

The Name of This Issue is 100

the number
One Hundred

100

The
Drink
Tank
Issue 64

Featuring

Jay Lake, Frank

Wu, SaBean MoreL,

M Lloyd, Jay Cras-

dan, Mike Swan, Eve-

lyn Aurora Nelson, Eric

Mayer, Kelly Green, John

Garcia, Christopher J. Garcia,

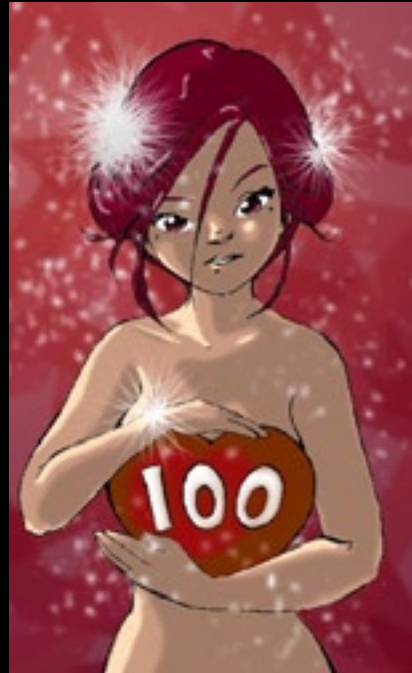
Anonymous, Barbara Johnson-

Haddad, Manny Sanford, Kevin

Roche, John Purcell, Matthew Apple-

ton, Ken Patterson, Andy Trembley and

Many, Many More!



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION BY CHRISTOPHER J GARCIA

This is the issue I've been working on for the last four months. I've been gathering folks since October, laying out since December, and thinking about it since early September. It's 100 word articles on everything I could get. There are reviews, there are comedy bits, there's serious commentary. All 100 words long. I'm so happy.

Those featured here have won important awards, (Jay Lake, Frank Wu, Eric Mayer), have been in TDT since the early issues (like M Lloyd and Jay Crasdan) or just let me use some of their stuff (like Kevin Roche and Matt Appleton).
Hold on people

The Hunt for Typos ***by Barara Haddan-Johnson***

Here I am all upset because I was hoping to find 100 typos in 'Drink Tank' #56. Alas, I could only find 26 of the little buggers [but the best 'nesting' of them was the six found in one paragraph [when you recounted your memories of the molasses flood in Boston]. So I am desolate. After all, 100 typos would've been perfect for your 'drabble' issue now, wouldn't it? So, instead I am reduced to writing you a brief snippet about -not- finding 100 errors [as a lark] - but on the upside, at least *this* bit is 100 words.

The Drink Tank in 100 Words

***By M Lloyd, SaBean MoreL,
Mike Swan, Jay Crasdan
and Manny Sanford***

Chris talks non-sense.

M gives us a bunch of sex.

SaBean will either give you sex, or violence or drugs, and quite often all three.

Jay will natter on-and-on about whatever nothing Chris nattered on-and-on about.

Frank will be enlightening.

Lloyd will comment on the last 52 issues that have come out in the previous week.

Eric Mayer will claim that he's not going to be around fandom too much long.

Mike will write fiction and we will be reminded why he shouldn't.

Chris will fill the last few lines with gibberish and typos that he will not apologize for.

The Drink Tank Issue 64

was written by a bunch of people who got used to writing short stuff. It was laid-out by Christopher J. Garcia and then mocked by M Lloyd, who fixed about forty typos. It was posted to eFanzines.com by Bill Burns, the Greatest Living Webmaster in All of Fandom.

Future Issues are: Nothing Planned except for that WorldCon Issue. WorldCons I'd most like to have covered: 1968, 1971, 1961, Any Pre-World War II WorldCon, 1978, and 2001. There are others that I'd like to have, but they can be found.

All My Love to Y'all! Peace!

ONE HUNDRED WORDS OF SF COMMENTARY

On Segmentation **Matthew Appleton**

In his introductions to his Year's Best yearly anthologies, Dozois often points to the number of genre-related books in a given year as a sign of health in the field. However, is it just possible that such proliferation is ultimately bad for the genre? As the segmentation and number of niches increase, there's less of a commonality for genre readers to share - not to mention making it progressively harder for younger readers to both become well-versed with classics of the genre and keep up with the good, new material. Just a thought I had while at the bookstore today.

Why I stopped Reading SF **by Eric Mayer**

When I was reading Golden Age science fiction, it was said that the shortest sf story went like this:

"The last man on earth sat in a room. There was a knock on the door."

And readers said, "Goshwow!"

Then the New Wave came along and the shortest sf story went like this:

"The last man on earth sat in a room."

And critics wrote lengthy dissertations about what the last man symbolized and how he was sitting on the cutting edge and how superior this speculative fiction was to that pulpy old goshwow stuff.

So I stopped reading sf.

How To Talk About Science Fiction **by** **M Lloyd**


Use words like Pastiche and post-modernist. Try to mention the names Asimov or Lovecraft or Heinlein, if they even minorly fit. Find a tiny segment of history and force it into the corners of the story and use that to prove that it's a metaphor for a long-gone time. Make sure to note the ways in which the story failed to 'keep proper pace'. Mention how it ties in with the war in Iraq (or Vietnam or Korea or The Zulu Wars, timeframe depending). Take a single line and dig into it deep and hope someone takes something from that.

