



*The Drink Tank Issue 78*  
*A Few Shots of My Dad's Favourite Things*



## So...this has been my week

So, on Tuesday afternoon, I wrote a thingee for the CorFlu one-shot, even though I wasn't going to be there, I had an attending membership and I figured that I'd drop an article that they could use. In it, I told of my weekend plans, of celebrating Evelyn's Seventh birthday with bowling and dinner with her Grandparents, watching some TV and going to the movies. It was pretty much a picture of a boring weekend, the last one for a few weeks as I have to perform a wedding for a couple of friends next weekend, then it's off to LA and then it's BayCon. and then it's relaxation.

Of course, if anyone was going make this a hectic weekend it was my Pops, and he did just that.

On Wednesday, my Dad ended up slipping into a diabetic coma. His blood sugar level was 22, and as Kevin Standlee told me, that's dangerously low. They rushed him to the hospital and there he's been ever since. I left after I was called and told that I needed to get down there to answer all the questions that needed answering. The short-term outlook was very grim. Strangely, he beat the long-odds.

Sadly, he hasn't been getting better.

The hospital hasn't had much to say about Dad's condition. They don't know what happened that caused the low blood sugar, but they know



that they've managed to make him more stable, he's not on a respirator anymore, but his kidneys don't seem to be operating (he's not producing urine) and they have no idea what to do to help him. Everytime they tell me something it's 'Well, nothing's really changed.'

Still, they say that they expected things won't get much better until he's concious and then they'll know for sure. They think dialysis might be required but they're waiting on that decision. They don't know what to do because they have no idea what happened. Of course, they said they'd be able to figure what to do once they got his records from Valley Medical, and they did and they still have no ideas. Go figure.

The one upside is that Dad's at Regional Medical Centre, which used

to be Alexian Brothers Hospital. Dad used to call it Mexican Brothers, and it's certainly that. The waiting room is always full of families quickly tossing Spanglish back and forth and the TV is always tuned to Telemundo or Univision. Of course, mi familia is a part of that Hispanic throng, so I'm not really complaining, it's just funny that Dad used to make the joke and it's certainly true.

So, I've been trying to keep up and this very brief issue was written 1/2 on Hospital computers, one half at home. I'll let everyone know more information when I have it, but that would require the hospital to have more information too. I'm hoping he'll be OK, and since I've already dropped off a few fanzines in case he gets better soon, so he'll be able to read.

Here's a strange fact: despite the fact that I'm his son, the Drink Tank is only fourth or fifth on his list of favourite zines. He loves eI, Vegas Fandom Weekly (I think mostly because of Dick Lupoff and ShelVy's stuff) and Pixel (he liked my articles). I've printed out the recent versions for him.

I told my Grandparents that they should get a computer, even though my Grandmother can't see too good. My Greatgrandmother was 90 when she got her computer in the late 1970s and she had it until she passed away. I should make it happen, though I don't see them very often.



**The Story of The Long-Haired Girl**  
by  
**Mike Swan**

The minute Chris said that the next issue could be a bit of a downer, I figured it would be a good time for me to give Chris the story I've been wanting to use since he started doing The Drink Tank. It's a good way to lighten the mood and after what Chris told me over the phone, I think this one'll need it.

In 1999, I was a good guy. True,

I wasn't the best guy, but I was certainly better than the Other Man. You see, I was still thinking that I was in love with a certain Punk Rock chick under the name of SaBean MoreL. I've suffered under such a feeling for a long time, but during the early part of 1999, I was certain that she should be with me instead of the Other Guy: Pete.

Pete wasn't a bad dude. I used to work with him and he was always the one who would take orders to buy lunch and sometimes would treat us to fine foods from far-off Fast Food joints, but he sure was dumb. One time, we had him searching for the Holy Grail in the breakroom. He looked and looked but couldn't find it. Come to think of it, we were kind of mean to him, but he was so damn entertaining.

One day, SaBean came over and said that she was thinking that Big Pete was cheating on her. She wanted proof and I said I'd look into it since amateur detectivery is a hobby of mine. I followed him one night when he cancelled on SaBean and we went to follow him. Jay and I were staked out in front of his place with a pack of cigs, a bag of sunflower seeds and a few Cokes. We sat there for a few hours and then he left, just about midnight. The two of us, subtle to the end, followed him at a distance of about 20 feet. He should have recognised the fact that we were driving the car that often brought him home when he and SaBean had a little

too much fun. He drove out to a bar, a nice place with five balls for a quarter pinball. You don't understand how rare that is in today's world. He took up a position at the bar. He was sitting there and was drinking a glass of beer roughly the same size as my thigh. he was half-way finished when a lass came up to the stool next to his and plopped down. Now, we were half-hidden in a booth behind him. We couldn't hear them, but it was obvious the girl was into him. She had long black hair and was kinda cute...much



like SaBean herself. She was smoking a cigarette in a holder for Christ's sake, and she was doing the thing where the torso points at the guy and she looks ahead to the bartender.

