



# *THE DRINK TANK #92*



*NO NEED TO GET UP,  
I CAN HANDLE IT*



## **JUST YOU AND ME, BABE, YOU AND ME**

by Frank Wu

“For united we stand, divided we fall

And if our backs should ever be against the wall

We’ll be together, together, you and I.”

---Brotherhood of Man, 1971

With our inability to win the war in Iraq, combined with our inability to withdraw without the country collapsing into civil war, combined with our inability to achieve any sort of “Peace With Honor,” the quagmire in Iraq is looking more and more like the quagmire in Viet Nam.

So what better time than now to revive one of the venerable old plot-lines from Viet Nam-era TV shows and movies, namely, “The Enemy Buddy Show”?

In this storyline, we have two

mortal enemies trapped in a hostile environment, and they must learn to work together in order to survive.

Thus:

Injured and without much air left, the human Colonel Foster is trapped on the surface of the moon with his mortal enemy, the liquid-breathing green-skinned space alien, and after deciding not to kill each other, they realize they must work together in order to survive, in the episode “Survival” of the “UFO” TV show (1971).

OR:

The human hero Burke is trapped with his mortal enemy, the evil gorilla Urko, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn that they must work together in order to escape a trap in the episode “The Trap” of the “The Planet of the Apes” TV series (1974).

OR:

The American WWII soldier Lee Marvin is marooned on an uninhabited island with his mortal enemy, the Japanese soldier Toshiro Mifune, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn that they must work together in order to survive in “Hell in the Pacific,” 1968.

OR:

The American WWII soldier Sgt. Rock is stranded on an uninhabited island and later a raft in the middle of the Pacific with his mortal enemy,

a Japanese soldier, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn they must work together in order to survive in the “Our Army At War” comic, no. 258.

OR:

The arch-conservative Archie Bunker is locked in a storeroom with his mortal enemy, the arch-liberal Michael Stivic, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn they must work together in order to survive in the episode “Two’s a Crowd” of “All in the Family.”

OR:

A heroic white human astronaut is stranded on an inhospitable planet with his mortal enemy, a hideous space alien played by a black man, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn they must work together in order to survive in “Enemy Mine.”

OR:

A white convict making a break for it finds himself chained to a black convict also making a break for it, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn they must work together in order to escape the police in “The Defiant Ones.”

The last three are not Viet Nam-era, for those who are counting, but you get my drift.

So perhaps what we need to see on TV or in the theatres is a show in which:

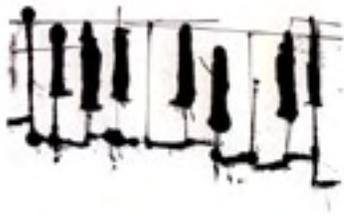
After Air Force Two is shot down,

clean-shaven white man Dick Cheney is trapped on a raft in the middle of the Mediterranean with his mortal enemy, turban-wearing, unshaven non-white-man Osama Bin Laden, and after deciding not to kill each other, they learn that they must work together in order to survive.

There, now that's this week's writing assignment.

Now you realize that in these plotlines the audience goes from being antagonistic to being sympathetic to the bad guy (otherwise there's no point). This usually involves the formerly-bad guy saving the hero's life. And at the end, generally the formerly-bad guy, or both the hero and the formerly-bad guy, die tragically (but never just the hero). And, just to hammer home the point, he/they usually die at the hands of some guy who doesn't realize that we're all friends now. So you decide which of Osama Bin Laden and Cheney is the bad guy, and who's the good guy, and which, if either, survive. Their fate (and the country's) is in your hands.

Go for it.



### **So, Chris...How's it goin'?**

Things are getting more and more hectic around here, not only because of things like TAFF, but because there are so many damn things coming up between now and the end of September. Here's a sampler.

-WorldCon. I've gotta get about 500 copies of things finished so that I can pass them out to folks around the con. I want at least 150 copies of PrintZine to give to people (mostly Brits) as a part of my TAFF campaigning. Plus, I wanna do various issues of The Drink Tank and a few Claims Departments to give folks who might never have seen either a chance to read them. While I've been around LA fandom a lot over the last few years (including LosCon over Thanksgiving), I don't feel like I'm well-known down there. True, there are good people like the Van Wagners, Ed Green, Chairman Christian McGuire and a few others who know that I exist, I'm betting that maybe one in twenty LA fans might have heard of me through one thing or another. Luckily, I'll be visiting a LASFS meeting later in the year.

