

The Drink Tank Issue 90
Another Second in a Series



Chris for TAFE

Go Ahead and Talk About Your Good Date

So yeah, I went out with a girl. She was delightful and entertaining and it might have been the weirdest date I've ever been on...if it had been a date.

It was almost Midnight and I got a call. I wasn't expecting Sara to call since I had said that we couldn't go out the night before.

"Hey, you wanna go and get those drinks now?" she asked.

"Sure. How about the Fairmont in fifteen minutes?"

"Done."

She met me there. I parked in the garage by the old Movie Theatres and walked over. She was waiting in the lobby with a drink in her hand. She was wearing a lovely dress that was just a little too long to be showing off her lovely legs and too short to keep the eyes of guys like me off of her. She didn't get up when I arrived.

"Good to see you. I ordered you a drink. A Sazerac."

"I don't remember telling you about my soft spot for old lady drinks." I said.

"I was just hoping that you liked it. It's my little test. You passed."

I sat down and we started talking.

And drinking.

We went over the last few months in both our lives, followed by

our years of High School (she went to Santa Clara a couple of years after I did).

And we drank.

It was a long night, about 90 minutes in which we had four cocktails each. When we were done, we had to leave. We sat around the lobby after the drink service had gone just talking about stuff. She was very nice and laughed at my jokes. That's important. She said she needed to go home and I said that I'd walk her.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Santa Clara and Bush."

"I used to live there!" I said. "You live in the Avalon?"

"Yeah. Number 317."

"I used to be in 204."

We started walking and it hit us hard as we were passing under Highway 87. I've never been nearly that drunk all of a sudden. I wasn't nauseous at all, but I wouldn't have been able to make it more than a few feet. Sara was staggering almost as much as I was, only she was looking much better doing it.

Now, in olden times, there was a statue that was located in a lovely area of town that kinda looked like two clubbed hands trying to give a five high. It used to be a rite-of-passage to have sex in the middle of it because it was protected from viewing on three sides and there was easily enough space for a good lie-down. Now, they've



moved it to the side of Highway 87 where it's very hard to see and where there's no way to see if there's anyone in there if you're on the street. Now, it's behind a fence with a swinging gate which has a chain and padlock that allows people to pass through if they really try. Well, we saw it and we made our move. We squeezed through and headed straight for the statue.

I almost fell into it. I staggered while lowering myself which was a sort of slow fall, but I didn't feel it at all. I leaned against the outer wall and Sara put herself down on my left side. She

was out within a minute and I must have been asleep about five minutes later. It was almost four o'clock in the morning. It was a warm night, so I didn't even notice that we were sleeping against a statue made of concrete.

I think it was about 9 when we woke up. I was up first and she was up about a minute later.

"How you doin'?" I asked.

"I'll be better once we get to my house." she said.

We slowly got ourselves up. It must have taken ten minutes because we were moving at hang-over speeds

minus one or two because we had been sleeping on concrete. We started to walk to her place and then she had to stop at the bridge next to the San Jose Arena (aka The Shark Tank) and she puked into the Guadalupe River.

A cop stopped while he was driving.

"You alright?" he yelled out at us.

"Yeah." I said. "We're just getting rid of last night's bounty."

The cop rolled away and she started walking after a minute.

"Sorry, but I'm pretty sure that we're not going to have a good night kiss." she said.

"I didn't expect it. It's after 8."

We got her to her house about five minutes later. I walked her to the door and she invited me in.

"I gotta pass, but I'd love to see ya tomorrow, how about?"

"Sounds good to me."

I turned and started walking away.

"Hey, Chris." she says. "Last night wasn't a date."

"Why not?"

"I don't sleep with a guy on a first date. Sex, sure, but never actual sleeping."

I laughed, turned around and we briefly hugged.

I had a vague idea about where I parked, but I couldn't remember. I walked towards the garage and I remembered pulling in. I started at the bottom and walked until I got to the top. I didn't see my car at all. I took a seat for a moment, looking out over San Jose. It's a pretty city, lots of trees. I'm not sure why, but it reminded me that I'd borrowed my Mom's car since she's away for the week.

I walked back down and found the car on the third floor. I'd walked right by it when I was looking for my car the first time.

I shouldn't drink...but Sara and I had a cocktail at my place on Sunday.



