

# Issue Fifty of The Drink Tank Perfect Place featuring Perfect Person Perfect Partner

Fools! You had no idea that I'd eventually make it to 50 full issues! Muhahaha! That's right, I'm here and ready to keep going for another 50 issues (probably to be completed in the next two weeks). I'm so excited that I've made it so far. There've been a lot of good times, and a few bad, but I think I've come a long way.

When I started, I was doing issues on an old PC in Adobe Illustrator. That's right, Illustrator. It frequently caused problems since I couldn't link text nor do any sort of spell-check or anything of the like. Those were weak issues, one and all. Around issue 25 (it may have even been issue 28), I was told of a programme called InDesign, also from Adobe. That changed everything. I started working with it and I seemed to be getting better, or at least flashier. Over the months, I've put out stories, screenplays, articles of all sorts, smut, commentary, jokes, thoughts, weirdnesses, and so many other things that it gets a little crazy. I'm glad I've been able to do so much and have everyone with me for the trip.

I'd like to thank M, Jay, SaBean (mostly for not being dead), Lloyd Penney, Peter Sullivan, Helen Spiral, Don Fitch, rich brown, Warren Harris, Jason Burnette, Manny Sanford, Curt Phillips, Cheryl Morgan, Eric Mayer. I'd also like to thank Frank Wu for all his help and Jan Stinson for everything she did to start me down this path!

So, this is the issue of Perfect Place, Perfect Person, Perfect Partner. I can say that I've been endlessly amused by all of the submissions and I'm excited to be able to share them with you. SaBean has a great trio that shows the level of sexuality that girl possesses. Jay gives us a threesome that made me go 'Whoa'. M has four, count 'em, four entries. Plus, Manny with a pair, Mike Swan with an odd, and long, rant, Frank Wu, and others. I'm even giving my three which will be strange, no doubt. The game again, for those of you who only read the Anniversary Issues of The Drink Tank, goes as follows: You try and choose, and then justify, what fictional world you'd want to live in, what fictional person you'd want to be and what fictional partner (in any sense of the word) you'd like to have. It's a tough game, and it's great for groups sitting around a keg or a poker table.

## The Perfect Place

Peter Sullivan

I'm not entirely sure of the rules of this game. Are you supposed to pick choices that, at least in theory, will go together, or should they be independent? For the moment, I have assumed the latter, as trying to combine all of these is either impossible or very, very twisted.

Perfect Place: Early Fourth-Age Middle Earth. All the baddies have gone away, so you can

enjoy Tolkien's idyll at its best. Anywhere in The Shire will do very nicely, thank you for asking. As long as the King can keep the roads open to Rivendell so I can go and pick up new reading material from time to time, once I've worked my way through the Red Book of Westmarch. (I'm assuming Elrond would have left most of the Rivendell library behind rather than weigh down the boat.)



M Lloyd

I've thought on this. I really have. There are several false start drafts that linger on my computer under titles like *Perfect: LotR*, *Perfect Riverworld*, *Perfect Peaks (which will come up with my Perfect Person)*. Any of those would be great, since they all bring about strange new life. I thought hard and found one that worked on more levels than the rest.

Kevin Smith's New Jersey.

You see, there are so many places that you could go and get lost in a new reality, but this reality is just so perfect that it only

needs a bit of a twist. a New Jersey where Lipstick Lesbians can be had that look like Joey Lauren Adams or where drug dealers wax philosophic. That's the type of world I want to live in, where there's no real over-arching super-joy, but an amazing sense of the fun and weird, populated by beautiful. I know what Chris is going to choose and it's for similar reasons, but mine is way better because New Jersey actually has seasons.

Dante



Jay Crasdan

The place is rough. I've got so many fictional worlds I'd want to live in, or at least visit. There's one though that I know Chris loves and that kept me up nights. It's a house. Just a house. The House of Leaves.

House of Leaves is a horror novel/experimentation by Mark Danielewski, and it also a typesetter's nightmare. With words going everywhere, some of them in various colours, and footnotes that run on for pages. The only thing that interests me more than the way the book is presented is the house it talks about.

The House is alive...almost. It changes, expands, sprouts hallways where there was nothing before. It even brings huge new complexes. The most powerful function of the house is to change, to rearrange itself so that it doesn't meet up with investigatory reports of previous challenges. The house which takes much of the life of the main character is also the one that gives him purpose, which envelopes him in mystery and draws him closer.