She was aching for it. So very blatant this girl had no shame, which made her even more attractive to me personally, but watching Big Dumb Pete react to her, you'd have thought that she had warts that were catching. He ignored her all the way, and she was pulling the big guns. She asked for a light and she leaned forward and showed a bit of cleavage that was gleaming into the eyes of everybody in the bar, including us who were behind her! She wasn't nearly as endowed as many of the girls we hung with, but I was almost ready to go over there and take care of business, but after a few more minutes, Pete downed the rest of his drink and the girl got up and walked over to our booth.

"You friends of the oaf?" She asked us.

I was taken aback.

"No, we're friends of his girlfriend." Jay answered.

"You mean his wife? You're friends of Sylvia?"

Jay and I looked at each other.

"No, his girlfriend, SaBean."

The girl gave out a long string of obscenities and got on her cell phone.

SaBean broke it off a few hours later.

So, that's all for this very short issue. I'm gonna have another later in the week that'll be a little different and then...well, who knows.

It turns out that Pops needs dialysis and then they're probably going to have to operate because they THINK there's a blockage in his kidney. Well, that would make some sense.

Sadly, there's a lot I'm going to have to juggle in the next couple of weeks. The wedding I'm supposed to be officiating is next week, and there's almost no way that Pops'll be out of the Hospital by then. I'm hoping that he'll be out before I have to go to LA in two weeks. Evelyn would be crushed if I couldn't go with them to LA. I gotta go for a work too and that's going to be even harder to get out of.

And then there's BayCon. I know I'll be able to make the Fanzine Lounge happen, but if things are still bad when BayCon rolls around, I'm not sure what I'm gonna do. I don't think that's gonna be the case, but I know that the Hospital and the DoubleTree are less than five miles apart and to get from my place to the Hospital I have to go right by it. There's a lot on my mind.

And yet, I keep writing.

You see, I'm fairly certain that if I weren't regularly writing I would have no mind left at all. I'm trying my damndest to stay sane with all of this going on, but it's not always easy. Once Dad gets better enough, I'm gonna take a long rest. I've got a documentary that I'm making too. ARRRGGGGHHHH!!!!

I'm guessing that this is what Frank's been feeling about his series since he started that. Man, it's rough.

Well, I need sleep.

## **Emailed Words of Comment from John Purcell!**

Well, it was bound to happen: a three-issue John Purcell-version of a Lloyd Penney-style loc. This doesn't surprise me since I'm now smack in the middle of finals weeks at my two - count 'em, two - Community Colleges. Six classes worth of essays and finals to grade and run through the Scantron. Fun, fun, fun! I love teaching and all, but this is the week from hell for all teachers; and the students have it worse since they're *taking* the finals! Heckuva trade-off.

***The guy who invented Scantron was Rey Johnson, who also invented the Disk Drive. We have his models for the first Scantron (or sense-mark) devices.***

Okay, first up, DT #75:

That trip write-up to Las Vegas sounds mighty familiar. Lemme check some other zines. . . Oh, yeah! I have now read this piece in *Vegas Fandom Weekly* #72, and just 20 minutes ago in *SF in SF* #21. You are definitely getting mileage out of this one, Chris. Well, why not? The Vegas folks are a great bunch to visit. I hope to get out there later this year, too. Maybe you and I should arrange it so that we *both* get there on the same weekend. I wonder if they could handle the strain? Could be fun.

***That's be great! Keep me in the loop and I'll see if it's at all possible.***

Sabean, just so that you should know this, but people like me who can't dance that

well really do appreciate it when you real dancers wear skimpy outfits and dance where we can see you. Thank you for showing us how to dance and look good at the same time.

***I think she loves the skimpy outfits too.***

A couple things in Lloyd Penney's loc caught my attention. The first one was about *In Search of* with Leonard Nimoy. I really loved that show, too, Lloyd. My favorites were the ones about the plains of Nazca, Amelia Earhardt, Easter Island (also a fave interest), and Hitler's brain. What made it really fun for me was the seriousness of Nimoy's voice and the show's overall attitude of "this is really spooky shit". Fun stuff.

***I often thought that Len Nimoy was wonderful, but watching them recently, at times it seemed like he was gently mocking the content.***

The other thing Lloyd mentions is *Battlestar Ponderosa*. Oh, you know I mean *Galactica*. Compared to the new show, the old one looks so homemade and done with tinker toys that it's silly, but I enjoyed it for the campy silliness that it was. The new show is good, yes, but miss the tongue-in-cheekness of Starbuck and his interaction with Richard Hatch's character. Ah, me. All I can say to the new show is "Feldergarb!" Too many syllables when a simple "shit!" is much more succinct and expressive.

