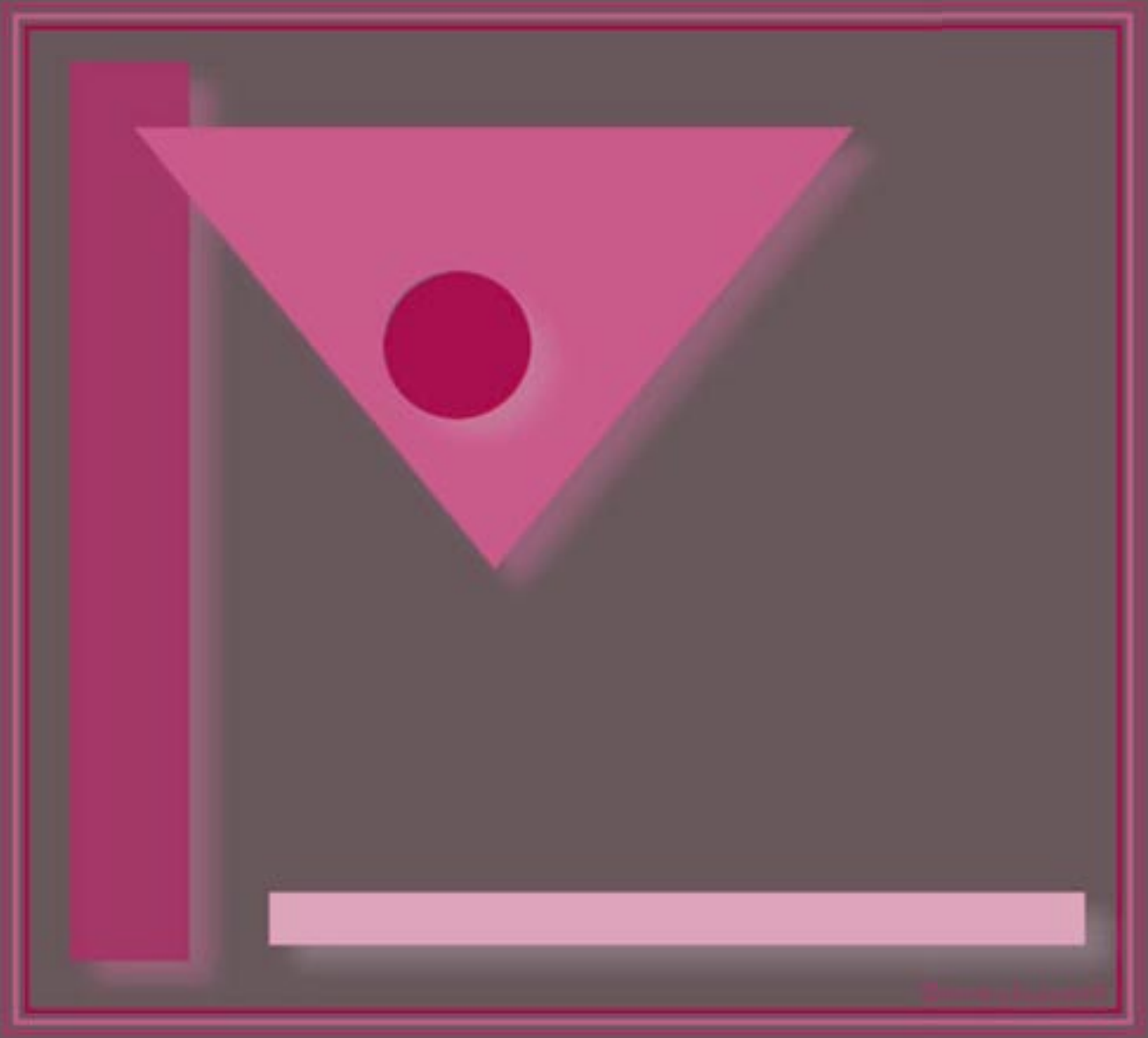


The Cocktail Issue



The Drink Tank 139



The Drink Tank

In a Red Plastic Cup (the kind used at Frat parties that somehow manages to make everything taste better) mix 2 jiggers of Rye Whiskey (not Old Potrero, but Old Overholdt or Jim Beam Rye will do) and a dash of any bitters. Add ice, about 7 cubes or however many constitutes a handful. Mix in the spiciest form of Ginger Beer you can get your hands on Sip over the course of hours.

So, after BASFA one night, Dave Gallaher, Andy Trembley, Kevin Roche, Spring Schoenhuth, Frank Wu and I were chatting. This has happened in the past, partly because we all like to talk, you know. Anyhoo, Kevin had a sign-thingee that said Cocktails. I was muy impressed.

“Can I scan that and use it in an issue of The Drink Tank?” I asked.

“Sure, but only in the cocktail issue.” Kevin replied.

There was much talk on the matter and ideas came flying out. I steadfastly resolved that there would be a Cocktail issue of The Drink Tank.

And it’s all Kevin’s fault!

This issue is dedicated to all my fellow boozers. Not to the alcoholics, but to those who appreciate a good glass (or bottle) of wine, who know how to mix at least three cocktails, who prefer Bombay Sapphire over Gilby’s. Those intrepid drinkers who know enough to pass over Boon’s Farm if there’s Night Train available. In short, this one’s for the drinkers!

And what a line-up I’ve got.

Liquor, Booze, Hooch and Swill

By

Chris Garcia

The Charcia

½ oz. Bailey’s Irish Cream

½ oz. Banana Liqueur

4 oz. coffee

1 oz. Half-Half

Whipped cream

Crumbled up Nilla Wafers (garnish)

In a coffee mug, mix Bailey’s, Banana Liqueur, and half-half. Stir and slowly add coffee. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle crumbled-up Nilla wafers over the top.

I love liquor. I enjoy booze. I’ll drink hooch. I despise swill. That’s the easy way to explain how I differentiate between the various kinds of alcohol I enjoy. Liquor, Booze, Hooch and Swill are the four main alcohol groups, each having nothing to do with the specification, cost or kind of drink it is. Really, it’s about perception and understanding.

Let’s start with liquor. Liquor is the best part of the drinking cycle. If money were no object, I’d always drink liquor. Liquor is the stuff you offer up as what you like to drink. For me, liquor is Single Malt Scotch, bourbons like Booker’s, Blanton’s, Basil-Hayden’s and Elmer T. Lee, straight rye whiskeys like Old Potrero and of course St. George’s Single Malt. I love whiskey. I define my concept of liquor as being very good whiskeys, but not every whiskey. The key to liquor is that it’s what you would drink if you were given the absolute freedom to drink anything you wanted. I like complexity and honey notes. The Old Potrero 18th Century Style Straight Rye is liquor in the extreme. The lovely Lagavulin that the lovely Miss Linda refilled my flask with not but a couple of weeks ago.

Not only is Liquor the stuff you’d drink if there were no limits or restrictions, it’s also what you want people to accept into their drinking arsenal. I’ve been trying to turn the lovely and talented Linda on to the wonders of domestic whiskeys, like St. George’s Single

Malt. She's a scotch snob and I'm ready to turn her! I feel it my calling to make people understand my varieties of liquor. Liquor varies from person to person, but that's always the way, isn't it?

In mixed drinks, I consider the Manhattan made with Booker's to be the liquor of mixed drinks. The Sazerac is close. Old Fashioneds and the Mint Julep are also certainly right there too. It's getting harder to find a bar that can do a good Old Fashioned, though (see my Step-Grandma's Story)

Most wine doesn't fall here. Wine is its own category...except for port. Port is exceedingly in the category of liquor.

After liquor, you've got booze. Booze isn't bad at all. I like booze, but I'll seldom list anything I consider booze on a list of stuff I love to drink. If I'm off at a bar, it's what I have when I'm not nearly broke, but I couldn't keep drinking the Good Stuff for fear of not making rent. Booze is still good, like Johnny Walker Black and Johnny Walker Red is also a fave, Bailey's Irish Cream, Evan Williams, Glenfiddich, some of the Jim Bean line, a few of the rums that sell in large numbers, Ameretto, and Boddington's.

I actually tend to drink booze more often than liquor due to cost considerations. I tend to sip liquor a lot more frequently. The mixed drinks that fall in the middle of Booze are the Presbyterian (aka the original Highball) and the average martini. I'd also say that run & coke is close too. Sangria, the Blood of Christ, is on the booze list as well.

Ah, hooch. Hooch is the stuff you drink at the end of the evening. Hooch is what you

drink when folks who have no taste buy a round for people. For me, most beer falls as hooch. Almost anything from the well qualifies for the distinction of being hooch. Old Crow is certainly hooch. Tequila always qualifies as hooch to my palate. A lot of gin lives there too. Vodka, if not from Finland or Russia, almost always falls in this ghetto (OK, OK, I know St. George's isn't hooch, but I'm just saying).

Typically when I'm already drunk, hooch is something that I'll go for. If I ever start with hooch, worry about me. If you hear me utter the sentence 'Man, that case of Keystone is calling my name', you may tackle me and tie me down so I drink nothing! Now, if it's late, my hair shows signs of having been disheveled (even by my standards), it's OK for me to go in on that pitcher of margaritas, but if I come straight for work and head for them, you have to stop me. There are rules, dammit!

Swill is the final frontier. Swill is the undrinkable. You HAVE to be drunk and not caring about what you're drinkin' to drink swill. Zima is the King of Swill. It's just about the perfect example.



A Simple Experiment ***By David Moyce***

Take a Martini. (Don't mind if I do.) Have your bartender remove the olive, and replace it with a pickled cocktail onion. What have you got?

Answer: *A Gibson.*

The drink on the bar before you ceased to be a Martini when you switched garnishes.

Now try another experiment. Have your bartender mix up the identical cocktail, but this time have him or her substitute vodka for the gin. What have you got?