I'd want to live in a place where I am always presented with a new reality, where

even a simple measurement might not hold up on further examination. This world in which we live in with its static reality baffles us with strange paradoxes, but imagine where things are known to alter on some greater being's whim. That world, that is a world where there are no answers because there are only questions instead of this world where there are no answers because we're too stupid to find them.



SaBean MoreL

The smart thing to say would be Pooh Corner or maybe Naboomboom or some such. After my last appearance, my reputation probably needs a spit polish, but neither of these make sense. It would then fall that I should say something like Beauty's world in that series that Anne Rice wrote in the early 80s, but that's not right either, especially since there were nothing but atrocities in that place. My choice is simple, my choice is pure...almost.

I want to live in the LA from Steve Martin's LA Story...or maybe the one from Tim Power's Expiration Date.

You see, I love LA is not just a stupid Randy Newman song. I heart El Pueblo de Los Angeles. It's a place where dreams can come true, but mostly after you've put yourself through a nightmare.

Which leads to these two different, though very much the same, LAs. In Steve Martin's little-loved masterpiece, LA is a land where Traffic Warning signs talk to selected motorists and sign like bagpipes. There weather changes people's life and everyone has a strange series of dreams that

make themselves real in odd bodies. There's a giant series of funninesses and joy and odd-world wonder. It's a world where love stories come true. In short, it's what Hollywood movies would want us to believe that LA is but never really comes close to.

Powers' LA is different. As Martin cleans up LA, Powers makes it even filthier, more decrepit. The only comparable LA is David Lynch's from Mulholland Drive. But there's magic, mystery, ghosts and those that live off of ghosts. It is an LA where there is magic and a form of eternal life that sorta boggles the mind. It's every bit as magical as LA Story, only on the dark side of that same magic.

Needless to say, neither of these LAs exist, but when they do, I'll be there.



Manny Sanford

Chris, you old devil. It's been a long time since we got around to this business, but I've got my answer, and it's what you'll probably expect.

I wanna live in Camelot.

That's right, call me a woman, but I want to live in a country where we have a King who is as close to a God as literature will allow. It would make everything better. Call me old fashioned, but I want that security. The might, the magic, the mystery, the fact that with enough grog or mead or whatever the hell it is that he drinks you might be able to get through to Merlin long enough to ride the wyrm! That would be sweet.

Not to mention that every Camelot, with the exception of the most recent one

with Clive Owen and Keira Knightley, had a sort of gorgeous haze over everything, as if the world were in a perpetual heroine haze. It's perfect!

Also voting for Camelot- James Wreckner (I love Arthurian legend!).



Christopher J. Garcia

I've thought about this for years. There are real places that to me are as good as fantasy, like Sonoma, but there's one place that calls to me.

Riverworld.

Phillip Jose Farmer has answered my fears. Yes, I admit it, I'm afraid of death, and living in a world where death is but a transition to another part of the river would certainly ease that fear. There's a certain spiritual quality to Riverworld, a metaphor that works as a reality as well. It's an amazing thought this world of water and distances unimaginable.

That and the conversations that would happen. Mark Twain would be there. So would Tom Mix. William S. Hart. Wyatt Earp. Ben Franklin. Lord Melbourne. Any of the old world Cricketers. Perhaps even the Big Man Himself...Georges Melies! It would be amazing! Those folks that are trying to solve the riddle of the Riverworld are a bunch of saps! Everyone should just sit back and make due with all the conversation with all the people they could ever possibly handle.



Perfect Person

SaBean MoreL

Fictional people tend to suck. Everyone's either on a hero's journey, which I'd hate to have to put up with, or they're being devastated by some evil menace. I wouldn't want that at all. That's why I wanna be Enid from Ghost World.

Enid isn't a hero, she's a tragically flawed young lady with a bunch of issues, but a 'Fuck that, I'll listen to Hindi Pop' attitude. As played by Thora Birch, she's the hottest woman to ever grace the movie screen. From the Daniel Clewes comics, she's strange and dark and brooding and still attractive despite the way she looks. It's an amazing combination.



Jay Crasdan

Fuck Luke Skywalker, I wanna be Han Solo. It's so easy to think that it would be nice to be the one that saves the world (then I'd far rather be Paul Atreides than Luke), but the guy who saves the world seldom ends up with the girl (a solitary life, the Western Genre's standard mode). Han Solo, on the other hand, gets it all.

You see he starts out as a smuggler and lives through the life. He gets to taste the fruits of underworld success. He then helps out Luke and gets a real payday, followed by the glowing respect of everyone around him. He then ends up with the girl that we all expected Luke to nail after she turns out to be his sister. Han gets it all!

