

Yet Another Fanzine Spit Out
By Christopher J. Garcia
The Drink Tank Issue 68
cover by Frank Wu



You know, the first thing I do after I send Good Ol' Bill my issue of The Drink Tank is start the next, and I think Frank Wu has captured that nicely with his cover this issue.

So, what's this issue about? Well, it's the last one before Cinequest, so I have a lot to say about what's coming up, and there's so much to say about so many things, I'm just going to get on with it.



I want more than the rest are the sign that hung over the entrance (top left), the glass-fronted display (bottom left), The fake ticket booth, below, and of course, the Lighted Sign that stood on top of the building. While I could probably win the sign over the entrance (they're starting the bidding at 50



IF I ONLY HAD THE MONEY: THE MOVIELAND WAX MUSEUM AUCTION

Well, it's happened. They closed one of the big Wax Museums and are now selling off the pieces. I'm doomed, because they sent me the catalog and I'm seriously thinking about bidding on several things that are on the block. There are limits in my money bags, which are actually quite shallow, but there are things that are hard to pass up. I've spent much of the last few days examining the goods available. There are some



amazing buys that someone is just going to snap up.

I'm most interested in the pieces that speak of the museum itself. It was such a part of the Orange County Tourist thing that I'd love to own pieces of it.

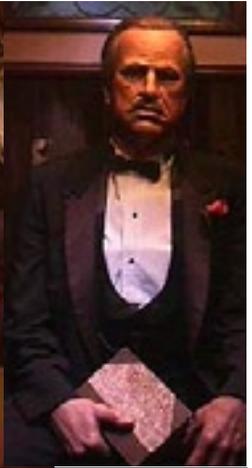
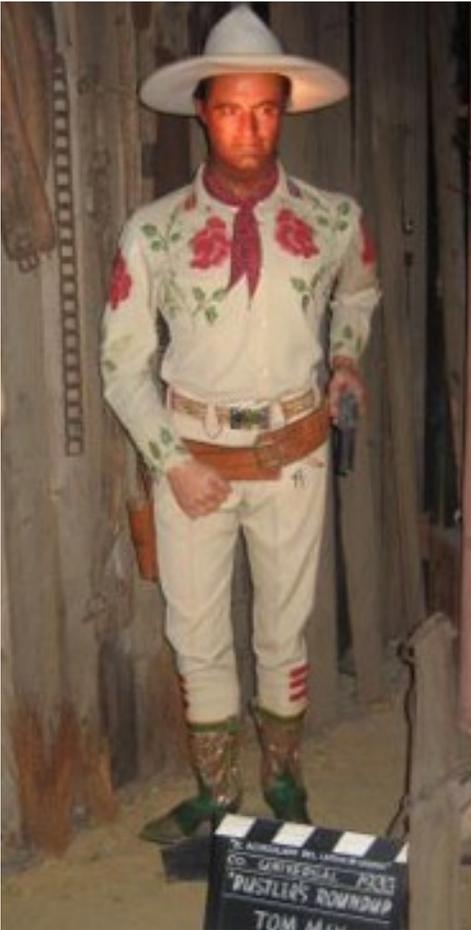
The five things



dollars) all the others are too much for my blood and I'll just have to dream. Still, the pieces are wonderful and owning a piece of a place where I spent a fair amount of time when I was younger would be a treat that I couldn't pass up.

Now, other than the pieces they have of their own history, there are pieces that I want to collect because they are of wonderful entertainers. There's a Harold Lloyd figure (which doesn't look like him at all) and one of Tom Mix (that actually does look like him) and one of Myrna Loy and William Powell, of Laurel & Hardy,

