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The Drink Tank Issue 133
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Welcome to yet another Drink Tank! It's the 133rd issue! Go figure. This time, it's about various things, which always makes for interesting issues, but the first article is from my dear friend SaBean who is with folks out in Finland, doing her business, so you won't have to sit through all my writing. Plus the return of Leigh Ann and LoCs! And away we go!!!

Watching the Detectives By SaBean MoreL

M's doing alright when you think about what could be wrong with her. M's not dying. That's the best any of us can hope for, but she's confined to a wheelchair with growths on both knees and her left ankle. She's got good doctors and lots of drugs...most of which are legal this time. Since we came to Helsinki, my life has been largely about M and taking care of her and the boys. It's been my first experience of being a wife and I'm actually enjoying it.

I fucked up my knee last week while Jay was still in St. Petersburg working on the mag. I was walking down the stairs to get the morning milk for Jameson (since Chris sleeps on a different schedule, which was the



smartest thing that M ever came up with) and I fell, twisted the knee all the way around. It was some sick shit. M wheeled to the top of the stairs and saw me at the bottom and yelled down.

“What the fuck did you do?”

And I answered-

“Fuck you! Call somebody!”

There was a lot more swearing when M explained the story to Jay when he came back the next day. Luckily Pietr The Dane and Lew the Rusky were next door so all it took was M pounding on the wall with one of her canes to get them to run over and help me out. They put me on the couch and took care of me for the night. They brought me ice and some of M's meds and they even carried M downstairs and we all sat around listening to Elvis Costello CDs and drinking random German sweet wines.

If you ever want to get seriously shit-faced, take hard core vicodin and chase it with a half-bottle of Riesling.

Luckily Pietr and Lew, both of them gorgeous fags, brought the boys into the downstairs so we could have some family time while we were both Wednesday Night Supper Club. The staff came in around two and took the boys back upstairs and left the rest of us alone down in the living room where the boys filled the air with hash smoke and Irish Whiskey scent. I didn't drink much but I was fucked all day and into the night. M put The Best of Elvis Costello on and then played it over and over. We sang along, probably the only songs we all had in common since most of the music those two blast through the walls is Eurotrash pump-bump shit.

And again I realized that we had another family. A new, Finland family consisting of M, the boys, Jay, these two Euroqueens, and me. In the worst idea I've had in ages, I dialed Chris in the States.

“What's the haps in Finland, baby?” Chris said.

“You've been replaced.” I slurred.

“By who?” Chris asked after he figured out exactly what I said.

“By two gay dudes from Europe.”

Chris laughed and I said some more stuff. Fuck if I can recall a single word of it. Between the throbbing in my knee and the wine and vics it's a lucky thing that I can even remember using the phone at all.

So when Jay came home with the

five thousand issues of RADIOSPIRIT, he saw that M and I were laying on the ground with two stoned Eurotrash bois on the couch while we all sang Watching the Detectives.

“The sitter up with J and C?” he asked.

“Yeah. Anna came about five hours ago.”

“Well, then light me up some of that shit.”



Monterey Pop. It was the greatest Rock ‘n Roll festival of all-time. My Dad couldn’t go. He could hear it, he lived

less than a mile from the Monterey Fairgrounds, but his parents wouldn’t let him go. Everyone knows about Woodstock, but it was Monterey Pop that actually introduced the majority of the music world to Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. There were at least 200,000 people in attendance over the course of the weekend. I grew up hearing Woodstock on 8-Track and watching the video tape my Mom bought when I went through my Scorsese phase. I wanted Woodstock, a film he edited, instead of Raging Bull. Go figure.

Monterey Pop took place from June 16th, 1967 through June 18th, 1967. Three days and 40 acts. That’s a crazy number, isn’t it? Rolling Stone covered it in one of their first issues, an issue I remember reading because Dad had a copy that he had held onto. I actively disliked a lot of the acts that performed, like Big Brother & The Holding Company and Canned Heat, but I’d have gone in a heartbeat to see Lou Rawls, Simon and Garfunkel and especially Country Joe & The Fish. Those would have made my day. I saw a lot of the footage growing up as KRON TV did a special and showed the Pennebacker films of the various acts. While the film Woodstock was all about the experience of the festival, Monterey Pop was all about music. Now, watching the recent documentary, that was all about drugs, but the

KRON stuff was all music. The 60s weren’t about music, though so many of us who only grew up with the CDs released in the 1980s, none of the rest really mattered.