You can talk about character arc, and that's just fine, but the real reason it would be awesome to be Han Solo is he gets to be the bad guy, gets to be the hero, gets to be the Stud and gets to be love. All Luke got to do was restore balance to the Universe, and what fun is that?

Also saying Han Solo are Manny Sanford (There's no one else even close) and Mike Swan (Han gets to screw Leia at the height of her hotness!)



Peter Sullivan

Perfect Person: Rumpole of the Bailey. At a time when the British government are seriously suggesting that it would be kinda neat if they could be allowed to lock people up for three months whilst the British police (who are, of course, the best in the world) try to work out if they've actually done anything

wrong, the need for someone to drag himself onto his hind legs day in and day out to defend "the golden thread of British justice, the presumption of innocence" is greater than ever. I guess that I could, if pressed, even develop a taste for the Chateau Thames Embankment.



M Lloyd

There's a girl I want to be who had a profound effect on me as a girl. You see, I wasn't always the bisexual love machine that I'm believed be, there is in fact someone to blame even more strongly than the girl whose name I never found. She was beautiful, sneaky, sexy, cunning, and ethereal. She is Audrey Horne from Twin Peaks.

There's a lot to love about Twin Peaks, but Audrey, with those eyes and that mouth, she was the most amazing. As I was watching it, I found that I thought that she was the most amazing creature on the show, far outshining Agent Cooper, who all the girls at my school seemed to have a crush on. I went to bed after watching each episode and did things to myself with visions of that perfect face. To this day, she is one of my fantasies that needs to be pleased every few weeks.

Audrey Horne, I want you bad, but more right is I want to become you. I want to be the one who stands up after drinking a sip from a cup of coffee then starts dancing around the RR Diner like a Wellesley girl at Lilith Fair. I want to have that courage that you showed by showing up in Agent Cooper's bed or at One Eyed Jack's for an interview with Blackie. I want to be the girl who stands alone, willing to wait for that perfect

man, that tall dark and strange man of mystery.

I think I need some alone time.



Christopher J. Garcia

My choices in this one always seem to be strange. For many years, it was Joliet Jake from the Blues Brothers. I kinda look like John Belushi too. For a while it was the detective played by Kevin Spacey in LA Confidential (which is the best movie of the 1990s, no question). Butch from Pulp Fiction. The Ben Franklin Keyes presents in his Age of Unreason books. Any of those would be good. But there's a guy who gets my vote and it fits in so nicely with M's.

Special Agent Dale Cooper of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

There is something about his confidence, his supreme knowledge and faith that he is right, that the side he is on will win, even if it costs him dearly. He's a powerful sender, he can influence people with a force of personality. He also knows that there is more than this world in which we live, that there's a hidden path that few walk down, but that leads directly through every man, woman and child in the world.

That and he looks good in a black suit.

Agent Cooper came into Twin Peaks and took over the town, he won many people over, he annoyed those who had a reason to fear him, which is also a good thing. He was virtuous (could any other human have denied a naked Audrey in their bed?) and showed signs of brilliant intellect that you

seldom see. He was the all around man, who happened to look like Gary Cooper.

The biggest thing is his trip to One Eyed Jacks. He turned a profit for the Bureau on blackjack to the tune of 20%. That's pretty good!



## The Perfect Partner

M Lloyd

The best male in fantasy is the idea of my Ex Husband. The drunken reality is, perhaps, the finest version of a horror character available. Not that I didn't fuck his reality something fierce with my cheating and non-production of anything important, but he truly became what he told me he most hated: a loud, drunken Aussie with a ton of money at his disposal.

The sad fact is, as much as I like to blame myself, his change was dramatic. He had been nearly perfect, a shining beacon across the Boston Common when we met, but within a year of our marriage, he had become the stuff of female Country singer's dreams: the poltroon when sober, a tiger when he has a few in him. He never hit me, he never raised his voice at me, either in anger or in joy. He wiped every emotion away becoming that unfeeling monster that strolls down the hall looking for brains, or in this case, a woman who he can mentally destroy with nothing more than cold calculation and dismissals.

This is why I should have married Data from NextGen.

Data is emotionless, so you know

going in that you'll have love withheld and not have to worry about that one night when he said "Thank you for making dinner, M." and never being sure if he was being sincere or sarcastic and never once getting an answer. He wouldn't come home drunk, because while he may like to taste things, it wouldn't do him any good as the booze wouldn't turn off his positronic brain. Things would have been nice and easy with Data. I would have known where I stood and I could have steeled myself to accept it or moved on.



