

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@COMPUTERHISTORY.ORG
BY MY GENTLE READERS

LET'S START WITH MR. ERIC MAYER!

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

some serious bucks spent on it. Toronto Trek took place last weekend, had a great time, and there was a 15-foot Transformer there, too. We have an annual Transformers convention here now, and while I'll never go to it, it's getting more popular every year.

I saw the first trailer and was not impressed...especially with the fact that they had Mars looking like the Mohave with all the scorched Earth and blue sky.

Bastards of Kirk was shown in a mostly-finished format at Toronto Trek 20. There's still some problems with it, it's about 35 minutes long, and they'd like to trim it down to about 25, some cuts are pretty rough, some sound levels need adjustment, and I could barely hear myself as Scotty. Still, after some work, the producers think they can put together a good product. They want to put it on the Web for free download, but things may change.

Still can't wait to see it. The sound mixes are always the hardest. It took almost a month to properly mix Last Woman on Earth.

I always listen to a local station, JACK-FM, and they play just the best stuff and the biggest variety of stuff. They lean heavy on playing Greg Kihn and King of Pain, and Jeopardy, and all his good stuff. King of Pain played about 5 minutes ago as I write.



I love Greg Kihn. I gotta reread Horror Show.

88...My only experience with wrestling was hearing about the regular wrestling cards with Sweet Daddy Siki and Tiger Jeet Singh (who plays a big part of the Sikh community in Brampton, just NW of Toronto), Gorgeous George and so many of the big names from the 60s. They'd wrestle at Maple Leaf Gardens when the Leafs weren't playing. The Mexican luchadores were a vague rumour to us kids in Trawna and further north, like I was.

The Maple Leaf was the place to

see shows in the 1970s and 80s. Tiger's still a big deal. He ran for some office recently and lost, but barely. Siki's alive and well and is still wrestling once in a while. He's almost 70 I think.

I do not like the taste of beer, never have. I have nieces and nephews who have drunk more alcohol in their short lives than I have in my 47 years. However, when I lived on the Canadian west coast, I did get to like the taste of hard apple cider. I rarely have it, but I did have some this past weekend, and it did help me enjoy my weekend and enjoy the company.

LOVE Hard Ciders, but Rene Walling of the Montreal bid introduced me to Ice Cider, the cider version of Ice Wine that is just the most breathtaking thing ever.

I never met rich brown, either. The only discussion I may have ever had with him was about whether it was okay for Cheryl Morgan not to print locs in Emerald City. rich had left an awful lot of friends with sad hearts behind, so I count that as my loss that I didn't know him better. The fanzines bring us together; the geography keeps us apart.

Yeah, I feel much the same way. I wish I'd had the chance. I often think that if I'd gotten involved in the late 1990s I'd be better off. I'd

have got LoCs from Harry Warner, had a chance to get to know more folks and maybe even had a chance to meet the good folks who left before I had a chance to meet 'em.

89...May we all, even for a brief moment, enjoy the kind of friendship that M and SaBean have, sexually, emotionally and otherwise. To be truly one with another, even if only for sex, is truly living. Yvonne and I get kidded about acting like newlyweds, even if we have been married for 23 years now. We have that kind of relationship,



that kind of friendship. I will value it always, and am always careful not to endanger it. I always said you were all close, and with the news you relay (SaBean's health is not holding up? It's a little cryptic here), you may all wind up together in Santa Barbara. what a family you will be.

SaBean's holding up well, which is good. I don't think we could all hold up under the weight of someone else being ill. I'm hoping for Santa Barbara (and the last info I have from them is that they're looking about ten miles north of the city. I'm hoping that once they got the land (and then build the place) I'll be down there once a month or so.

Hey, Chris, tell us more about your date! We're all pervs here, you can tell us...

It's the lead article this time, and it was a blast.

I've got an experiment on the go. Some people don't know how many letters I write a year, because they can't possibly get all the fanzines I get, so I've reversed a previous opinion of mine, and set up a LiveJournal. However, I won't be chatting; the LJ will store my locs for anyone to see. Go to lloydpenney.livejournal.com, and see my output since July 1. John Purcell seems to like the whole idea of archiving my locs online; we'll see what

others think.

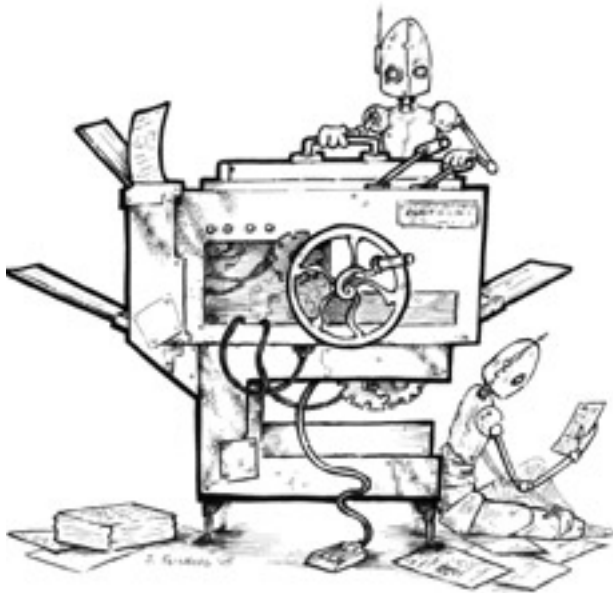
I'm so there! If nothing else, it'll be a great guide to all the zines I never get to see.