**LETTER GRADED MAIL
SENT TO GARCIA@COMPUTERHISTO
RY.ORG
BY MY GENTLE READERS**

**LET'S START WITH MR. ERIC MAY-
ER!**

I enjoyed your wrestling fantasy. As a kid I used to imagine playing baseball. Hitting a home run at Yankee stadium seemed possible -- only 296 feet down the right field line. A few months ago I had a weird dream that I actually played in the majors. In this dream I was thinking how odd it was that I'd made it to the majors, considering my lack of athleticism and skipping gym and all, and how anyone would've figured it was just a crazy dream, except I was really living it. Mind you, in this dream I knew I was a professional ballplayer but I didn't engage in any physical activity.

That is a weird dream. I love asking kids about what they want to be. If you ever want to fall in love with Baseball all over again, ask a kid who plays Little League about what he wants to be when he grows up. It'll change ya.

I'm thinking about that wrestling fantasy of yours. My only experience with wrestling, in Junior High gym class, is that if you're standing up and grappling with someone, and you plant your sneaker on the mat, and your leg turns, but not your foot, your bones



sound just like a dry stick when they snap.

So all that wrasslin' isn't my kind of fantasy. Too strenuous. I'd just imagine showing off the championship belt. If I could lift it.

Admittedly, it's lifting the belt and the chicks that are the best reason to get into wrestling.

One thing about reading The Drink Tank -- I'm reminded what an uneventful life I've led. That's both good and bad, I suppose. Some events, which are educational and interesting

in retrospect, are hell to live through. However, from a writing viewpoint, I'm much better off writing fiction, where I can make up something interesting rather than trying to wring some drops of significance out of my own boring existence.

Well, given the option between the exciting lives that me and my cadre of friends have lived, I'm almost certain that we'd all choose a quieter existence. Well, maybe not all of us.

I'm sorry to hear about SaBean. I hope things turn out better than they sound. I've never understood this five year prognosis approach. I mean, what's that? Unless you're ninety already? What is that supposed to mean anyway?

I messed up in the writing. It's M who's having the medical issues. We just worry that every little problem will send SaBean over the edge and back into her old ways. Thankfully, she's stronger than any of us give her credit for. She's not in bad shape. The roughest part is she just had twins and now she's being told that she's got far less time with them than...well, maybe she does. There's always hope and the numbers are good for her recovery.

As for computers being able to write...a lot of thrillers today might as well be computer generated, as far as I can see. There's entirely too

many “rules” these days. Writers are constantly told to write in a way that supposedly maximizes potential readership, using all sort of tricks and constructions and elements that, the experts say, more people like. After a while books aren’t being written so much as assembled from prefab parts. Books are being designed to push people’s buttons. The writer’s lost. I’m not saying writers should write for themselves rather than readers. But to me a book is supposed to be a communication from writer to reader. A book should reflect something of the individual who made it while affecting the individual who reads it. It’s not supposed to be just a roller coaster which simply acts on its riders. OK, I’ve wandered too far into analogy and now someone will explain how roller coasters reflect their designers’ personalities!

I can’t argue with you on the Thrillers bit. I love Dan Brown books, but I know the only reason I do is because he takes the same things that every thriller writer uses and then has the audacity to hang them around such idiocy that it just works beautifully to keep me from putting the book down.

Having said that, to write fiction I think you do have to program yourself a bit, stay focussed, not wander aimlessly, although there are exceptions. So in a sense writing like a computer is a viable plan.

Don’t say that too loud. I might hear you and foolishly try writing fiction again.

Thanks, Eric! And now, with an LoC in the Style of Lloyd Penney, is Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris:

It is a hot day here, around 95 Fahrenheit, with high humidity, but in spite of the AC and two fans blowing



hot air around the apartment (no comments, you), it just won’t cool down. So, here I am slaving over a hot keyboard, whipping up more locs. Here’s come thoughts regarding The Drink Tank 87, 88 and today’s arrival of 89 on eFanzines.

The Hotter the weather, the more I seem to write. Mostly because it keeps me in the air-conditioning.

87...Chris for TAFF! Sounds good to me. The fans in Britain won’t know what hit them. Yvonne and I won a minor fan fund (CUFF) some years ago, went on our trip, raised funds, and printed out trip report. We raised about a thousand dollars doing that for the fund, and we figure we’ve done our bit. I haven’t heard of anyone else running for TAFF, although Ulrika O’Brien in the latest Chunga has me running. I don’t think I’ll ever run for TAFF; some years back, some people told me about my unsuitability for candidacy, and they’re still around. CUFF was just fine for us.

I was worried when I read Ulrika’s thing. I wouldn’t want to run against you! Everyone knows Lloyd Penney! I’m hoping that the next person announces soon, though I imagine that by WorldCon (just over a month now!) we’ll have at least one opposer.

The Transformer movie is getting

