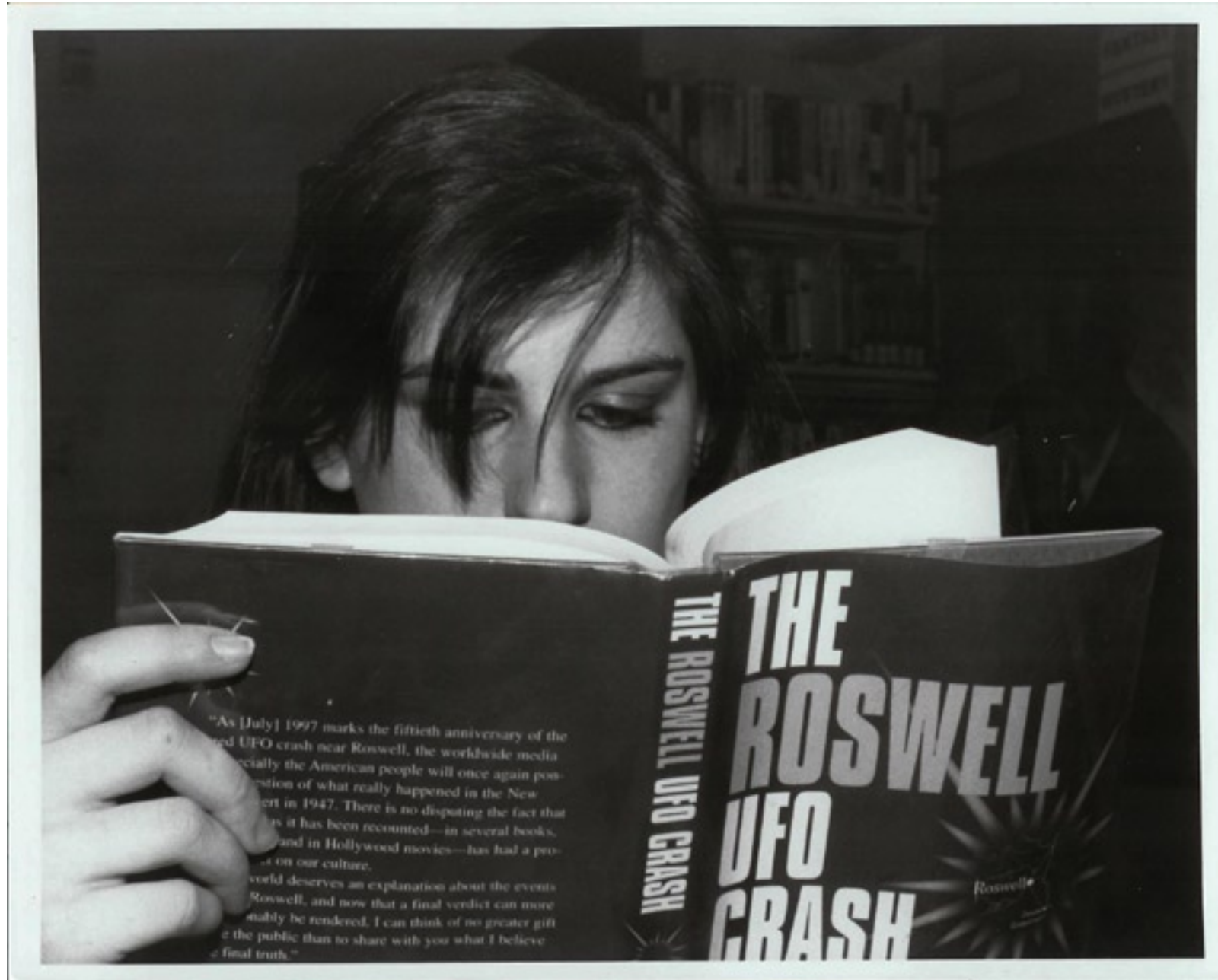


# The Drink Tank Issue 105: Strange Conspiracies!



**Chris Garcia, Leigh Ann Hildebrand  
and Eric in the Elevator: LosCon 2006**

So there I was, mindin' my own on Friday night after having visited Encounter, a fine restaurant at LAX, joined by my good friends Dave Clark, Frank Wu, Jim Terman, Kelly Green, Spring & Dave, Brad Lyau and a couple of others. I figured I'd head up to the party floor, Number 17, and have a look around the parties. I headed up the centre elevator and I did not have to stop at any other floor on the way up. The doors opened and there, standing next to the little table by the buttons for the other side elevators was Leigh Ann Hildebrand, the hilarious BAean who has appeared in the pages of *The Drink Tank* a few times.