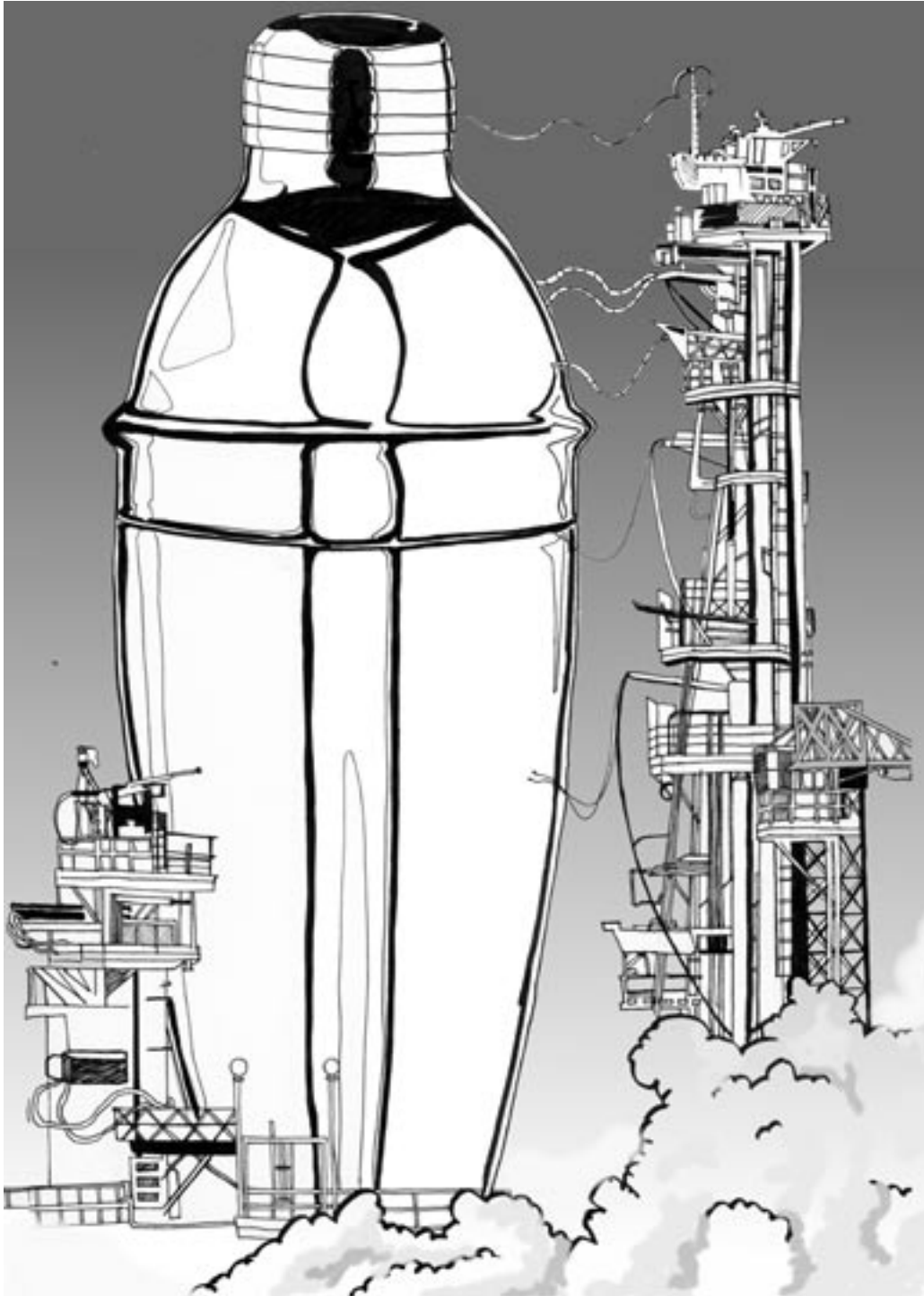
Answer: *Not a Martini.*

Surely, if the act of changing the *garnish* transforms a Martini into another drink entirely, it follows that replacing the principal ingredient (gin) with another distilled spirit (vodka) changes it into something...else.

Call it a "Vodka Martini" if you must, though I have to believe that all you vodka drinkers out there could come up with something more original if you made the effort. Try downing a few of these nameless drinks with several friends in a convivial setting; a name is bound to occur to you. Be sure to write it down, though; otherwise you might not remember it in the morning.

But for the record: if someone orders "a Martini," the drink they're talking about consists of London dry gin and a very small amount of dry French or Italian vermouth, stirred briskly with cracked ice and strained into a chilled stem glass, and garnished with an olive.

I'd go into the "shaken not stirred" heresy, thank you, Ian Fleming, but I'm getting thirsty.



M Lloyd

A Martini The Way I Like It

2 oz. cheap, stinky gin (Star Market brand is best)

1 oz. Vermouth (expensive is far better here)

1 olive

Pour gin into glass. Pour Vermouth on top of it. Pierce the olive with a toothpick and use it to stir. Drink fast and start on another one.

With SaBean, it was piercing the vein and letting the ice water run over me as she put her tongue and fingers to work. With Michelle it was X. Judith and I enjoyed amyls and a slick finger in the mouth. With Jay, it was whiskey. Always whiskey. I stopped doing everything else. I haven't done anything harder than the shit the doctor gives in years, but I still drink when I can. Like Chris always says: some drink to remember, others drink to forget.

I'm pretty sure he stole that line from the Eagles.

The last night in Chicago with SaBean was the last time I drank myself into the Emergency Room. It was three bottles of SoCo and a night of fighting and fucking. She said something terrible, something like she loved me but didn't understand why I wouldn't shoot-up with her anymore. I drank myself into silence and let her feel my anger. She responded with equal parts emotional and physical violence. I drank, exhausted and bleeding from every kind of wound, until I was no longer sensing the world around me. I feel asleep and woke up with SaBean standing over me in a hospital room. She had dragged me into a cab.

I never drank like that again.

Oh, but I did drink. Jay and I had many champagne and PBR nights where the sun would come up and send a slash of light through the shades and across my flesh. Jay would sip his drink slowly and I'd take large swallows. That was also the way we fucked. He'd give me tender and I'd take destructive. It was a theme. I loved him and I loved the fact that I could get trashed and he'd be there to try and take me back to the real world. He would

hold my hair as I give it all back, but then I'd push him against the wall and force my tongue down his throat. That was the kind of woman I had become.

The worst of them was Markie. She was a girl in every sense of the word. When I think of her I think of the pink dress she wore the night she forced me onto the ground at her feet and made me her dog. She wouldn't kiss me, no matter how much I begged for it, because it would require her to put on new lipstick. I wasn't allowed to touch her hair and even as she forced herself in to the wrist, I was never allowed to touch her jewelry. She was the one who managed to own me, make me feel as if I was an object. I hated her, hated every note that high-voiced cunt ever said, but I loved every touch. She could make me me desperate for things no other man or woman has ever tried. I would kneel at her feet and beg for her to give me anything at all. She would give me something, but never anything resembling respect or caring. She would grab me by my hair and push me to whatever orifice required attention. I would gladly obey.

I drank then. I would know that I was going to see her at a party and I would go to a bar ahead of that and put three or four shots of Wild Turkey in me. I would grab the nearest beer at the party. I would slam a tequila and then find myself staring at her.

"Hello, M. Would you like something?" she'd say in that voice that could have been calling the birds from the trees.

"Yes, Markie. I want you." I'd say and she would walk off and I'd follow to some corner where she'd make me do her will.

I'd rinse her liquor from my mouth

with wine coolers and keg beer and weed provided by drunken frat boys whose cocks I knew all too well. I would drink to forget on those nights.

I ended up hurting Markie. She was the strong, the perfect, the blessed. She had spent an evening burning me with cigarettes after I'd been drinking from Chris' expensive stash. When I screamed, she'd slap me and I'd apologize. She poured me glass after glass of white wine and I lapped at it like a dog. She burned one of my nipples and I jumped and I caught myself about to yell and put my hand to my mouth as if I could catch the cries about to pump forward. I didn't want this, I'd never wanted any of this shit, but I couldn't live without it.

I grabbed the wine glass and I threw it at her, hitting her in the shoulder, sending cheap white wine all over her dress, into her eyes, her hair. She stopped laughing. I got up and walked out.

"Where the fuck are you going?" She



said. Somehow, her voice boomed.

"Fuck you." I said grabbed my clothes and walking out the door without my top on.

"Get back here." I stopped. She could command me with that voice. I had heard it before, back the first time she told me to put my tongue inside her. I was fighting to get out

that door, but that voice turned it from a run to a pause.

“No.”

“Get back here.” She said.

“No.” I wanted to go back and take whatever it was she would give me. That voice. It was far more powerful than even my greatest will against temptation. The pause between words grew and I turned and faced her. The lit cigarette was still burning in her fingers.

“Come back.” She said. This time she was not a commander. She was a child who had played too rough with the kitty.

“No.” I said as I put on my shirt.

“Please come back.” She said.

I didn’t answer. I just walked out and slammed the door behind me.

I went to Jay’s and we drank and I told him the story and I cried before he tore my clothes off and gave me the destruction when what I wanted was comfort. Served me fucking right. We fell asleep and when I woke up, Jay was on the edge of the bed, drinking black coffee with Jameson. I pulled the bottle away from him and drank hard.

“Markie called for you.” Jay told me before he had another drink. “She wants you to call her.”

I hadn’t thought of that. Markie knew Jay well and I guess she knew that I’d go running there first. I didn’t call her and I went home. She had called there. I didn’t call her. She came by the next morning, she could see me through the window. She rang the bell but I wouldn’t answer. I stood there staring at her, drinking directly from a bottle of Gilbey’s. She looked at me through the window and I drank

again. She walked away.

I slept in my own bed. I spent the night going over the burn scars and drinking more and more and more. She had left marks that I still carry. One, the one that had led me to jump, hurts every time I pump.

The next morning I heard that she’d slashed her wrists, did a shitty job of it and took a trip to Shattuck where she stayed for a few weeks. It was my fault, she told people, because I had rejected her when she loved me so much and I obviously loved her too. I could see why she would think I loved her, I let her do things to me that a dog wouldn’t allow, but I never felt anything for her beyond the sheer lust of a girl with a few drinks in her and a sensitive clit. I had lied to her by letting her do all of that to me and saying nothing about it.

That was what she felt. I forgot about her command over me. I would never let anyone control me like that again. I would work out my anger at myself by treating men the way she treated me. I was never as cold or calculated. My men would kiss me with passion and then I’d give it to them in the throat. That was my revenge on the bitch. I became the right version of her.