-Dating. So, there's this girl. That's all I'm gonna say.

-Writing. Other than issues of The Drink Tank and stuff for SF/SF, I'm doing Falls Count Anywhere (on fanboyplanet.com) and Found In Collection (for Dave Burton) and my eAPA zine The Enchanted Placemat,

and my FAPazine Claims Department, and I've gotta do the December issue of The Fan and I've gotta write another novel come November...though that one might slide.

You can see, all that, along with Evelyn duty and the like, means that I'm running around like a chicken who's so busy he hasn't even noticed that his head's been cut off.



The biggest news around BA-rea fandom came from Wales. That's right, Wales. Emerald City, the Hugo Winning Fanzine that has, at times polarized a fair section of fandom, has decided to call it quits. Cheryl Morgan, the editor of EmCit for all 131 issues,

has had her fair share of issues with various identities in fandom, but she still managed to put out a fanzine that I've always enjoyed. She easily has the best view on WorldCons, as her full-scale articles on Con Jose and TorCon were both very impressive, with most saying that the TorCon article probably being the best thing published in 2003. I don't know about that, but it was probably the reason that she won the Hugo for Best Fanzine the following year.

The strange thing is that fandom will miss it more than most fanzines that blink out of existence. Why? because non-fanzine fans actually read it. Why does Dave Langford win Best Fan Writer every year? Because everyone reads Ansible. Why does Cheryl end up right there next to him in terms of votes? Because regular fans, those that couldn't name you one other fanzine, actually read EmCit. There've been a lot of people who complain that fandom has turned its back on fanzines, and in a way they're right, but there are a couple of fanzines that wider fandom read still. It's just not the ones some folks think they should be reading.

So, what's left? Which of the wide-audience fanzines are there? Emerald City is going to be gone. Ansible will go on and Dave Langford, without the competition from Cheryl (presumably, though I hope folks can get her to

write for them and keep her on the ballot). File 770 is a widely-read fanzine that still gets respect and seems to have a much wider audience. Maybe Challenger, maybe Banana Wings.

And I can't come up with others. I'd love for SF/SF to be one of those zines, but I'm not sure if that'll be possible in the next year or so. Some Fantastic could become that sort of zine with the right push from the right people.

In other words, we've lots something that was really good for fandom. While I know a lot of folks have issues with Cheryl and some with Emerald City itself, it was one of those few fanzines that got to a large chunk of fandom. While Cheryl hasn't said anything about the EmCit website, I'm of the impression that it'll stick around in one form or another.



### **Chris for TAFF Just Keeps Rollin'**

When I was thinking up mottos for Chris for TAFF, I went through a bunch. "In a World Gone Mad, Only a Lunatic is Truly Insane" was the front runner, but there were many, many others. Two of them that I will be using are 'Chris for TAFF: Why Should America Suffer Alone' and "Chris for TAFF: Just Imagine The Speech". There were others, including M's fave- Chris for TAFF: Fuck it, how bad could it be? I actually kinda liked that one.

The thing that's most vexing me is that no one else has announced that they're running. If you're out there, reading this and thinking 'Man, that Chris Garcia is a pompous blow-hard. I'd sure like to take him down a peg' you might wanna think about running for TAFF.

There are other little concerns, like how I'm gonna get my signs to WorldCon (I'm driving down, but there are three of us, so space may be a little tight) and I'm hoping to get myself a bunch of new Chris for TAFF shirts, but I have to pay bills and make a big buy for the documentary I'm making first.

It's at times like these that I realise how truly busy I am.

I'm hoping to get to meet a bunch of Brits while I'm at WorldCon. I figure at least a couple of the Plok-tans will be there and they're the ones I most want to meet.

**Letter Graded Mail  
sent to Garcia@computerhistory.org  
by my Gentle Readers**

**Let us lead with Eric Mayer: Defender  
of Earth!!!**

Chris

Thought I'd better bat out a quick LoC. When you take over editing Emerald City you might not have time to read mail. I mean, I'm just assuming you'll be taking over Emerald City.... (warning - tongue in cheek)

***I don't take over every zine that's about to fold...only most of them.***

I didn't comment on your date but I loved the bit about sleeping in the cupped hands. All I could think of was the old Batman comics. Gotham City was bursting with bizarre billboards and statuary that Batman and the baddies would always choose to fight on and around. I'm sure if Batman had been you, those hands are just where he'd have chosen to sleep. Just as well it was only sleep because it would've been Bat sex.