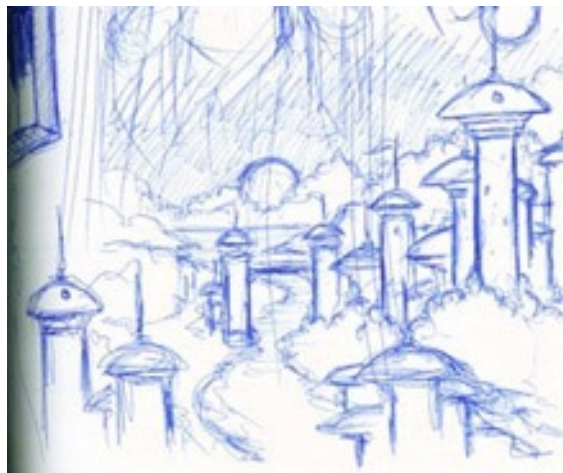
The Way I Read Science Fiction **by** **Christopher J. Garcia**

I try to start at the beginning, but sometimes it's not possible. There's too much to wade through, too many words mixed up with far too many ideas and all smothered

in grammar that seems to try to impress professors more than a simple guy's easy reading. fnord I skip to a chapter in the back, not the final chapter, but maybe one three or four in. I read that and then I have to know it gets there.

The Tanith Lee novel I tried to read last month never really managed to make it back to that point, somehow.

Fnord. One Hundred words designed to fit quite snugly in a tiny space that needed filling. I'd do it again and again, but I'm fairly sure you'd all yell at me for trying. I could always have tried to fill the space with meaningless symbols like  but honestly, isn't this just better than that? You'd much rather strain to read the tiny, tiny, tiny print, and deal with the inevitable typos, than to have to see me try some ironic design. I'd hoped to not have to fill space like this, but it happens, doesn't it? Fnord.



ONE HUNDRED WORDS OF FICTION

Untitled

By Jay Lake

I carved my son from winter ice and filled his eyes with fire of sunrise. He creaked as he rose from the slush of the shattered lake, took my hand in his, and bade me the joy of life this side of the horizon. I pled for him to stay and help me raise walls against the North Wind. By way of response, he folded me in three, shattering my knees and spine, and froze me in a pocket within his chest, where his heart might have been. Together we walked into dawn, calling for the lives of unbroken men.

The Story of Maybe

By M Lloyd

A girl named Maybe once lived in a regular town. When she went to school, many children made fun of her name.

“What’s your name?” a boy would ask.

“Maybe.” She’d answer.

“That’s a stupid name.” He’d respond.

She got to high school, by which time she was the most beautiful woman in all of her class.

“What’s your name?” a boy would ask.

“Maybe.” She’d answer.

“Will you kiss me.” He’d ask.

“Maybe.” She’d answer.

“Maybe means yes.” He’d say.

“Then my name is Yes.” She’d say and they’d go off and he’d make her scream her name loudly.

The Attack

by John Purcell

Khan sat upon his horse, surveying his vast army on the Mongol plain. From the hilltop, Khan nodded as his aide, Singh, rode up. “My Lord, the army is ready to attack the Gregorites at your command.”

Khan smiled. “Very well...”

“But first, sir, you must hear the

new rallying cry for the attack,” Singh interrupted with a bow. Khan smiled, then Singh signaled the troops.

From the masses there came a repeated flat moan: “Ohnnn- neeron-khan-rahn-dee—yiss—komm.”

Singh looked at Khan and asked, “What do you think?”

Khan replied, “What the heck is it called?”

“A Mongolian chant.”

by John Purcell



The Automaton

by Chris Garcia

I had been watching Metropolis when I decided to build her: my perfect woman. A smart and sexy combine of Agent Dana Scully and Playboy Playmate Jennifer Walcott. She turned out to be evil, as these things always do, and then she tried to murder in my post-“nasty things done to her” sleep. She tried to smother me, but it’s not easy when you don’t breathe yourself. It was to be expected, and in a way celebrated because hell, that means I did it right. If your creations don’t rise up to destroy you, what good are they at all?

ONE HUNDRED WORDS OF DIFFICULTIES

She slapped me, grabbed the glasses off my face, twisting them into a ball, and bit me in the shoulder, leaving two scars that haven't gone away after 9 months. "You hit me first," she said. "When I do that?" Then I remembered. We were having another spat, but I loved her and thought a pillow fight would blow off some steam. I poked her in the arm. With a slow-moving pillow. White, fluffy. I'm sure it hurt (not). Months later, that justified her slapping me. She said: "I'd kill you if I thought I could get away with it."

Mes Petites Morts

by Sabeen Morel

The first time was June the 7th: hot spoon burns on my knuckles

The Second was a month later: thrown-up blood on the flood

The third I didn't mean. It was revenge

The fourth was sleeping pills

The fifth was LA. He said I wouldn't do it.

The sixth was Boston while M and Jay were fighting.

The seventh was the closest. I didn't wake-up for three days.

The eighth was gross. A mess on Mom's carpet.

The next two were sad and shallow. An ex-boyfriend.

Finally, I lay on the floor, sucking air, my stash emptied into my veins.

This story is called The Time I was Raped.

Everyone has a story that is sadder than the rest. Some show hurt in ways we don't prefer. My saddest story is what happened that night, that night when I listened to him on top of me.

I still don't know if I felt it.

His name was probably Steve. Or Dave. I'll never know. I was high. He was big. I tried to fight back, but Junkies aren't known for coordination or strength.