Now, when I get a chance to drink, I drink to remember. I want to remember the shit I put myself through and the guys I fucked over and the women I let take what they wanted and the ways in which I said ‘fuck you’ to every asshole who ever dared to love me. I don’t drink often, but when I think of what I’ve done and had done to me, a cocktail really makes it much better by being much worse.



Grasshopper walks into a bar, says “hi” to the bartender.

Bartender picks him up and says “Hey little buddy, you know we got a drink named after you?”

“You’re kidding,” says the grasshopper, “There’s a drink named Irving?”



The Drip-Drop-Droop

12 oz Boddingtons

4 oz English Breakfast Tea, brewed and cooled

Steep tea and let it cool. Add the beer. Try to drink it. It’s not nearly as vile as you think, but it’s only barely drinkable...

The First Time I Got Drunk
Eins, Zwei, Saufen
by Howeird

It happened just outside a US Army base in Germany, in a dance hall full of American troops and loud disco music. I know, it sounds like a bad B post-WWII movie, but it wasn’t. It was worse.

But I’m getting ahead of myself.

My AA acquaintances love me because I don’t drink, and hate me because it has nothing to do with will power or having hit bottom, or waking up one morning tied spread-eagle on a stranger’s bed wearing leather underwear with no recollection of the night before. Alcohol puts me to sleep. A tequila sunrise or a couple of glasses of Chateau St. Jean Fumé Blanc is about the same to me as a handful of Sominex. I don’t particularly like the taste of most booze, and I like to stay in control of my mind as much as possible, so all in all this has been no great loss.

But that’s not the way they saw it when I told a gang of helicopter weapons repair specialists at that Army base. It was during my second day visiting the one woman in their crew, a friend whom we shall call “Z”. Go ahead, everyone else does, though it’s not her real name or initial. Z had invited me to spend a week with her on my way back home from the Peace Corps in 1977, so when I got to Paris I hopped on an eastbound train, and she picked me up at some rural station in a town whose name I forgot as soon as I got there.

The first day we spent catching up on

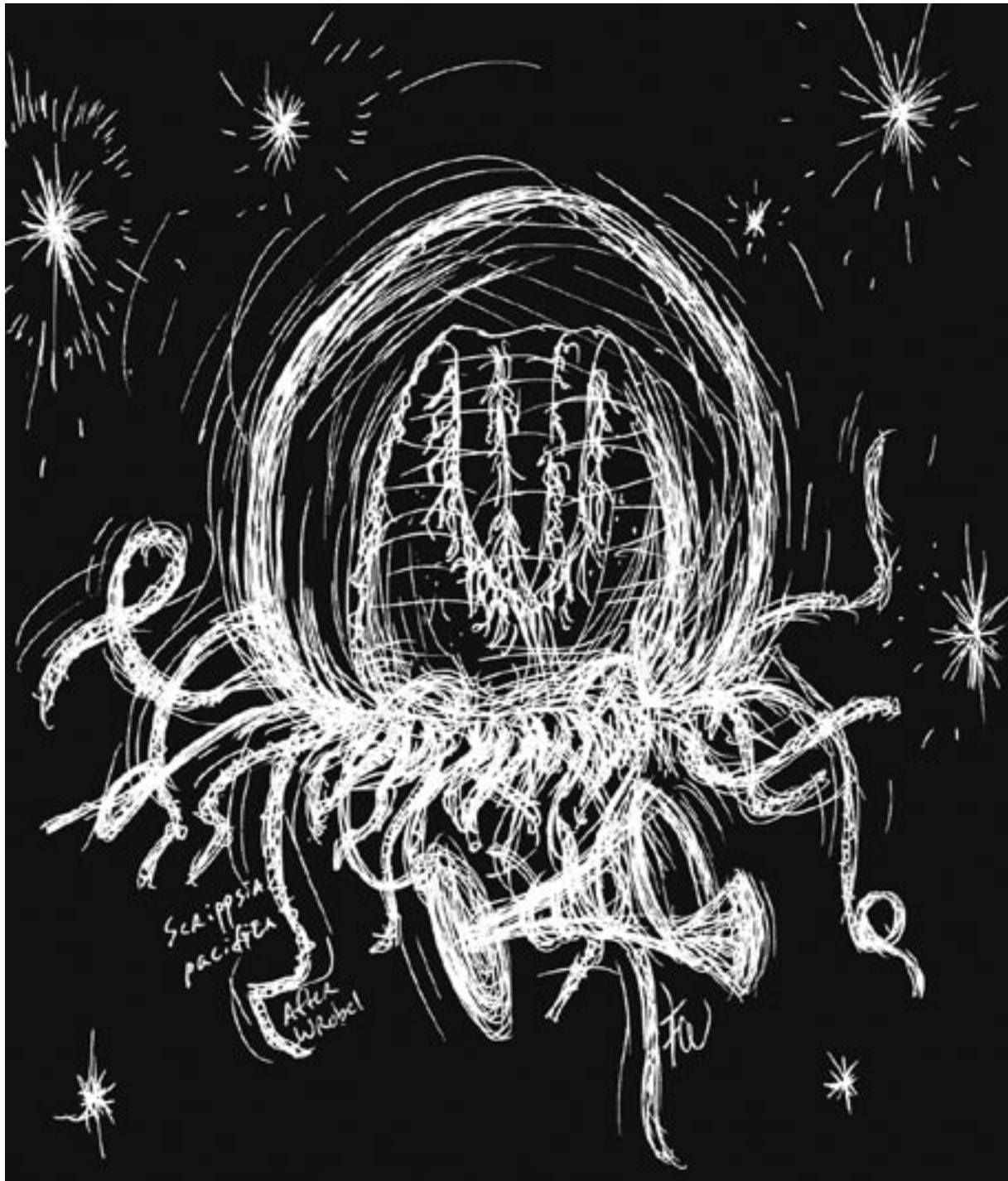
the past three years, and the next day she took me to meet the guys she worked with, big macho Spec 4’s and 5’s. We got to talking about what there was to do in town after dark, and the answer was “dance and get drunk”. I made the mistake of saying I had never been drunk, and didn’t think I could. Of course they took this as a challenge, and the only decision left for them to make was whether they were taking me to the VFW Hall or the American Legion. I can’t remember which one we went to, but it was a big place jam packed with soldiers and their dates, and more soldiers. Bad disco music was blaring over the speakers, the place was a haze of cigarette smoke and it was as noisy as the Pac Bell SBC AT&T Park bleachers when Bonds gets up to bat.

The biggest guy in the pack, a tall, wide body builder type whom we will call “Bull” since everyone else did, though it’s not his real name, went to the bar while Rick, the ranking Spec 5, told me what was in store:

“They have this stuff they call firevasser, it’s like 300 proof and will melt the table if we spill any on it, so you have to drink the shot in one gulp.” Okay, I guess I can handle that, I’m thinking, wondering what this firevasser stuff really is, because that’s just pidgin German for fire water. I’d met Z in Omak, WA, which is half Colville Indian Reservation, so I knew what fire water was.

“Then you chase it down with German beer,” Rick said. Fine, simple enough, I’ll be asleep before I’ve finished sipping the first beer.

Bull comes back with a huge tray of shot glasses and beer bottles, and sets it down in front of me.



Z motions me to pick up a shot glass. I do, and wait for the others to follow suit. Bull slaps me on the back and says “This is all for you, little buddy.” And the rest of the gang yells the 1977 equivalent of “go for it!”. So I down the shot, and you could have knocked me over with a feather, because instead of this being some German booze, it was Ouzo, that licorice-flavored 100-proof stuff from Greece. I’d sipped it a few times at parties one of my college girlfriends took me to (she was Greek). Once you have tasted Ouzo, you never forget it.

Okay, one shot down, now I’ll sip on a beer chaser and fall asleep, I say to myself. Z pushes a beer in front of me, Rick wraps his hand around it, and Bull taps the top of the open bottle with the bottom of an empty. Quaint drinking game practice, I think to myself as Rick hands me the bottle. Z yells “Chug-a-lug it!” and I see why - the beer is foaming up out of the neck of the bottle like Diet Pepsi and Mentos. Before I knew it, the contents of a whole bottle of high-test German beer was inside me, fighting a glorious intragastric battle with an ounce of Ouzo.

Immediately, another shot glass materializes in my fist, someone lifts my elbow and there’s another Ouzo gone. Beer bottle slams down in front of me, a tap on its mouth rings out, and I’m chugging a second beer.

After seven rounds in what could not have been more than 5 minutes, I decide the first beer needs to be recycled, and ask Z where the restrooms are. She suggests Bull lend me a hand, but I know I’ll be able to make it across the room just fine.

Until I stand up.

Big mistake. The room has become a carousel, and as long as I keep my eyes open, it spins around at just under the speed of light. “Close your

eyes”, Z tells me, patting my arm. I close my eyes. And someone with a huge sledgehammer starts hitting me right between them. Eyes open: Hammer stops, room spins. Eyes closed: Room stops spinning, hammering returns.

By now Rick is under one of my arms, Bull is under the other, and some joker in the pack is telling me “Dance, buddy. You can dance it off.” Yeah, right. As hammered as I am, I can still tell when someone is going for a cheap laugh. I shrug off the guy who is trying to lead me out onto the dance floor, sit back down and hold my head in my hands for a while, the recycling project completely forgotten. Z talks to the guys and Rick and Bull help me to my feet, and walk me back to Z’s apartment, and the last thing I remember is Z apologizing to me for leaving me there by myself, she was going to hang out with one of the soldiers.

I woke up the next afternoon still fully dressed, feeling just fine, other than the the suspicion that a fully loaded cement truck had spent the last week driving around my head, with a stop now and then to re-pave my mouth.

Z moved in with that soldier the next day, and pretty much left me on my own until she took me to the train station at the end of the week. That probably saved me from further drinking adventures. And I haven’t gotten drunk since. Well, except this one time when I had a cold and put too much Southern Comfort in the coffee thermos I brought to work. But that’s another story.