The fact that I have good connections at archives means that I can sometimes make requests to get a hold of material that would normally be held from public view. I’ve seen almost 20 hours of Monterey Pop footage, much of it held at the Pacific Film Archive. I really think that it’s the best festival documentary footage ever, far better than Woodstock. I also think that the way it was shot influenced much of the concert film work of the 1970s and 80s. You can see it if you look at Stop Making Sense, the greatest concert film ever made. The immediacy and the sweep all what concert films did in the 1980s and it was Pennebacker that pioneered that technique (since he was the first to buy those Super16 SoundSynch cameras.

They’re doing a weekend long Monterey Pop Festival tribute in about a month. I’m going to try and go and maybe even bring Evelyn since she’s never been to a concert before and this would be one that I’d like her to have. I got memories of Pops takin’ me to The Mabuhay and Evelyn doesn’t really have that. I’m going to have to change that somehow...



Speaking of archives, I've started a new project. It's a look at Movie Fandom and their fanzines, including those from the days before fanzines were called fanzines. I started to contact the various archives that had Hollywood holdings and found a few that said they had a fair number. Of course, the biggest number of them reside with the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences at their library in LA. So, since I need to go and see them first hand and make notes and such, I'll be going to LA for an extended stay! I'll get in on a Thursday morning and stay through Sunday afternoon. I'll do a day at the Archives on Thursday morning and maybe on Friday too, but if I don't get to Universal Studios again, I'll have to come back in December!

My dream is to get to meet the ultimate film fanzine editor of the 1960s and 70s: Leonard Maltin. I've met him before, but I'd love to sit down

and talk to him about his time editing Film Fan Monthly and his connection with other fans in the New York area. I know he knew Roger Ebert back then, Ebert even wrote some articles for his zine. I've gotta find more and there's a store right on Hollywood Blvd. that has a bunch of old zines.

So, I'm going to be having LA fun, so I'll be at a LASFS meeting and I'll be having dinner at Bob's Big Boy at least once...who am I kidding? I'll be there daily.



Five (overdue) things about Baycon

By Leigh Ann Hildebrand

1. That charming Mr. Schachat was worth the price of admission, that's all I'm saying.

Wait, let me 'splain. First, there was the shared movie quote moment, which I'm sure he's not arguing with me. Then he and I were half of the Gifts for Geeks panel, which was sadly placed in one of those pesky

Friday early afternoon times that pretty much ensure no one will show up to sit through your panel, unless you're Harlan "Stereotypical Preteen Crush" Ellison, or Kevin Smith or someone like that.

Your man Schachat is the kind of geek one never tires of, if you know what I mean, and you must, because y'all have that in common.

2. Now I know what Regency dancing will be like in the future, when global warming has made everywhere hot and humid and overcrowded. Or maybe what it would be like on that planet Gideon, from ST:TOS.

3. For that one limited (unnamed) thing, I'm the cleavage. Don't make me get all pouty on this one, people.

4. Speaking of TOS and well, that other thing, the Kirkesque boy who got into some argument with me two Baycons ago by going on about some sort of conservative agenda while he was drunk has completely redeemed himself by having providing me with a lovely pre-Match Game cocktail. It was vanilla vodka and Coke.

5. You know, it's so awkward when you find out you're hosting the back up gaming room and Guitar Hero venue at the *end* of the con, instead of when all the insanity is happening.

I had no idea how much garbage M: TG players could generate. Thankfully, my associated err, “staff” who had been running the space took care of the clean up. Best related quotable exchange from Baycon:

Reg guy: “My gopher has abandoned me.”

Me: “What a shame! I breed my own, you know.”

And in closing, a very belated Vonnegut anecdote:

So, here is the first thing I knew about Vonnegut. When I was in Junior High, I might have had a little crush on a classmate. One day at the start of the year, we had to announce in English class what our favorite book was. When the object of my teensy crush was asked, he said, *Breakfast of Champions* was his favorite book. The teacher oooo’d, and was clearly pleased, and I realized at that moment said crush was officially Too Cool For Me, and far beyond my reach. Sadly, I moved on. I’d reference a single Emo tear here, but you know, it was back in the day, before there was Emo anything, let alone single Emo tears.