I'd been using for years in clubs with strangers. My luck held longer than anticipated. I was now a number, not a piece-of-shit addict.

Lucky me.

A Conversation Between Father and Son Christopher J. Garcia and Johnny Garcia

-I wanna be around to put your sorry butt into the cold, cold ground, kid.

Come on Pops, you know better than that. You just want to make it to see Grandkids. That's the best you can hope for.

-Not if it means your genes will go on.

Now Dad...

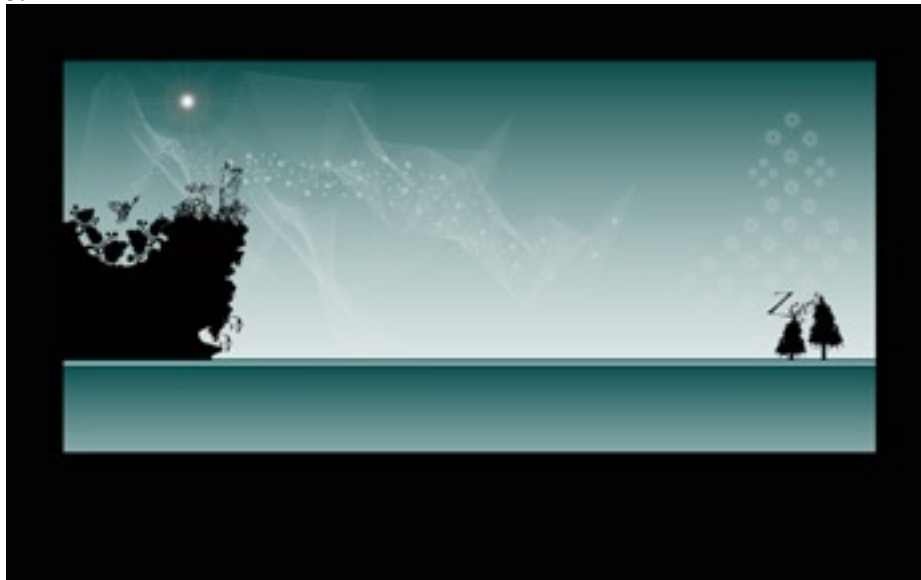
-Don't 'now Dad' me, son! I'm the one with a half-pound of cancer vainly trying to reproduce while being bombarded with

radiation.

Good point.

-I just wanted go the only way I know how: Jumping a Deep Ravine.

Well that's just a little bit more than the law will allow.



ONE HUNDRED WORDS OF HUMOR

100 Word Aristocrats

By Mike Swan

A man leads his family into Saul Lautner's office.

"Have I got an act for you?" he says.

"I don't normally take family acts."

"Trust me, just let us show it to you."

"OK, Go ahead."

Dad and son pull off all their clothes and Mom and Daughter get on their knees in front of Son and Pa respectively. fnord The Boys arch back and with a bucking of their hips, the girls start to spin. The boys go off, shooting the girls into the air, landing in Victory Splits!

"That's some act, what do you call it?"

"The Aristocrats!"

Two Aeon Flux puns:

By Frank Wu

1. Some science fiction films are dense and heavy, like 2001: A Space Odyssey. Others are light fluff, like Aeon Flux, in which our heroine leaps about like a gazelle, nonchalantly shooting people and blowing stuff up.

Thus, Aeon Flux - both the character and the film - hang in the air in exactly the way a Kubrick doesn't.

2. In one episode of the animated Aeon Flux, our heroine is cloned, but either the original or copy doesn't make it (no plot spoiler here).

But it does prove that 1 is the maximum Flux capacity.



...Never Sicker

by Mike Swan

Bud Light Spaten Boddington's Guinness
Harp Sierra Nevada Pale Ale Red Dog Duff
Fat Tire Sapporo Miller Genuine Draft Coors
Budweiser Corona Dos Equis Hamm's Miller
Light Coors Sam Adams Becks Dab Dark
Fuller's London Pride Geary's Hampshire
Ale Buzzards Bay Lager fnord Belhaven
Scottish Ale Murphy's Stout Pabst Blue
Ribbon Ruddles Sierra Nevada Nut Brown
Ale Otter Creek Copper Ale Old Speckled
Hen Smuttynose IPA Rogue Dead Guy
Fosters Lager Young's Oatmeal Stout Whales
Tale Victory Hop Devil Stella Artois Labatts
Blue Amstel Heineken La Fin Du Monde
Sam Smith Nutbrown Michelob Blache De
Chambly Ayinger

Jose Cuervo

Pppppplllllloooooiiiiiggghhh
hhhh-ahhhahh!!!!!!!!!!!!

Titles

by Frank Wu

The film "The Squid and the Whale" is about squabbling writers, not a titanic underwater struggle. Snore. The title is a cheap come-on. "A Star Is Born" has nothing to do with nebulae of intergalactic gas. "Hearts in Atlantis" is not about a sunken continent. Neither "Man on the Moon" (Andy Kaufman biopic) nor "Far Side of the Moon" (family drama) actually take place in space. Sheesh. Used-ta-be that when the marquee proclaimed, "Attack of the Crab Monsters," you were guaranteed at least one crab monster and at some point it would attack. Aren't we entitled to truth in titles?