One-Balled Dictator

*5 parts German Liebfraumilch
1 part French Champagne*

riefly but violently shaken,
then poured into a rocks
glass containing one candy
cinnamon ball. This produces
a very white drink, to which
much symbolism was applied
by British WWII veterans as
related in the lyrics of a crude
song "Hitler Has Only Got One
Ball"- from Wikipedia

*When I discovered
this while looking for a new
drink, I discovered the song.
I realized that it was a great
song that the Boys used to
sing when drinking. I also
discovered that Liebfraumilch,
which I knew meant Love
Maiden's Milk, is a German
wine that's pretty good. But
the song. I found all sorts of
different versions but the one
that I consider to be canon is
the one that The Devine Miss
M, Bette Midler, performed in
Devine Madness.*



The Cosmobender from Steve Green

Back in the early
Eighties, my good friend
Kevin Clarke and I spent many
a gathering of the Solihull
Science Fiction Group trying
to perfect the signature
cocktail for the eponymous
backdrop for our comic strip,
The Tavern at the End of Time.

At great personal
risk to our health, and at no
small expense, we eventually
developed the infamous
Cosmobender, the recipe for
which is now published for the
first time in more than twenty
years...

Put lots of ice in a pint mug,
then add one shot each of:-

Vodka

Drambuie

Light Rum

Dark Rum

Cointreau

Cherry Brandy

Add one orange juice; top up
with lemonade; decorate with
straws, umbrellas etc.

Optional: add one teaspoonful
of dry ice!

Tallulah Bankhead's Last Words- 'Codeine... bourbon'



Fill it with a **Irish Cocktail**

Ingredients

2oz Irish whiskey

6 dashes Crème de menthe

3 dashes of Green Chartreuse

Instructions

**Shake & strain, serve with red
and green cherries.**

No, Really, Never Again

by Claire Brialey

I'm always a little reluctant to provide anecdotes and articles about drinking, following some fanzine experiences in the 1990s; con reports in British fanzines at the time were likely to draw rather sniffy comments from some North American fans that we are all alcoholics in denial or that drinking seems to be the main point of British fandom. Yet anyone who's been to a British convention will know that most British fans do enjoy alcohol, and that a lot of social activity is centred around the bar; that's partly because in British hotels, the bar is the only place that contains (a) all the people you might want to have a conversation with (b) sufficient comfortable lounge furniture for most of those people as well as (c) the only alcohol, as well as non-alcoholic drinks, that you're legally allowed to consume in the hotel. But it's also partly because a lot of socialising in Britain does involve drinking alcohol.

In recent years I think British society generally has begun to have more problems with handling alcohol sensibly, and by comparison I think British fandom is getting more restrained; my changing perspective could have several causes but I think all of them involve getting older. Nonetheless, despite several well-known and sometimes tragically unfortunate cases, most British fans have always considered that we don't drink to excess and that we are not just kidding ourselves, and experience has taught many of us quite quickly that it's not particularly clever or funny to get drunk—although we are, hypocritically, quite likely to be entertained by stories about what someone else did when they drank too much and how bad their hangover was afterwards. There's probably enough material in British fanzines about this to count as a sub-genre in itself. But I realise I'm not really making a case here for the sensible and moderate approach of British fans towards alcohol, so I may as well just give up and admit to my own youthful indiscretion.

But first, a cocktail recipe.

In the 1990s there was an SF club in the UK called Octarine. Officially it was the Science Fiction and Fantasy Humour Appreciation



Society, although there was always a fighting chance that someone involved would spell at least one of those words wrong. Unofficially, and to its friends people it met once (this is an example of an Octarine joke), it was the gathering place for sad and lonely people.

I don't recall that anyone on the committee would genuinely have qualified for this definition, but I think some of them were worried that they might or at least that other people would assume they did and—operating on the fine old fannish principle that we're not really weird at all but those fans over there are very strange indeed and thus get the rest of us a bad (or, in this case, sad) reputation—also suspected that their membership might end up rather weighted that way. Figuring that attack was the best form of defence, they went all-out for a sort of Sad & Lonely Pride.

Part of this involved claiming, at every opportunity, to be sad and lonely men. Even the ones who had girlfriends (for whom the appropriate pose was instead to indicate that they were too useless to know what to do with their girlfriends, and that their girlfriends were too useless to realise how useless they were and get a proper boyfriend instead) or the ones who were not men. Anyone who's heard the [Ovaltine club song](#) from the WWII era radio show will appreciate the inevitability of the appearance of an Octarine version: 'We are the Octarinies, Sad and lonely boys...'

It was probably just as inevitable that it would make them all turn to drink, but in this case it was a good thing. I was, at the very least, a fellow traveller with Octarine and for allegedly sad and lonely people they



CASBATO

Harvey

threw some pretty good parties. At one of these someone invented the 'Sad and Lonely' cocktail. I'm not sure whether the philosophy behind it was that after a few you wouldn't care that you were sad and lonely, wouldn't actually feel sad and lonely, or might be encouraged to throw off whatever your inhibitions were and attempt to become less sad and lonely—or whether the idea was to treat the object of your hopeless affections to a few until they saw you in a whole new light.

I always felt the main thing was

that it tasted very pleasant indeed, and also involved pretty colours. It will be obvious to any connoisseur of cocktails that this means it should be drunk with caution...

Sad and Lonely

Mix 2 parts Southern Comfort with 1 part blue Curaçao, just over 1 part lemon juice and just under 1 part lime juice.

Top up in a highball glass with chilled soda water. Add ice if preferred.

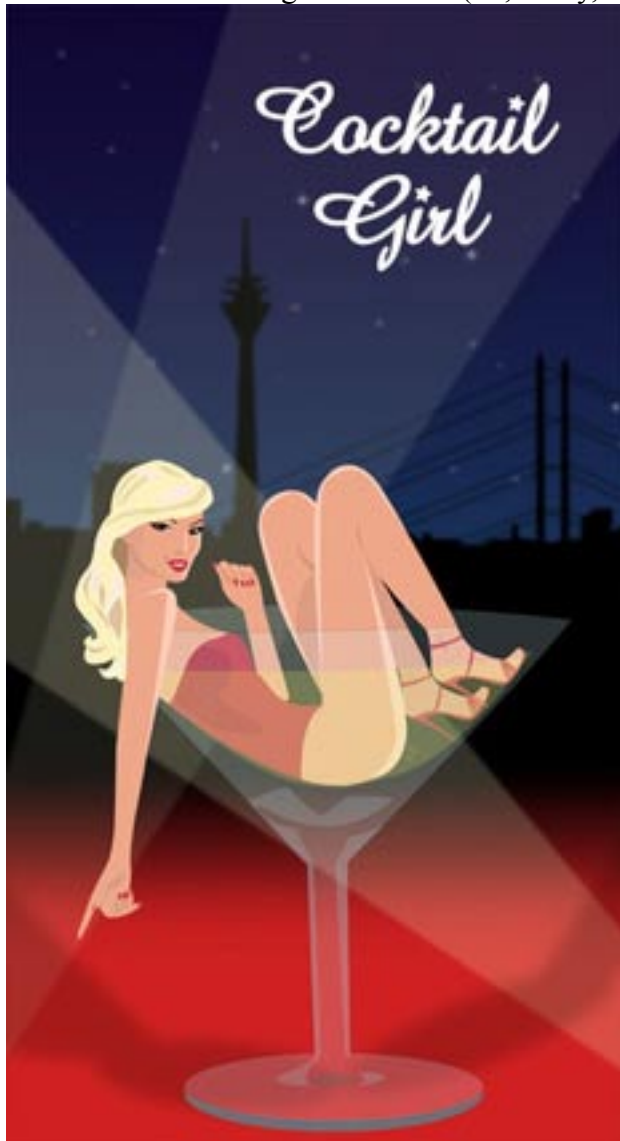
(In desperation, you can use lime cordial in place of the lime juice and lemonade in place of the lemon juice and soda water. But the fresh juice definitely adds something, and makes it less sweet.)

You don't really want to hear about that youthful indiscretion, do you?

Well, look. There are two types of cocktail I've always tried to avoid. There's the sort which are basically sweet and sticky and sickly, partly because it seems likely that they'll make me feel unwell regardless of the alcohol content and partly because they seem designed as drinks for teenage girls who need cream and sugar added to alcohol to make it palatable; I don't take cream and sugar in coffee so I see no reason to add them to alcohol. And there's the sort with oh-so-hysterical sexy names, often not even subtle enough to qualify as a double entendre. (These also seem to me to have a teenage girl sensibility or, even worse, are what older women are meant to drink when they go out together and have decided they want to behave as stupidly and irresponsibly as the least sensible teenagers.) Even when I was a teenage

girl, I disdained the stereotypes.

For instance, there's a cocktail called Sex on the Beach. This involves vodka, peach schnapps, crème de cassis, orange juice, and cranberry juice, which strikes me as both sticky and a waste of vodka, as well as a name which no self-respecting person should ever want to find themselves asking for in a bar. (Or, really,



anywhere; maybe it's just the thought of British beaches which make me consider this all rather unromantic, but there is nothing about damp sand, sharp pebbles, smelly seaweed or hungry seagulls which puts me in the mood.)

There's also a cocktail called a Woo Woo, which may or may not be intended to sound sexy but to me actually sounds like baby talk which is at least as bad—actually as I'm typing this I begin to wonder whether it's meant to evoke the sound of a siren, although if so I'm not sure which of the emergency services is intended and which would be worst—and which consists of vodka, peach schnapps, cranberry juice and fresh lime juice. And in principle that actually sounds quite pleasant to me now, as a quite sharp-tasting long cocktail. It's just that in practice I'm not quite sure I can face the taste of peach schnapps ever again.

In 1993 I was at the British national convention, which that year was being held on Jersey, and this meant we'd all had the opportunity to buy duty-free alcohol on the way there. I therefore had some vodka and some peach schnapps, both of which I had previously drunk over ice. It was the Sunday night, and there was a room party – see comments above about the hotel bar; in order to drink our own alcohol we needed to do so discreetly away from the public areas of the con.

I was a bit concerned that adding fruit juice to spirits would make the drink taste predominantly of fruit juice, and I would therefore forget I wasn't just drinking fruit juice and would therefore drink too much and be ill. However, the basic concept of mixing vodka and peach schnapps sounded fine.

