



# The Drink Tank



THIS ONE MAKES A DOZEN!

POST-CINEQUEST THOUGHTS PLUS  
OTHER FUN AND FROLIC EDITED BY  
CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA

## Cinequest and the Con Life: A Comparison

I think the best way to describe my time at Cinequest is to think of it as a two week long Con. That explains why I get less than 5 hours of sleep every night during it and why I always come out of it desperately in need of decompression. Still, it's a great time that is amazing to those of us that love films.

In fact, I'd like to spend some time giving you a look at the types of folks who live Cinequest for two weeks a year and their corresponding types at various cons I've been to over my life-long addiction to fandom.

-Mr. Everywhere

The 'Mr. or Mrs. Everything' is the completist. At Cinequest, there is one guy, Jason, who sees between 35 and 50 movies every year. There's a couple, the Bynums, who see just about as many movies, though they don't have the visibility of Jason with his huge hair and constant front-row, centre seating preference. At cons, these are the folks who use highlighters to mark where they're going next for the paneling, who are at every piece of programming and see at least one panel in every slot. I have been known to fall into this category at many cons.

- The Complainer

At Cinequest, like all festivals, some films get selected due to politics. These films can vary in quality, sometimes being absolute hits, sometimes being terrible misses. The Complainer will pick up on these and rail against them, often to the point of forgetting that the vast majority of the films they saw were excellent. They'll also pick up on any late film (fest starting times are, at best, suggestions) and point out any projection trouble. The same type exist at Cons, and at BayCon, one of Cinequest's complainers is always at the Hiss & Purr stirring things up.

- The Snob

The phrase 'It can't be good, it's not from Norway' has been uttered. There are folks who believe that only a specific type of film is worth seeing and will often shun anything else. There are five major flavours of Snobs: the Asian-Film snob, the FemmeSnob, the subtitled Snob, the Documentary Snob (I have been one of these over the years) and the Genre (or anti-genre) Snob. The Con versions are all over the place, with the literary snob, the media snob and the fannish snob all having large numbers.

- The Fun-guy

Interested in the party atmosphere, mingling and chatting up the honeys, Fun-guys, or the corresponding Fun-Grrl, are the ones that you want to go drinking with and the ones with the knowledge of every party. They are also far less interested in the films than in the scene. A lot of my friends at the fest and at BayCon are Fun-Guy types. Never attend a panel, might make the masquerade, but if there's a party, they are so there.

- The Entry Level

At Cons, these are the writers who come to make connections and find a way to enter the business through fandom. At festivals, these are the filmmakers who are always looking for more deals and schmoozers. Every year, I come out of Cinequest with at least one new project (this year, I came out with three) and I certainly have been accused of being Entry Level at many cons back in the day, though I am certainly no longer on that track. At times they can be annoying, especially at conventions, but on the fest circuit, you have to learn to love them.



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## Riverside Quarterly

Of the things I bought at Corflu, one held my interest as a historian. The Riverside Quarterly from August 1972 was academic, well-written, and far too intellectual for the likes of me. Still, I can't help but say that I was happy to read it.

The biggest thrill for me had to be the article looking at the function of time travel in Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughterhouse Five. It was a great look at one of the few Vonnegut novels I've never managed to read (I know, I know, I'll get to it sooner or later). I feel that I no longer have to read it since I can talk about it so solidly now that I've read this.

There are two excellent articles, one on the works of Alfred Bester (I've never been a big fan, but I must say this has made me think more about reading his stuff) and a look at HG Well's The Time Machine. Again, highly academic, and at times I don't follow the logic of the writer, but I was set deep enough to keep reading. Editor Leland Sapiro also has an article on clichés in old super-science stories. This was good, and as I read a lot of these sorts of things as a kid, it brought me back to those days. I really did think that this was the only article that fell into academy a bit too deeply, but I still enjoyed reading it.

Poetry also rears its ugly head in this one, and most of it is pretty pedestrian. Tadoo was OK, reminding me of some of the works of Bill Knott, but mostly, it was what I'd expect to read in this type of publication; just good enough to get me to read it once and never need to go back.

The highlights were the LoCs and Harry Warner's look at a bunch of fanzines. Joyce Carrol Oates, who I had a few sessions with while in college, had an LoC that was actually not very interesting, though Oates writing anything has some merit. Warner's reviews are great. I always thought of HW as the foundation, the one guy you could always count on to get the direction of the wind right no matter what you were trying to do with your fanzine. His look at ALGOL is exactly as I would look at the good ole piece. Harry's look at Granfalloon, my early childhood fave, made me more annoyed at my Mom for tossing them in the late 1980s. It's interesting to think of the evolution of the aesthetic evolution of fanzines. I'm sure someone is working on a book on the subject.