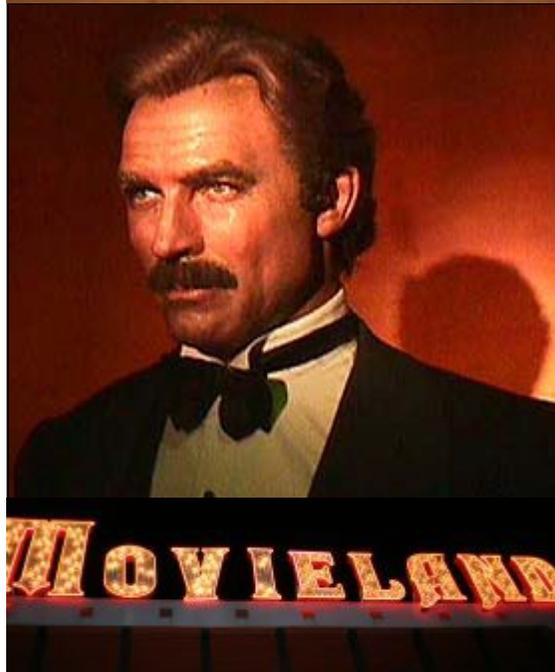




of Tiger Woods, and on and on.

But, there's always the Gold Standard. The bridge. Do I even have to say that it's of the Enterprise C? That's right, the First Generation, complete with Wax figures of Shatner, Nimoy, Kelley, Doohan and Nichols is on the block. This is the highlight of the auction for us SF geeks. What I wouldn't give to have it.

So, it all goes on sale March the 11th. If you wanna see the catalog, go to www.assetreliance.com. I wouldn't go if you don't have the strength to resist purchasing!



Have No Fear, there are still plenty of Wax Museums around. Along with those famous ones in London and Paris, there are well-loved Wax Museums in Niagara Falls, San Francisco, in Hollywood and I believe there's a good one in Vegas. I love Wax figures, so I'm sad to see Movieland go



**A TALE ABOUT A COUPLE OF GIRLS DOWN
BY M LLOYD
ART BY ZOMBIE BUNNY**

I've got a lot of stories about Girls Gone Bad. In many cases, I'm the one who has caused said girls to go the way of Evil. This is a story of a girl I had a lot to do with, but I certainly wasn't the one who turned her the way she went.

It all started one day in the 1990s, a decade full of promise, and I had been single, sorta, for a few weeks. I say sorta because I was dating a guy (my future husband) and I was messing around openly with another girl (she's often featured in this here rag) but I had another girl that I had started playing around with when I could get away with it, which was about two to three hours every day. She lived in the dorm that was just across the street from my place. She wasn't a perfect girl, oh Heavens no, but she was a black haired girl of eighteen years who had all the right pieces, even if they weren't in deal form.

I met her one afternoon while walking to the store. I liked this little Mom and Pop place and it was about two blocks south. She was standing outside smoking one afternoon. It was cold that day, I remember that, and she was wearing a thin jacket. I remember thinking that she couldn't be warm. I went in and got a few things, enough to fill a small bag, and a bottle of wine. I wasn't

consciously planning to seduce her, but the way the bottle of wine was sticking out of the bag would actually make me a bit guilty. I mean she was obviously a kid, just off the wagon from Western Mass, and I had a bottle of wine.

"Hey, you mind if I bum one of your cigarettes?"

"No problem."

"Thanks, I've been wanting one all day."

I leaned up against the wall next to her as she pulled out a package and shook one of them loose. She handed me a Kool, which is really the only brand you should be smoking if you're a girl. I pulled a lighter out of my inner coat pocket, making sure not to bring the pack of cigarettes with them.

"I'm Nancy." She smiled as she lit my smoke. I decided to be far too cinematic for my own good by lighting the smoke, inhaling, fully exhaling and then staring her in the eyes.

"I'm M."

"M?"

"Yeah."

"That's a short name."

"Well, I've got a longer one."

"What is it?"

"Well, I'm not sure I should tell you yet."

At his point, she was hooked in a way that I know girls get and guys really don't understand. She saw that I was interesting and I was older and I had a bit of mystery.



That made her want to be me. I know that sounds weird, but it's totally true. I knew that she'd follow if I led, and so I made some small talk (I seem to remember it being about her school, Boston College) and then went for the kill.