I DRANK YOUR POISON, CUZ YOU TOLD ME IT'S WINE

by  
Anonymous

The idea of picking a "Perfect Partner" from fiction makes me sad. Sad because it presumes that the Perfect Partner does not exist in Reality. Sadder still, because that's my experience. I've dated a lot of women and somehow I ended up marrying the suckiest of them.

How the hell did that happen?

I wound up in this horribly abusive, emasculating relationship. I later saw that it was a pattern handed down generation by generation. Her grandmother heaped insults on her grandfather, and her mom constantly put down her dad - he said that living with her was like walking on the edge of a cliff.

In public, my ex was very civil and kind, even throwing huge parties for me. But in private, she would go ballistic over trivialities. Hair on the floor was just cause

for a fight, as was water left around the sink. We almost got into a car accident on the way to getting married because she was screaming at the top of her lungs that I had put too much gel in my hair.

Why did I marry her?

Because I was in love...and stupid. I would start to put away dishes and she would shout "What the fuck are you doing?" (this is a direct quote) - who would want to do chores in a situation like that? - and then she'd curse me for not doing enough chores. I got up early and snuck around the house - not to search for porn or to have an affair - but to clean the bathroom, so it could get done without conflagration. That didn't work, either. She loves Terry Pratchett books, and so I spent a whole day making her a Valentine's day cake depicting the universe according to Diskworld - the world on the backs of four elephants, riding a turtle, all made out of chocolate cake. Then she didn't eat a bite of it, complaining that I should know that she didn't like chocolate cake - even though she'd had some the week before. I think she was this way because house chores were her only way to achieve self-esteem since she wasn't working (her choice) and since she was avoiding the writing she said she was put on this planet to do.

The worst wasn't when she slapped me in the face, or when she grabbed the glasses off my face and twisted them into a little ball, or even when she held down my head and cut off my glorious long hair with a pair of scissors, or when she yelled at me when I brought her flowers or made her breakfast in bed, or when she locked me out of the house on a cold night without a jacket, cell phone or wallet, or even when she bit me in the arm (I still have the scars), but... when she took credit for the awards and accolades I won through my creative output, even as - in fits of uncontrollable rage - she physically destroyed my work, while producing none of her own.

\*Why was she so mean to me?\*

The scariest thing is that I'm not alone. A friend of mine told me that many of her

girlfriends similarly “destroyed” their guys, then married them. No wonder there are so many affairs and divorces. I met a guy at a party with upper arms as big as my thighs - and his wife calls him “fat.”

If so, there’s no hope for any of us.

Why are women like that?

Is it lack of self-esteem? Do they need to put someone else down to build themselves up?

\*Are you in an abusive relationship? Why the hell are you not running for your life?\*

One principle I have learned from TV shows like “M\*A\*S\*H” and “The Simpsons” is that everybody gets an episode. Marge gets one, aunt Selma gets one, even the schoolteacher Ms. Krabappel has her day. But they don’t just waste their episodes whinging, but they go out and do something heroic and interesting. What my ex never understood was that sometimes I get celebrated for my work - and sometimes she gets celebrated for hers, and then I’m not “[Bob], award-winning---“ when I meet her friends and colleagues, but I’m just “[Bob],” and I’m OK with that. After I won a major award, she didn’t say, “Congrats on winning such a cool trophy,” but she whined (over and over), “You didn’t give me a hug before you went up to accept it.” Honey, go and win your own damn awards and don’t shit on mine.

So - to return to the instigation for this missive - if there isn’t a Perfect Partner for me in reality, is there one in fiction?

I haven’t seen many, because Hollywood sucketh at depicting good women, and sucketh even more at depicting healthy male-female partnerships.

There are a couple, though. Annie (Amy Madigan) in “Field of Dreams” never once calls Kevin Costner a loonie or an idiotic. She doesn’t understand why he wants to cut down the corn field to build a baseball field, but she supports him. I only wish that the moviemakers had given her more of a life of her own (though she does get to cut down a femme-Nazi). I also really liked Monica the waitress (Claire Forlani) in “Mystery Men,” because she helped Mr. Furious (Ben Stiller)

become real. In the end when he concedes that he is just “Roy” with no special powers, but she proclaims to the world that he is indeed a superhero. Another girl I liked (please don’t think this is pathetic) was Karen in the animated “Frosty the Snowman.” She knows that Frosty will melt unless they travel in a refrigerated train car, and she doesn’t complain once, even while she’s freezing. All of these women, though, play secondary to the heroes.