***That was a long way to go for that pun, but I appreciate it (and you'll be expected to pay a quarter for that too!)***

I'll be interested to see how your TAFF run turns out. To me, considering the zines I read, you're at least 25% of Fandom! With all your activities, even if a lot is electronic, you should be well enough known, at

least in the US. I don't know about the UK. That fandom strikes me as more insular, and has been less ready to embrace cyberfandom - a result of the insularity I think. I hope you don't run afoul of the 20% rule (Is it 20% of the UK vote you need to get?) which was stuck in to assure that no one who certain important fans disapproved of could be elected. Totally unnecessary gerrymandering.

***Actually, it's 20% of the vote in each of the areas.***

You'd think fandom at least



could be democratic. Do you really need an opponent to win? I guess I could run, as a stand-in for Ricard Bergeron, if that might help.

***I wouldn't wanna run against you! You'd destroy me. Hell, I'D Vote for you! Then again, it would be a hoot and a half.***

I really enjoyed your mystery issue. I'd never heard of the murder of William Desmond Taylor but the circumstances surrounding it are more fascinating than anything one could invent. I've always been struck by the wild and varied lives some people led back around the turn of the century, running all over the world, bouncing from scheme to scheme.

Things seemed looser then. I would think that the most likely explanation for the murder is that the drug people sent a hit man to knock him off. If the murder had been committed by someone with whom he had a connection they probably would've been caught. But it's more difficult to find an anonymous killer. They don't make for good mystery stories.

***That's a good point about the drug connection. There was an article written in the 1930s by one of the detectives who was clearly saying that Mary Miles Minter's mother did it, but there was no proof so they couldn't make an arrest. I'd love to read an Agatha Christie-type story where everything is laid out and***

**seems so obvious that the killer is someone in the room and it ends up just being a deranged lunatic. That would be funny. It'd infuriate other readers, but I'd get a kick out of it.**

Right now I'm re-reading I, the Jury as my tribute so to speak to Mickey Spillane. And to think you met him. Neat. Spillane was a terrific writer. Sure, a lot of Mike Hammer's attitudes are unpleasant but he was a real tough guy and not some writer's idea of a tough guy. (i.e. a sensitive, intellectual writer who carries a gun) **As a life-long Hard-Boiled Detective nut, I'll miss him. I remember the Mike Hammer TV show with Stacey Keach that was a lot of fun. I just can't believe that Ayn Rand thought he was such a great writer.**

**Thanks, Eric! And now, from Texas...John Purcell**

Only nine more to go, Chris. You gonna make it before LosCon IV? If I was a betting man, I'd put my money on you.

**Nope, not gonna happen. I might make it to 95, though even that's doubtful. I'm planning on a September #100 issue.**

Sure wish I could afford the worldcon this year. \*sigh\* Maybe in 2008 when Hollister loses its bid to Chicago. At least I know that I could get to Chicago much more easily than



Japan next year!

**I totally wish I could afford Japan (I'm HUGE in Japan) but I'm planning on trying to make St. Louis for the NASFiC.**

Hey, a quick loc before I catch the bus home. Well, sort of home. A home away from home, actually. Confused? You will be... after the next episode of ... *And Furthermore*, slated for publication on August 10th.

See, for the past couple of weeks while I teach my two summer classes at North Harris College, which is on the north side of Houston, I'm holing up during the week at the apartment of my 21 year-old daughter's boyfriend. On weekends we both drive up to College Station; Eric is working at an architecture firm for his summer internship as part of his Architecture degree at UT-Arlington. So we're

roomies for a couple more weeks before it's back to our regularly scheduled schools.

**I don't know how I feel about that. I mean, should non-married people's parents live with each other? Wait, I've gone cross-eyed.**

He lives down by Rice University, and -- get this -- the Houston Museum District is a few minutes down the street by bus. I could walk it if I wanted to! Cool places to wander through: the Houston Museum of Fine Art, The Museum of Contemporary Art, the Buffalo Soldiers Museum, a medical museum is down there, and then there's the Jung Museum. I understand that in the last one mentioned there really isn't anything on display, just blank walls. However, once you walk into one of the galleries, your life is immediately on display.