"You wanna come with me to my place, help me kill this bottle of wine?"

I can still remember how her eyes got all glassy when I asked her.

"OK."

And we were off.

A couple of minutes later, we got to my place. SaBean had moved in with Judith already and Jay was off in Europe for a semester, so I had no roommates. The two of us simply drank that bottle of wine, I used my skills to get ingrained in her head and she laughed at all my jokes. It was a beautiful afternoon splitting that bottle of wine. I gave her a close and long hug right before she left. Less than five minutes after Nancy left, I had to start getting ready for my date. I had cut it a little close, but still, it was worth it for the next couple of weeks.

I did mess up and not get her phone number that first day, but I figured if she was hanging around outside the store smoking, she must be there a lot. I made the walk every day and I found Nancy there exactly one week later. I went stopped and talked to her for a while and I asked if she wanted to head over to my place again. Nancy was very eager.

This time, I bought a large bottle of wine and called Eric to tell him that I wouldn't be around all-night because I was going to some meeting out in Western Mass.



I also unplugged the phone.

We finished the wine fast, then we started talking about guys on my couch. Then I started kissing her. Then she started reacting. It all went perfect from there. She was reserved and even said the most cliched thing you can say in this situation: 'I've never done anything like this before.' Could've fooled me, the girl had a tongue and knew how to use it.

The evening was great, we or-



dered in and had a few encores. I didn't want to scare her with some of the heavier techniques, so I just tip-toed into the stuff I figured she could handle. The next time we got together, it was slightly more intense, as was each following session. I got to liking the way she worked my body, and since we really only had a couple of hours a day (and I told her about Eric and she told me about Bob, he boyfriend), we were always packing a lot of fun into a little space of time. I wasn't phased when she broke up with her boyfriend, that tends to happen in these situations, but I was surprised when I was going through her pockets, looking for a cigarette, and found a miniature vibrator.

Now, vibratory stimulation is a must for women, it's just too damn helpful for what ails you, but keeping one with you, especially one that was shaped as it was with all the right curves in all the right places, says that you're using it far more often than rarely. Only one period in my life did I carry one with me and that was my over-sexed time in Oz when I was pretty much on my own and couldn't seem to shake the need.

I didn't say anything to her, but after a particularly hot afternoon where I tied her up a bit and made good use of all God gave me, we were laying there and she had this look in her eye.

"I think we should find someone to party with sometime." she said.

"Really? You got anyone in mind?"

"How about your girl, what's her name?" She was staring at me now in a way I'd never seen before.

"Naw, that would only complicate

things."

"Maybe your guy?"

I smiled.

"That would make things easier, though honestly, you're not his type."

"Come on, M, I just wanna have a good time."

I kissed her.

"I'll think about it."

I did, but there was no way I'd do it. Too many variables, besides, with Eric there was love, with Nancy there was sex.

The next time we were together, she

wanted to be the domme, and I let her. She'd been studying. I had troubles walking that evening on my date with Eric. The next time, she said she wanted to top me again and I said OK. She...well, let's just say I'm blushing just thinking about it.

I had corrupted Nancy perfectly, and it was fun watching her go down the path. I sorta broke it off

by telling her that I was getting more serious with my boyfriend and she was cool with it. She started hanging about at the more hard core clubs and when I ran into her, she told me she had basically become a full-time domme with a client list of seven guys and three girls. I actually came across her website a while back and she's moved to the West Coast and gained a stronger following out there. Well, I guess her reputation is stronger, but her followers are sniveling worms, just the way she likes 'em.

So, I started Nancy on her way to her career and her corruption. Score another one for M.

Editor's Note: Nancy's living in LA and is making a GOOD living.