I'd say that Riverside Quarterly would be thought of as an academic journal today, in all probability. I'd love to get a few more issues of RQ to look over, especially the ones from 1969 when folks like Phillip Jose Farmer were frequently submitting LoCs.

I'm planning on looking at more and more old fanzines and the like. Shortly, I'll take a look at Seamonster and Holier Than Thou.

## My Favourite Celebrity Sighting

Let me start by saying that I've met a lot of very cool celebs over the years. I've played chess against George Takei, I've spent an hour watching bar flies argue with Dan Akroyd, I've hit on Gwen Steffani. All of those were fun little deals, but meeting one of my fave actresses at Cinequest was a treat.

Sara Rue is best known for her ABC comedy Less Than Perfect. She's a doll and a half and she's done a lot of fun movies. I actually used a line she said in Can't Hardly Wait to open my book on Teen Films called Friday Night With Popcorn. I met her husband, Misha, and we chatted. Sara came a few days later and we talked while walking on the way to the afterhours party. She was a delightful lass and when I said I'd love to get her for my next film, she politely said "send me a script and I'll read it. Yay!





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Cinequest had some great films. A lot of them. Far too many of them to allow me to see them all. Two of the best that I saw prove to me one thing: the crazy musician is the greatest of all archetypes.

Bernie Worrell is the keyboardist most responsible for the sound of Parliament/Funkadelic. He is the funk pioneer and one of the guys who gave the Talking Heads a new dimension. He has played recently for groups like Gov. Mule. Stranger asks a lot of questions, and by the end, has not answered the most important one: will anyone remember him. Even the guy who has spent his career detailing the lives of George Clinton and the rest of P-Funk has to pause before he can answer what he thinks will be remembered of Bernie Worrell. The doc shows Bernie as a genius, playing beyond the troubles that his life presents. Everyone says that he has changed music, that his sound created new directions for artists like Dr. Dre and much of Hip Hop. The fact that so few seem to know him, save for the thousands of musicians who worship him, is a sad fact. Had he stayed a classic pianist, he would likely have become one of the truly great pianists, but he went the pop music route and now, his legacy is on shaky pillars.



The best film at Cinequest was Accordion Tribe. The Tribe was a group of five Accordionists/composers led by New York's Guy Clusevec. While all five of them are interesting and shed light on the relationship between musician and music and instrument, one of them, Otto Lechner, is amazing. Lechner steals every frame he shows up on. He's blind, he's funny, a look at a trip to a Prague train station is touching. We are driven through his tale and want to find out so much more.

Plus, he's amazing on the accordion. He's a Jazzbo, playing with a passion and a brilliant sense of urgency. He also throat sings, a skill usually only used by Tuvan singers. His entire combination of sound and attitude and challenge is compelling. His stuff isn't easy to find in the US, but if you happen to be in Austria or Germany, he's got a lot of work out there.

The thing these two have in common is the fact that the two of them play above their problems and give amazing results. Bernie gives us amazing creations, new soundscapes and incredible energies. Lechner gives passion, intensity and an immediacy that seems like it all coming to him from God on High. These two could do a duet that would turn the world to ash. If you get a chance to see Accordion Tribe or Stranger: Bernie Worrell on Earth, do it and do it now.

## A Very Short Story

### A Jazzbo Plays Shiva's Entrance Music

Milton walked into the club wondering if he should open with Eve of Destruction or Until The End of the World. Either one seemed appropriate for the situation. He took at a seat at the keyboard, cracked his knuckles as they always did in those black and white movies. He began to hammer the opening of some REM tune that folks seemed to half-recall. He pounded and the strings protested with noisy clangs and key-popping.

The noise grew as explosions rocked the club, the encore featuring the collapse of the club's roof

The future of my writing outside of The Drink Tank seems to have taken a massive up-swing. other Magazine, which published my first major story on Chicanos and their reactions to Classy Freddy Blassie has asked that I write another piece. My book got picked up for fall 2006 and I'm writing for another site starting in June. I'm excited though it means that it was also the right time to cut this back to one a week since it means that I'll have more writing to do on a daily basis, especially if I choose to do the National Novel Writing Month thing, though I'm thinking of making that a TDT feature.

EXT A CITY STREET- MORNING

GUY is walking down the street, whistling Fleetwood Mac's Go Your Own Way. He continues for a minute or so, cheerfully whistling and walking through the outskirts of downtown. We see a graffiti reading 'This is Muskrat Territory' briefly.