How is Hollywood at depicting heroines? In “Ever After” and “Charlie’s Angels” (the first movie - I haven’t seen the second or the TV show), we see strong, powerful, independent women. But there are no male-female partners - because the guys around them are smarmy, insincere and ineffectual, and in the case of Tom Green, pathetic and stupid. Did the filmmakers need to make the guys awful in order to build up the heroines?

Where are the partners?

The happiest couple I can think of is: Morticia and Gomez Addams. They understand each other, humor each other, play love games with each other. Morticia - the smarter and more grounded one - doesn’t put Gomez down for his childish antics like exploding train cars. She never criticizes his stupid grin, rarely complains, never yells or hits, even as she floats above the madness swirling around her in benign amusement. She goes into a pretend swoon when Gomez kisses her arm and says thank you when he brings her gifts. They are kooky, but they work. They are partners, each with a role, but most of all they have fun together.

I believe that everything can be fun in a relationship. Even doing chores, in what I call The Kitchen of Love. Washing dishes shouldn’t be a cause for bickering and territoriality, but a time to chat about the day and about dreams. A kitchen should be small enough so you have an excuse to “accidentally” toss flour or soap bubbles at her, or bump into her. Or the best, which is asking, “Honey, where does this go?” when you know damn well where it goes (you

picked something that goes in the cabinet behind you to the right), but you waited until she had her hands full before asking, because then she would point with her chin, which would then position her lips in the perfect three dimensional space for... kissing her. Honey, where does this go? Smooch. Even chores can be fun.

That's my vision of love - but it's also the sort of romance that has yet eluded me in both fiction and reality.

Sigh.



Jay Crasdan

Audrey Horne was the hottest of them. Donna Hayward was the sweetest and most natural. Shelly Johnson was the most beautiful. Twin Peaks had it all, and when we'd all sit around and watch it during college, we'd just lust after every single character. And with all of that, I'd still choose Laura Palmer.

Laura was the bad girl, the troubled beauty who was the perfect definition of 'The Star that burns twice as bright burns half as long.' She was troubled (I find that hot) and she was wild (I find that really hot) and she was sexy (how could you not find that hot)

and she knew how to hide it all so that she could come home and meet your parents.

Laura Palmer is full of secrets, and there's nothing better to a guy who has spent his life as an open book than someone whose official story is there, but the real story is written in pencil and eraser marks all along the margins.



Peter Sullivan

Perfect Partner: Given that it has to be fictional, I guess I can't have A. So instead it'll have to be Wilma Flintstone. Never the quiet, subservient house-wife that she might at first glance appear to be, she's actually a feisty little red-head who can dish it out with the best of them. And a woman who will always love her man, no matter what kind of stupid scrapes he gets himself in to. Nice legs, too. Oh, and I know this is a very similar discussion to that between Lister and Cat in an episode of Red Dwarf<sup>1</sup>, but I don't care - I thought of it first.

#### (Footnotes)

<sup>1</sup> See, if you must, <http://www.reddwarf.nildram.co.uk/txt/backward.txt>

**(\*Editor's Note: Peter, I think you're crazy and a fool You KNOW she'll never leave Fred!)**



Mike Swan

Jesus, this is the one I always had trouble with. There are just so many fictional characters I wanna bang. Enid from the movie Ghost World? Yeah, I'd do her high and hard. Scarlett Johansson from Lost in Translation? Yep, her too. The insane placekicker from Ace Ventura: Pet Detective? Without question. But when it comes to the one I'd like to have as my partner, meaning more than just a one-nighter, I'd have to say that Cher from Clueless gets my vote.

Alicia Silverstone was at the height of her reign at that point. She was charming, pretty, bodilicious, in all possible ways, great. Cher was all of these things, plus she had a strange sort of intelligence that transcended everything. She was nearly perfect in the way she would present her logic, and even when she was wrong, or worse when she was short-sighted, she was still immaculately charming. I'd totally go for her without question.

Manny Sanford

The power of the Blonde compels me. There has been no shortage of blondes in film and TV over the decades. Some of them are always going to stick in my head, like the girl that tried to sit in Phillip Marlowe's lap while he was still standing up in The Big Sleep, or Cher from Clueless (which I KNOW that Mike is writing about). My choice is simple, pure and clean.



My woman of choice is Murphy Brown.