Right now, I am sweating like a beer on the patio (or a good cider), so I am going to relax for the rest of the evening, kick back with a cookie or two and a cold bottle of water (one down the throat, and one over the head), and enjoy the remnants of the weekend. I guess you'll find this when you get into the office on Monday morning, so I hope your weekend was kick-ass, and according to the LAcon IV website, there's only 38 days until the circus comes to Anaheim. See you then!

Yours, Lloyd Penney

Can't wait to meet up at WorldCon. I'll be the guy carrying the Chris for TAFF sign.





Another Little Project (non-TAFF this Time)

So, one of my favourite Artists is J. Cathryn Feinberg. She's a great artist who I've commissioned before to do a cover for The Steampunk Issue (which also got reused for a Claims Department Cover) She's a wonderful artist and I was thinking of something I'd like to do with her as far back as last Christmas.

Well, I finally came up with it. I wanna do a calendar, but not a fully normal Calendar, but a Zodiac calendar. And, knowing that she's a SteamPunk artist and I'm a SteamPunk fan, we're doing a SteamPunk Zodiac Calendar. It should be great and I'll have a few copies out to friends this Christmas. I'm very excited to see how this one goes!

And on the Hollister Front...

What is up with all those Hollister t-shirts? Have we started a wave of a trend that has somehow swept across the Seven Trees area? Sorry, that's a joke just for San Jose people. The other day I went to the Mall and I saw no less than ten folks wearing Hollister T-Shirt and one shapely behind clothed in Hollister shorts. I just don't get it.

But, if you want something that says Hollister that's really fancified, may I suggest a trip over to Cafe Press? It's not only the home of the Chris for TAFF merch (www.cafepress.com/chrisfortaff) but it's also the home of Casa de WorldCon garb. It's the perfect accessory for certain occasions.

Don't take my word for it. Literally half a dozen people have bought the wonderful stuff that we sell and more are thinking up reasons not to everyday. It'll be all the rage at WorldCon parties this year...especially since I'm saying that Hollister might win first ballot!

Visit the Hollister 2008

Casa de Store
Join a BBQ
Glow Green in Daylight
Drive your friends Crazy

Make your Dog Fruitful

<http://www.cafepress.com/hollister2008>



Shut up, kid. Can't you see the vultures are circling

Mickey Spillane died last week. I just found out a few minutes before I left for BASFA. I always like Mike Hammer and his Miller Light commercials, but it was the Mike Dan-

ger comic book that made me a big fan. I ran into him at some con (or it might have been the SF Detective fest or even Noir Nights) and I started yamering at him. He was really nice, funny and listened. The problem was he had to be at a signing or a panel or something and the organizers were getting restless and trying to get Mickey to move.

I just kept on talking.

Finally, after having taken far too much of his time, he politely said "Shut up, kid. Can't you see that the vultures are circling."

I have to say that it sounds bad, but coming from The Mick, it was great.

I'll miss his work.

Most folks don't know that Spillane acted in a few films along with his TV commercials. He also held a very interesting viewpoint: the only measure of the success of a book (or anything for that matter) is if it sells. Ayn Rand also loved his writing!

**More Letter Graded Mail
sent to Chris Garcia
by his loyal readers**

David Moys is the Proof-reader for SF/SF (and I here you saying 'Well, if SF/SF has a proofer, why not The Drink Tank?' Hush, you lot!). Here's a comment on my Movie comments

Agree completely about Noir's preëminence as a film genre, but I really think you gave the Western short shrift. The Wild Bunch, sure, but what of Stagecoach, High Noon, The Man who Shot Liberty Valance, The Magnificent Seven? Sure, the latter is an adaptation -- I do not say ripoff -- of Seven Samurai, but what of it? Yul Brynner handled the part of Chris so well (what's this bald guy with the funny accent doing in the Old West, anyway?) that he ended up parodying himself in WestWorld. Would have been nice if they could have gotten an actual Mexican to play Eli Wallach's part, but Eli pulled it off. And then there's Elmer Bernstein's score that launched a thousand Marlboro habits. I'm inspired to go update my Netflix queue...

David

Well, you're right. I was a little short. I'm not a fan of Stagecoach, High Noon is one of the greats, though still not on the level of The Wild Bunch. It's been years since



I've seen the Magnificent Seven. I do love The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (and the song that was supposed to go along with it!) and I've seen that a few dozen times.

There are also a few you didn't mention that come to mind as being great, though still, not on the same plane as Peckinpah's masterpiece. Rio Grande is one. Ride The High County is another. In the silent era, you're looking at films like Hell's Hinges, starring William S. Hart, and a few of the better Tom Mix pictures. There's always the great Eastwood classics (Fist Full of Dollars, A Few Dollars More, The Good, The Bad & The Ugly, etc) and The Sons of Katie Elder. Do not forget How The West Was Won.

There's also a lot of the films that I didn't care for but others swear are the tops. The Searchers heads that list, as I was certainly not a fan at all. Rio Lobo is another that I couldn't finish. I'm no fan of True Grit either.

I may have been less kind to Science Fiction. There are some classic SF films that I really did forget, like A Trip To The Moon and Close Encounters of the Third Kind. E.T., while one of my least favourites, is another important one. And there's also The Matrix, which really changed SF film forever. And Jurassic Park, and...



©brad w. foster. 2006