The key to my downfall, I suspect, was quantity. After my first drink I reasoned that the peach schnapps could effectively act as a mixer for the vodka; it had a lower alcohol content and tasted of fruit. This would have been fine if I hadn't been mixing my drinks in highball glasses.

I seem to recall that we all had a splendid time, partly assisted by the 5kg slabs of fine quality chocolate sold by the hotel chocolate shop—they'd had conventions there before and were used to fans wanting to buy the large catering size to save time later—but mostly assisted by whatever it was we were drinking at the party.

I also recall getting back to my room at about 2 AM and reading a bit of the biography of Christopher Marlowe I had with me. I recall falling asleep about half an hour later. I recall waking up again at about 4 AM and after that most of what I recall about the Monday at the convention is that I wanted to die, and so did my friend Meike for similar reasons. I also recall that despite the considerable quantities of free drink available at the dead dog party that evening we were both still very happy with plain water, thank you.

The only thing that made me feel better about the whole incident was that on Tuesday morning, by which time I'd recovered sufficiently to contemplate eating some toast for breakfast, I saw two more of our friends checking out of the hotel – two of the leading lights of the Octarine committee, as it happens. They hadn't been feeling ill on Monday so had indulged liberally in the free drinks. Consequently they looked roughly the way that

I'd felt the day before – and they were about to spend three or four hours on a ferry.

I don't know if vodka 'diluted' with peach schnapps has an official cocktail name. But if not I would like to propose that it is called a Very Bad Idea Indeed. These days, if I'm going to drink cocktails at all, I favour a Mojito. Or two. But no more than that. On the whole I think it's far safer

Bear walks into a bar and asks the bartender "How much for a beer?"

Bartender thinks a bit and says "Two bucks"

Bear turns around, goes back outside.

Bear comes back the next day, plops two dead deer on the counter.

Bartender hands him a beer and says,

"We don't get many bears in here"

Bears says "I'm not surprised, with what you're charging for beer"

Bartender says, "Well it least it didn't cost you any doe."



On the Nature of Self-Destruction Through the Drinking of Alcohol **by Judith Morel**

I admit it: I'm no better than SaBean when it comes to my vices. I was teenaged sex machine and was lucky to get away as clean as I did. I worked through some things and I came out OK in the end.

I dated a guy, Jesse, who was Leaving Las Vegas. He wanted death and he wanted it at the bottom of a liquor bottle. I was Elizabeth Shue, but in my case, I was along for the ride because it was fun, not because of any self-destructive streak of my own.

On a Wednesday night in 1998 I was watching Drew Carey and reading some book that probably wasn't taxing my brain too much. Those days sometimes felt like I was the last person on Earth. I seldom left the apartment unless I was tracking something down for a client, and I had people on the street for that. There was a knock at the door and my phone rang at the same moment. I chose to answer the phone.

"Hello?"

"Is this Judith Morel?"

"Yes."

"My name is Jesse Richtoffer. Can you tell me where I can get some Kina Lillet?"

"Excuse me?"

"The drink. Kina Lillet. I want some."

"I can work on it".

"I'm willing to pay ten grand for it."

"Are you at my door?"

"Yes. Look through the peephole."

I looked through and saw a man in a white suit, stained at one shoulder, holding open a fan of what I knew must be one hundred dollar bills. I attached the chain and slid the door open.

"Hi."

He pushed the money towards me with a shaking hand.

"What's it called again?"

"Kina Lillet. Here."

He pushed a book through the gap. It was Ian Flemings Casino Royale.

"They make a cocktail with it using Kina Lillet. I want that cocktail."

I stared at the man. He was a wreck. He had short hair that had been cut recently. His bangs hung over one eye. He had stains on one shoulder and another at his pocket. I could see that sleep had been brief and not recent.

"OK, I'll do what I can and get back to you. Have you got a card?"

"No, I'll wait here."

"What?"

"I've got a book and a bag of peanuts. Jason said you were very good. I'll just wait here."

I looked down and saw that he had an open bag of peanuts in shells in one of his pockets. I didn't see the book.

"It could take hours, or hell, even days."

"Well, get things started and when you've got a lead, tell me and I'll either move on or we'll go and get it."

The guy had sincerity in his eyes like a priest on payday. He was honestly willing to wait while I tracked down this stuff for him. I went through the book and found the page that



talked about the drink. I called M. She knew these things.

She pointed me to a bar on Mulholland that specialized in unavailable everything. She took Chris there once because they had the best selection of pre-1900 whiskeys in the world at the time. She gave me the name of the place and an approximate address. I called information and found got the number. I called.

“Hi, I’m wondering if you have a liquor called Kina Lillet?”

“Sadly, no. I’ve run dry. I do know a place in North Hollywood that does. It’s a private club called Joe Amelio’s.”

“Are you a member?”

“Of course.”

“Can you arrange for a guest to drink there.”

You could hear the automatic grinding of his brain as he came up with a dollar figure.

“A thousand dollars, up-front.”

“I can drop it off to you in an hour.”

And I opened the door.

“I found a club that has it, but I have to pull some strings. The price for the invitation is two thousand and my fee is another two. I don’t know how much the drink will cost.”

Jesse had been eating peanuts and dropping them on my doormat. I didn’t mind if it meant clearing three grand.

“Well then, take me there.”

“I’ll go and get the invite.”

“Ma’am, if I’m going to pay you that much, I think I deserve a little in the way of company. I’m a perfect gentleman, I assure you. I’ll even follow you in my own car, but I’d like it if you joined me.”

I was worried. The own car thing was OK, but I didn’t know if he was in shape to drive. He had been very good up to this point.

“No, it’s fine. I’ll drive the two of us.”

“Well, that’s mighty kind of you.”

The pass purchase went smoothly, Jesse stayed in the car and ate peanuts, dropping the shells out the window. The old man, must have been 350 pounds and gray as ash, gave me directions and a little guest pass. I gave him a thousand dollars.

“Who you working for? Some actor who wants to be the next

Bond?”

“I don’t think so. I think he’s a guy who just read one too many novels.”

I went back to the car. Jesse was reading Goldfinger. I drove and he never said a word. He just read the book all the way to Joe Amelio’s. It was the kind of place you go to if you know what you’re getting. It looked like a lamp store. There were a few cars parked in front and a sign that said ‘Private: Parking for Members Only’. There was no sign announcing that it was a club of any kind. There was a man in a tux standing inside the waiting area. You could see him in his tux through the inset glass of the door.

“This is the place.”

“Good.”

Jesse got out of the car and walked to the door. I followed him closely. I didn’t like the neighborhood.

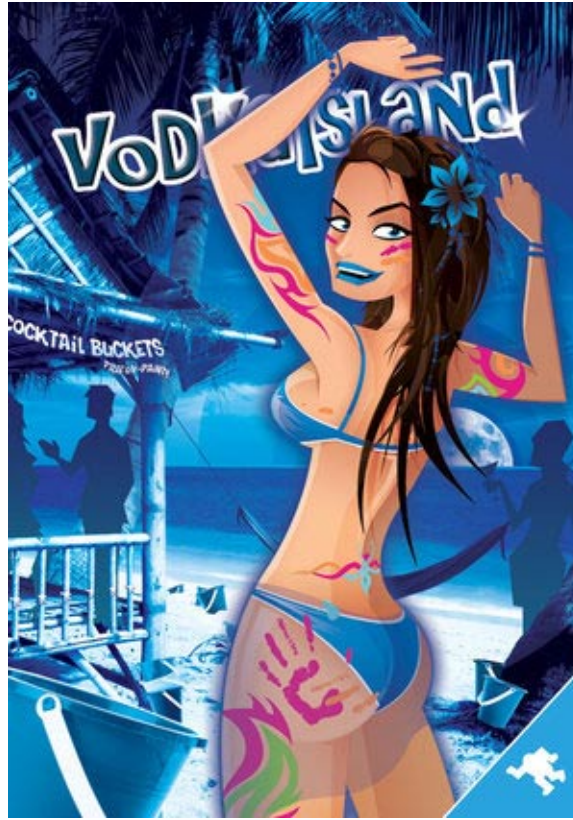
Inside the waiting area, I pushed by Jesse and got to the host first.

“You must be the woman Mr. Costello called about. You have the card?”

I handed it to him and he smiled.

“Most members wouldn’t have the privilege. Mr. Costello is our best supplier.”

He led us into the main room. It was an old red velvet bar. The lamp shades were all red velvet, causing the place to glow. It felt like a mob film, possibly because the men who wrote mob films had come to places like this and felt the eyes. The host led us to a small booth. There was a jukebox alight with bubbles and changing colors, but no music came out. Mostly there was mummering and the sound of pool and bocce being played behind the far wall. Jesse sat down



and I looked around. There were a few other booths that were curtained off, and other than that, there were only two people sitting at the bar. A girl far too young to be working in a bar walked up. She was obviously there to get the old men smiling.

“What can I get you?”

“Three measures of Gordon’s, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet. Shake it very well until it’s ice-cold, then add a large thin slice of lemon peel.”

She looked at Jesse with blank misunderstanding.

“You want a what?”

I reached into my purse and pulled out the book, opened it and handed it to her,

pointing to the passage.

“Just give the bartender that.”

The young woman paused for a moment and looked it over before walking back towards the bar. This wasn’t normal, I noticed and she was wired for normal: flirting with the old men, taking orders, responding in Italian or French. She had no idea what to make of this.

“So, you found me through Jason...?”

“Hutchins. He said you helped him find that baseball.”

The baseball he referred to was the Babe Ruth signed ball from the last game he ever played as a Red Sox. It took me three weeks, but for a ball that was only supposed to be a legend.

“That was a tough case.”

“You’re like a detective.”

“Not quite. I just have a lot of friends who can help me find stuff.”

He was looking at me through very drunken eyes. I knew those kind of eyes. They were enchanting, but so dangerous. You never knew if they were the eyes of the booze or the boy.

“What else do you find? Not just baseballs and old liquors, I assume.”

“All sorts of things. I once found a guy a movie poster from Phantom of the Opera. It cost me an arm and a leg. Then I found the original lighter from Casablanca that Rick lights his cigarette with. That took an age and a half.”

An old man walked up. He set down a tray on which two drinks rested.

“You are the woman Mr. Costello called about, no?”