What other woman could throw the world into a freaked-out madness by having a baby out of wedlock? She was beautiful, older, smart, sophisticated, funny, bitter and loyal, all the elements that attract me to a woman.

Still, Candace Bergen would be awful to have as a mate, but Murphy...well, let's just say that I'd do many twisted things to her, then move on to Corky Sherwood-Forest, the other hot, ditzzy blonde.

SaBean MoreL

The Thing.

'Nuff Said.

Christopher J. Garcia

For me, there are a few choices, all of which had a profound effect on my sexual awakening. The easiest one is also the one that had the most profound effect: Mona Stangley from The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas.

She was busty (of course, she was played by Dolly Parton), which is a theme in the ladies I've dated over the years. When she shows up in a lovely set of lingerie, I still get a little hot under the collar. She's just so damn perfect in that get-up. She's a strong woman, which is what I've always been attracted to (though strong women tend not to date because they know better) and she smart and cunning and quick and connected and everything that a woman of the Twentieth Century should have been but so seldomly were.

So, yes, Mona was a fine example to me in my formative years.

As a side-note, they named it the Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, but was there a major national competition where they'd put

the various warehouses, divided by size, into competition? If so, when do they do that judging?



***So, that's that. I hope you enjoyed it and will know keep on reading for our More or Less Regularly Scheduled Drink Tank.***

*Art by: Louuu, Sognorosso, GoblinQueen, ShiveKush, Luminatti, Stactor, StillBored, MoreOn, LouterNBombs, Sleeker, MopeRocker and Sweets.*

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## ***The PA Plus Codex: Being a list of some obscure references in Punk Authority Plus***

-Lansing Onderdonk: Inventor of the two-needle serger (fore-and-aft, not side-by-side), I saw the name, and thought it was great. Perfect pseudonym for an authority on things that didn't happen that way.

-The 83rd World Science Fiction Convention: The Poet Laureate of Scotland (on video) welcomed us to the 83rd World Science

Fiction Convention by mistake. He seemed to be a nice old guy, though, and read us a poem too.

-Interdiction: During Interaction, one of the news stories was the opening volley in an attempt by the British Government to prohibit the Scots from printing their own banknotes. The Scots are less than happy with this idea. The 73rd Worldcon happens in Glasgow during a protracted currency battle between Scotland and the rest of Great Britain, making it difficult for non-Scots to attend. It had a different "Inter" name (maybe it was "Interthingie;" I really don't know), but the nickname stuck.

-FinnCon/World: FinnCon, the annual Finnish National SF convention is free. At Interaction, the FinnCon party was sponsored by Panda licorice and Finlandia Vodka. They decided they liked us. We drank a lot of Finlandia.

-Alm & Campbell Shipbuilding: Harry Alm, retired naval engineer, is a friend from years ago in apafandom. Cameron Campbell is a major historical figure in Glasgow. The shipyards on the Clyde are pretty much gone, but that could change.

-Robbie Bourget: Has trained more WorldCon, WesterCon, EasterCon and GallifreyOne ops staffers than can be imagined. I've never seen her at a convention where she wasn't working.

-Gestetner Digital CopyPrint: the Gestetner CopyPrint is a mimeo-technology photocopier. Runs cool even after a 2000-page run. The Digital CopyPrint I envision as something along the lines of a Xerox Docutech as reengineered by Gestetner.

-Kevin Standlee: does forget to eat at conventions. So does Lisa. Their first half hour at Interaction was Lisa keeping people away from Kevin so he could finish his lunch.

-Moscow: Yep, they're really bidding for 2017. They ran out of vodka at their party at Interaction and the Finns restocked them from the Finlandia stash.

-Marquesate: Nicole Kipar's alter-ego. Nicole hates being on stage and performing, but did it for Ready, Steady, Sew this year. Thus she's transformed into a past Best-in-Show winner and masquerade MC.

-Zagreb: Was a real bid for WorldCon in the 90's (not the 80's), but got the reputation of being something like the NolaCon bid committee; big on party, small on actual organization.

-Hugo Montenegro: composed the theme and incidental music for "The Man from U.N.C.L.E" and many other shows in the sixties.

-Jared Dashoff: Costumer and teen-age son of the Chairman and Treasurer of MilPhil (Worldcon 2001 in Philadelphia).

-Trains: SPT doesn't run 24 hours, and the station nearest the Glasgow Marriott isn't open on Sundays. There isn't a train line from the airport to Glasgow Central Station. Still, one could wish. When they're running, they're great.