I've often wondered what life would have been like if I'd just stopped thinking about the opportunities that I'd missed. I've been so busy being bothered by those things that've passed me by that I've had many more things pass me by even faster, and they were even better than the things I was left behind by in the first place! I think back to the days when I had missed things, I realize that the things that I missed not that special, not nearly as special as the things I'll miss if I keep thinking about the missed things! By Darrell Canard

On Fridays, I come home from work at seven, settle into my couch, watch my three Netflix DVDs back to back. I wake up on Saturday and watch TV, maybe make a steak on the stove. On Sunday, I drink a bottle of wine while I listen to the repeat of *Prairie Home Companion*.

On weekdays, I go back to work, stay in my cubicle and type reports on my computer. For lunch, I go to the wagon in the parking lot and bring it back to my desk.

I'm Manny Sanford and I call this
100 Words of Solitude

ONE HUNDRED WORDS ON THE WAR

The New Year

by Judith Morel

The New Year should have come quietly.
Sadly, it did not.

The New Year should have been clean.
Sadly, it was not.

The New Year should have seen them calm
down, their votes having counted, their
freedom assured. Sadly, they did not.

The New Year should have
brought them joy. Sadly,
it did not.

The New Year should have
seen us leaving, coming
home to loved ones. Sadly,
we did not.

The New Year should have
felt better, like we were
moving forward towards
and end.

Sadly, it does not.

The New Year brought
nothing but different
dates on tombstones.
Judith Morel- January
16th

My Unclear Thoughts
By Christopher J.
Garcia

I don't write about this war we're in. I'm no peace-nik, not at all. I think wars have to happen sometimes. I'm not a big fan of the war we're in. We got rid of Saddam, and frankly we should have done it years ago, but we could have simply taken the handcuffs off the CIA and risked 100 lives instead of thousands. I don't have a problem with us assassinating a ruler, working to install someone who'll hook us up, but this war is wasteful and sad.

That's as close as you'll get to me speaking out against War.

Why I Hate Eating Dinner With My Father

by Mike Swan

My father went to Vietnam. "What we have we have because we fought for it!" he says. He watches the news and everytime he hears about some new bombing run,

he applauds. "Good for them." he'll say, then he'll start rubbing those giant calloused hands together. "Those fucking towel-heads deserve every little thing they get." he'll say at dinner.

The one day I pointed out that his favourite of my girlfriends happened to be of Iraqi lineage, he simply said "that was before those Arab fuckers flew two planes into our buildings." I couldn't even correct he was that wrong.

Untitled
by M Lloyd

I once held a gun in my hand and pulled the trigger and watched the paper target rise and fall again. That's as close as I've come. My friend was in the Israeli Army and did security patrols and had to fire into crowds more than once. He vomited after hitting a young girl. He said that he would give anything to take that moment back, but he knew it was not possible. We put young men through that every day.

My country was wounded in 2001, but I didn't want my country to lose its mind out of vengeance.



Hotter 'an Fire, but Colder 'an Hell!

by Jay Crasdan

Lord, forgive me. That's all I can ask. I threw away my love, tossing it recklessly at a girl with tits like damn and ass like that. She would have been worth it if I had managed to make the mischief I had planned at first.

She was a bitch in heat half the time, and just a bitch the other. I used to bring her flowers. She used to bring me grief the likes of which God himself would not have brought on for man's disobedience.

I wasted sixteen months with her. She wasted no time fucking my friends.



Great Excuses by Manny Sanford

I'm almost sick.

My uvula has thickened.

I'm stuck at Denny's.

I've been asked to perform a Seance to contact the CEOs dead ex-wife.

I killed a man in Reno just to watch him die.

It's a Wicca holiday and I don't want to offend my witch neighbors.

I'm gay.

I've had enough fun for one week.

One day, we'll all look back on my absence and laugh, laugh, laugh

The Monster's attacking the City!

I lost my retainer.

Recovering from Chester A. Arthritis

Participating in a re-enactment of The Wreck of the Hesperus

I was busy shooting Liberty Valance

People I've Always Wanted to Sleep With by M Lloyd

-Mr. Vince McMahon

-Mr. David Cassidy

-Mr. David Cross

-Mr. Chris' Dad

-Mr. Mike Hammer

-Mr. Andre The Giant

- Dame Edna

-His Royal Highness
Stone Cold Steve
Austin

-Mr. Lloyd Dobler

-Ms. Ione Skye

-Mr. PT Anderson

-Mr. Wes Anderson

-Mr. Poul Anderson

-Split-Pea Anderson

-Mr. Cyril Magnin

-Mr. Wizard

-Dr. James Doohan

- Lord Bobcat

Goldthwaite

-Ms. Nikki Cox

-Scarlett Johansson

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100 Words You May or May Not Already Know (That You Will Have To Look Up For Yourself...) By Ken Patterson

accismus
afflatus
ailurophile
antelucan
augean
banausic
biffy
bildungsroman
borborygmic
boustrophedonic
brobdingnagian
bumf
callipygian
coprolite
coruscate
coulrophobia
crapulent
crepuscular
dasypygal
deasil
drumble
entomophagous
estivate
evanesce
exiguous
fantods
fernticle
floccinaucinihilipilification
flummery
footle
formication
frisson
fulminate
galoot
gobbet
gowpen
hircine
horripilation
hypnagogic
hypocorism
ineluctable
infucate
insouciance
insufflate
jeremiad
jobation
kerfuffle
kickshaw
lachrymose
lacuna

liripoop
louche
ludic
maffick
marmoreal
mawkish
meldrop
mendacious
meretricious
mondegreen
mundungus
napiform
natalitious
nekton
nictitate
nosocomephrenia
nudiustertian
octothorp
omphaloskepsis
onychophagist
oscitancy
palilogy
pandiculation
pelf
perendinate
persiflage
poetaster
prolix
pulchritude
quagga
quidnunc
quotidian
recondite
redolent
redoubtable
ruction
salmagundi
schadenfreude
sesquipedalian
snollygoster
spraints
sternutation
tergiversate
titivate
uvula
veisalgia
virgule
widdershins
wombat
zedonk