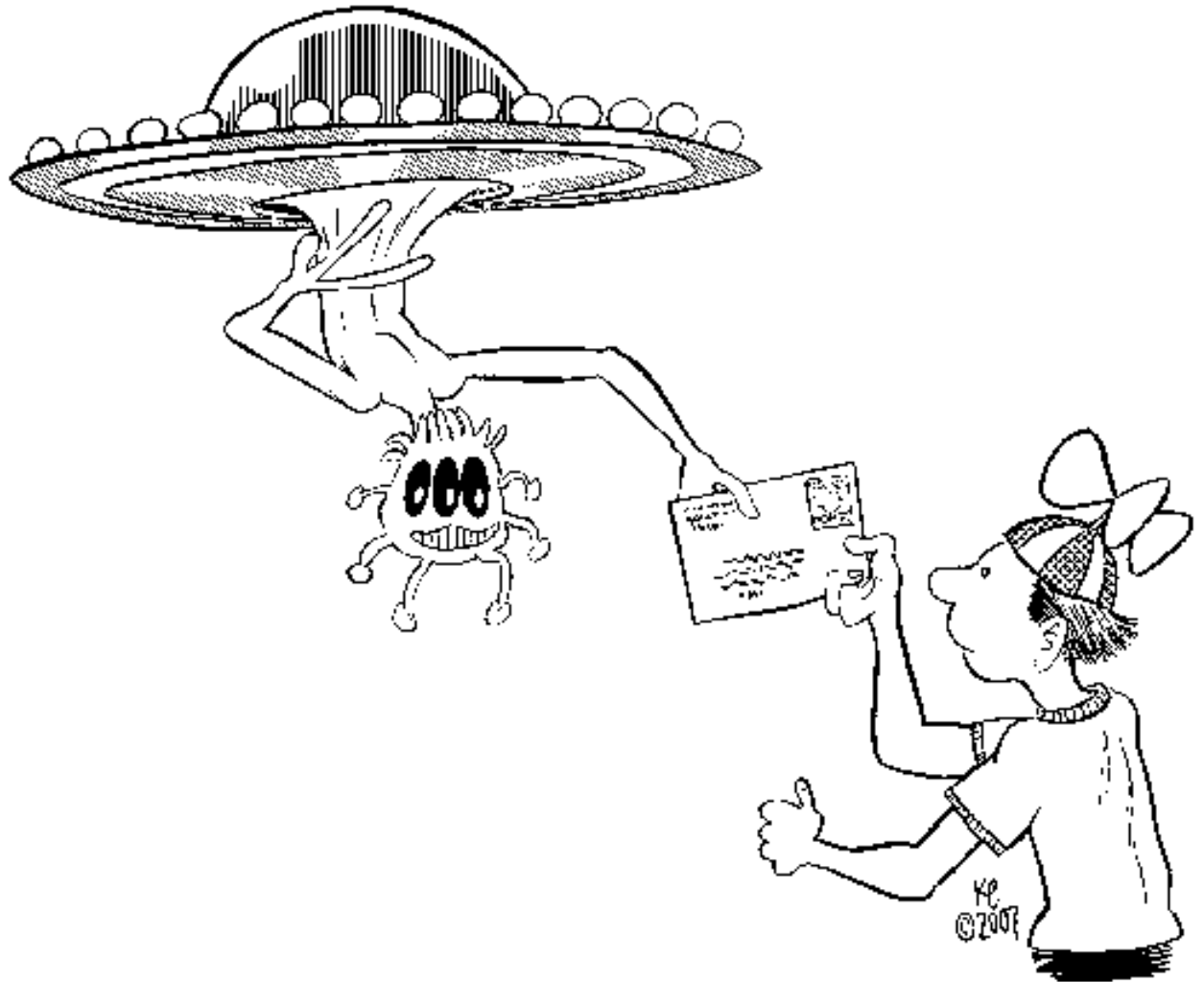
Letter Graded Mail
sent to garcia@computerhistory.org
by my Gentle Readers!

Let's begin with Mr. Eric Mayer!!!
Chris,

I haven't watched television for years but I've still seen plenty of it so I found your schedule interesting. **A person who watches less TV is a better judge than someone who watches all the time! Who would know better than someone who seldom or never watches TV what it would take to get folks to watch!**

The Magic Show sounds intriguing. Sued by DC? Almost happened? Sounds like a story there. It reminds me of the time Mary and I were strolling around a historic recreation site on a day when they had a lot of special entertainment. In the garden of one of the historic houses we ran into a magician. A local fellow who did magic for a hobby, I guess. Right then and there he started doing sleight of hand stuff with coins and cards. This wasn't television and he wasn't up on stage. It was the middle of the the afternoon, in a flower garden. He was just doing the tricks for the two of us. I guess I was less than a foot away. I couldn't catch anything. It might as well have been real magic as far as I could see. Amazing.

I wouldn't say it almost happened,



but it was a project that actually had some traction when I piched it. The up-close guys are insane. I'm always amazed and I know how a lot of that stuff is done.