He was Italian and at least seventy-five.

The nasal hair was long, but at least he mingled it with his mustache.

“You’re Miss Morel?”

“Yes I am.”

He set down a drink in front of each of us. Jesse picked his up.

“I’m Joe Amelio Jr. I’m very glad you joined us. I have to admit that we seldom get people requesting Kina Lillet. A few of our regulars come by and ask for some once in a while.”

Jesse took a drink. Not a sip. A drink. The old man smiled.

“Was it to your liking?”

Jesse set the drink down and looked at me.

“Absolutely.”

The old man smiled.

“Well, I’ll see to it that Leon gives you a guest pass on your way out. All we ask is a two drink minimum whenever you visit.”

We thanked him and I drank. Very bitter. Good cocktail. Not the kind of thing you’d want to drink all the time, but it has a charm that warms you.

“I’ll leave the two of you alone. Enjoy.”

I had another sip as Mr. Amelio closed the curtains that were pinned back on either side of the booth entrance. I almost wanted to open them, but Jesse started talking.

“I’m not a Bond nut.”

“No?”

“Not really. I was drinking and came across the recipe and, well, I wanted to find something new.”

This was what got me. Here was a guy who became obsessed with something enough



to throw down hard money to make that little dream happen. I know some women consider that sort of impulsiveness a turnoff, but in Jesse, it was nearly as intoxicating as the drink we shared. Mr. Amelio came by thirty minutes later and dropped off another tray. I don’t remember what we were talking about, but I know we stopped as if we had been walked in on completely naked. I remember looking into his eyes at one point and saying that I’d be happy to find anything he wanted for him anytime.

His smile was beautiful.

After two more trays came our way, we decided to go home. I took him back to my place by way of the cab that Leon called for us before he handed us each a guest card. He put his arm around me in the cab and he smelled. Liquor and lack of sleep mixed with sweat to form a mayonnaise. I was all over him no matter once the door closed.

I woke up late to a call from a client who wanted a piece of the Berlin Wall. Jesse was sitting in the chair Chris had left behind when he moved, pulling off a bottle of Jim Beam.

“Already drinking?”

“Gotta start sometime, and it’s after noon.”

He handed me the bottle and came back to the bed. I hadn’t noticed that he had changed clothes to a different grey suit.

“So, what do you do? Wait, let me guess. You’re a screenwriter.”

“I run a software company. We do accounting software for the government.”

He took the bottle back and drank again. He slipped off his coat and I pulled him close and we wasted the rest of the afternoon.

I even ignored my calls. He stayed that night too. We split a rehoboam of champagne and mixed it with chambord. I woke up the following afternoon to Jesse sitting on the chair again, this time drinking from a flask. He was wearing another suit.

“Where’d you get the new clothes?”

“I’ve got a few things in my car.”

He offered the flask and I turned it down. He drank happily onwards.

He left that day and I did three days

of work in less than two hours. I tidied up the house. I went back to bed and slept long and heavy.

The next day, I went through the antique shops on Moorpark, the card shops in the Valley, the comic shops on Sunset, the movie stores on Hollywood. I went home and had a fit-filled sleep.

That pattern continued for five more days. No word from Jesse.

It was a week later and I had a knock on the door and a phone call at the same time. I flung the door open and there he was, a suit stained and the early stages of a full beard. I brought him in and he didn't leave for another three days.

On that fourth morning of that, I had to get up early, beat him to the chair. I had planned on a romantic moment where I was in the chair and he'd come to me. I sat down and less than five minutes later, he woke up.

"Hey, baby."

He said nothing. He got out of the bed and walked out of the apartment. A few minutes later he came back with a bottle of scotch in his hand. He tipped it back and then looked at me.

"You want some?"

"No."

He went and sat on the bed, drinking again.

"You mind putting that down?"

He didn't say anything. He just drank again.

I stood up and walked over to him, Grabbed the bottle as soon as he took it away from his mouth. I kissed him hard. It was cheap scotch.

When I pulled away, he took another drink. I grabbed for the bottle, but he wasn't letting go.

I threw him out.

A week later he called and showed up on my doorstep. I let him in. He stayed two nights.

Then he was gone. Forever. He never showed up on my doorstep and he never called. I went to Joe Amelio's, but he never stopped by and Joe Jr. hadn't heard from him either.

I still wonder what happened to him. I figure he either drank himself to death or cleaned up and Came to Jesus. Either way he got what he needed.



A Cocktail Party- 1925

by

Kyl Likki

It was the season of change,
Cordelia's cyclads making love to
Brown and hard sugar maple leaves,
Society's chameleons wallowing in
Summer's final night in state.

"Another!—pass the vermouth—
Let it tickle the tooth!"

Avilan Teresa's daughter kept
Teddy's bear close, as Mary held
Gabriel's nephew. Nearby, Brother and Crony,
Feathered in ferns, torchlight in eyes
Like plotting supernovas.

"Take it!—move in and distract—
Advance and make the attack!"

Moves Brother forward, Bufo
Hidden at back, smile shielding
War stripes, open palm coaxing;
Too late notes she lack of a hand—
A scream, and back she yields.

"Warts!—put them to her skin—
At any cost we'll win!"

Mam to Brother calls in frustration
For the Judge and the Lawyer had started
Their story, a conversation of
Extant chatter in favor of
Judicial delineation.

"Cease!—make at least an effort
To find some rapport!"

Slunk into venereal shadow of Mother
Brother abandons the game.

Crony in ire disposes of Bufo,
Thinking to equally dispose of
Teresa's Roosevelt bear.

"Destroy! I'll destroy her highness—
I shall check her brightness!"

Locking his eyes to hers, Crony enacts
His mission—his hands to hers,
His eyes to hers. He seizes the bear
And spills forth his seething black hatred.
Teresa's eyes spill tears but none care.

"Look—watch—keep as he dies—
Show me the hopelessness bright in your
eyes!"

Mam catches ear of Teresa's sobbing
Sighs and chooses, returns to the mob.
His honorable Sir Greyer takes hold
Of Barrister Witmore's arm and gestures:—
Manhattans in hand they watch the unfolding.
"Alack—boys are their nature—
We shall not disturb."

Crony's hands work fast, fast, till
Tongue of fern is noosed about bear.
Torchlight in eyes and torchlight in water;
The pool's delicate skin etched runic
By the debridging breeze.
"He will hang! She will pay!
Never our fraternity betray!"

Baby perfidious hands wring the life
From the ursa of Teresa. Starved of air,
Into the water he goes. The air's jarred
With fingers and laughter, and there's
The jingle of rocks against crystal.
"Too much, think you? too far?—

Ah, empty glass! to the bar!"

And chuffs Witmore does Greyer,
No less a devil for polycoric want.
Heart calcified, head porous,
Eyes pretty like slate, Sir His Honor Greyer
Touches hand to head, soothes discomfited ego.
"Egregious? Absurd!
I have a reputation to preserve."

Justice prostituted! Though Solomon
Retrieved for its mother the innocent,
The mighty king fell, his seven hundred and
Three hundred fallible in their truths.
Stay away when Might reigns uncheck'd.
"Go not near the Missus—
She'll only defer to us."

Teresa beseeches her Savior, but—
Mother's love's an unseasonably fickle spice
Souring the sweet fruit flesh of childhood.
Teddy's bear drowned, lack of oxygen,
Lack of moralled and sincere affect.
"A principled response—agency
Politics enables unlawful correctness."

It was the season of change,
Genial jade plants adoring the damp
Polished bricks, poolside,
Upon which sycophantic
Voices purred and preened themselves.
Nature's morality slept,
And the guelder roses wept.



Olton Punch from Steve Green

1 thick knob of ginger, chopped
2 limes, juiced; chop the skins and add
1 stick of lemon grass, shredded
1 chilli (a hot one), split
Handful of coriander leaves, chopped roughly

Put in a big jug and add half a 75cl bottle of
vodka; leave to soak for two hours

Put ice cubes in a freezer bag and add to jug (to
avoid diluting the punch)

Slosh in more vodka (at least a quarter of the
bottle) and top up with ginger ale

Life's Cocktail Bar: A Song by Jim Ranken

Let My Heart Be Awashed With Your Light And With Your Colour
And Let My Mind Be Rejoiced In The Sounds Of Your Summer

And Here We Are, And Here We Are Supping On Life's Cocktail Bar
And Here We Are, And Here We Are Supping On Life's Cocktail Bar

Oh Let My Heart Be Awashed With Your Light And With Your Colours
And Let My Mind Be Rejoiced In The Sounds Of All Your Summers

And Here We Are, And Here We Are Supping On Life's Cocktail Bar

For I Feel All Your Harmonies When I Am Close By
With The Opening Of Your Nature's Magic Everytime

And Here We Are, And Here We Are Supping On Life's Cocktail Bar
And Here We Were, And Here We Were Loving In Each Other's Arms
...in Life's Cocktail Bar



An Excerpt from SaBean MoreL's Trying to Fuck The Furniture

There were cups everywhere. Hundreds of them. A typical frat party where a beer is half-drunk and then abandoned on the nearest horizontal surface. I finished a dozen of them, polished off the remains of some many forgotten beers. The vicodin helped me get there, to that place that Michael hated, the place where I went went I shot up. I was floating in a fucklust haze. I wanted it hard and hot and bad and now. I was too heavy to stand, to walk to the nearest able-bodied frat boy and pull down his pants and take him hard-or-not into my mouth. I didn't have that much left, but my pelvis had more power than I could possibly use. I pushed myself up against the arm of the couch, ground down with my weight, I'm sure pressing my moisture into the fabric. I rode up and down, slowly. I could feel every notch of the fabric, at that moment more pleasurable than any flesh would have felt. I ground in and around. It was powerful. The drunken shits were watching me closely. I shredded my shirt and my tits, what were left of them at that 96 pound phase of my life, hung out. None of them came to touch me, they jsut watched as I slid my hand into my skirt and dug my nails into my own flesh. The power of that moment was incredible and I could feel it all rising up to the explosion. "Dude, she's trying to fuck the furniture." That fucker brought it all to a close. I stopped and turned out on to the couch and spread my leg. I had ripped my panties and all could see what I was offering. That offer was accepted and I woke up sore and swimming in a pool of drunkdrug excess.