"Well, well, well, look who we have here!" I said, steppin' out of the elevator.

"It's Chris! Let me press my breasts against you!" Leigh Ann as a prelude to the greeting hug that must be given by all when first encountering each other at a con. It's like a rule.

"So, why's a nice girl like you hangin' out by the elevators?"

"I'm waitin' for Eric and Beth, as usual." she said.

Now, the last time I had run into Leigh Ann was at Silicon. She was sitting in the lobby waiting for Eric (Zuckerman of *Eric in the Elevator*) and Beth. We sat around and chatted until they showed up. This year at LosCon, the exact same thing happened, only instead of being in the lobby of the DoubleTree it was on the 17<sup>th</sup> floor of the LAX Marriott. We chatted about this and that and helped people with



elevator duties including pressing buttons. I seemed to always be standing in front of the elevator that was opening, delivering fans to the parties that would soon be starting. We talked about how sad it was that there was no Match Game (and I'm still working on getting it for BayCon and WesterCon). I really miss *The Match Game* every time I go to a con and there's no game for us.

After about fifteen or so minutes, Eric and Beth showed up and Leigh Ann headed off with them. Time passed, parties happened and I went to bed eventually, but not before discussing the finer points of Penguins fighting Dinosaurs. I swear there's a dissertation topic in there somewhere. Good times chatting with Kelly Green, Frank Wu, Espana Sherriff, and the Van Wagners. It was a good time and I ended up back in the room around midnight or

so.

Saturday came and went with the TAFF auction and I got a chance to chat with the Moffatts for a while, which was very nice, and I even had a panel with Mike Glycer of *File 770* and John Hertz of *Vanamonde*. The day passed by with a lot of fun and joy and it ended up with me heading back upstairs for the parties. Now, Saturday was the day for *Eric in the Elevator*. *EitE* is Eric's classic talk show that's taped in the Left-most elevator at BayCon. Leigh Ann had been named the Official pimpstress for Eric and has done a wonderful job of it. It seemed like everyone was waiting for the party to start, which isn't a unique situation as BayCon will often have the hall lined by folks before the debut party starts. I got there as they were starting.

Now, let me say this: I like comedy. I really like edgy comedy. I LOVE dark and pert-near evil comedy. *Eric in the Elevator* is that last kind of comedy. They showed highlights from 2003, 2004 and 2005. The people he had on were a lot of the people from BayCon who I know only by face and who I usually greet with 'Hey, there's the man!' or 'well, well, well, it is lovely to see you ma'am.'. Eric had come up with fake book covers including one called *Who Would Jesus Do?* A delightful take-off on the typical Christian license plate phrase that led to the discussion of Jesus as the Ultimate Switch. I should have known that this theme would build up throughout the show, and Boy George I was right.

There was a lot of great comedy. I loved it when a squeeing fangirl got in the elevator and demanded ribbons while Eric was in the

middle of an interview. There was also the discussion of banning Teddy Bears as a part of Homeland Security and what seemed like a non-fangirl talking about Frodo Baggins and so forth as being a sub part of the Rainbow Nation. I laughed at that segment because it was such a slice of reality. Ed Green, who has a brand of comedy much like my own, was also a star, as were Kevin Roche and Andy Trembley. Solid work from all of them.

And then came the closer. If you watch the Friars Club Roasts, you know they save the biggest guns for the end. Gilbert Godfried, Lisa Lampinelli, Stephen Colbert, all of them were used as the last word once or twice and on Eric in the Elevator, that role was played by Allison Lonsdale.

I've known Allison for a few years and she's a riot in a cleavage-baring shirt most of the time. She's even putting up a bid for a WorldCon in her cleavage, which I'll gladly put my support in for! Anyhoo, she was brought on and while I don't remember the exact wording, it was another section in the Who Would Jesus Do theme.

Oh  
My  
Ghod

She went darker and funnier than I think I'd seen any comedian go in years! She referred to several of the disavowed books of the Bible, like The Book of Judith and the Book of Hot Jesus & Judas Butt Sex.

I'll let that sink in for a second.