Guy stops when he sees a card on the ground. Curious, he bends down and picks it up. He picks it up.

GUY

(Reading)

The Damn Mysterious and Most  
Secretive Loyal Order of Nutria.  
This card entitles the bearer to  
all rights, responsibilities and  
realities that are associated with  
the Damn Mysterious and Most  
Secretive Order Loyal Order of  
Nutria.

Guy puts it into his wallet and goes back whistling Fleetwood Mac's Don't Stop...

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS

Guy walks into the Starbucks. He is second in line.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

OK, that's a tall Jack and Coke  
Mocha Latte with Non-Fat whipped, a  
Pina Colada Capachino and two small  
coffees. Sixteen seventy-five.

The guy hands over the money and Guy walks up

GUY

I'll have a Super grande White  
Chocolate Mocha in a Triple Grande  
Cup, please.

The Starbucks Employee enters it in. Guy goes to take his wallet out but the Starbucks Employee shakes his head.

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE

I can't accept your money.

Guy look shocked.

GUY

Why not?

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE  
Company policy. I'm not allowed to  
accept payment from your type.

Guy looks highly offended.

GUY  
What type?

STARBUCKS EMPLOYEE  
Damn Mysterious type, sir. Here's  
your coffee. Have a nice day.

Guy walks away, unsure of what to think.

Guy goes outside and takes the card out of his wallet. He  
turns it over and sees a bunch of logos for companies like  
Starbucks, Subway, Denny's, etc. He put it back into his  
pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT CITY STREET- NOON

Guy is walking down the street, eating a Sandwich and  
carrying on with various freebies. He comes across a group  
of dapper older gentlemen.

OLDER GENT  
Well, look at this. Another of our  
kind.

The Gentlemen all shake their heads in agreement.

DIFFERENT GENT  
Quite.

THIRD GENT  
Rather.

OLDER GENT  
Indeed.

DIFFERENT GENT  
Quite.

OLDER  
Now tell me, where are you off to?

GUY  
I was headed to get a taco.

DIFFERENT GENT

Indeed. Now, you listen here, I'll hear none of that. Come with us, we're headed for the restrooms at the DeAnza hotel.

Guy looks suspicious.

GUY

The restroom? In a pack?

Older Gent claps him on the back.

OLDER GENT

Believe me, it's certainly better when there's more than one damn mysterious man in attendance.

DIFFERENT GENT

Quite.

THIRD GENT

Rather.

OLDER GENT

Indeed.

DIFFERENT GENT

Quite.

They walk off with Guy in tow.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DEANZA RESTROOM DOOR.

The Gents and Guy walk into the restroom, which looks very plain and normal. The door closes and opens a second later to reveal several cushy chairs, the gents smoking cigars and sipping brandy while being served by a comely lass. Guy walks out.

GUY

(Over his shoulder as he's leaving)

That is a hell of a story, Beaumont. I'll pass that along. I've got to make a call, but I will see you all at the Mint Julep festival.

DIFFERENT GENT (O.S.)

Quite.

THIRD GENT (O.S.)

Rather.

OLDER GENT (O.S.)

Indeed.

DIFFERENT GENT (O.S.)

Quite.

Guy walks out, sipping his brandy and tossing the nearly empty glass directly in front of a janitor who is mopping and gleefully walking off.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PAYPHONE- DAY

Guy is walking around, enjoying his good fortune and ends up at a payphone where a bum is sitting next to it with a bucket of change. Guy starts patting himself down, but can't find a quarter.

GUY

Hey, give me a quarter.

The Bum looks at him, but doesn't move.

GUY

Come on, gimme a quarter.

The Bum still does nothing.

Guy, tiring of this, reaches into his wallet and pulls out the card.

GUY

See that, now give me a quarter.

The Bum, seeing the card, gets a terrified look on his face, then gives him a quarter. Guy sees the terror and smiles to himself.

GUY  
In fact, gimme that whole bucket.

The Bum clutches the bucket.

BUM  
But, I earned it. It's my only...

Guy thrusts the card in his face and the Bum hands over the change.

GUY  
Hit the road, pappy.

The Bum gets up and scurries off. Guy drops the quarter into the phone and dials. The machine rejects his quarter.

OPERATOR  
I'm sorry, the phone company does not allow us to accept payment for calls from Damn Mysterious Men. Please hold while we contact your party.

Guy smiles, takes the quarter out and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT A CITY STREET- AFTERNOON

Guy is joyously whistling. He's constantly flipping his quarter. He's so happy, he fails to notice that he's walked into a circle of chain wielding gang members.

GUY  
Oh, I'm sorry.

Jason walks forward.