But you have a problem. Originality. Now, I at least realize that derivative programs and reruns are really what television is about. Here's some ideas:

I want to run Petticoat Junction - just so I can redo the opening. When the three girls pop into sight in that water tower they each step up onto a nice high stool.

The Three Stooges - but only the ones with the real Curly. No Shemps or Curley Joes.

Bob Barker will host The Price Is Right forever. Also, there will be The

Price Is Right Special Edition where contestants do nothing but spin the Big Wheel and play Plinko.

I love the Stooges. Curly was always my fave.

I want to do the season of Knotts Landing that we never saw, because the show got cancelled. (The cliff hanger, remember, was that some of the characters were abducted by a flying saucer)

I remember hearing about that. I never watched any Knotts

I'd like to see more episodes (there were about four) of Strange Luck where the hero was supernaturally lucky. I liked that idea. Also, another season of Brimstone and Lance Henrickson would return in good, dark, mysterious episodes of Millennium. (No stupid cop stuff)

Millennium was a good show. I love Lance Henrickson. He's awesome!

Fess Parker would need to come out of retirement for something. (I don't care how old he is. He's still Davey Crockett) Pee Wee Herman would bring back his Playhouse.

I thought he was dead?

How about an "F" lineup for Friday? Fawty Towers and Flamingo Road and the British soaper, A Family At War.

We could call it 'One F'ed Up Night!'

If the original cast were still available Top Hat would make a great series. Bates the butler could bail song

and dance man Jerry out of some silly trouble every week and there would be that eternally off and on and off again romance between Jerry and Dale. Plus, every week there'd be a big musical production.

And what's better than a musical



number?

And lets not forget Celebrity Mud Wrestling.

And I can't believe I forgot about that!!!

Best,

Eric

And who else but John Purcell could follow?

If you ran a television station, it would have to be a cable access channel, and your viewership would encompass some of the most warped minds on the planet. Quite frankly, I wouldn't expect anything else.

Those are exactly the folks I'd want watching!

Looking through your hypothetical programming schedule, I am quite surprised at the small niche you slotted in for animation/cartoon shows. Only four hours total on weekend mornings doesn't seem like very much to me. Granted, those are for old, recycled cartoon shows - sounds good to me; I like Boomerang and remember Cartoon Express very well - but fear you're short-changing on some of the more interesting contemporary anime and cartoon shows that might be available. Or are you hoping that you get 3 to 10 minute short animation films to fill in slots where needed? Just a thought.

Animation is a strange thing.

There's a lot of it and most of it is really bad. While I totally believe

that Sturgeon was wrong, that only maybe 50% is crap, about 40% is pretty good and 10% is very good or better.

Speaking of cartoons and such, nominating you for a fan artist award of any kind smacks of lunacy. Surely you can't be serious? (And stop calling me Shirley!)

You will know that the Hugos are irreversibly broken when I get a Best Fan Artist nomination!

Also, of all the old TV shows you mentioned throughout this, a lot of them are favorites of mine. Notable shows you listed were Soap, Taxi, and Benson (funny shows, indeed); SportsNight and Brothers were rarities: intelligent, funny, thoughtful, and extremely well-written programs; Shelley Duvall's Fairy Tale Theatre was a lot of fun; and my wife and I absolutely refused to miss The Gary Shandling Show. Heck, we used to sing along to the theme song, which was brilliant in and of itself. Great material.

This is the theme to Gary's show, the opening theme to Gary's Show! I love that opening. I want to get Soap on DVD. That'd be very good.

In comparison to your Sunday KTEH programming, back in the early 1990s when Val and I lived in Des Moines, Iowa, the local PBS affiliate had a wonderful scientific line-up on Friday nights: starting at 9 PM, the order usually ran Dr. Who, an hour of

The Red Green Show, Red Dwarf, and Blake's 7. It was a great night for viewing, and the Des Moines SF club rarely scheduled any events for Friday nights because everyone would rather stay home and watch the shows! Sometimes the station would put on The Prisoner or The Avengers, but not very often. By the way, if you have never seen The Red Green Show, I strongly urge you to rent or buy some of the DVDs; it is priceless, incredibly funny stuff. You'd love it.

I used to watch the Red Green show all the time! Great show. Absolutely hilarious. We had a show called Fishmasters which reminded me of what would happen if Red Green and Fishing with Orlando Wilson were thrown together. I should buy the DVDs.

You know, Chris, that illustration on page 9 gives new meaning to that one Bruce Springsteen song, "57 channels and nothing on."

You know, I didn't think



of that until jsut now, but I totally see it. Well met!