**Ooh, a museum that doesn't have to spend so much money on exhibits! I wanna work there!**

Once you're done choking that effigy of me you've been stuffing quarters into, I'll get on with the rest of this quick loc.

I really hate to admit this, but I honestly have never, ever heard of the murder of William Desmond Taylor. Sad, isn't it? My wife is the murder aficionado in our house, so I bet she

knows all about this case. But you really wrote a fascinating account of this unsolved case. I am really impressed. You've done some digging and produced an in-depth, insightful essay as a result. Great job!

***I understand that when people get obsessed with something, they dig as deep as possible and end up finding things that they never knew. Since I've finished the article, I've read even more and while none of it contradicts my original belief (Ken Anger said that William's arms were out in front of him like a zombie while the Police sketch say they were at his sides), I'd have written a very different article if I knew everything I've managed to find when I wrote it.***

Given the info you've provided here, it sounds to me like he crossed someone he shouldn't have crossed and was murdered by a hired hand. This theory makes the most sense. Thank you for the lengthy exposition; it really was fascinating to read.

***He sounds like my kind of guy. 1920s directors, like Taylor and Von Stroheim, were really awesome.***

I also love those Lloyd Penney-style locs. At this stage, Lloyd writing single issue locs seems rather unfannish to me. \* Like you and Lloyd, I didn't want to grow up, either, but it

happened anyway. Damned biology!

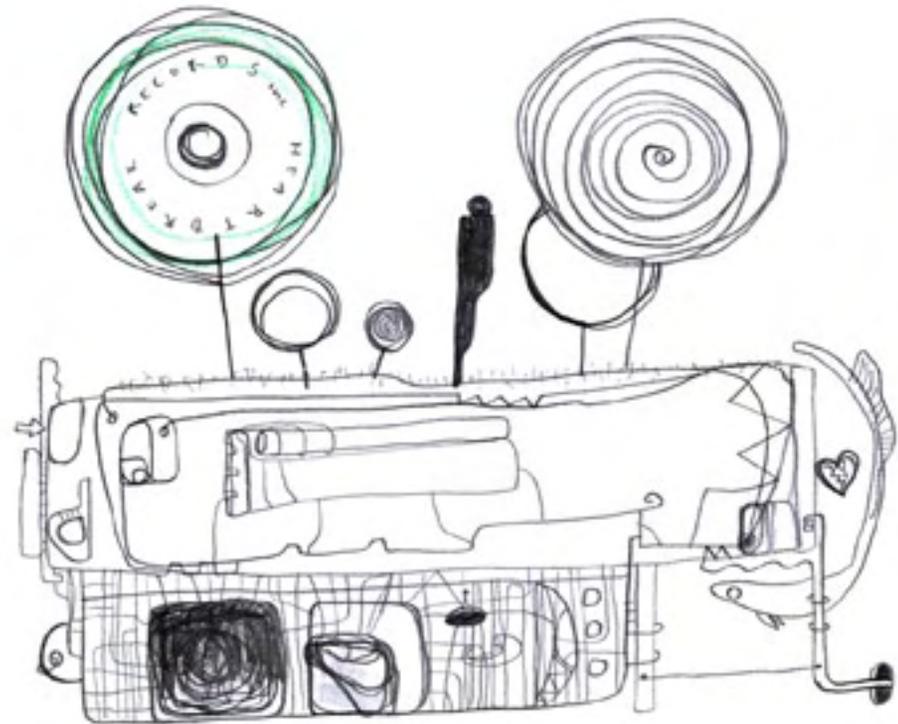
Hey, I don't know what your chances are outside of the west coast, but to my thinking, you are quite well known throughout fanzine fandom, and that is what really seems to matter. I'm pulling for you, kiddo. And I'm likewise afraid you're right about how holdover funds works if there's only one person in the TAFF race. But for now, it's still early, so I wouldn't fret over it.

***It'll all work itself out at WorldCon, like all the problems of the world. If only we could get Israel and Lebanon to go...***

Nice zine, as usual. Now it's time to roll on off to the bus stop.