CRAZY PREDICTION no. 3045

By
Frank Wu

By 2008, for most films, the DVD and theatrical release will be simultaneous. You pay your money, get the DVD, and be told, BTW, if you'd like to stay, we're showing it on a big screen at 7 and 9. Home theatres are better, movie theatres suckier, and pirating unstoppable. Blockbuster will duke it out with Hollywood Video over who can buy up Century Theatres and put videostores in movie theatres. Some films will need to be seen en masse, like visiting rock stars, but our children will not understand the phrase, "I'll wait 'til it comes out on DVD."

Television
by
Jay Crasdan

I used to watch a lot of television. A *lot* of television.

I still can if I'm in a country where I understand the language.

I loved Lucy. I dreamt of Jeannie. I remembered father. I am, even more than Chris, a television expert.

When ABC started Desperate Housewives, I knew an era had ended. ABC is the last stop. Once a movement is fully formed, it gets on the Alphabet, then it dies.

The 70s, sitcom died after Three's Company. The Nighttime Soap after Dynasty. The smart 1990s sitcom with Drew Carey. And now, the intelligent dramedy is done.

Those Old Notebooks
by
Judith Morel

I started writing when I was

young enough to hate myself and blame it on my family. I had a notebook, hundreds of pages, words crammed fast onto them. Poems are what I started with, followed by essays. The words used to come fast

...like my men.

I'm starving myself. I'm in love with my boyfriend's brother.

These were the stories I would write, in violent stabs of ballpoint on thin paper.

Why did I do it?

Because I wasn't reckless like SaBean. I was scared of death. I didn't want to die, but I had to leave it all somewhere.





From Andy Trembley

The *shu* is on the other foot.

It's time for *saké*. Good *saké*, not that hot stuff from the little dispenser. Chilled *saké*. *Junmai-shu*. Delicate flavors that hint at beautiful things, things more than just the heady scent of alcohol. Huge bottles, bottles that make magnums look a bit small. Labels in Japanese, each affixed with a little sticker featuring about five lines of English.

Little wooden rice-measures speak of tradition. *Raku* glazed stoneware cups are pretty, white porcelain is classic, but the stack of little *masu* is the sign that these people take *saké* seriously.

Drink from the box.



He Saw the Cat: Computer Speech, 45 RPM record From Bell Labs in the 1960s

**By
Christopher J. Garcia**

Bell Labs was not the first to take on the challenge of computer speech. During the late 1950s and early 1960s, various scientists at the Labs did tests of many methods in an attempt to synthesize voice via computer. The highlight of this recording is the computer singing the song Daisy. Director Stanley Kubrick, who had a keen interest in computers dating to the late 1950s, had heard the Bell Labs recordings of the computer singing Daisy and decided to use it as the last words spoken by HAL, the computer in his SF masterpiece 2001: A Space Odyssey.

A Further Call To Action by Peter Sullivan

Actually, this is more a follow-up piece than a stand-alone article.

Back in #50, I put forth some suitably intemperate remarks about the British government's intention to introduce detention without trial for up to 90 days. I'm pleased to report that the proposals were actually defeated in parliament, the largest vote against the government since coming to power in 1997.

Flushed with my success in mustering the surprisingly large number of MPs who obviously read *The Drink Tank*, I would now like to Make Poverty History, call for an end to all wars, and a cure for all known diseases...

Recognition

By

Frank Wu

People we used to call primitive have an encyclopedic knowledge of their environment: what can grow where, what to eat. Typical Americans - so sayeth "Adbusters" magazine - recognize 3000 corporate logos but only 10 plants.

Hmm.

Dandelions.

Maple.

Grass.

Oak.

Poinsetta (do they exist in the wild?).

Corn.