Mike Swan (with fill-ins from Chris) on Kathryn Morel: Or Why SaBean's not included in this issue

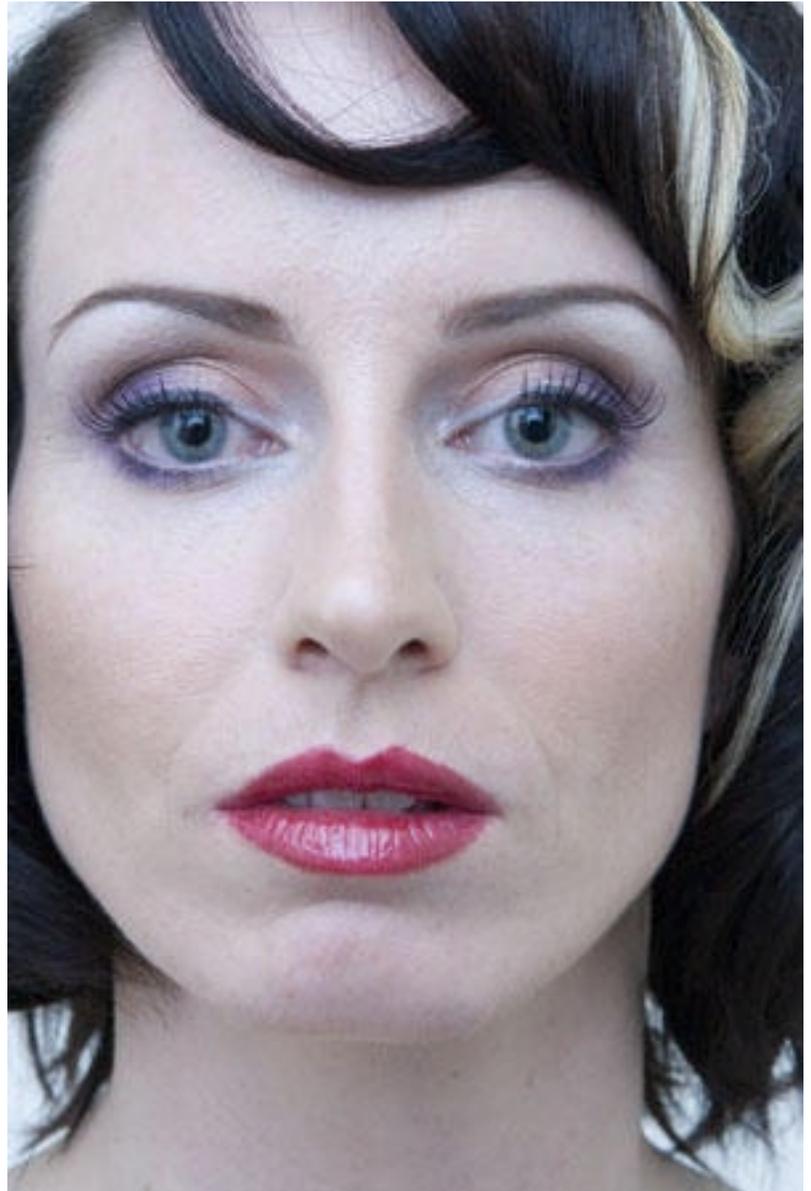
When I first met Kath, it was June 1991 or so. She was a massive wreck. She'd just gotten divorced for the second time, her father and sister had both died the previous year, her daughter was turning 11 and she was working a job at a hotel which was not at all entertaining.

She was also reconnecting with her sisters for the first time in years.

SaBean and Judith had never really lived with Kathryn (who was ten years older) or Lillian (who was two years older than Kath) so when their Dad died, they sorta had to reconnect. Kath had gotten married at 18, had a kid at twenty, divorced at 24, remarried at 29, divorced again at 30. Not a great track record. She had bought one of her Dad's houses on Lake Michigan for less than market after selling the house her ex-husband gave her as a part of the settlement. That led them to being around more, which is good as this was the period when I was around and SaBean and I were 'dating' in a sense.

Kath is a funny girl, and at times it's hard to believe that she's 45 and has a kid who's 25. She likes loud techno, Irish Coffee, sleeping 'til noon, wearing inappropriate t-shirts, and watching boxing. She loves UFC and boxing. When first we met, she was really nice to me, and we only saw each other once or twice a month. After that, I was off to college with the rest of the crew and she stayed in Illinois.