Now I can address Claire Brialey's loc directly. First off, I love her writing and Banana Wings is one of my favorite fanzines. It is my choice for Best Fanzine Hugo. When I made that comment back in DT #127 about reading Brit-zines with an "upper class twit of the year accent rolling through my head," I was simply making a Monty Python reference; however, I really do read fanzines from England with a British accent mainly because it helps my enjoyment of those zines.

Yeah, Banana Wings is right up there with me too. I totally should start to do that. I might even make recordings for the blind reading fanzines like those guys!

Now that I have met and conversed directly with Claire, Mark, Pete, Graham, Harry, and Rob plus other Britfen present at Corflu Quire, whenever I come across their writings (or art), my mind sticks their voices to their work.

Besides, Claire really does write with an English accent. I don't know about you, but I love it! Additionally, the linguist in me really digs the various dialects and accents of fans from around the world. Fandom is one place where I can indulge my passion for studying linguistic diversity while enjoying fun reading material. What a great combination.

Often, when ordering things on the phone or at a Fast Food joint, I'll throw on a completely fake English or South African accent. I mean, they're really bad fake accents. Dick Van Dyke in Mary Poppins bad. Or, even worse, Kevin Costner in Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves. It often gets me much better service

And that oughta do it for now. Now to send this off and get some more research done on my Iguanacon article for you. That one may not be very long, but it should still be fun for me to write. I've found some old photographs I took while there, so I will scan those and send them along with the arkle when done.

Oh Sweet! There aren't a lot of photos from Iguanacon floating out there. I look forward to your article as always, roomie!

Ciao, and don't let the conning season wear you out too much.

All the best,

John

Well, it's never easy to keep your-

self sane in the Season of the Con, but I'm doing my best. I had a lovely chat with John Hertz this afternoon setting up something for Westercon. It's always good to get to actually talk with other fanzine fans!

And on Issue 131..Eric Mayer!!!

Chris,

Another brief note. I figure it helps a little just to know people are paying attention even if they have nothing useful to say. If I went to conventions I suppose I could contribute something more. But I don't. Granted, those Princess Leias presented a pretty decent argument for going to a convention sometime. Do you know, I just read Princess of Mars for the first time and I guess that's what inspired the scene with Jaba . There is a scene where Princess Dejah Thoris is dragged in to face the huge, leering, repulsive alien leader. Probably I'm the last person on earth to realize that. I suppose it's discussed at conventions all the time.

I must take a look at Princess of Mars. Sounds delightful.



I wish Frank Wu and his new and improved giant chicken well. I don't think I'd be able to revisit one of our books and redo it to that extent. I hope lightning strikes Frank. (Which is pretty much what it takes) Well, that and endless hard work, perseverance, flexibility. OK. I'm wishing here. Mary and I have been doing all that and we're still waiting for that lightning. I feel for Frank. (Actually that doesn't sound right, but you know what I mean)

I hope it gets us a slot on Cartoon Network!

It was interesting to read about Lee Hoffman. I love history. Even faanish history. In fact, I think Harry Warner's All Our Yesterdays was what really hooked me on fandom. A hobby with a history. Neat!

I've just read the entire thing.

I guess it says something about me that the more faanish the Drink Tank the less I can comment. Hows your "family" doing. What about all the health issues? Why is Judith not writing?

You can read a little bit about it from SaBean in this ish, and Judith's working on something special for issue 150. Let me just say this: it may well take up the entire issue and be the most personal and strange article I've ever run.

I'm whipping this off before I

even check eFanzines...

Best,

Eric

Thanks much for the LoC. I totally lost it even though I sent you the response! I'm sorry for forgetting about it and I hereby make myself a memory note to never forget these things again!

The next few issues will deal with Westercon. I'll try to do one at con, and then hopefully we'll have a Fanzine in an Hour, and then a wrap-up issue that'll be from me and maybe a few others. I'm hoping that Good folks will be able to fill up the books with Fan Art and then we'll have more colourful issues of The Drink Tank.

Then it's the Cocktail issue, followed by This Were WorldCons (there may be an issue or two in between) and then who knows what. I'm also writing a small piece for SaBean's tribute to Mike Sugar, The Sickest Individual Who Ever Thrived that's strange.

OK, that's all for this issue! Thanks to SaBean MoreL, Leigh Ann Hildebrand and for the art from Bill Rotsler, Jason Schachat, DL Norton, Bob Hole, Kurt Erichsen, and the cover from Lee and J.J. MacFadden, two fine brother artists whose stuff I've always enjoyed. Glad to have them in the pages of The Drink Tank.



In ref to Lloyd Penney's Wanting to See My as a Cheerleader. That's from Jason Schachat.