan)

- Patty had a House in Houston Shot Cough Syrup in her veins

Now, let's not judge poor Houston Patty too harshly. We've all done it, right? I mean which of us haven't thrown back a bottle of 'tussin in hopes of finding the joy of being more than a little loopy?

Oh crap, it's just me isn't it?

(M Lloyd)



- Linda thought her life was empty filled it up with alcohol

The first support group I ever went to was full of Lindas. Both figuratively and literally. In Dallas in the late 1990s, you could find a Linda in every AA

meeting, and often two or three. I thought I was better than them all, and I fell off the wagon six or seven times a week. I gave up on drugs and took up drinking as a hobby. Sadly, the day I crashed my Volvo into a telephone pole wa the day I left Texas forever and the same day that I hooked up with my man in the passenger side of his Saab and we left town and didn't look back.

But that story will have to wait until we do Warm Leatherette.

(SaBean MoreL)



Page 6: Greedy Girl by Stain2K, Dust Girl by Frost RAVEN,
Page 7: Cocaine Girl by Entertain Us, Pseudo-Surrealist Cough Syrup by AccidentalMasochist, Drunk o2 by Ashbincitizen
Page 8: Girl in ze SnoWww by Amy Chen, Like a Light Switch by The Colour of Infinity, The End O1 by Diregram
Page 9: Seams and Heels by Leonard Scott, Rocker by Jessie Marie, The Dancer by Harper Stone, Poetry by Cryptorchid
Page 10: Boots by Chris Schumacher, Raven by ThisYearsGirl
Page 11: Bubble Girl by Temabina



**- Katherine was much too pretty
She didn't do that shit at all.**

Every drug user has that friend who is pure as the driven snow. Secretly, we all want to corrupt her. We want her to wallow in the shit we do, take up the straw and needle and razor. We want to know that no one is above the Call. And like clockwork, the good ones never fall the way we want them to. They may come to the same conclusion, but it's always some way that everyone thinks is sad and not the lazy fall into it that we all hope for.

Sasha was the clean girl when we were in High School. She was the dirty girl when she was in college. She's the girl with massive mental issues now.

And she too was much too pretty.
(Manny Sanford)

**- Pauline thought that love was simple
Turn it on and turn it off**

I've managed to find myself in love many times, and sadly all but one ended in heartbreak and that other has featured heartbreak throughout.

(M Lloyd)



- Jean-Marie was complicated like some French Filmmaker's Plot

The Man has found himself alone after his lover has left him for another man who is much more wealthy than he will ever be. He decides that there are ways to become wealthy, but he'd rather kill himself than look for them. As he attempts to murder himself on a private estate that he breaks into so he won't be disturbed, Another Man comes to kill himself at the same time. The two of them battle to see who will live and who will die, since neither can stand to see the other go through with it, and they end up fighting and getting arrested for trespassing.

While in holding, they talk about

their problems, it turns out that both were dumped by the same Girl. They talk about their troubles and realise that they were both dumped for someone else. They then make a pact to find out whoever it was that they were dumped for and take him out of the picture and let them choose between them, with the other gladly allowed to commit suicide.

When they go to find him, they discover that the Guy she left them both for was the connection between the two of them: the landlord of one and the owner of the business that employed the other. They then set about switching sides and making his life hell. The Girl discovers their plan and confronts them one night at a dinner set-up by the Guy. The Girl then ties a noose to the side of the balcony and says that whoever loves her the most will jump with it around their neck. The three of them fight for the honour and the Guy manages to do it, thinking it's some love game. After looking over the edge, the other two run down the stairs when they realise that his neck didn't break and they save his life by untying him. The Guy is eternally grateful and leaves the Girl, who he blames for not warning him that it wasn't so form of game.

The finale is the two of them go back and both try to woo the Girl back, but the Girl goes and hangs herself. They look over the railing and see her strangling and they just go back in inside and finish their dinners.