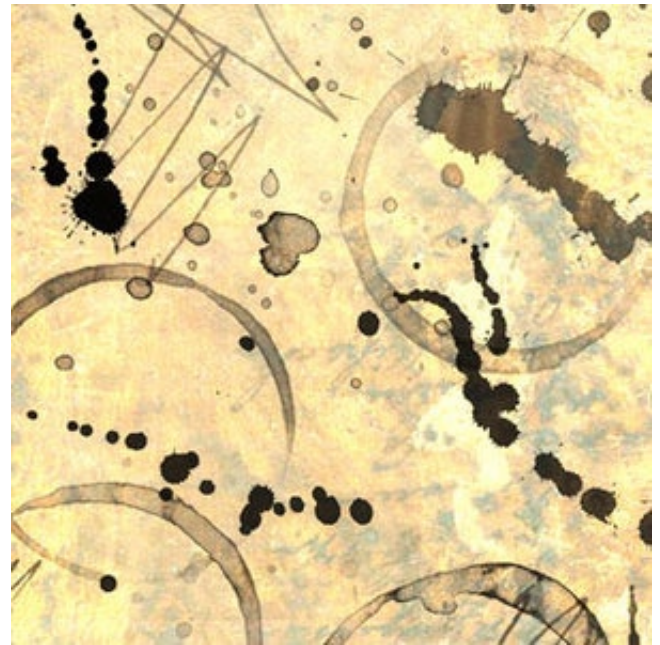
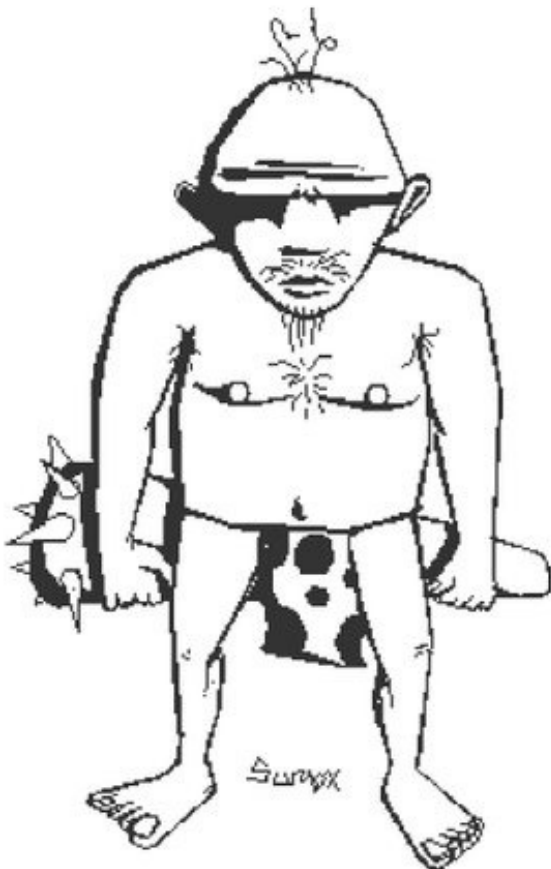
Tomatoes.

Apples.

Raspberries.

Peaches. 10!

Does it count if I can only recognize their fruits and vegetables? Rhubarb - yum! - has leaves that can kill you. What do they look like? Dunno. But then Mr. Primitive Man, left in a city, will be hit by a bus. So we're even.



100 words on coffee

by

Kelly Green

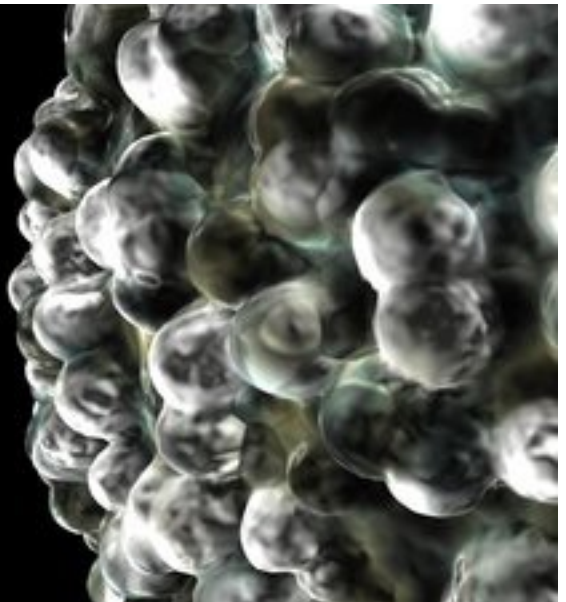
Panacea/Elixer/Aqua Vitae. For us in the Throes-of-Addiction, coffee is the fluid, the precious fluid, the eye-opener and attitude-adjuster for evening. Coffee is the BlackGold that keeps Corporate America online; do you believe that oil is so important. Do you hear people talking about grades of crude? Countries-of-Origin? Roasting standards? Coffee is more approachable than other adult consumables; we can't slurp-down a nice blended margarita and expect to stay employed. We can sip innumerable lattes/cappuchinos/macchiatos/espressos, and not only stay employed, but likely be promoted due to the unending energy bestowed by the secret ingredient with its hooks in our flesh: caffeine.



Untitled
by
Frank Wu

Hungry bacteria will eat my face. People I've never met will kill me. My ignorance of the latest psychosis or hesitation in buying the newest gizmo will diminish my social standing. The knocking under my hood presages catastrophic engine failure. Germs will splash up from the toilet bowl.

Will you be on time? How do I know you're not lying to me? I'm not smart or cute anymore. You'll catch me picking my nose. My cell phone will die, and you'll accuse me of hanging up on you. You'll never know how much I really, really, really love you.



<http://gofromme.deviantart.com>

Untitled by Eric Mayer

My dad did watercolors. He used to drag me along into his burnt sienna countryside of rotting barns and ruined stumps. I never took to painting. I was a kid who saw everything in Alizarin Crimson.

Years later my dad turned to collage. One day when he was dying he described his newest project, all yellows and reds and startling, iridescent blues shimmering off the wings of butterflies. He left behind a box of bright, unassembled pieces.

From childhood I've wandered into a landscape of leafless umber trees beneath a Payne's gray sky. When do I come to the butterflies?

The Four Seasons
by
Julie Porter

Snow falling in fluffy flakes; settling gently onto a pepper tree. Ice fills the creek as it melts into the thaw. Bleak is the landscape in the depths of winter. The melting snow percolates the ground. An artisan spring issues from the well, forming the shape of a sugar-loaf.