Tip Jar

I was raised Catholic. Not this namby-pamby Vatican II let's-all-sing-Cumbayah- and – have- a –retreat stuff, but the Latin Mass, regular confession, standing on Easter so our suffering would help souls in Purgatory and four hours of church on Sunday type Catholic. As a child, I fully intended to assume a vocation and become a nun. Obviously, something went wrong.

It's July of 2000 in Claremont. I had graduated college the winter previous, and had taken a Responsible Job at a ubiquitous IdeaLab! dot com. My newfound responsibility had no bearing on my regular appearance at parties. I was known for having the Liver of Steel, and I had a reputation to uphold.

Summers on Harvey Mudd campus were an heady mix of debauchery and moleish slavery in Clinic projects. A small but significant number of students remained on the Five College campuses, and more studded the towns surrounding the area. As the sun went down, and security went home, parties would spring up. More often than not, these parties would garner photographic evidence that would ruin many a promising political career before it began.

I had just broken up with Karl, a slim, gothy boy with waist-length red hair who hailed from Texas. We had been dating for a couple of years, and I heartbroken to have him go. But he was not the marrying kind, and I was still naïve enough to believe I was, and there you have it. Within a few weeks I'd be dating Tim, the 6'8" giant comic-book collector and writer, but for now I was single and looking for a rebound.



After a few drinks, a few tube steaks, and some time on the couches in the parking lot watching fireflies, the party began moving into full swing. Music got louder, drinks were spilled, flirting became edgier. Karl and Joshua brought me a shot of thin, amber-colored liquor, which I assumed was Jack Daniels. Tossing it back, the burning in my throat and the feeling of a hammer hitting me upside my head let me know I was wrong.

It was Bacardi 151. A shot of 75% pure alcohol. Karl and Joshua needed a tester, and had chosen me. The bastards. It is to my credit that I remained not only standing, but capable of my A-game flirting.

I saw her inside, talking to a few people.

Short plaid skit, white shirt tied up in the front showing off her flat stomach, and long skinny legs like a baby giraffe. I felt bad for her, having to stand on such reedy appendages. I decided to make it my mission to help the poor girl find a nice place to lay down, with me there for company, naturally. I'm an altruist at heart.

Her name was Dorothy, but everyone called her Dot. She was a Scripsie, a delightful creature, half cheerleader, half begonia, and the breakfast of champions. She appeared cold, and I gamely lent her my sweater. I got her a drink, I found her space on a couch outside. I remember there was conversation, but the details have been utterly forgot to time. I do remember thinking she was really smart and witty.

Nature and spirits took their due course, and Dot and I began kissing. Somehow we moved from a couch to a set of folding chairs by a coffee table. The kissing was hot, intense. The kind where fingers get stuck in hair, backs arch of their own accord, and legs subtly spread. One thing led to another. My shirt was the first to be gone, followed by hers. She wore a sturdy white bra, A cup, with some cotton lace around the edging. I found myself wondering why an A cup bra could have possibly been needed to be built to restrain gale-force winds. We were half facing each other, half wound about each other, precariously balanced on the chairs. I was dimly aware of the presence of people, a lot of people.

Dot and I ended up on the ground, among the gravel of the pavement. A fishbowl was placed on the table, and labeled "Tip Jar," but I didn't notice this for another half an hour.

I had my love blinders on.

We went for it, somehow never getting quite fully naked, but still getting fully, shall we say, involved with each other's intimacies. I don't remember how the sex concluded, but it certainly was never interrupted.

Once shirts were back on, Dot seemed embarrassed. Perhaps it was the unfortunate growing sobriety, or maybe it was just the realization that she had fucked another woman whom she had never met before, in front of hundreds of people in a driveway. And had been handed \$30 in tips afterwards by partygoers.

I walked her back to her dorm. Dot recovered nicely, and seemed to be more or less okay and back to rights by the time she got home. I went home with a secret guilty smile, but not before donating my \$30 in tips to the bar. While I remember going home happy, though thoroughly dirty and reeking of sex, I have no idea how I got there. I know I didn't drive, my car remained at HMC campus.

The next day I returned to the scene of the abasement to collect my car. I realized Dot still had my sweater. I decided this was an excellent opportunity to go and ask her out, perhaps a late brunch at IHOP. I trip-trapped down to Scripps with visions of gay Harlequinn romance novels unfolding in my head.

Another girl told me her room number. I knocked nervously. A horse-faced girl with buck teeth and acne scars answered. I asked if her roommate, Dot was home. Apparently, not only was she home, she was standing in front of me. Now, I'm pretty equal-opportunity in my dating. I have just one rule- I'll fuck ugly, but I won't fuck dumb. So I was disappointed, but undeterred.

I struck up some conversation, working my way around to asking her to brunch. To this day I continually thank the tiny vestigial rodent-like portion of my brain that insisted I sniff things out instead of leading with an invitation. Her brains were vastly inferior to her sparkling good looks. I wondered if she had a little map of campus tucked in her wallet, or if she just found her way home by familiar scents.

Having abandoned the brunch idea altogether, I now had only two goals- retrieve the sweater, and implant a false memory of my identity, in a Hail Mary attempt to erase this incident from my future life. I nimbly and somewhat subtly plucked the sweater off a chair. It smelled of her. I resolved to throw it away, burn it in shame. When she addressed me by my name, I acted confused. I insisted my name was something dreadfully common, like Lisa, or Jennifer. You could see the debate taking place in her head following the lie. She obviously was convinced of her memory, but clearly had had many instances of being told she was wrong about what she thought she knew. I was lucky in that she had been trained well by her dullness to mistrust herself.

Exiting as quickly as possible, without much grace but in great shame, I went back to the scene of the crime and did penance by cleaning up the party's aftermath. I studiously avoided cleaning the driveway. I still feel a bit of shame whenever I see gravel.



Bear walks into a bar and asks the bartender "How much for a beer?"

Bartender thinks a bit and says "Ten bucks"

Bear plops a \$10 bill on the counter, bartender hands him a beer and says, "We don't get many bears in here"

Bear says "I'm not surprised, with what you're charging for a beer"



The Best Quotes Ever About Booze

- I'd hate to be a teetotaler. Imagine getting up in the morning and knowing that's as good as you're going to feel all day. Dean Martin
- There are more old drunkards than old physicians - Francois Rabelais
- I distrust camels, and anyone else who can go a week without a drink- Joe E. Lewis
- Even though a number of people have tried, no one has ever found a way to drink for a living- Jean Kerr
- I only need two things: a little glass of scotch and the rest of the bottle to keep refilling it- Jay Crasdan
- Actually, it only takes one drink to get me loaded. Trouble is, I can't remember if it's the thirteenth or fourteenth- George Burns

This Issue's Art- The cover was from N Klauer, a Danish artist who works with a group of minimalists. Gotta love that. Espana Sheriff is responsible for my favourite piece in this issue, the Shaker on the Launch pad, and the Cocktail Glass in space on pages 4 and 6. Mo Starkey, who is making her Drink Tank debut I believe, did the Martini Glass and Ray Gun piece on page two. Frank Wu is responsible for the four Undersea Creatures who Drink pieces that are really neat. I love the one of the spider. The Molotov Cocktail Party piece is by another pal debuting in these hallowed pages, B.S. Louis. Jay found him and got him to do a piece. Jaime Castaño is the guy who did Harvey Montado, a really fun little piece on page 13. The photo of the Sipper is by BloodTypeK on DeviantArt.com. RetroParty on Page twenty is by Tabba the Hutt. Karen Yap did the fine piece on Pg. 23, while Isabelle Keckeis did the Cocktail Girl piece (<http://artfetish.deviantart.com/>) and Dilosh Gregowich did the piece that went with the Tip Jar story. The Tiki piece is from Chongolio. the Good German, DIN1031, did the Irish Cocktail piece (<http://din1031.deviantart.com/>) and that piece right up there is from Sikey. Abra Sands did the Dinosaur with the cocktail glass and the ones on the next page are from Joe Ford. Chelsey Carpenter did the photo of Martini Glass and Pills and William Howe of the UK put together that Bikini Girl piece. It's another personal fave. Very Drink Tank, don't you think? AlchemistSteve did the Eye-Dropper piece and Volkan Aksoy did the girl at the bar with the comic book character. The two vertical banners were done by Rhiannon Rheis and Sarah Michelle. The Glasses of Cocktail piece was by Zahirart on DeviantArt.com. She's a real talent and getting better all the time. The It's Just a Rolls piece was from Xeonos. A great piece.



Movies to Drink To! ***by Christopher J. Garcia***

Smokers can relapse just by watching *Casablanca*. It's the way that Bogey lights his smokes. There's a pause when he flicks the lighter, a sort of ease to his smoking. I can't remember if he smokes much in *The Big Sleep*, but I am fairly certain that Lauren Bacall, the Undisputed Hottest Actress of All-Time at the point they shot the Greatest Noit of All-Time, smokes a couple and makes it look as hot as Tiajuana Rolex. In recent years, it's Jim Jarmusch. There's no question that Ellen Barkin is one of the few actresses of our time who could hold her own with Bacall, Monroe and Loy in the old days. She was smoking hot, pardon the pun. In the opening scene of *Down By Law*, she's smoking a cigarette with the ash hanging off about two inches. It's just so freakin' hot. I can't explain it beyond this: she's

a beautiful woman smoking a cigarette that won't give up its ash. Great movie too, if you don't mind a slow and incredibly layered film.

Yes, smokers aren't the only ones. I have friends who have cleaned up from their High School dope-smokin' days out behind the tennis courts and become Mini-Van driving Church-goers with a mortgage and a labrador named Shadow. You show them *Dazed & Confused* and they're calling the old connections, sparkin' up out on the deck after the kids have gone to sleep. That's one I've witnessed personally. When I swore off coffee, I watched Hudson Hawk and came away with a huge desire to drink myself a capaccino. I know a girl who can be made to go to the nicest restaurant in the world after watching ten minutes of *Like Water for Chocolate* or even *Woman on Top*.

There are a couple of different versions of it for liquor. The way some people drink on screen, that makes me want a drink. There are films that make me think I should have a nice beverage and know I'll enjoy the hell out of it.