Man, I wish I could write that script!
(Christopher J. Garcia)



- Gina was the perfect lady

Always kept her stockings straight

Seamed stockings seemed to run their course, but I always loved them. I found a girl in High School, a goth girl who would later go all Rockabilly on me, and she actually wore seamed stockings. I went on one date with her, to the best concert I'd ever been to, and with the exception of one other date to see the Misfits in Chicago, I've never had a better date. She was kind and funny and she kissed like a master of the art, but she also knew when to let me lead and we played flirts and lovers through the night.

Sadly, after that great first night, she had another with another guy and I was left at the roadside.

(Mike Swan)

- Jackie was a Rich Punk Rocker Silver Spoon and a Paper Plate

There's a bit of confusion over this line, in fact far more than over either of the Geography lines. The question is the significance of the paper plate.

There seems to be some cocaine imagery to go along with the traditional silver spoon indicating being born into money (like Miss M was, in fact) and the Punk Rock seems to indicate that she was more interested in the aesthetic of the paper plate for banality than as something she'd want to actually use. The coke imagery may

also involve the plate as well. Much more disposable than the mirror or knife blade, a paper plate is also hard to pick up on. It's not a hard enough surface to be ideal, but it could work and I've known folks to use it as a cutting surface.

This one is hard to figure, but it certainly is a well-chosen line.

(Christopher J. Garcia)



- Sarah was a Modern Dancer lean pristine transparency

My mother said she heard my ankle snap, even over the orchestra. I certainly heard it go, the sound of balsa wood being crushed in a wet leather sack. I had been training for sixteen years and in one night, I managed to snap my ACL and my ankle, rip up a bunch of tendons and end my possible career. That's the way things go in the wild world of ballet.

A few years after I left Boston, I came back, did some modern dance with a group in Fort Worth. I wasn't as sturdy as the rest of them, my movements far more fluid than any of the others'.

They hated me for that. Still, my legs were never good enough and despite two or three great performances, I failed to rebound.

I wonder where I would have danced had I not been broken just above the foot.

(SaBean MoreL)

- Janet wrote bad Poetry with a crazy kind of urgency

The world waits
and waits
and waits again
and the world calls for help and is
ignored again.

And the world waits
and waits
until the world can wait no more
and then they fight among
themselves with hope of making
perfect room for those loved ones
that they'd condescend to save

We all suffer such pain and loss
because no one will hear our darque cries.



I wrote that
when I was fifteen in
a notebook I recently
found. I'm still most
certainly ashamed.

(M Lloyd)





**- Rowena was an Artist's Daughter
The deeper image shook her up**

I'm the daughter of an artist. I hate to say that, but it's true. Mother Eastman has been painting since the day she got her money down. Sadly, when I first started painting, I realised that I was better than her, and she realized that she didn't want me to be a painter. It's funny how these realizations hit almost simultaneously.

(M Lloyd)

**- Dee-Dee's mother left her father
Took his money and his truck**



**- Tanya Turkish liked to fuck
while wearing leather biker boots**

Ah, ladies in boots. I love them so. I've spent many nights searching them out, looking under the hems of dresses to see if boot toes poke from beneath. It's a strange facination, a fetish writ slightly smaller than normal, that I carry with me.

Leatherphilia is what I call it; a defined preference to the taste of thigh-high boots to that of the skin beneath. I first encountered it on long nights in Houston clubs and Boston only made the grain a covered seed for mother of pearl lust. Girls know what they're doing, they know that leather brings the guys in because of their fathers' love of Westerns built into their sexual programming. They seem to be surprised when I'd come to them and whisper plans and plots of what I'd like to do to them after I've stripped them of all but the boots. It's also seldom failed to get me a partner for the night.

(SaBean MoreL)

**- Brenda's Strange obsession
was for certain vegetables and fruit!**

Ew. I mean seriously. That's just plain gross.