***I won't watch the new ones because it doesn't have Greene in it. I just won't do it!***

DT #76:

Fantastic cover! So cool, so scientificational, so over-the-top. I love this kind of stuph.

***Totally loved the image as soon as I saw it and had to use it.***

This issue's theme of "this is how we make movies" was really neat and gave me an insight into the world of indie-movie making you and your cohorts are in. Very interesting stuff, especially Frank Wu's account of creating the *Guidolon the Giant Space Chicken and Friends Half-Power Half-Hour* pilot. My opinion: it ain't gonna fly, except maybe on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim, for two reasons: 1) the title's too long and sounds insanely stupid (but this could be to its advantage, I will admit), and 2) too many in-jokes that the kiddies won't get. Nonetheless, the illoes in the piece look cool, but I just hate the thought of how much time and effort is going to be lost when the final movie/pilot is shown and consummately dismissed. But then again, it might fly for a single season, or a dozen episodes, or something like that. Only time will tell. (Sounds like a rock song from the early 80's, doesn't it? I envision a non-sequitur music video where the band members are displayed sectionally on tv-screens while a gymnast tumbles back and forth, totally out-of-synch with the music. Yeah; now *this* will make it!)

***There are signs that it could do OK (and Adult Swim is the target) including the fact that the head of Cartoon Network's programming***

***said that they were looking for more Non-traditional animation. it's a long road, and of everything that gets to the desks of the networks, only one in maybe fifty gets picked up, but there are always other avenues, especially when you consider the net right now.***

Throughout my time perusing *Drink Tank*'s myriad issues, I have come to really enjoy Judith Morel's writing. Her recounting of the Jiggle Squad was excellent. Four porn stars in the lead roles, skimpy outfits, stupid plots and inane dialogue: why in the world didn't *this* show make it? It had everything going for it. Hollyweird can be so fickle.

***It was a great concept, but they weren't the ones to make it happen. Judith is the best of us, or at least the most serious.***

DT #77:

Guidolon's back! And so are M's boobs! *AND* a loc from Eric Mayer! Plus a new loccer, Robert Hole! Awesome. With this combination in place, you have created another sterling example of what makes *Drink Tank* the zine that it is: a perverted twist on what we call your life and the friends you have. Thank Great Roscoe you're using the fanzine medium to share it with the rest of us. You have no idea, Chris, what a marvelous service you are rendering to the rest of us in the realm of Fanzine Fandom. Thank you so very much.

***M's Boobs are more than back. I might try to make it out to see her when she comes to give birf. I try to do what I can for the Fanzinistas***

***all around the world!***

I could not help but laugh out loud at the pictures of your punk'd out office decor. Damned funny, and I bet there's never a dull moment in the computer museum with a batch of whacked-out weirdos like you folks running around. By all means, once you've figured out your retaliatory strike, let us know how it went. Sounds like one of those great lines from Daffy Duck was spoken by you: "You realize, of course, that this means war!"

***The first thing Alana did was post to her MySpace account that she needed help coming up with pranks and steps for anti-pranking because I was about to come and get her. I'm working on the greatest gag: building a pyramid of books around one of my office mate's chairs.***

Backtracking a bit, Judith and Kathryn's bio-fictional article about the female boxer was fun reading. Nice punchline for an ending. (Another quarter coming your way, friend. Did you expect anything less from me?)

***I liked it. I met the girl it's based on (though Kath said there are a couple) and she's freakin' Awesome!***

You have a date!?! Hang on sec, I'll be right back after I check to see if the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are reining in their steeds outside...

***Well, I had to cancel due to the whole Dad thing, but that said, chicks love guys with tragedies!***

Okay, I'm back. Nothing there. Must have been Daniel bouncing his basketball against the side of the house.

Hmm. What to do on a first date. Well, kissing is fine, and if her hair is really that kind of fakey bright orange, ask her if it glows in the dark, but don't ask if her pubic hair matches. That's rude. If you play your cards right, you'll find out eventually.

***I've been told that there are nude pictures of her on the net, but I'm holding myself back from looking. I have trouble talking to people I've seen naked before I've met them properly.***

Seriously though, just be yourself. You're a fun guy. Just be yourself and you'll be fine. No expectations, just have a good time.

***Yeah, ti should be fine. We had a lovely chat when I called and told her we had to resched. Nice girl. She sent me a card...a 1980s Shirt Tales sympathy card. Now that is a good woman: she even knew that I loved 1980s cartoons.***

Well, that's all for now. Have fun on your date, and I'll look forward to the next issue Real Soon Now.

***All will be gooder Real Soon Now...I hope.***

All the best,

John Purcell



**The Drink Tank issue 78 was written by Christopher J. Garcia, Mike Swan and John Purcell. Bill Burns posted it to eFanzines.com. God Bless Him. I wanna say thanks to all the thoughts and messages. Fandom is a good thing to have around in times like this. In fact, it's always good to have around...unless it's annoying!**