Now, she went with it and ran on in the funniest way possible. I mean, it was just hilarious. I was afraid I'd implode with laughter. The folks around were laughing harder than I thought possible and it ended up with a great amount of joy and nuttiness. I've heard some funny dirty filthy and wrong stuff from Allison before, but this was absolutely the bee's knees. It reminded me of Gilbert Godfried at the Roast of Hugh Hefner where after making a 9-11 joke (about two weeks after the event), he went into The Aristocrats and just blew everything away. I watched it again later in the evening and it was well worth the second viewing.

I totally wanna get in on the Eric in the Elevator action, perhaps to plug my two books: Bitches and Switches: the Pimp-Ho Dynamic in the Computer Age or Hookin' & Bookin': How Best To Bet on Modern Prostitution.

## WHAT ABOUT ROSWELL, ANYWAYS?

by Jeff Redmond

### THE ROSWELL SITE

Without a doubt one of the most significant places for UFO, extra-terrestrial, and alien abduction sites on this planet is at Roswell, New Mexico. Located in the southeastern region of the state, and 80 miles east of the U.S. Government's top-secret White Sands Missile Range and Test Center, it has become an endless source of interest and speculation. But why Roswell?

On July 14, 1945, as World War II was coming to an end, the military exploded the very first atomic bomb at their White Sands facility. (The second and third bombs were soon after dropped on Japan, but that is another story). Did this very first nuclear detonation attract the attention of superior beings from other planets? Perhaps.....

In the summer of 1947, there were a number of UFO sightings in the United States. Sometime during the first week of July 1947, something crashed near Roswell. W.W. "Mack" Brazel, a New Mexico rancher, saddled up his horse and rode out with the son of neighbors Floyd and Loretta Proctor, to check on his sheep after a fierce thunderstorm the night before. As





they rode along, Brazel began to notice unusual pieces of what seemed to be metal debris, scattered over a large area.

Making a further inspection, Brazel saw that a shallow trench, several hundred feet long, had been gouged into the land. Brazel was struck by the unusual properties of the debris, and after dragging a large piece of it to a shed, he took some of it over to show the Proctors in 1947. Mrs. Proctor moved from the ranch into a home nearer to town, but she remembers Mack showing up with strange material.

The Proctors told Brazel that he might be holding wreckage from a UFO or a government project, and that he should report the incident to the sheriff. A day or two later, Mack drove into Roswell where he reported the incident to Sheriff George Wilcox, who reported it to U.S. Air Force Intelligence Officer, Major Jesse Marcel of the 509 Bomb Group, and for days afterwards, the debris site was closed

while the wreckage was cleared.

On July 8, 1947, a press release stating that the wreckage of a crashed disk had been recovered was issued by Lt. Walter G. Haut, Public Information Officer at RAAB under orders from the Commander of the 509th Bomb Group at Roswell, USAF Col. William Blanchard. Hours later the first press release was rescinded, and a second press release stated that the 509th Bomb Group had mistakenly identified a weather balloon as wreckage of a flying saucer. This was issued on July 9, 1947.

At a funeral home in Roswell, a young mortician named Glenn Dennis received some curious calls one afternoon from the morgue at the air field. The Mortuary Officer needed to get a hold of some small hermetically sealed coffins, and wanted information about how to preserve bodies that had been exposed to the elements for a few days, without contaminating the tissue.

Dennis drove out to the base hospital later that evening where he saw large pieces of wreckage with strange engravings on one of the pieces sticking out of the

back of a military ambulance. When he entered the hospital he started to visit with a nurse he knew, and he was immediately threatened by military police and forced to leave. The next day, Dennis met with the nurse. She told him about the bodies and drew pictures of them on a prescription pad. But within a few days she was suddenly and mysteriously transferred to England, and her situation and



whereabouts remains unknown.

From the research of Don Schmitt and Kevin Randle in their book, *A History of UFO Crashes*, much information about the Roswell Incident has been accurately documented and compiled. The military had been watching an unidentified flying object on radar for four days in southern New Mexico. On the night of July 4, 1947, radar indicated that the object was down around thirty to forty miles northwest of Roswell.

Eye witness William Woody, who lived east of Roswell, remembered being outside with his father the night of July 4, 1947, when he saw a brilliant object plunge to the ground. A couple of days later when Woody and his father tried to locate the area of the crash, they were stopped by U.S. military personnel, who had cordoned off the area.

Sheriff Wilcox telephoned Intelligence Officer Major Jesse Marcel, and he was sent by Col. William Blanchard to investigate Mack Brazel's story. Marcel and Senior Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC) agent, Captain Sheridan Cavitt, followed the rancher off\_road to his place. They spent the night there, and Marcel inspected a large piece of debris that Brazel had dragged from the pasture.