(Mike Swan)

There is a long and fine tradition of country songs where the woman finally has had enough and leaves. It dates back to the 1960s, but it goes even further back than that with songs of women buying a gun and taking the law into those preciousy manicured fingers. I've got a few that I like, and one that is most appropriate called "I taught her how to take a punch, she taught me how to take a fall". Basically, a guy goes off the deep end and hits his girlfriend, only to then be arrested and get hard time. Much like that ska song "Date Rape".

(Manny Sanford)

**-Debbie Rae had no such problems
Perfect Norman Rockwell home**

That perfect Norman Rockwell home. I can think of many of them in my life. Chris had a girlfriend once, a nice girl, whose family was happy and barely ethnic, and sweet and lived in a house from the previous century. Sweet family, open-minded about everything except the gays.



On the other hand,
I came from a family that
was broken in almost
everyway possible, but
they had a fierce devotion
to each other and to
kicking the fuckers who
messed with us. It was
no Rockwell, unless they
were throwing plates and
screwing hookers when no

one was looking, but it was home.

(SaBean MoreL)

**- Nina, 16, had a
baby
Left her parents,
lived alone**

The saddest
day of my life was
when little Anthony
was born. Sadie, my wife at the time, had
been in labor almost 29 hours, but after
Anthony was born, it was obvious that he
wouldn't live very long. Sadie's family had
some problems with their hearts and it was
obvious that the lack of proper money for
proper check-ups had left us not knowing
the real score.

Anthony died at 16 hours old.

I was 19.

Sadie was barely 17.

(Jim Cowermor)



**Bobbi joined a New
Wave band
Changed her name to
Bobbi Sox**

*NightTimePartyPlace
by
The Cardimums*



Party down the street
tonight

No reason to stay home
Party in the old night club
that burns like olden Rome
The party is for beautifuls
and sex and drugs and you
and nobody will realise
which of those you choose

This is my Nighttime Party Place
Just down the street from school
My nighttime party place
Where I can play the fool

Girls in their tightest skirts
guys in colored coats
Everyone is here tonight
passing old bank notes
to the men with powder touch
directly up their nose
and someone brought a Model friend
specifically to pose

In my Nighttime Party Place
Half-way 'round the clock
My Nighttime Party Place
just around the block

Couches lying here and there
where we can get to know
the places where you like to kiss
and feel the burning snow
We can party all night long
with glamour and champagne
we can tangle in dark rooms
or in the falling rain

At my Nighttime Party Place
the final words are said
My Nighttime Party place
before the party's dead
at my Nighttime Party Place
the lasting stuff still burns
for my Nighttime Party Place
that's just how the world turns
at my Nighttime party place...
My Nighttime Party Place...

*(Written by SaBean MoreL, Mike
Swan, Jay Crasdan and M Lloyd for The
Cardimums, ca. 1989)*

**- Eloise, who played guitar
wrote songs about Whales and Cops**

The tradition of the Canadian Singer-
Songwriter goes back a long ways, perhaps
starting with Anne Murray. It came to its
peak in the 1990s with Sarah McLaughlin
and friends. These are the ones who would
be writing songs about Whales and Cops
(though I always thought they said Whales

and Cocks, but I guess the official lyric site is right) and these are the ones that would probably be getting mainstream radio play with songs that rightfully belong on Pirate Radio if they were recorded the way they were supposed to be recorded: as loud, screaming punk songs.

Fucking Wankers!
(SaBean MoreL)



**-Terri didn't give a shit
was just a nihilist**

Probably the best film of the 1990s was *The Big Lebowski*. I know that frightenes a lot of you who just don't get it, but The Coen Bros. really put out the most advanced piece of filmmaking in ages when they released *Lebowski* in 1997.

The most interesting thing about *The Big Lebowski* has to be the side-line characters. There's Walter, the Vietnam vet idiot best friend bowler who pulls a gun on a guy after he faults on a roll. There's Donny, the dim-witted idiot who is constantly trying to interject his way into conversations he has no idea about. There's Bunny Lebowski, the trophy wife of *The Big Lebowski*, the millionaire philanthropist. And of course, there's *Lebowski's* secretary played by Phillip Seymour Hoffman, who is a great character actor and is currently tearing up the screen in *Capote*.