Mustard flowers pop their little heads from the ground. Butterflies dance in the sunlight. Oats and barley ripen in the summer fields.

Hops crowd upon the latticed vines of cinnamon. To the sea they call, salt upon the lines of fall, simmering in a cup of dew.





Odd Jobs

***by
Frank Wu***

Lou Gehrig studied engineering before becoming a baseball legend. Mario Cuomo was a minor leaguer before becoming New York governor. H.G. Wells and China Mieville both unsuccessfully ran for political office, gaining fame as writers. Newt Gingrich did the opposite. Churchill retired from politics to watercolour, while Hitler was first a failed watercolourist (his architecture good but his people small and gnarled). John Lennon went from art school into music. Paul Klee went the other way. I sucked as a waiter and insurance agent, but I've done ok in art.

What do you want to be when you grow up?

My Jobs

***by
Christopher J. Garcia***

My first job, not counting the day as the greeter at the Surfing Museum in Santa Cruz, was counting people and recording comments from folks at movie previews for a company called LaStrange & Associates. I got to see free movies.

My second job was at the Smithsonian. Pretty much everything else would fail to live up to that. Third was Popcorn Monkey at the Centuries. Fourth was art criticing/complaining. Fifth was teaching Basketball to three-to-five year-olds. Fourth job was the Computer Museum in Boston, and fifth is now, at the Computer History Museum.

My God, I've been lucky.

Late 2002

by M Lloyd

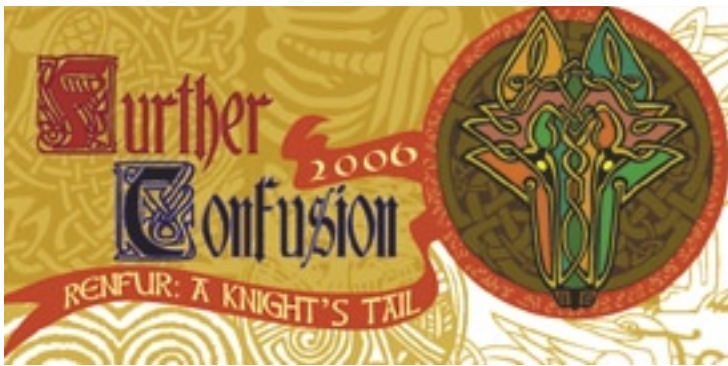
I just don't understand the fucking problem. Men. I've had many and the one who I lived with ignored me, turned away from me after my long voyage to a country where the men live hard.

Fuck. I'm a millionaire who has never had to work but always has and he stopped 'working'. He'd just go to 'work', stay long, then drink late, go to games, come home or not.

Fuck.

A long time from now, I'll come back and find a way to fuck his 'co-workers' and/or friends and the entire Geelong side as a gift for stealing my husband.





Further Confusion Con Report
by
Kevin Roche

Striped Hair was accomplished.

The attendees, as friendly as ever, seem to grow ever younger (likely an indication of my advancing decrepitude). They *liked* Striped Hair.

Evil Genius party: a hit, the last to close at 3:30 am, and a congregation point for past Worldcon chairs.

The Klingons' new recipe for Romulan Ale tastes as good and is only half as deadly as the original.

A "No Alcohol" sign is more effective than being rude to unknowing transgressors.

It doesn't matter how cute a 22-year old you are, "I've been a Gorean Master since I was 15" is a turn-off.

One Hundred Words from Evelyn ***by***

Evelyn Aurora Nelson (with help from Chris)

There was a princess named Sparkle and she was very smart. She used to draw rockets when she was little. When she became Queen Sparkle, she had the scientists build the rockets she had drawn. They did it and the Queen flew to the moon. She didn't like the moon very much, so she came home and they threw her a big party. When that was done, she showed off the pretty rocks they got from the moon and they sold them. The Queen then let other people visit the moon whenever they wanted to so they could see it.

Over the top background for either a story or a life

Author: F. C. Moulton

I am taken by the gentle seduction of incremental improvements and of pleasures small and great; fruits of medical advance and flourishing of computation, biotech, robotics, AI, IA and nanotech. The sapient becoming pan critically rational and rejecting the false idea of the supernatural. Avoiding the fatal conceit and outgrowing the desire to rule others. Markets unfettered and individuals embracing liberty and great communications stand as beacons of greater opportunities. Growing with friends far and near; with loves old and new; remembering the tender moments. Aware of great responsibilities and possible dangers and still looking forward. Star dust embracing transcendence.



ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

CHRISTOPHER GARCIA'S 100 WORD BIOS AND CREDITS



-Alan White is an artist whose been around for a while. He lives around that beautiful fannish city called Vegas and has been sorely overlooked by Hugo voters, quite possibly because he's a ghenius. His art piece, which accompanies Jay's Hot Chick Piece, is one of hundreds of wonderful things he puts out every year in fanzines that include Vegas Fandom Weekly, Peregrine Nations, Challenger, Fosfax, Wabe and Visions of Paradise. He runs Fansite1.com, where you can get free art to use. He's also just a great all-around guy who I've only met once and was most impressed. Nice guy.