JASON  
Well, speak of beating the hell out of the devil and he comes for breakfast. Ain't that right, Nutria boy.

Guy freezes.

GUY  
What?

The circle closes in a bit.

JASON  
It's so freakin' obvious that  
you're here to take out the  
Mustrats.

The entire gang raises their chains

GANG  
MUSKRATS FOREVER!

Jason kisses his fist.

JASON  
That's right, Muskrats forever.  
And we've just had a Nutria  
delivered into our den.

Guy pulls out the card.

GUY  
No, you don't understand. I just  
found the card. It doesn't even  
have my name on it. Look at it!

He hands the card to Jason, who takes it and looks it over.  
The rest of the gang stares at Jason.

GANG GUY PRIME  
Jason's turned Nutria on us. They  
turned our leader against us!  
JUDAS!

The Gang charges, beating down Jason. Guy steps away, and  
walks through the crowd. He starts whistling.

We watch the beating and after a bit, the card flies up,  
slightly covered in blood. Another Fellow walks by  
whistling, stops and picks it up, only to get tackled by the  
Muskrat gang.

The End



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THIS ONE MAKES A DOZEN  
COMMENTS AND COMPLAINTS  
SENT TO GARCIA@COMPUTERHISTORY.ORG  
BY MY GENTLE READERS

Lloyd Penney- Continued from Issue 11 Issue 10...When I saw a review of X,Y, I thought of coordinates on a graph. I've gotta get out more...

***I thought of plotting a graph too, though sadly, plotting was not the strongest part of the film.***

I sure hope people will take pity on me and send me their Corflu zines, hint, hint...as if I'm not busy enough already. I wonder how many fans will brave the international border, and come to Corflu next year...it's central, and lots of airlines fly right into Toronto. Looking forward to it. Come to Toronto next year, Chris!

***I doubt there'll be any problem getting folks to drop you their fanzines, Lloyd. I'll bet it'll be about 80 or so people next year, which is probably the perfect size for a Corflu. The plan currently is for me to make Toronto my one flight of 2006!***

I've read about a zine called Seamonster, but haven't seen a copy. What's it about?

***Seamonster is a brilliantly written fanzine that I'll talk more about next issue.***

Time to wrap it up, save it, and fire it off into the ether as it vibrates. Looking forward to issue 11!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

***Always pleased to get an LoC from the Harry Warner Jr. FAAN Award winner!***

Eric Mayer- <http://www.journalscape.com/ericmayer>

For a moment there I thought you'd published my loc before I sent it, but I see, according to my email program, I wrote on the fifth and Drink Tank 11 didn't go up on efanazines until the 7th. Still, kind of a combination fanzine and instant messenger.

I admit I overlooked Drink Tank 11 at efanazines. I don't necessarily take in the exact issue number and when I glanced at efanazines so soon after writing, my eye passed over it as being the one I'd already read.

A few days later it struck me the last number I'd seen was 10!

You'd didn't say whether your protest resulted in good attendance for the movie, by the way. When you mentioned "The Search for the Captain" I thought it must be a new Star Trek film - give Shatner a chance to add an Oscar to his Emmy. Shatner with an acting award. Who'd ever have thought...? Are we living in an sfnal world or not? Please don't tell me he's won a Hugo for his books while I wasn't looking. (There's my sf reference just to prove I'm loccing an sf fanzine!)

As for staples, maybe it'd be a good idea to glue one to the side of the monitor. While Adobe Acrobat was opening the file on my machine I'd have plenty of time to pretend I was trying to get the staple out, maybe break a fingernail, draw a little blood, like oldtimes. Twilltone was nice because it soaked up the blood so well. I figure Fandom is an infectious disease caught from exposure to blood. It's going die out along with those staples. Well, I'll go check efanazines now and see if the new issue is there yet!

Eric

***We Sold Out both shows, glad to say. No Shatner in SFTC, but his opinion would have been great to hear! Good staple idea, I might try it. I've often thought of developing a mimeocomputer printer system, hand-cranked and all purple!***

The Drink Tank is Produced, Directed, and in this issue, written by Christopher J. Garcia. He'd love to hear your comments, complaints, or even to receive your articles through [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org). If you're one of those who are terrified of computers, how'd you manage to read it in the first place? You can old skool mail him at 1401 N. Shoreline, Mountain View, CA 94043. This portion of the footer is usually reserved for some comedic endgame bit, but I'm not particularly funny at the moment, so I'll just pass. Oh yeah, make sure to check out Cinequest Online ([www.cinequest.org](http://www.cinequest.org)) and watch the digital daily news for my Chris Is Not Funny Segments!