A few years ago, when Christy moved out to do the make-up thing, Kath sold the house (to her mother, it turned out) and then moved to LA, then Boston and DC. She's not got the money that SaBean and Judith have, it's not cheap keeping a kid alive, but she's comfortable enough to make do. When she moved out my way, I figured I'd ask if she wanted a new roommate. She said yes and we've been living together in a nice little two-bedroom number.



SaBean has never been close to Kath, but I was talking to her over breakfast one day and I mentioned that SaBean had just gone through a break-up. I don't think the words even left my lips before Kath was on the phone to her. They talked for an hour, this was while M was out (and she's having a boy, by the way) and they arranged for a little trip.

Right now, Kath and SaBean are spending the next week together in Washington before they're headed off to Baltimore and the rest of the Morels. It's a big deal, and SaBean's called me twice saying that she should have been better about Kathryn all along. And in a miracle, she even called Judith and invited her to come with them to Baltimore. That's what a good sister can do.



M Lloyd will be taking over for issue 69, and the image at left will serve as the Preview. I will be at Cinequest when it comes out (sometime next week) and will have very little to do. If you've got any sexy

stories, send them to thefabulousshow@yahoo.com or to garcia@computerhistory.org and she'll use 'em.

I fear what I have unleashed, but I can not turn away...

Whatever Will I Do?

Cinequest is, in many ways, a two week long con. There's so much programming that you have to make tough choices as to what you're gonna see, there're so many parties that you have to choose which brand of booze best fits the day. There are so many places to go, people to schmooze and so much money to spend.

This year, like last, we've got a movie in. It's *The Last Woman on Earth*, starring Kate Kelton. I'm in it, briefly, as is my old roommate Marin and a few others. It's a short and simple comedy.

But you wouldn't know that from our guest list. I've got friends from all over the Bay Area coming, a bunch of folks from LA and San Diego, my Aunt from Oregon, my pal Bob from Boston and more. It's going to be a mad house.

But don't let it be said that Cinequest is merely a time for party! No, I actually take two weeks of vacation to work harder than I ever do at work. The centerpiece is my involvement with a project called Critics for a

Day. A whole slew of 2nd Graders come and I teach them how to be critics by watching a few short films. I've done this for three years so far and I'm known for my athletic leaps over railings and Donahue-like interviewing techniques. It's fun, I love kids, and I get to teach them about editing, irony, genre, and why computer animation sucks sometimes.

The other thing I do is theatre announcing. If I am a local celebrity for any reason, it is this. Before festival films, I come and say thanks to the sponsors. I've got a couple of running gags, such as the way I deliver *Your Best Buys are Always...* at Fry's and an appreciation of the Hispanic television stations. I then have to do Q&A with the filmmakers. Now, this wouldn't make me well-known at all, except that I've also had to do things like keep a restless audience entertained for half-an-hour while we repair a film. Here, I basically have a mic and do things like lead the wave, interview a random audience member, play guessing games, you name it. The weird thing that happened is after Cinequest ended one year, the AMC Saratoga, where I worked as the announcer that year, started doing theatre announcements with regular movies. I talked to the manager and they said that I'd been so good at it that they decided to add it to the regular sched.

And there are many many other little things. I'll be there the whole time, watching movies, talking movies and possibly making movies. I'm never quite sure what I'll get up to, but I know it'll be fun.

And so with that, I leave y'all for the time being. I'll be back with an issue following CQ, but in the middle of the fest, M will have her big issue 69. I'm not sure what she'll be doing, but I'm sure it'll involve any number of nearly naked women and a few double entendre that I really wouldn't approve of.

Other than that, Bill Burns is the Man for all his posting goodness and I'd like to thank Mike and M and especially Frank Wu for that great cover.

To all my Fanzinista homies, I bid you Rock Hard!