But my favourites are the Nihilists. Led by Karl Hungus, a German turned Porn Star, they are the brilliant heart of this brilliant film. Karl is played by Peter Stormare, while other Nilists are played



by Amy Mann and Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers. They are brillaint, including one great moment where *The Dude* (played remarkably by Jeff Bridges) is in the bathtub, smokin' a J, and the Nihilists bust in brandishing a ferret (which leads *The Dude* to say 'Nice Marmot'). They drop it in the tub and *The Dude* flips out.

Always fear the Nihilists.
(Christopher J. Garcia)

Page 11: Happy Mother's Day by Ellein, Eighties Girl by Charlotte Harriman
Page 12: Strum by Claire Burguss, Stencil Dude by Halcyon Tom
Page 13- The Paperback Writer by Christopher G
Page 14: Perrier by Vicki Snow, True Muscle by Tellier, Kiss by Sidney DigiNu

All art in this issue is available on deviantart.com, the place to find strange and sometimes wonderful art. I'll gladly turn you on to any of the artists here, as they've all struck me at one time or another as great.

- Ronnie was much more my style

She wrote songs just like this

72 Lines about 36 Authors

by

The Cardimums

Heinlein was a Sci-Fi writer
he wrote on to bitter end
Philip was a wordly Farmer
his characters were sexually bent
L. Ron wrote of dianetics
and I was affriad of a book like that
Marion wrote soft-core stuff
sitting down in her Berkeley Flat

Anne she wrote Vampire fiction
blood and guts and ruffled
shirts
Poppy wrote some horror books
that would give grown men the
squirts
Cordwainer, a pseudonym,
left before coming back strong
Roald hated little children
but his books had lovely songs

Neil wrote some about villains
and their plans to conquer all
Joseph wrote up many heroes
and drove grad students up a
wall
William took lots of drugs
envisioning sexual devices
Edgar's books predate them all
and they fetch enormous prices

Mary wrote the first Mad Doc
and his monster from the dead
Ernest was a supergenius
put a bullet through his head
Kilgore wrote reflexive fiction
in which he himself did star
you could sometimes find old Jerry
sitting loudly in the bar

Robert Sawyer wrote a series
of Neanderthal's true love
Robert Asprin wrote a series
comedy was all above
Robert Bloch he wrote Psycho

based it on Ed Gein's long reign
Robert Sheckley ruled the 60s
Morals at the end to gain

SilverBob's house burnt down
so he moved to the Oak town
Gibson's books were CyberPunk
and bored the kids right onto junk
No one ever knew Dick Lupoff
until he turned the Xero off
J.G.'s book, the one called Crash
must have brought in lots of cash

Williamson's around to see
scientifiction came of age
Isaac's Sideburns were quite perfect

for his lectures on the stage
Connie has won lots of Hugos
collecting them like baseball
cards
Spider moved up North to
Canada
to become the SF bard

Cory is a modern Blogger
Eastern Standard Tribe was
cool
Samuel's Dhalgren takes a
truck
to bring with you out to the
pool
Esther writes her Chicks in
Chainmail
and at cons she's a delight
China's worlds are strange



and filthy
piling up eternal blight

Dean-o's books are everywhere
Airports love him as we've seen
Ursula's books never make it
when they're made for stage or screen
Harlan yelled and all did listen
to avoid his angry fist
Gardner, who edits mags
I choose you to end this list

*(Written by Christopher J. Garcia,
SaBean MoreL, M Lloyd, Manny Sanford,
Mike Swan, John Garcia and Jay Crasdan.*

- Jezebel went forty days

Drinking nothing bu Perrier

I hated the diet. I've always been a big girl, and at times, guys will remind you.