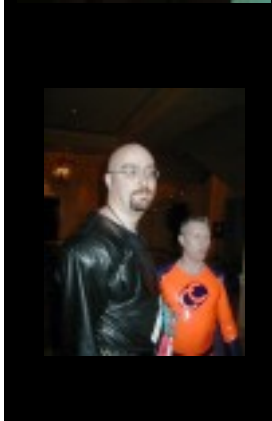
Frank Wu and I met in 2001, shortly before that period of unpleasantness. We first hung out in 2001 at LosCon. Since then we've been pals and he's one of those people who really let The Drink Tank have some of his best stuff. He's a great writer/artist and one of the better players of board and card games I've ever met. He was even kind enough to let me write his bio for his Arisia GoHship this year. Way cool. When he's not doin' art or writin', he's coming up with great concepts like Guidolon: The Cosmic Avian Avenger.



I've never met Belavrana, NeverEffects, Rash_Action Splodges, Summox or Dander_Up, but once I saw their images, I knew I had to use them. It's just that good. Since I get most of my art from the good people at DeviantART.com, it wasn't surprising that I found lots of stuff that so perfectly fit the article that I was looking to illustrate. Belarava did The Angry Girl, Splodges and NeverEffects were both with Kelly's Coffee article plus Never Effects did the bacteria thing, Summox was the Cave Man. The watercolour was anonymous. Good stuff always, and I'm glad I found them.



Jay Lake won the Campbell in 2004. That's the year that Frank Wu and Cheryl Morgan won their Hugos in Boston. Nice Triple, but I wasn't there to enjoy it. Jay's had stuff all over the place, and his novel Rocket Science was the type of thing that should win the Phillip K. Dick award. He's just that good. Jay, Frank, Andy, Kevin and I were all GoHs at BayCon 2005, which practically makes us brothers. I'd say that you'll be hearing a lot from Jay in the future, but the fact is, you're already hearing all about him everywhere.



Andrew Trembley came to fandom through MinnAPA, as I understand it. He's a tall guy, easily the tallest of all the Brothers of the Blinking Purple Fez. He works with those evil boxes known as computers for San Jose State University. He's a really good guy and has been very kind in providing material for The Drink Tank, including talking about the Edison Frankenstein, that the lucky stiff actually had a chance to see on a big screen! His addition to BASFA in the last 8 months or so has made the entire BASFA-thing that much more Wombat-y and fun.

THE DRINK TANK CAHOOTERY

I could write long tales for every one of the folks that Frank Dubbed The Cahootery, but I'll just give Frank the solo and mention the rest here. M Lloyd is in her mid-30s, is sexy as hell and has more money than Elvis. Jay Crasdan has lovingly mooched off of her for years. SaBean MoreL is probably the most open person I know about her faults and failures, and she's still hotter 'an fire. Judith is OK, though she turned me down several times. Mike is cooler than the rest of us. Manny is in and out too often.



Kevin Roche has always been around. When I was around in the 1980s, I can vaguely remember meeting him. When I came back in the 1990s, I know I did a panel or two with him. In the 2000s, I've got to know him and have done more panels with him. He's a cos-tumer and, along with Andy, runs the Evil Genius parties at various cons. It'd be harder to list all that he's done to make BArea fandom better, but the biggest thing he's done is introduced the GIANT FAKE FUR COAT to BASFA. That's the greatest thing ever!

I love BASFA. They were kind/evil enough to elect me Vice-President. Through BASFA, I have an outlet to get my SF on. They have also kindly taken issues of The Drink Tank that I must be grateful. Barbara Johnson-Haddad is the secretary and she's a writer herself, far better than I'll ever be. Ken Patterson is an employee of KTEH TV and I hope he can bring back Electric Company. Julie Porter is also a member/Babbage expert. Fred C. Moulton is an expert on tech matters and a good bearded guy. Andy, Kevin, Frank and I are all vocal members.

Kelly Green has had a couple of pieces appear in The Drink Tank. She's good people. I mean that with all love and devotion. I met her a while back, but it was her article on Interaction that really opened my eyes. She's another one of those great writers who will break sooner rather than later. She then did a report on LosCon that was good. I'm hoping she'll keep dropping me great stories. If she knows what's good for her, she'll hang around in the Fanzine Lounge at BayCon, if only to keep me a little bit of company.

I've never met Eric Mayer. I find that sad since he's a guy whose words I really enjoy reading and who sounds like a guy I'd really get along with. Sadly, he's off and away and isn't a con-goer, so the odds, unless I suddenly start flying, are pretty low. He writes mysteries, none of which I've managed to read, but he won a big deal award recently. Of all the really, really, really smart people who write into the Drink Tank, Eric's done it the most. He's a good LoCer, a great eAPA member and a writer who entertains.

Matthew Appleton and John Purcell both put out really good zines that sorta live on the total opposite ends of fanzinery. Matt edits Some Fantastic, which is a sercon that is really smart and solid. I write for it a lot, mostly reviews, though I'm trying to find an article that would be able to compete with the ones like a comparison between the Indian Caste system and The Matrix. John does In A Prior Lifetime, where he talks about the old days, writes a bit about his kids, and generally puts out a well-written zine. eFanzines.com to read both.

Christopher J. Garcia gets tiny type because he didn't plan out his spacing right. Johnny Garcia, his cancer-ridden dad, is happy that he's around for his kid's entry into the world of fanzines: an arena he's loved since he was a youngin'. This issue is dedicated to the Five Old Men, the FanEds that Chris and Dad both admire. So, here's to Kemp, Meskys, Warner Jr., Willis and Ackerman. Chris also wants to say thanks to everyone who wrote for him, and to The Computer History Museum for not noticing I didn't get anything done while I was making it.