Monday morning, July 7, 1947, Major Jesse Marcel took his first step onto the debris field. Marcel

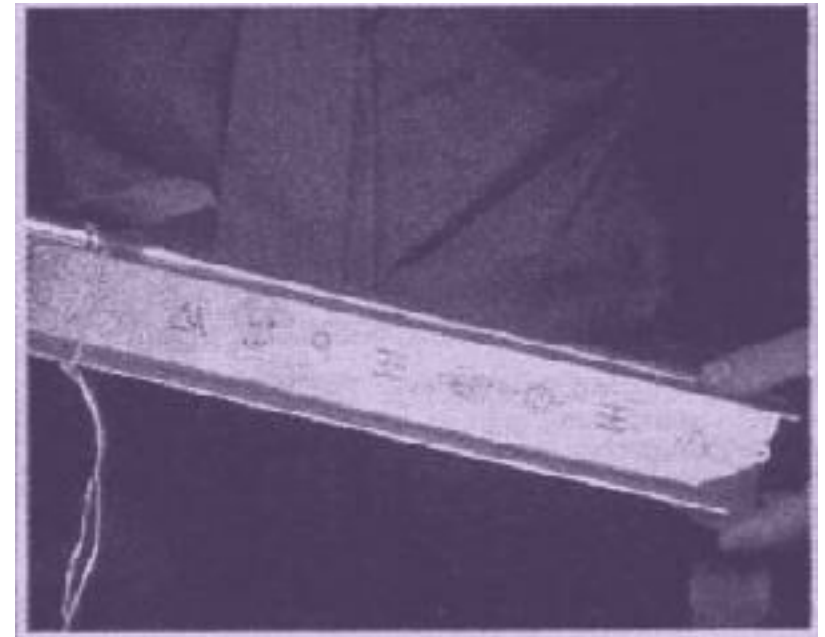
would later remark that "something... must have exploded above the ground and fell." As Brazel, Cavitt and Marcel inspected the field, Marcel was able to determine which direction it came from, and which direction it was heading. "It was in the pattern... you could tell where it started out and where it ended by how it was thinned out..." he later stated.

Marcel could see the debris was "strewn over a wide area. I guess maybe

three-quarters of a mile long and a few hundred feet wide." Scattered in the debris were small bits of metal that Marcel held a cigarette lighter to, to see if it would burn. "I lit the cigarette lighter to some of this stuff and it didn't burn", he said.

Along with the metal, Marcel described weightless I\_beam\_like structures that were 3/8" x 1/4", none of them very long, that would neither bend nor break. Some of these I\_beams had indecipherable characters along the length, in two colors. Marcel also described metal debris the thickness of tin foil that was indestructible.

After gathering enough debris to fill his staff car, Maj. Marcel decided to stop by his home on the way back to the base so that he could show the



unusual debris to his family. He'd never seen anything quite like it. "I didn't know what we were picking up. I still don't know what it was...it could not have been part of an aircraft, not part of any kind of weather balloon or experimental balloon...I've seen rockets... sent up at the White Sands Testing Grounds. It definitely was not part of an aircraft or missile or rocket", he exclaimed.

Examinations were conducted under hypnosis conducted by Dr. John Watkins in May of 1990. Jesse Marcel Jr. remembered being awakened by his father that night. He following his father outside to help carry in a large box filled with debris. Once inside, they emptied the contents of the debris onto the kitchen floor.

Jesse Jr. described the lead foil and I\_beams. Under hypnosis, he recalled the writing on the I\_beams as “Purple. Strange. Never saw anything like it...Different geometric shapes, leaves and circles.” Under questioning, Jesse Jr. said the symbols were shiny purple and they were small. There were many separate figures. And, under hypnosis: Marcel Sr. said that it was a flying saucer “I asked him what a flying saucer was. I don’t know what a flying saucer is...It’s a ship. He was excited!” he remembered.

At 11:00 A.M Walter Haut, a public relations officer, finished the press release he’d been ordered to write. He gave copies of the release to the two radio stations and both of the newspapers. By 2:26 P.M., the story was out on the AP Wire: “The Army and Air forces here today announced that a flying disk has been found”

Phone calls began to pour into the base from all over the world, and Lt. Robert Shirkey watched as MPs carried loaded wreckage onto a C\_54 from the First Transport Unit. To get a better look, Shirkey stepped around Col. Blanchard, who was irritated with all of the calls coming into the base. Blanchard decided to travel out to the debris field and left instructions that he’d gone on leave.