-Boeing 787: The first draft of PA+ was presented at BASFA Meeting #787

### ***And There you have it! A Full Explanation of Pork Authority Plus.***

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***As most folks seem to have gathered from my constant babbling about it, I'm doing National Novel Writing Month. I'm working on my outline (which is almost a novel in itself) and taking a strong look at ways of saying 'She smiled' enough different ways to stretch it out to 50k words.***

***One thing that I'm going to do, since it looks like I'll be doing at least one November Drink Tank, is shine a***

***light on some of the others who will be participating. So here's the person who read on KFJC one fateful morn earlier this year and that was what got me thinking about it.***

***Here is a look at Ealasaid Haas and her NaNoWriMo novel for this year. She's a previous winner (2001 through 2004) and will likely finish with time to spare this year.***

Basically, I've been writing about this sorceress-in-training, Jaspa, for AGES. Years. I even did a NaNovel about her, but it turned out badly because I wasn't all that good at plotting. However, I did get to know her a lot better by writing about her.

So, I've decided to do a novel about her mentor, Evran, when he was younger as a way of getting to know him better. And then maybe next year I can do a novel about her friend/rival/romantic interest, Maximon, to get to know HIM better, or maybe about her best friend or... you see where I'm going with this.

Writing 50k about a character is a GREAT way to get to know them better, but I don't think that NaNoWriMo is a good way for me to turn out a novel I actually plan on selling, yanno? So I'm going to keep using NaNoWriMo as a character development exercise, but work on my "real novel(s)" on the side.

That's my grand plan, anyway.



# Letter Graded Mail Sent to Garcia@Computerhistory.org By My Gentle Readers

**First off: N3F President Ruth Davidson!**

I hope this in time for #50:

Have you ever played the Steve Jackson game ZOMBIES!!! It's so incredibly fun. You should try it.

**Shortly before we started dating, Gen and I played Zombies at a friend's place. Incredible game, big time fun.**

Your thing on Birdman makes me miss Cartoon Network (all my entertainment is via the internet). You may have mentioned this before (I've not read every Drink Tank) but I loved Space Ghost Coast to Coast. I used to watch it all the time. It was incredibly hilarious.

**I never watched much Space Ghost, though I thoroughly loved the original. I do like Sealab 2021. And The Brak show was funny.**

About the next fannish war, if it does happen it'll be within Fandom itself. Likely between the new fans, and the set-in-their-ways fans. The face of fanac is changing, yet many old fans are dead set against fanac that is different than what's traditional. It's a sad thing.

**I can see that happening, but even most of the hard-liners are starting to come around. We'll see, because we're already at least a year overdue!**

I only get two fanzines in the mail. Every other fanzine is on my hard drive.

**I get a few (Banana Wings, Chunga, so on) and I sometimes luck into some that people will trade me for or try to auction off at BASFA.**

I remember wanting to wrestle in high school. My Mom wouldn't let me because she thought I would break a pelvic bone and prevent me from having children. I think if I had done wrestling I would have had the motivation to actually do my homework since my GPA had to be a 2.0.

**I saw a King of the Hill Episode that**

**dealt with Khannie wanting to wrestle. When I wrestled during college, the worst things that happened were I chipped my orbital bone, I broke my clavicle and I seperated my shoulder. T But that wasn't quite Greco-Roman.**

I should also mention it was co-ed.

About preparing a child for a special class. Tell them like it is. Honesty really is the best policy, even when dealing with kids. ;)

**She actually came home the other day and said "Chris, I'm going to be reading with the dumb kids." I said "No you're not, you just need a little help." She responded "I'm not dumb, but the OTHER kids that have trouble reading are." I wasn't quite sure how to handle that one.**

I don't have problems writing about sex, except for the fact that after I do, I want some. Yeah, I really get into my writing. Even with depressing scenes and action scenes. Now I just need to get it all polished and good enough to be published professionally. \*sigh\*

**I am incredibly distant from my work most of the time. I guess that's why I'll never make it as a writer of fiction. I try to write about the moment before and the moments after, what M refers to as 'The Build Up and The Let Down'**

I have a fanzine called the MANGAVERSE, my first one, that I still do. It's about SFF in anime, manga and other comics, but since it's not a traditional fanzine it's not directly linked on efanzines.com. It's not "traditional" because of the media it deals with.