The classic recent example is the new *Casino Royale*. The Vesper does it. Sean Connery drinks better than almost any other actor in the world. Almost any James Bond film makes it impossible to resist a tasty beverage.

There is another film that almost always gets me. It's called *The Big Lebowski*. If you've never seen it, you probably don't get 1/2 of what's in an average issue of *The Drink Tank*. That's still more than some, but still. Phrases like 'What's your travesty, man?', 'Hey, I've got a beverage here!' and 'You've heard of the Seattle 7. That was me...and six other

guys.' The way that Jeff Bridges drinks his White Russians (also called Caucasians) and the way he acts all add up to a film that makes me wanna get out a carton of half-and-half and a bottle of Kaluah. These things happen. Hell, there's a moment, where Ben Gazzara's chacter Jackie Treehorn has made *The Dude* a White Russian that was drugged, where you can see why this movie is genius.

"You make a hell of a caucasian, Jackie"

That's the one that gets me most frequently, but it's far from the only one. There's another film that I watch over and over that'll get me into a bottle of Jack Daniel. It's *The Doors*. Yes, it's a biopic of a guy who sort of drinks himself to death, but it's also the way that Val Kilmer always carries the bottle, like it's a feather-light piece of aerogel with a spinning gyroscope at it's heart. That's the way it seems to behave. I can't explain it. I'm not a big fan of JD, but I have to say that it does come around when I've been watching the *Doors*. Hell, my man Kyle McLaughlin is fantastic in it too. I might watch it again.



The Daiquiri Always Rises *By Dave Gallaher*

We all have experiences that make us better and stronger. The best of these help improve us in multiple areas while also providing a lesson we'll never forget. I was fortunate enough in my youth to have such an experience, one that taught me the necessity of proper planning, innovation, and how desperation can bring out both the best and the worst.

My roommate and I decided to have a party. Not just any type of party, but a themed party. Having recently thrown a tequila themed party (margaritas, sunrises, and, of course, shooters), and being well on my way to my second full membership in the Lunt Avenue Marble Club Around the World in 80 Beers Club, we decided a daiquiri party would be just the thing. So, to prepare, we spread the word to folks to bring their favorite rum; we would supply the mixers.

The day of the party arrived and we went shopping. We bought lime juice, we bought frozen strawberries, we bought peaches, we bought bananas, and we bought several other types of fruits, the likes of which I can't remember. We thought we were well stocked for the coming night's festivities. Little did we realize the horrors we would unleash on the world.

I suppose our first realization that something was wrong should have come when my roommate commented, after the first few guests arrived, "Well, I think we have enough rum to last the evening." At the time, however, I just thought it meant we wouldn't run dry.

We started experimenting with the daiquiris. We mixed ingredients, tried new things, sampled different rums, had good conversations, the usual things that go on at a good party. People came and went, the crowd grew and shrank, and the evening wore on. As late evening turned to early morning the crowd dwindled to just a few hardy souls. The spirit of discovery still lived in us. Unfortunately, by that time, we were running very low on fruit. We'd gone through all of the frozen strawberries and peaches, peeled all of the bananas, and cored all of the apples and peeled all the kiwis (brought by the New Zealand boyfriend of one of the girls we'd invited).

Then the realization hit us: we were out of fruit.



What to do? Gemco, while within walking distance, was closed. We weren't in any condition to drive, so getting more fruit was out of the question. After pondering for a bit, we decided the only thing to do was to move on to non-traditional ingredients for daiquiris.

So, the search of the refrigerator began. Unfortunately, the first item my roommate found was a package of bologna.

Yes, bologna.

Now, I'm sure this seemed like a worthwhile experiment at the time, it brought several unforeseen results.

So, into the blender went the bologna.

Followed by rum.

Followed by lime juice.

Followed by ice.

Followed by the blender on the puree setting.

The results were unlike any daiquiri I've ever seen before or since, a brownish solution, somewhat thinner than most of the daiquiris we'd made that night, owing to our inexperience with the new ingredient.

As for the taste: indescribable. (It's better that way.)

Well, that was the last of the daiquiris that night. First, our new creation had somewhat surprisingly sobered us up. Our desire for further experimentation sated, we decided it was time to call it a night. Second, our blender was no longer usable. (We had to replace it.)

What did we learn from this? First, make sure you have adequate supplies for all ingredients. Had we bought more fruit (or

less rum), the evening would have had a much different (though less memorable) culmination.

Second, know when to stop. Experimentation for the sake of experimentation is not always best.

Third, you do sometimes need to floss after drinking a daiquiri.

For those of you tempted to repeat our experiment, I have a word of advice: Don't.

You've been warned.



Drinks ~~at~~ with Seven (of Nine) **by Kevin Roche**

So, before we get to our story, meet some of my favorite cocktails:

The Vesper (aka the James Bond Martini)

The Vesper debuted in the original James Bond novel, *Casino Royale*, and the recipe was faithfully reproduced in last year's

film starring Daniel Craig. The original called for Kina Lillet, which, unfortunately, is no longer available, as in the course of international alcoholic commerce it has been rebranded and reformulated as Lillet Blanc, which serves admirably in its place. I also find that the Vesper, if made with high quality gin of delicate character, can often persuade those poor misguided souls who think real martinis are made with vodka that a gin martini is a good thing indeed.

Combine

3 measures Gin

1 measure Vodka

½ measure Lillet Blanc (or Kina Lillet if you miraculously find some)

Shake with ice, strain and serve up with a twist of lemon peel.

The Hoopla

The Hoopla is an exceedingly tasty but equally sneaky cocktail. It's tart with sweet hints in it from the Cointreau, and tastes to me like what I always thought a Lemon Drop *should* taste like. It's worth the effort of squeezing the lemons, believe me!

Combine

1 measure brandy

1 measure Cointreau

1 measure Lillet Blanc

1 measure fresh-squeezed lemon juice

Shake with ice, strain and serve up.

Warnings to your guests to sip rather than gulp are recommended.

Hanging with George and Jeri

When the GLAAD Media Awards decided to add a San Francisco banquet/ ceremony to their circuit, IBM (a platinum sponsor) bought one VIP table and gave the tickets to assorted Bay Area locations to dispense as they saw fit. As the only out employee (at the time) at the Almaden Research Center, the head of HR thought it made sense to offer them to me. Thus it was that Andy and I found ourselves ~~overdressed~~ dressed to kill in line for free Cosmopolitans (courtesy of Absolut) at the Argent Hotel, when I heard a voice familiar to Star Trek fans around the world, and we turned to find George Takei right behind us.

As it happens, I've met George on several occasions, and while I would not claim he is a close personal friend, we do have a number of mutual friends and always have fun chatting together. He told us he was there to present an award that evening, and we introduced him to the pleasure of Cosmopolitans (the ones they were serving were not as good as the classic recipe, but they were pretty damned tasty nonetheless.).

The cocktail reception ended and we made our way to our respective tables; it turned out George's table was two rows up from ours, and as the rows were staggered, that meant we had a straight view of his table, where he was seated to a pretty blonde woman there with a handsome young man. Andy and I thought

nothing of this, until one of the other IBMers at our table went totally fanboy on us: "Do you know who that is? That's *Jeri Ryan* -- *Seven of Nine*! Do you think she'd mind if I took her picture?" I said probably not, if he was polite about it, as this sort of thing undoubtedly happened all the time.

I couldn't resist: "Of course, if you wait until the after party, I can ask George to introduce us, and then you can ask her yourself." This was, of course, totally unfair,

since Andy was the only other person at the table who had any clue I knew George Takei at all.

Ultimately, that's exactly what happened (after being waylaid by an interviewer who had spotted us with George and assumed we were part of his entourage and might be able to connect them). We gathered in the garden for the VIP afterparty, George introduced us to Jeri and a half-dozen of us spent the rest of the evening in conversation with her. The handsome young man with her turned out to be her agent, who had a European boyfriend back in West Hollywood. There was some discussion about sneaking her away to the Loading Dock (a South of Market Leather bar with a moderately strict dress code) in her laced-up-the-sides white leather pants, but she had an early flight in the morning and demurred. Andy characterizes the conversation as "Jeri Ryan talking to a half-dozen

men who weren't busy looking at her breasts and a few women who were afraid to."

As it got late, Jeri started looking around for her agent to no avail. Apparently, boyfriend back home or not, he'd scampered off into the bushes with someone. So there she was, rather recognizable television star, with a moderately large and crowded hotel lobby between her and the elevator. I did what any gentleman would do: offered to escort her back to her room and run interference if necessary. I guess



she figured she was safe with me, because she accepted, and we swept across the lobby and into the elevators. As it turned out, she was on the same floor as we were, but she told me she could make it from the elevator to her room on her own (it being wiser, I guess, to not let the self-professed Star Trek fans know what her actual room number was). I went back down to the party and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly.

That then, is the true story of *the night I met Jeri Ryan for cocktails and took her back to her room.*

And let's wrap it up with a couple more recipes:

Classic Cosmopolitan

We first spotted this version on the dedication page of a Two Fat Ladies cookbook. Fresh lime juice is key; sweetened or reconstituted lime juice will just not taste right. A "splash" of cranberry means just enough to turn it pink; a classic Cosmo should *not* be red.

Combine in a shaker
2 measures Citron
Vodka
1 measure
Cointreau
Juice of ½ a fresh
lime
Splash of
cranberry juice

Shake with ice, strain and

serve up. Garnish with a slice of orange or orange-peel twist, or a lemon-peel twist if you don't have orange.

And finally, given the star-traveling nature of our little tale, here is the recipe for Andy and my infamous Expanding Cosmopolitan:

Expanding Cosmopolitan

Combine in a shaker
2 measures Hangar One
Buddha's Hand Citron Vodka
1 measure Hangar One Mandarin
Blossom Orange Vodka
½ measure Hangar One Kaffir
Lime Vodka
Splash of Hangar One Fraser

River Raspberry Vodka (or cranberry juice, if you don't have any of the H1 Raspberry)

Shake with ice, strain and serve up. Garnish with a lemon-peel twist. *Remember this drink is pure 80 proof, no matter how smooth it turns out.*

Kevin Roche
August 21, 2007