'You can't be on top, you'll crash me' or 'I'm not into chicks who are bigger than me'. When a girl's six foot plus, you don't get a lot of love from the little guys, sometimes because they're afraid of you. Sometimes because they want to stick their head between the boobs that live at their eye-level when you're in that corset.

For two weeks I drank nothing but water. I lost nearly ten pounds. I also fainted about once a day. I also threw up when I finally tried to eat real food again. I also had to find Chris and make sure that he'd be able to carry me home after a night of partying.

It also meant nothing to the guys I wanted at that point. Jay and Chris made me realise that I was being stupid by telling me I was being stupid.

That's why I've always loved those two...in very different ways.

(M Lloyd)

Dina drove her Chevrolet Into the San Francisco Bay

San Francisco: The City for Suicides. You can go so many ways, like jumping in front of a Cable Car, Dropping off of the Golden Gate, trying to swim to Alcatraz while high on Nyquil and Somas. These are all ways to go.

I don't understand why I've tried twice and failed in the Suicide Capital of the World. I was a stupid teenager and I slit my wrists in the bath of my SFSU apartment, but I didn't do it right. I tried to over-dose, but that didn't work either. I guess I was meant to live, which is probably a good



thing, since I really liked my RA and I would wish all the paperwork that a suicide on your floor would require.

After I left SF, I went to BC and found myself in love with life again...well, in love enough to keep downing pills and drinking until I passed out. I guess I've had a streak in me that wanted to be the one that chose its expiration date.

(SaBean MoreL)

Judy came from Ohio She's a Scientologist

Famous people from Ohio: Thomas Alva Edison, Clark Gable, Presidents James Garfield and U.S. Grant, Zane Grey, Zane Martin, Paul Newman, Steven Spielberg and Harlan Ellison.

These are all reasons I won't live there.

(Mike Swan)

Amaranta, here's a Kiss

I choose you to end this list



So, that is 88 Lines about 44 Women. I hope you can make it through the clutter and enjoy it. I've thought of this one for a while and I'm glad that I got a chance to bring it out. I want to thank M and Jay for all their work, SaBean for not being dead (it looks like I lost the pool), Mike Swan for finally getting back into the game, Manny for being the Man, Jim for letting me print one of the saddest things I've ever had cross my computer screen, and to the Nails for writing the original song. And no, there are no known recordings of any of the Cardimums' songs. I already asked

Next week will be a regular issue.

**Christopher J. Garcia-
garcia@computerhistory.org**

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

All Say ye, Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

Hey, got two more Drink Tanks to work on, 46 and 47. Comments coming straight your way, and looks like you had a great time down in Vegas.

Oh, I certainly did! You can read all about it in the next SF/SF

No Drink Tanks in November? You know, that's probably good, to recharge your creative batteries, and to aim that creativity in another direction. I sure don't write these letters every day...a few times, I've taken a couple of weeks off, said screw it, sat on my butt and watched TV. Had a helluva time catching up, but I was refreshed, and I did a couple of days of marathon loccing. A change is as good as a rest. And of course, instead, you'll write a novel, and carry on with SF/SF. This is a rest?

Yeah, that's a rest. Novel writing is easy...isn't it?

Tattoos...Yvonne's thought of getting one, and some fannish friends just up the street have dozens of them. Do I want one? Hell, no. A little skin art is okay, but I have to think that if I want to continue to look for a decent full-time job, I can't let something like a tattoo affect my potentially being hired. I'm just too square, I guess.

The whole Jewish Cemetary thing got me thinking about that, even though I've since discovered that's a myth.

Some wonderful writing from M and Jay and you. You three have a special relationship few others have. Sometimes, friendships go beyond love and families and being close. I like to think I'm lucky

because I'm happily married to Yvonne, coming up on 23 years now, and I also have some extremely close friendships with some women. The English language hasn't come up with a word for my feelings for these young women who mean so much to me. I never had a girlfriend in school, and I never had sisters; maybe this is why this kind of relationship is important to me. What you and Jay and M have goes beyond that, and I envy you for that. I think it's tremendous that even after all the bad times, M wants to marry Jay, and you're willing to preside over the ceremony. This marriage between two will not come between the relationship of all three. You are very lucky indeed.