**Media fanzines actually predate 1930 (Film Fandom's first zine was called Cinema and it started around 1920, along with several fan club zines that predated even that dedicated to folks**

**like John Bunny and Roscoe 'Don't Call Me Fatty' Arbuckle. I've seen a couple of the Bunnyfinch zines and they are about on the level of early zines like Le Zombie and Spaceways.**

I am glad that Bill came up with a compromise, by linking a page of all the fanzines I've written and edited. Not many compared to veteran fans, but that's okay. I've got the rest of my life for this stuff.  
**You and me both, sister! I'm still thinking about getting a site (I'll need one for Me for Mayor) but I still have no idea how I'd maintain it or set it up.**

**Thanks Ruth! And Now, My Main Man from Eng-land, Peter Sullivan!**

I assume that your campaign for mayor is, at least in part, inspired by your near-namesake Jerry Garcia's "Running for Mayor" piece about his campaign in San Francisco.

**Cousin Jerry (OK, all the research into Genealogy shows that he's a fourth cousin) and his run aren't heavy on my mind, but Pop said that it must be hereditary.**

A bit closer to me, the good people of Hartlepool voted for a monkey (OK, actually the man who wore the monkey suit as the official club mascot of Hartlepool United Football Club) as their elected mayor in 2002. The best bit of the joke being that he actually did a pretty good job, and went on to get re-elected -- on his record -- this year.  
**I'm at least as good as a donkey! There have been other strange people/things elected mayor (Clint Eastwood was an OK mayor for Carmel) and I'll certainly do no harm...unless the Light-Tower is not built on time and on budget!**

The original link between monkeys and Hartlepool goes back to the Napoleonic Wars. A ship wrecked off the coast of Hartlepool, and only a monkey on board (presumably as cargo) escaped and made it to shore. The locals had never seen a monkey before, and assumed that it was a French spy of some sort. The fact that it couldn't speak English, and only make some

weird gibbering noises just confirmed this. So they tried and executed him. Hartlepool natives are referred to as "monkey-hangers" to this day. I swear I'm not making this up - check Google if you don't believe me.

**I certainly do believe you! I've never personally hung a Monkey, but I am told that it's none too easy as many have neck that actually prevent them from being hanged in the traditional since and can survive for several hours.**

I shouldn't bother applying to the Wrestling Museum if I were you. The recruitment process may be two falls out of three, but we all know that it's fixed in advance anyway.  
**I can go two-of-three. Have you seen most curators? They tend towards the old. At least one I know has a beard greyer than Kent Bloom's and longer than Don Fitch's!**

Actually, I gather that the Computer History Museum is going to be expanding, thanks to Bill Gates' \$15 million donation - I assume this is your place they are referring to? This even made the front page of the BBC News website.

**Yep, same joint. We started out in Boston, which was where I discovered the museum when I moved back there in 1998. We've been around for a long time, and I'm the longest continuously serving employee (there's one who has been here longer, but he took a brief leave). I am really glad we got the money, but it means that we're about to launch the biggest task we've ever set out for: building the general time-line of computer history. That'll take at least two, and probably three years, involve hundreds of hours of research and will seriously cut into my sittin' around time.**  
"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." When I was at school, our Debating Society teamed up with the girls' school to do a combined debate on this as a Valentine Day's Special. I was on the team arguing in favour. We won the vote at the end 104-1.

**And that one guy must have really been burned something fierce!**

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

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

All the ethnicity of Cindy Chavez, with the White Bread Charm of Dave Cortese, and the ‘Who the Hell is That?’ of the other guy

“Watch out kid. With the people we’ve got running you might just win. And trust me...you don’t wanna win this election!- San Jose Resident



This week was the first rally, and I’d say it was a total success considering that I had no supporters show up so I simply passed out flyers and chatted people up. So many people walked by, about 150 who took the flyers, that I got to make a few folks laugh and get laughed at by a few more. I guess I shouldn’t have worn the ‘Earth First: We’ll Strip Mine the Other Planets Later’ shirt under my sports coat.

With all the momentum of the latest Jarmusch film, The Me for Mayor Campaign will roll along to our next stop: San Jose’s History Park. Dates and Times will be revealed, but it will include at least one baby kissing! Stay tuned!

“Chris, You Have to stop this before someone gets hurt, and with your luck, it’s almost certainly going to be someone more important than you!” - M Lloyd

The Drink Tank issue 50 was written by many, arted by many, and read by a few. It was placed on eFanzines.com by the greatest human since Charles deGaul, Bill Burns. The next issue probably won’t be for a few weeks, so savour this one. Maybe try to figure out how many cliches folks used while writing it. Me for Mayor: Garcia in 2006 is the single greatest idea Ever!