On the morning of July 8th, Marcel reported what he’d found to Col. Blanchard, showing him pieces



of the wreckage, none of which looked like anything Blanchard had ever seen. Blanchard then sent Marcel to the Fort Worth Air Field, to see General Ramey, Commanding Officer of the U.S. Eighth Air Force. Marcel stated years later to Walter Haut that he’d taken some of the debris into Ramey’s office to show him what had been found. The material was displayed on Ramey’s desk for the general when he returned.

General Ramey wanted to see the exact location of the debris field, so he and Marcel went to the map room down the hall. But when they returned, the wreckage that had been placed on the desk was gone and a weather balloon was spread out on the floor. Major Charles A. Cashon took the now\_famous photo of Marcel with the weather balloon, in General Ramey’s office.

It was then reported that General Ramey recognized the remains as part of a weather balloon. Brigadier General Thomas DuBose, the chief of staff of

the Eighth Air Force said, “[It] was a cover story. The whole balloon part of it. That was the part of the story we were told to give to the public and news and that was it.”

The U.S. military tried to convince the news media from that day forward that the object found near Roswell was nothing more than a weather balloon. July 9th, as reports went out that the crashed object was actually a weather balloon. That clean\_up crews were busily clearing the debris. Bud Payne, a rancher at Corona, was trying to round up a stray when he was spotted by military and carried off the Foster ranch, and Jud Roberts along with Walt Whitmore were turned away as they approached the debris field. As the wreckage was brought to the base, it was crated and stored in a hangar.

Back in town, Walt Whitmore and Lyman Strickland saw their friend, Mack Brazel, who was being escorted to the Roswell Daily Record by three military officers. He ignored Whitmore and Strickland, which was not at all like Mack, and once he got to the Roswell Daily Record offices, he changed his story. He now claimed to have found the debris on June 14th. Brazel also mentioned that he’d found weather observation devices on two other occasions, but what he found this time was no weather balloon.

Later that afternoon, an officer



Fortunately there are many eager researchers, from all over the planet, who are always interested in getting at the truth. One of the main focal points for them has been the public museum and civic center in Roswell, with continued investigative events planned.

from the base retrieved all of the copies of Haut's press release from the radio stations and newspaper offices. The Las Vegas Review Journal, along with dozens of other newspapers, carried the AP story: "Reports of flying saucers whizzing through the sky fell off sharply today as the army and the navy began a concentrated campaign to stop the rumors." The story also reported that the Air Force Headquarters in Washington DC had "delivered a blistering rebuke to officers at Roswell."

Ever since then the U.S. Government and military have suppressed, stalled, and blocked every attempt for independent investigators to examine and find out what exactly did happen back in 1947. All military personnel concerned with the original Roswell Incident have been disciplined and forced to remain silent. So will the real story ever be known?

### **THE ROSWELL MUSEUM AND CIVIC CENTER**

If you decide to go to Roswell, and explore these events for yourself, a vast itinerary awaits you for the upcoming July festival season. UFOs, alien abductions, and flying saucers are just some of the topics to be further explored. With such gatherings of those interested, perhaps participants can get closer to the truth than ever before.

Good luck to all of you in your efforts to get at the real story. Since 1947 something has indeed been going on at Roswell, New Mexico. But just exactly what is still a source of speculation and debate. And, with the continuing Government cover ups, this may remain the norm for quite some time to come. But, thanks to so many knowledgeable researchers, the real truth may just yet be discovered.



***I've back from Loscon and as always I'm recharged a good bit. I've begun thinking about 2007 and the various things I'll be doing. There's certain to be another slight slowdown in production. 2005 featured 60 issues, 2006 is looking like it'll end up with between 50 and 60 (if I do my 12 Days of Drink Tank thingee) and I'm betting I'll get between 40 and 50 next year. I'll be doing the standard special issues (This Were WorldCons Part Deux, a NASFiC special, BayCon Drippings, A WesterCon report) and a few other specials including the first one: The Zodiac. I'm looking for people from each sign to write articles about anything. I'm trying to get it out just in time for Aries. If you're interested, drop me a line. Computer Filk issue is comin' too!***



***That's right, I did it again!  
I finished National Novel  
Writing Month in 4 days this year,  
though I wrote about 75k words.  
It was harder this year because I  
was writing the King Arthur Story  
(now called The Story of Arthur: The  
King of Burnt Britain) and it was  
strange.***