Yeah, I think so. We've had our up and down seas, but we've all ended up in each other's hearts for some reason. M even invited all of us to her first wedding, over the severe objections of her husband. Sadly, none of us could make it, save for Jay, the one he was most upset about. We all kinda figured it wouldn't work out when that went down.

I look forward to your dad's fanzine. (Hey, there's the title right there... Dad's Fanzine.) At the Philadelphia Worldcon in 2001, George Scithers was the Fan GoH, and the committee told him he could do panels on whatever he wanted, so he did one on trains. An old dealer friend of mine, Steve Carey, knew this was happening, and he brought with him his collection of conductor's caps, about seven of them, if I recall. He loaned one each to a bunch of us, and there we were, sitting in George's train panel, wearing those caps. George was tickled. (I think I was wearing a TTC cap.)

I think Dad's Fanzine might be a good title. I'll pitch it to him. He likes 40 Years of Weirdness: John Garcia's Final Fanzine. I said he should do that only if he plans to release more than one issue. I've found a lot of train people in fandom. The one that first comes to mind is Kevin Standlee, but there's at least 5 of them that I can think of and a lot of us go by train to the big cons and whatnot. There must be something in the water...

47...Ah, you've joined FAPA! I did think in reverse...I was in apas first (several no one's ever heard of, only one of which is still in existence), and then I got into fanzines. Not sure if I'd ever join FAPA; I don't think I'd have enough to talk about. Besides, I get a fair number of FAPazines through the mail or from eFanzines.com.

I've got a plan to put it up on eFanzines and also send a few issues in the mail to friends who have been kind enough to send me their stuff (Geneva, the good people at Banana Wings and Nth Degree) . There's a certain charm to the concept of FAPA that I'm sure will be broken once the mailings start arriving.

Vote for Chris! Vote early, and vote often!, No, wait, that's Chicago... The new San Jose tower has to be as tall as possible, and seen from as far away as possible. I look askance at just about anything to do with wrestling, a choreographed exercise if ever there was one. But, I do remember wrestling at Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto being the head office of wrestling before the WWF came along. Luchadores seem to be much more real than the muscle-bound comic book characters the WWF employs these days.

I saw 449 Feet (taller than any building in San Jose) and brighter than the Luxor Light! The Japanese guys are even more real than the Mexicans. I recently found a bunch of old tapes from the early 1990s that had a bunch of masked

wrestlers, it's just a great tape. I miss the Gardens. I haven't been there in so long. I wish I could get out there more often...but wait, there's TorFlu to think of!

Google up 88 Lines about 44 Fans, and I'm in there. Possibly twice. Looking forward to the special sex and drugs issue. Gotta put it out before November, though. Take it easy, and I'll see if I can loc the massive 90+ page SF/SF 9. Well done for taking it over. See you nextish, whichever one it is.

As you can see, the Next ish was polished off only two days after the last ish! The November break will also allow Arnie to get some distance on me in who puts out the most issues this year!

SF/SF 10 is being worked on as we speak. I talk about my trip to Vegas, the San Jose Westercon that's coming up, Blogs and Costuming, and there's a bunch more from a bunch more people. Should be a good one.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Said by Frank Wu at SiliCon this weekend in recards to the M and Jay story.

"I have no stories like that"

Well, that's the Drink Tank Issue 48 88 Lines about 44 Women Special. I hope you all enjoyed it...or at least didn't puke after reading it. This is also officially the longest issue of The Drink Tank ever! I want to say thank you to everyone out there who is regularly reading. I've been told there are more of you than I thought. If you loved this issue, lemme know. If you hated it, let me know, but try not to swear too much. garcia@computerhistory.org is the address to drop a line to. Remember the Titans!