All the best,

John



## SABEAN MOREL ON LIFE IN NEW YORK

Chris worries a lot. That's the one thing everyone around here worries about: how Chris is going to take the news of every little bad thing. I'm not dying, and everyone's concern in the LoCs has been wonderful. Truth be told, M's not dying either, or at least she's not at the level we were afraid she was going to be at. Basically, she's got a little case of ovarian cancer that's localized and combined with a non-cancerous growth, making the doctors initially fearful that it had spread and become something far worse.

But really, that's only sidelight. The real issue is that there's so much love around this house, it sometimes makes me sick.

Living in the house for the moment are: Me, Miss SaBean MoreL, my darling sister Judith, M, The Twins, Jay and Mike & Kathryn Swan. All my surviving siblings, my ex=boyfriend who married my best friend/girlfriend and a pair of little babies that we all love more than anything. In the weeks since we moved in, there hasn't been one fight. There hasn't been one moment where any of us were anything happy to see one another. Fuck, it's come to the point where even Judith and I will hug before she leaves in the morning to go to work. The two people on Earth who hated each other more than any other two people are now



BY CRISTO SUGARIN X-ABELEDA © 2003

hugging every day. That's how much I love there is in this place.

And why not? After we were told that M wasn't going to die with any change in the wind, we all got down to the important business.

Those little guys.

After a few struggles (including a middle name change for little Guy), the two of them are doing very well. M's been holding them together every day for about an hour. If M weren't wider than a sexy barndoor, there'd be no way they'd both fit. She's so happy when she's with them, and since breast feeding's not an option due to the drugs, she's happy to just get to

hold them for a couple of hours every day.

And the rest of us are in constant motion. Judith's got a job as a buyer for an on-line auction. Not a company, but a group that plans on doing auctions years in advance. She's gathering up things that they'll add to it as 'adjustment' filler to get a higher appraisal value for the entire collection. I've been working as an in-town courier. That's only a couple of days a week, but it's good money.

Jay's been writing. M's been dealing with the boys and the cancer, Mike and Kath are in town for a few weeks. Mike's got a new camera set-up, so he's making some films of the kids and M. Kath's been a bit of a wreck.

Kath's daughter is currently in France. She was working make-up on a movie in Algiers and when the latest fighting in that part of the world started, she got herself out of there. She's now living in France and doing her best to find a gig in theatre. She's good so it shouldn't take too long.

Really, everything is rosy. M and Jay and I have started up that relationship again. As constant as the weird thing between Chris and I has been over the years, so have M and I, and Jay approves in a very participatory way.

I'm almost always exhausted.

That's what's happening in the brownstone, and I love it.

# “Yeah, that’s just what San Jose needs...a Giant Light-Tower.”

Said (probably as sarcasm) by a passer-by at my rally on the 22nd

Sometimes, art imitates life, and sometimes the worst of gags becomes the most inspired of ideas...or so it would seem. I’ve had it happen to me before, wrong jokes that I’ve made coming back to bite me in the ass.

Hell, a few weeks ago I heard two folks having dinner and one of them described something as ‘sucktarded’ which was a phrase I came up with on a USENET board back in the 1990s that caught on for a while. Of course, being Palo Alto, that sort of place

where phrases such as that would naturally crop up.

This time, it’s a light tower.

You’ll surely remember that I ‘ran’ for Mayor of San Jose, and I didn’t win. But I was reading the San Jose Mercury News yesterday at work and I discovered this little section.

‘And 1stACT believes downtown would be made livelier by narrower streets that make room for wider sidewalks populated by vendors and entertainers. Outdoor art and landscaping would soften the concrete environment. Gate-

way arches would set off an entertainment and gallery district along South First Street.

The group even envisions a modern version of the 237-foot light tower that rose over downtown San Jose from 1881 to 1915, when it toppled in a storm.’

That’s right, they want to do exactly what I claimed to want to do in my hoax bid for mayor. It’s like the world’s gone mad and I’ve somehow become a forward thinker whose words can change the world!

I AM GOD HERE!!!!!!!

**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 Issue 47**

**Bring it Back!**



**Me For Mayor 2006**

I was twice asked ‘Why the Hell should we build an old light tower? I believe that the fact they asked such a question is the answer to why we need one so badly. The Drink Tank 49