***Here's my favourite passage:***

*Uther Pendragon had fucked  
up. Plain and simple. He had his fun  
in her tent, and as he ran out, wiping  
the disguise Merlin had provided, he  
couldn't help but think that this might  
end up being a very bad thing indeed.*

***You see, you get back the  
amount of time you put into writing  
fiction in quality.***



***Letter-Graded Mail  
sent to [garcia@computerhistory.org](mailto:garcia@computerhistory.org)  
by my Gentle Readers***

***Hey, it's John Purcell!***

Well, I just finished off a Lloyd Penney-style loc to Robert Sabella, accusing him of being a Chris Garcia wannabe now - he's rattled off three quick issues of *Vision of Paradise* - so now here's a Lloyd Penney-style loc for your Drink Tanks #103 and 104 - - maybe even #105 by the time I get to the last paragraph.

***Yeah, Robert's really picked up the  
pace since he went eZine on us. I  
gotta say he maintains high speed  
and high quality. I haven't even  
been able to keep up my speed!***

#103 ==This Dogme 95 stuff sounds very interesting. I have never heard

of any of these films, and the rules not only provide a unique viewpoint for expression, but open things up content-wise that makes literally *anything* film fodder. I will have to check out some of the video stores in town to see if I can lay my hands on "Italian for Beginners" and "The Idiots." Both of those have piqued my curiosity.

***Italian for Beginners is readily available, but the Idiots isn't. I had to buy a Chinese version. There's an English version circulating too. Festen is available as The Celebration on Amazon, I think.***

Congratulations, Frank, on meeting your two goals for 2006. Like I mentioned in my loc in DT #104, "Guidolon, the Space Chicken" should be shown at cons. Some day I'd like to see this cinematic wonderment; it should be a fun way to kill some dead time at a con.

***I'm gonna try and get a new movie finished so we can show it at cons alongside Guidolon.***

Chris, collecting up all your fan-writings and putting them under one cover sounds like a Herculean task. If anything, by now there should be enough material of yours to slap together two bound volumes, duct-tape them to the ends of a five-foot long metal bar, and then use this rig for bench-press and dead-weight lift exercises. But I'd be careful lifting this



thing; it could cause multiple-ruptured hernias, which would then require a new listing in the ICD-9 book under the physical injury section: "code 793.69: Garcia-induced herniation." Or something like that.

***That's why I stay eFanning instead of going all print. I figure it saves at least one tree a year.***

#104 == Thank you for pubbing this special "gotta pub these locs" issue of *Drink Tank*. Every once in a while it helps to do this kind of an issue to clear out mailbox space in your e-mail queue.

***I feel bad about missing pubbing LoCs. I think I forgot one of Lloyd's too, which I'll have to find on his LJ and put it in this issue or the next.***

The complaints about WorldCons getting too big and expensive has been an on-going topic in fandom for many a moon. Even changing the dates to early August in order for academics like me to attend WorldCons again isn't going to help if costs keep blasting into the stratosphere. I'm waiting for someone to create a Dogme 95 style WorldCon in order to hold down costs and committee sizes. Only those trufen really into this stfnal stuph would be willing to participate. Wouldn't this be one helluva con?

***There's The Year of the Teledu con-model which sounds like my kind of business. Those Brits come up with some fun con ideas.***

Interesting news from Peter Sullivan about Contemplation being the ReplacerCon for Eastercon 2007. That sounds hopeful, but now the question remains whether or not the current TAFF race will be reinstated. All eyes turn to Suzle and Bug and await their considered opinion. Take your time, ladies. We're patient folks. Sort of.

***I had a lot of folks ask me about the TAFF race cancellation at LosCon and I got a lot of support for the next time I decide to run, which is always a positive. I can't wait until they start it all up again!***

I really loved Robert Hole's bit about wanting his ignorance back. How so terribly true! Actually, I don't want my ignorance back; I'd settle for the waistline I had when I was in my late-twenties. That and my MTV.

***Yeah, I don't want the MTV with just music videos, I want the 1986-88 MTV with Monty Python at 4pm, Remote Control and other stuff too. That, and Liquid Television, The State and 120 Minutes.***

And almond-dipped pretzels.

Yummy!

***No argument here!***

That's it for now. I am almost afraid to drop in on efanazines.com to see if I'm still current with you or not.

All the best,

John

***Rock on, John!***

